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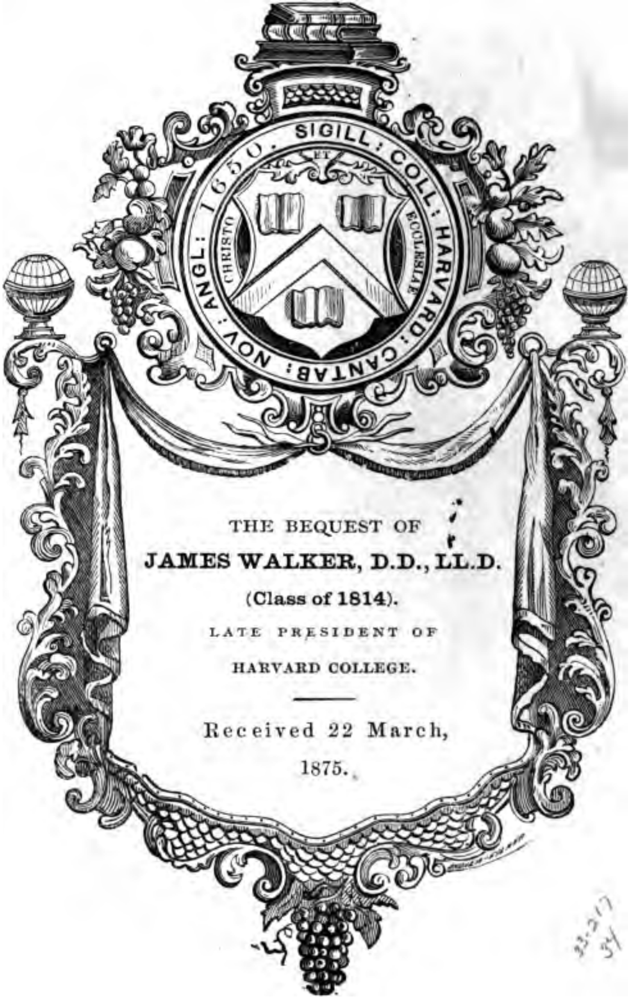

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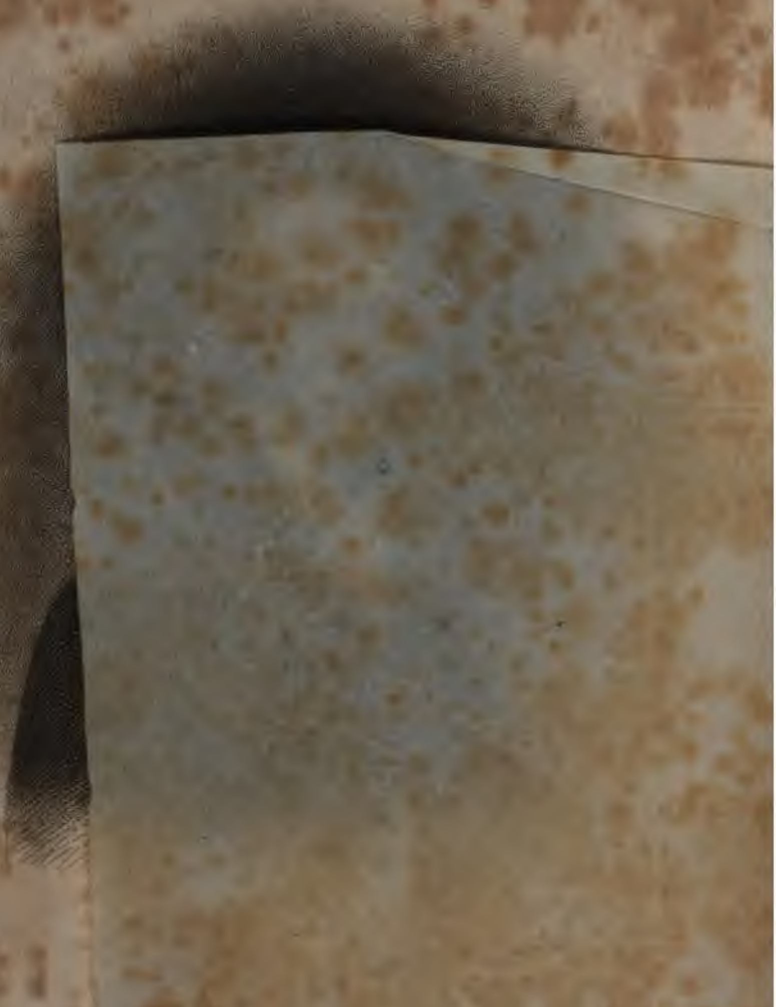

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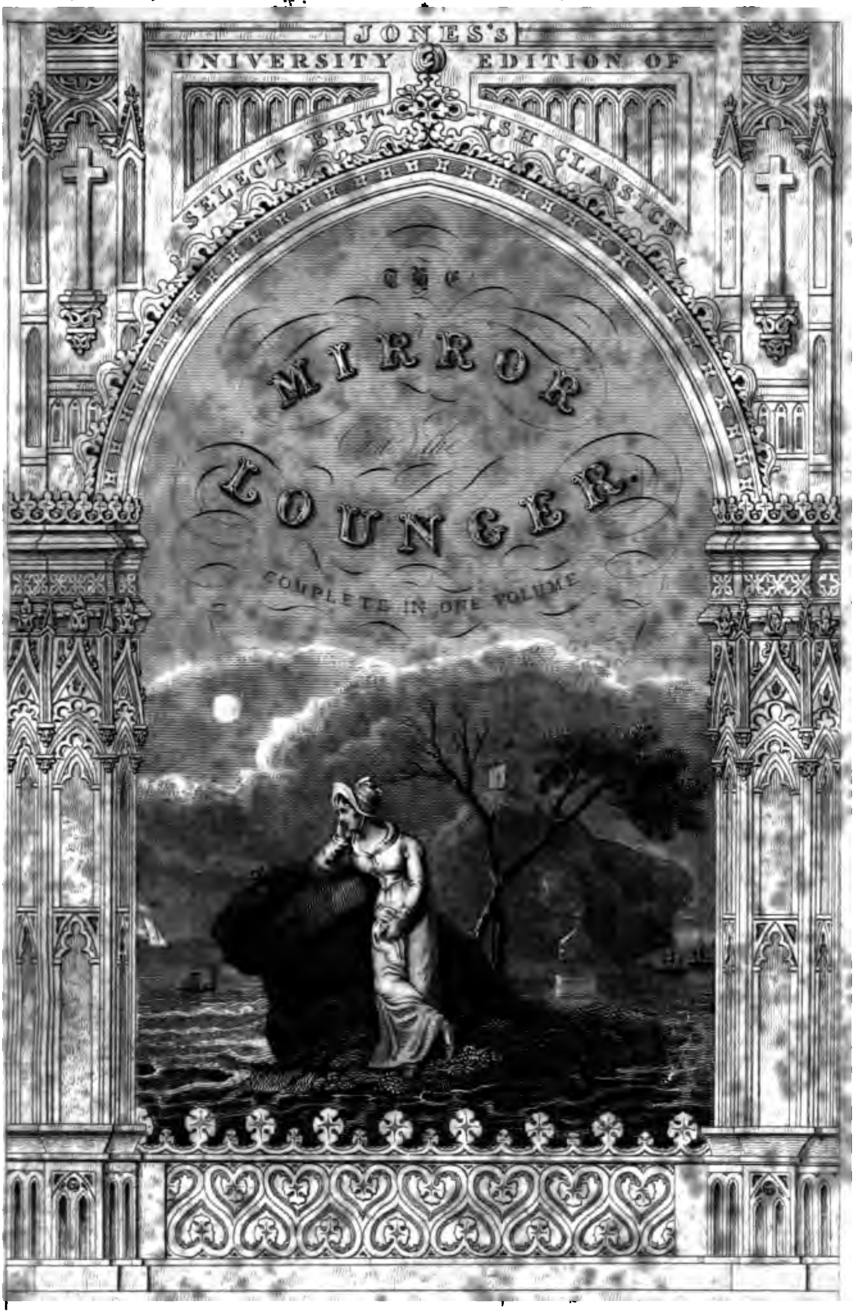

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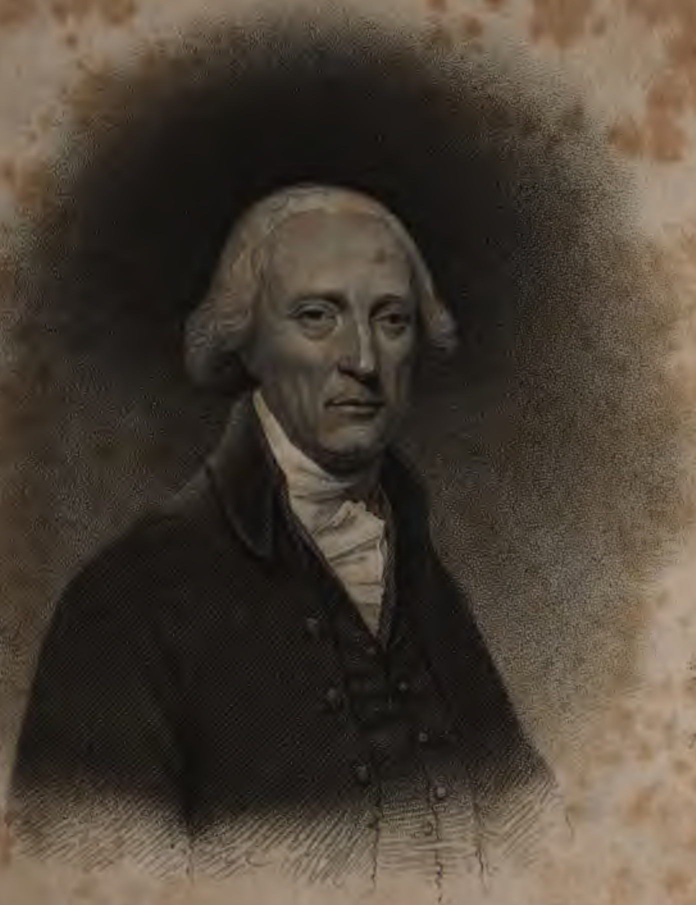

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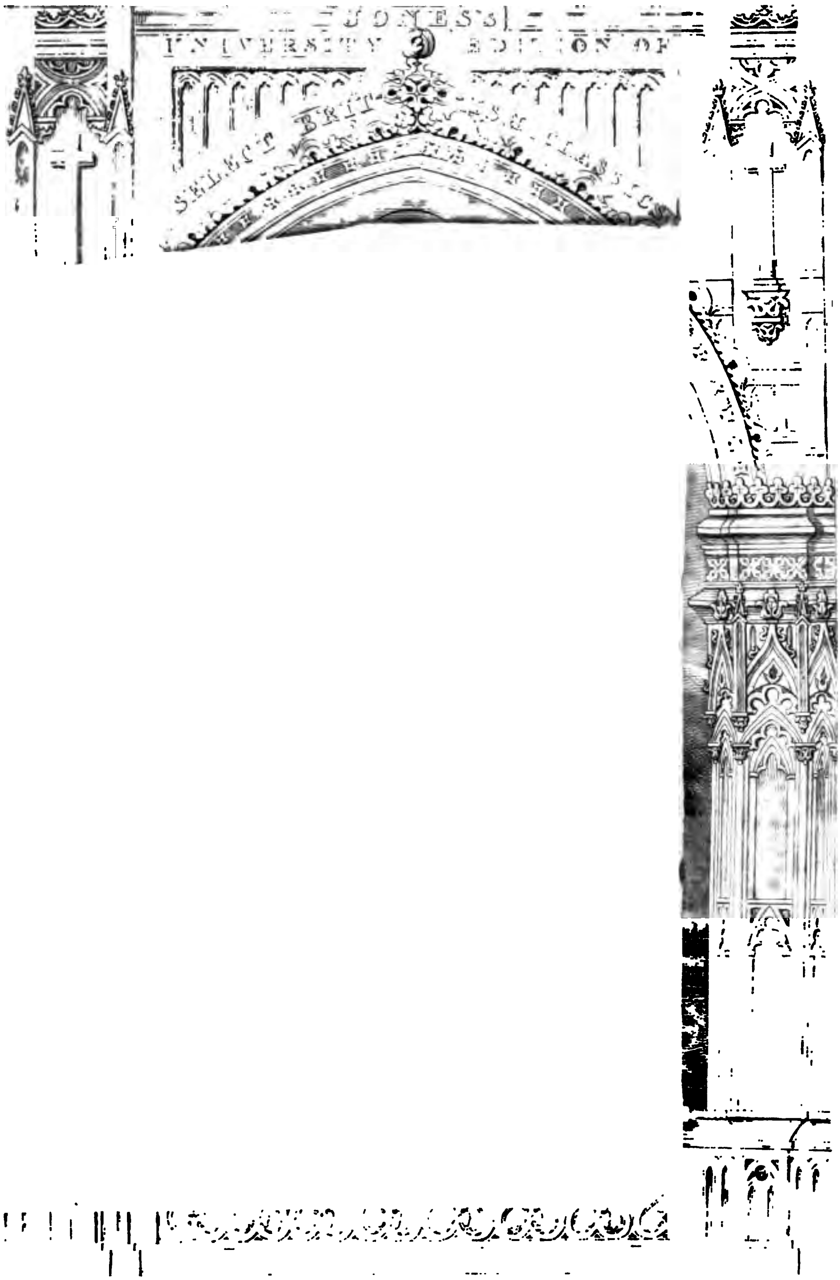
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THE

MIRROR;

A Periodical Paper,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH

IN THE YEARS

1779 AND 1780.

"Veluti in speculo."

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THE MIRROR.

No. 1.] Saturday, Jan. 23, 1779.

Quis novus hic hospes? Virg.

When a stranger is introduced into a numerous company, he is scarcely seated before every body present begins to form some notion of his character. The gay, the sprightly, and the inconsiderate, judge of him by the cut of his coat, the fashion of his periwig, and the ease or awkwardness of his bow. The cautious citizen, and the proud country-gentleman, value him according to the opinion they chance to adopt, the one, of the extent of his rent-roll, the other, of the length of his pedigree; and all estimate his merit, in proportion as he seems to possess or to want those qualities for which themselves wish to be admired. If, in the course of conversation, they chance to discover that he is in use to make one in the polite circles of the metropolis; that he is familiar with the great, and sometimes closeted with the minister; whatever contempt or indifference they may at first have shown, or felt themselves disposed to show, they at once give up their own judgment; every one pays a compliment to his own sagacity, by assuming the merit of having discovered that this stranger had the air of a man of fashion, and all vie in their attention and civility, in hopes of establishing a more intimate acquaintance.

An anonymous periodical writer, when he first gives his works to the public, is pretty much in the situation of the stranger. If he endeavour to amuse the young and the lively, by the sprightliness of his wit, or the sallies of his imagination, the grave and the serious throw aside his works as trifling and contemptible. The reader of romance and sentiment finds no pleasure but in some eventful story, suited to his taste and disposition; while with him who aims at instruction in politics, religion, or morality, nothing is relished that has not a relation to the object he pursues. But no sooner is the public informed that this unknown author has already figured in the world as a poet, historian, or essayist; that his writings are read and admired by the Shaftesburies, the Addisons, and the Chesterfields of the age; than beauties are discovered in every line; he is extolled as a man of universal talents, who can laugh with the merry, and be serious with the grave; who at one time can animate his reader with the glowing sentiments of virtue and compassion, and at another carry him through the calm disquisitions of science and philosophy.

Nor is the world to be blamed for this general mode of judging. Before an individual can form an opinion for himself, he is under a necessity of reading with attention, of examining whether the style and manner of the author be suited to his subject, if his thoughts and images be natural, his observations just, his arguments conclusive; and though all this may be done with moderate talents, and without any extraordinary share of what is commonly called learning, yet it is a much more compendious method, and saves much time, and labour, and reflection, to follow the crowd, and to re-echo the opinions of the critics.

There is, however, one subject on which every man thinks himself qualified to decide, namely the representation of his own character, of the characters of those around him, and of the age in which he lives; and as I propose in the following papers 'to hold, as it were, the Mirror up to Nature, to show Virtue her own features, Vice her own image, and the very age and body of the Time his form and pressure,' my readers will judge for themselves, independent of names and authority, whether the picture be a just one. This is a field, which, however extensively and judiciously cultivated by my predecessors, may still produce something new. The follies, the fashions, and the vices of mankind, are in constant fluctuation; and these, in their turn, bring to light new virtues, or modifications of virtues, which formerly lay hid in the human soul, for want of opportunities to exert them. Time alone can show whether I be qualified for the task I have undertaken. No man, without a trial, can judge of his ability to please the public; and prudence forbids him to trust the applauses of partial friendship.

It may be proper, however, without meaning to anticipate the opinion of the reader, to give him some of the outlines of my past life and education.

I am the only son of a gentleman of moderate fortune. My parents died when I was an infant, leaving me under the guardianship of an eminent counsellor, who came annually to visit an estate he had in the neighbourhood of my father's, and of the clergyman of the parish, both of them men of distinguished probity and honour. They took particular care of my education, intending me for one of the learned professions. At the age of twenty I had completed my studies, and was preparing to enter upon the theatre of the world, when the death of a distant relation in the metropolis left me possessed of a handsome fortune. I soon after set out on the tour of Europe; and having passed five years in visiting the different courts on the continent, and examining the manners, with, at least, as much attention as the pictures and buildings of the kingdoms through which I passed, I returned to my native country, where a misfortune of the tenderest kind threw me, for some time, into retirement.

By the assiduities of some friends, who have promised to assist me in the present publication, I was prevented from falling a sacrifice to that languid inactivity which a depression of spirits never fails to produce. Without seeming to do so, they engaged me by degrees to divide my time between study and society; restoring, by that means, a relish for both. I once more took a share in the busy, and, sometimes, in the idle scenes of life. But a mind habituated to reflection, though it may seem occupied with the occurrences of the day, (a tax which politeness exacts, which every benevolent heart cheerfully pays,) will often, at the same time, be employed in endeavouring to discover the spring and motives of action which are sometimes hid from the actors themselves; to trace the progress of character through the mazes in which it is involved by education or habit; to mark those approaches to error into which unsuspecting innocence and integrity are too apt to be led; and, in general to investigate those passions and affections of the mind which have the chief influence on the happiness of individuals, or of society.

If the sentiments and observations to which this train of thinking will naturally give rise can be exhibited in this paper, in such a dress and manner as to afford *amusement*, it will at least be an innocent one; and, though *instruction* is, perhaps, hardly to be expected from such desultory sketches, yet their general tendency shall be to cultivate taste, and improve the heart.

No. 2.] SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1779.

No child ever heard from its nurse the story of *Jack the Giant Killer's cap of darkness* without envying the pleasures of invisibility; and the idea of *Gyges' Ring* has made, I believe, many a grave mouth water.

This power is, in some degree, possessed by the writer of an anonymous paper. He can at least exercise it for a purpose for which people would be most apt to use the privilege of being invisible, to wit, that of hearing what is said of himself.

A few hours after the publication of my first number, I sallied forth with all the advantages of invisibility, to hear an account of myself and my paper. I must confess, however, that for some time I was mortified by hearing no such account at all; the first company I visited being dull enough to talk about last night's *Advertiser*, instead of the *Mirror;* and the second, which consisted of ladies, to whom I ventured to mention the appearance of my first number, making a sudden digression to the price of a new-fashioned lustring, and the colour of the trimming with which it would be proper to make it up into a gown. Nor was I more fortunate in the third place, where I contrived to introduce the subject of my publication, though it was a coffee-house, where it is actually taken in for the use of the customers; a set of old gentlemen, at one table, throwing it aside to talk over a bargain; and a company of young ones, at another, breaking off in the middle to decide a match at billiards.

It was not till I arrived at the place of its birth that I met with any traces of its fame. In the well-known shop of my editor I found it the subject of conversation; though I must own that, even here, some little quackery was used for the purpose, as he had taken care to have several copies lying open on the table, besides the conspicuous appearance of the subscription-paper hung up fronting the door, with the word MIRROR a-top, printed in large capitals.

The first question I found agitated was concerning the author, that being a point within the reach of every capacity. Mr. Creech, though much importuned on this head, knew his business better than to satisfy their curiosity: so the hounds were cast off to find him, and many a different scent they hit on. First, he was a *clergyman*, then a *professor*, then a *player*, then a gentleman of the exchequer who writes *plays*, then a *lawyer*, a *doctor of laws*, a *commissioner of the* *customs*, a *baron of the exchequer*, a *lord of session*, a *peer of the realm*. A critic, who talked much about *style*, was positive as to the *sex* of the writer, and declared it to be *female*; strengthening his conjecture by the name of the paper, which he said would not readily have occurred to a man. He added, that it was full of Scotticisms, which sufficiently marked it to be a *home production*.

This led to animadversions on the work itself, which were begun by an observation of my own, that it seemed, from the slight perusal I had given it, to be tolerably well written. The critic above mentioned strenuously supported the contrary opinion; and concluded his strictures on this particular publication with a general remark on all modern ones, that there was no force of thought, nor beauty of composition, to be found in them.

An elderly gentleman, who said he had a guess at the author, prognosticated that the paper would be used as the vehicle of a system of *scepticism*, and that he had very little doubt of seeing Mr. Hume's posthumous works introduced in it. A short squat man, with a carbuncled face, maintained that it was designed to propagate *methodism*; and said he believed it to be the production of a disciple of Mr. John Wesley. A gentleman in a gold chain differed from both; and told us he had been informed, from very good authority, that the paper was intended for political purposes.

A smart-looking young man, in green, said he was sure it would be very satirical: his companion, in scarlet, was equally certain that it would be very stupid. But with this last prediction I was not much offended, when I discovered that its author had not read the first number, but only inquired of Mr. Creech where it was published.

A plump round figure, near the fire, who had just put on his spectacles to examine the paper, closed the debate, by observing, with a grave aspect, that as the author was anonymous, it was proper to be very cautious in talking of the performance. After glancing over the pages, he said he could have wished they had set apart a corner for intelligence from America: but, having taken off his spectacles, wiped, and put them into their case, he said, with a tone of discovery, he had found out the reason why there was nothing of that sort in the Mirror; it was in order to save the tax upon newspapers.

Upon getting home to my lodgings, and reflecting on what I had heard, I was for some time in doubt whether I should not put an end to these questions at once, by openly publishing my name and intentions to the world. But I am prevented from discovering the first by a certain bashfulness, of which even my travels have not been able to cure me; from declaring the last, by being really unable to declare them. The complexion of my paper will depend on a thousand circumstances, which it is impossible to foresee. Besides these little changes, to which every one is liable from external circumstances, I must fairly acknowledge that my mind is naturally much more various than my situation. The disposition of the author will not always correspond with the temper of a man: in the first character I may sometimes indulge a sportiveness to which I am a stranger in the latter, and escape from a train of very different thoughts into the occasional gayety of the Mirror.

The general tendency of my lucubrations, however, I have signified in my first number, in allusion to my title: I mean to show the world what it is, and will sometimes endeavour to point out what it should be.

Somebody has compared the publisher of a periodical paper of this kind to the owner of a stage-coach, who is obliged to run his vehicle with or without passengers. One might carry on the allusion through various points of similarity. I must confess to my customers, that the road we are to pass together is not a new one: that it has been travelled again and again, and that too in much better carriages than mine. I would only insinuate, that, though the great objects are still the same, there are certain little edifices, some beautiful, some grotesque, and some ridiculous, which people on every side of the road are daily building, in the prospect of which we may find some amusement. Their fellow-passengers will sometimes be persons of high and sometimes of low rank, as in other stage-coaches; like them too, sometimes grave, sometimes facetious; but that ladies, and men of delicacy, may not be afraid to take places, they may be assured that no scurrilous or indecent company will ever be admitted.

* * *

No. 3.] Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1779.

Formam quidem ipsam et faciem honesti vides, quæ, si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores excitaret sapientiæ. Cic. de Offic.

The philosopher and the mere man of taste differ from each other chiefly in this, that the latter is satisfied with the pleasure he receives from objects, without inquiring into the principles or causes from which that pleasure proceeds; but the philosophical inquirer, not satisfied with the effect which objects viewed by him produce, endeavours to discover the reasons why some of those objects give pleasure, and others disgust; why one composition is agreeable, and another the reverse. Hence have arisen the various systems with regard to the principles of beauty; and hence the rules which, deduced from those principles, have been established by the critic.

In the course of these investigations, various theories have been invented to explain the different qualities which, when assembled together, constitute *beauty*, and produce that feeling which arises in the mind from the sight of a beautiful object. Some philosophers have said, that this feeling arises from the sight or examination of an object in which there is a proper mixture of *uniformity* and *variety;* others have thought, that besides uniformity and variety, a number of other qualities enter into the composition of an object that is termed *beautiful.*

To engage in an examination of those different systems, or to give any opinion of my own with regard to them, would involve me in a discussion too abstruse for a paper of this kind. I shall, however, beg leave to present my reader with a quotation from a treatise, entitled *An Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue,** Speaking of the effect which the beauty of the human figure has upon our minds, the author expresses himself in the following words:

"There is a further consideration, which must not be passed over, concerning the external beauty of persons, which all allow to have great power over human minds. Now it is some apprehended *morality,* some natural or imagined indication of *concomitant virtue,* which gives it this powerful charm above all other kinds of beauty. Let us consider the characters of beauty which are commonly admired in countenances, and we shall find them to be *sweetness, mildness, majesty, dignity, vivacity, humility, tenderness, good-nature;* that is, certain *airs, proportions, je ne sçai quoi's,* are natural *indications* of such virtues, or of abilities or dispositions towards them. As we observed above of misery or distress appearing in countenances; so it is certain almost all habitual dispositions of mind form the countenance, in such a manner as to give some *indications* to the spectator. Our violent passions are obvious, at first view, in the countenance, so that sometimes no art can conceal them; and smaller degrees of them give some less obvious turns to the face which an accurate eye will observe."

What an important lesson may be drawn by my fair countrywomen from the observations contained in this passage! Nature has given to their sex beauty of external form greatly superior to that of the other: the power which this gives them over our hearts they well know, and they need no instructor how to exercise it; but whoever can give any *prescription* by which that beauty may be increased, or its decay retarded, is a useful monitor, and a benevolent friend.

Now I am inclined to think, that a *prescription* may be extracted from the unfashionable philosopher above quoted, which will be the more effectual in heightening and preserving the beauty of the ladies than all the pearl powder or other cosmetics of the perfumer's shop. I hope I shall not be misunderstood, and I beg my fair readers may not think me so ill-bred, or so ignorant of the world, as to recommend the qualities mentioned in the above passage, on account of their having any intrinsic value. To recommend to the world to embrace *virtue for its own sake* should be left to such antiquated fellows as the heathen philosopher from whom I have taken the motto of this number, or the modern philosopher I have quoted, who has borrowed much from his writings; but I would not wish to sully my paper, or to prevent its currency in the fashionable circles, by such obsolete doctrines.

Far be it from me, therefore, so much as to hint to a fine lady, that she should sometimes stay at home, or retire to the country, with that dullest of all dull companions, a husband, because it is the duty of a wife to pay attention to her spouse; that she should speak civilly to her servants, because it is agreeable to the *fitness of things* that people under us should be well treated; that she should give up play or late hours upon Sunday, because the parson says Sunday should be devoted to *religion.* I know well that nothing is so unfashionable as for a husband and wife to be often together; that it is beneath a fine lady to give attention to domestic economy, or to demean herself so far as to consider servants to be of the same species with their mistresses; and that going to church is fit only for fools and old women. But though I do not recommend the above, or the like practices on their own account, and in so far must differ from the philosophical gentlemen I have referred to; yet, I think, what they recommend ought to be attended to, for the good effects it may have on female beauty. Though I am aware that every fine lady is apt, like Lady Townly, to faint at the very description of the pleasures of the *country;* yet she ought to be induced to spend some of her time there, even though it should be her husband's principal place of residence; because the tranquillity and fresh air of the country may repair some of the devastations which a winter campaign in town may have made upon her cheeks. Though I know, also, that spending Sunday like a good Christian is the most tiresome and unfashionable of all things, yet, perhaps, some observance of the sabbath, and a little regularity on that day, by going to church, and getting early to bed, may smooth those wrinkles which the late hours of the other six are apt to produce: and though economy, or attention to a husband's affairs, is, I allow, a mean and vulgar thing in itself; yet, possibly, it should be so far attended to as to prevent that husband's total ruin; because duns, and the other impertinent concomitants of bankruptcy, are apt, from the trouble they occasion, to spoil a fine face before its time. In like manner, though I grant it is below a fine lady to cultivate the qualities of *sweetness*, *mildness*, *humility*, *tenderness*, or *good nature*, because she is taught that it is her duty to do so; I would, nevertheless, humbly propose to the ladies to be good-humoured, to be mild to their domestics, nay, to be complaisant even to their husbands; because good-humour, mildness, and complaisance, are good for their faces. Attention to these qualities, I am inclined to believe, will do more for their beauty than the finest paint the most skilfully laid on: the culture of them will give a higher lustre to their complexion, without any danger of this colouring being rubbed off, or the natural fineness of the skin being hurt by its use.

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* By Dr. Hutcheson.

Let every lady, therefore, consider, that whenever she says or does a good-humoured thing, she adds a new beauty to her countenance: that by giving some attention to the affairs of her family, and now and then living regularly, and abstaining from the late hours of dissipation, she will keep off, somewhat longer than otherwise, the wrinkles of age; and I would hope the *prescription* I have given may, amidst the more important cares of pleasure, appear deserving of her attention.

This prescription must, from its nature, be confined to the ladies, beauty in perfection being their prerogative. To recommend *virtue* to our *fine* gentlemen, because *vice* might hurt their shapes, or spoil their faces, may appear somewhat like irony, which on so serious a subject I would wish to avoid. Some considerations may, however, be suggested, why even a *fine gentleman* may find his account in an occasional practice of virtue, without derogating from the dignity of that character which it costs him so much labour to attain; and these may perhaps be the subject of a future paper.

S.

No. 4.] Saturday, Feb. 6, 1779.

Meliora pii docuere parentes.—Hor.

The following letter I received from an unknown correspondent. The subject of it is so important, that I shall probably take some future opportunity of giving my sentiments on it to the public: in the meantime I am persuaded it will afford matter of much serious consideration to many of my readers.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

At the age of twenty-five I succeeded to an estate of £1500 a year by the death of a father, by whom I was tenderly beloved, and for whose memory I still retain the most sincere regard. Not long after, I married a lady, to whom I had for some time been warmly attached. As neither of us were fond of the bustle of the world, and as we found it every day become more irksome, we took the resolution of quitting it altogether; and soon after retired to a family-seat, which has been the favourite residence of my ancestors for many successive generations.

There I passed my days in as perfect happiness as any reasonable man can expect to find in this world. My affection and esteem for my wife increased daily; and as she brought me three fine children, two boys and a girl, their prattle afforded a new fund of amusement. There were, likewise, in our neighbourhood, several families that might have adorned any society, with whom we lived on an easy, friendly footing, free from the restraints of ceremony, which in the great world may, perhaps, be necessary, but in private life are the bane of all social intercourse.

There is no state, however, entirely free from care and uneasiness. My solicitude about my children increased with their years. My boys, in particular, gave me a thousand anxious thoughts. Many plans of education were proposed for them, of which the advantages and disadvantages were so equally balanced, as to render the choice of any one a matter of no small perplexity.

Meantime the boys grew up; and the eldest who was a year older than his brother, had entered his tenth year, when an uncle of my wife, who, by his services in parliament, and an assiduous attendance at court, had obtained a very considerable office under government, honoured us with a visit. He seemed much pleased with the looks, the spirit, and promising appearance of my sons; he paid me many compliments on the occasion, and I listened to him with all the pleasure a fond parent feels in hearing the praises of his children.

After he had been some days with us, he asked me in what manner I proposed to educate the boys, and what my views were as to their establishment in the world? I told him all my doubts and perplexities. He enlarged on the absurdity of the old fashioned system of education, as he termed it, and talked much of the folly of sending a boy to Eton or Westminster, to waste the most precious years of his life in acquiring languages of little or no real use in the world: and begged leave to suggest a plan, which he said had been attended with the greatest success in a variety of instances that had fallen within his own particular knowledge.

His scheme was to send my sons for two or three years to a private school in the neighbourhood of London, where they might get rid of their provincial dialect, which he observed would be alone sufficient to disappoint all hopes of their future advancement. He proposed to send them afterwards to an academy at Paris to acquire the French language, with every other accomplishment necessary to fit them for the world. "When your eldest son," he added, "is thus qualified, it will be easy for me to get him appointed secretary to an embassy; and if he shall then possess those abilities of which he has now every appearance, I make no doubt I shall be able to procure him a seat in parliament, and there will be no office in the state to which he may not aspire. As to your second son, give him the same education you give his brother; and, when he is of a proper age, get him a commission in the army, and push him on in that line as fast as possible."

Though I saw some objections to this scheme, yet I must confess, the flattering prospect of ambition it opened had a considerable effect upon my mind; and as my wife, who had been taught to receive the opinions of her kinsman with the utmost deference, warmly seconded his proposal, I at length, though not without reluctance, gave my assent to it. When the day of departure came, I accompanied my boys part of the way; and, at taking leave of them, felt a pang I then endeavoured to conceal, and which I need not now attempt to describe.

I had the satisfaction to receive, from time to time, the most pleasing accounts of their progress, and after they went to Paris I was still more and more flattered with what I heard of their improvement.

At length the wished-for period of their return approached: I heard of their arrival in Britain, and that by a certain day we might expect to see them at home. We were all impatience: my daughter in particular, did nothing but count the hours and minutes, and hardly shut her eyes the night preceding the day on which her brothers were expected: her mother and I, though we showed it less, felt, I believe, equal anxiety.

When the day came, my girl, who had been constantly on the look-out, ran to tell me she saw a post-chaise driving to the gate. We hurried down to receive the boys. But judge of my astonishment when I saw two pale emaciated figures get out of the carriage, in their dress and looks resembling monkeys rather than human creatures. What was still worse, their manners were more displeasing than their appearance. When my daughter ran up, with tears of joy in her eyes, to embrace her brother, he held her from him and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter at something in her dress that appeared to him ridiculous. He was joined in the laugh by his younger brother, who was pleased, however, to say, that the girl was not ill-looking, and when taught to put on her clothes, and to use a little *rouge*, would be tolerable.

Mortified as I was at this impertinence, the partiality of a parent led me to impute it, in a great measure, to the levity of youth; and I still flattered myself that matters were not so bad as they appeared to be. In these hopes I sat down to dinner. But there the behaviour of the young gentlemen did not, by any means tend to lessen my chagrin: there was nothing at table they could eat; they ran out in praise of French cookery, and seemed even to be adepts in the science: they knew the component ingredients of the most fashionable *ragouts* and *fricandeaus*, and were acquainted with the names and characters of the most celebrated practitioners of the art in Paris.

To stop this inundation of absurdity, and, at the same time, to try the boys further, I introduced some topics of conversation on which they ought to have been able to say something. But on these subjects they were perfectly mute; and I could plainly see their silence did not proceed from the modesty and diffidence natural to youth, but from the most perfect and profound ignorance. They soon, however, took their revenge for the restraint thus imposed on them. In their turn they began to talk of things which, to the rest of the company, were altogether unintelligible. After some conversation, the drift of which we could not discover, they got into a keen debate on the comparative merit of the *doce de puce*, and the *puce en couches*; and, in the course of their argument, used words and phrases which to us were equally incomprehensible as the subject on which they were employed. Not long after my poor girl was covered with confusion, on her brother's asking her if she did not think the *cuisse de la reine* the prettiest thing in the world?

But, sir, I should be happy were I able to say, that ignorance and folly, bad as they are, were all I had to complain of. I am sorry to add, that my young men seem to have made an equal progress in vice. It was but the other day I happened to observe to the eldest, that it made me uneasy to see his brother look so very ill; to which he replied, with an air of the most easy indifference, that poor Charles had been a little unfortunate in an affair with an opera-girl at Paris; but, for my part, added he, I never ran those hazards, as I always confined my amours to women of fashion.

In short, sir, these unfortunate youths have returned ignorant of every thing they ought to know; their minds corrupted, and their bodies debilitated, by a course of premature debauchery. I can easily see that I do not possess either their confidence or affection; and they even seem to despise me for the want of those frivolous accomplishments on which they value themselves so highly. In this situation, what is to be done? Their vanity and conceit make them incapable of listening to reason or advice; and to use the authority of a parent would probably be as ineffectual for their improvement, as to me it would be unpleasant.

I have thus, Sir, laid my case before you, in hopes of being favoured with your sentiments upon it. Possibly it may be of some benefit to the public, by serving as a beacon to others in similar circumstances. As to myself, I hardly expect you will be able to point out a remedy for that affliction which preys upon the mind, and, in all likelihood, will shorten the days, of

Your unfortunate humble servant,
L. G.

R.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Vitreus's *favours have been received, and shall be duly attended to.*

A letter signed A. Z. *and an essay subscribed* D. *are under consideration.*

On Wednesday next (Tuesday being appointed for the day of the national fast) will be published No. 5.

No. 5.] Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1779.

Pedantry, in the common sense of the word, means an absurd ostentation of learning and stiffness of phraseology, proceeding from a misguided knowledge of books, and a total ignorance of men.

But I have often thought that we might extend its signification a good deal farther; and, in general, apply it to that failing which disposes a person to obtrude upon others subjects of conversation relating to his own business, studies, or amusement.

In this sense of the phrase we should find pedants in every character and condition of life. Instead of a black coat and plain shirt, we should often see pedantry appear in an embroidered suit and Brussels lace; instead of being bedaubed with snuff, we should find it breathing perfumes; and, in place of a book-worm, crawling through the gloomy cloisters of a university, we should mark it in the state of a gilded butterfly, buzzing through the gay region of the drawing-room.

Robert Daisey, Esq. is a pedant of this last kind. When he tells you that his ruffles cost twenty guineas a pair; that his buttons were the first of the kind made by one of the most eminent artists in Birmingham; that his buckles were procured by means of a friend at Paris, and are the exact pattern of those worn by the Comte d'Artois; that the loop of his hat was of his own contrivance, and has set the fashion to half a dozen of the finest fellows in town: when he descants on all these particulars, with that smile of self-complacency which sits for ever on his cheek, he is as much a pedant as his quondam tutor, who recites verses from Pindar, tells stories out of Herodotus, and talks for an hour on the energy of the Greek particles.

But Mr. Daisey is struck dumb by the approach of his brother Sir Thomas, whose pedantry goes a pitch higher, and pours out all the intelligence of France and Italy, whence the young baronet is just returned, after a tour of fifteen months over all the kingdoms of the continent. Talk of music, he cuts you short with the history of the first singer in Naples; of painting, he runs you down with a description of the gallery at Florence; of architecture, he overwhelms you with the dimensions of St. Peter's, or the great church at Antwerp; or, if you leave the province of art altogether, and introduce the name of a river or hill, he instantly deluges you with the Rhine, or makes you dizzy with the height of Etna or Mont Blanc.

Miss will have no difficulty of owning her great aunt to be a pedant, when she talks all the time of dinner on the composition of the pudding, or the seasoning of the mince-pies; or enters into a disquisition on the figure of the damask table-cloth, with a word or two on the thrift of making one's own linen; but the young lady will be surprised when I inform her, that her own history of last Thursday's assembly, with the episode of Lady Di's feather, and the digression to the qualities of Mr. Frizzle the hair-dresser, was also a piece of downright pedantry.

Mrs. Caudle is guilty of the same weakness when she recounts the numberless witticisms of her daughter Emmy, describes the droll figure her little Bill made yesterday at trying on his first pair of breeches, and informs us that Bobby has got seven teeth, and is just cutting an eighth, though he will be but nine months old next Wednesday at six o'clock in the evening. Nor is her pedantry less disgusting when she proceeds to enumerate the virtues and good qualities of her husband; though this last species is so uncommon, that it may, perhaps, be admitted into conversation for the sake of variety.

Muckworm is the meanest of pedants when he tells you of the scarcity of money at present, and that he is amazed how people can afford to live as they do; that for his part, though he has a tolerable fortune, he finds it exceedingly difficult to command cash for his occasions; that trade is so dead, and debts so ill paid at present, that he was obliged to sell some shares of bank stock to make up the price of his last purchase; and had actually countermanded a service of plate, else he should have been obliged to strike several names out of the list of his weekly pensioners; and that this apology was sustained t'other day by the noble company (giving you a list of three or four peers, and their families) who did him the honour to eat a bit of mutton with him. All this, however, is true. As is also another anecdote, which Muckworm forgot to mention: his first cousin dined that day with the servants, who took compassion on the lad, after he had been turned down stairs, with a refusal of twenty pounds to set him up in the trade of a shoemaker.

There is pedantry in every disquisition, however masterly it may be, that stops the general conversation of the company. When Silius delivers that sort of lecture he is apt to get into, though it is supported by the most extensive information and the clearest discernment, it is still pedantry; and while I admire the talents of Silius, I cannot help being uneasy at his exhibition of them In the course of this dissertation, the farther a man proceeds the more he seems to acquire strength and inclination for the progress. Last night, after supper, Silius began upon *protestantism*, proceeded to the *Irish massacre*, went through the Revolution, drew the character of King William, repeated anecdotes of Schomberg, and ended at a quarter past twelve, by delineating the course of the Boyne, in half a bumper of port, upon my best table; which river, happening to overflow its banks, did infinite damage to my cousin Sophy's white satin petticoat.

In short, every thing, in this sense of the word, is pedantry which tends to destroy that equality of conversation which is necessary to the perfect ease and good humour of the company. Every one would be struck with the unpoliteness of that person's behaviour who should help himself to a whole plate of peas or strawberries which some friend had sent him for a rarity in the beginning of the season. Now conversation is one of those good things of which our guests or companions are equally entitled to a share, as of any other constituent part of the entertainment; and it is as essential a want of politeness to engross the one as to monopolize the other.

Besides, it unfortunately happens, that we are very inadequate judges of the value of our own discourse, or the rate at which the dispositions of our company will incline them to hold it. The reflections we make, and the stories we tell, are to be judged of by others, who may hold a very different opinion of their acuteness or their humour. It will be prudent, therefore, to consider, that the dish we bring to this entertainment, however pleasing to our own taste, may prove but moderately palatable to those we mean to treat with it; and that to every man, as well as ourselves (except a few very humble ones), his own conversation is the *plate of pease or strawberries*.

V

No. 6.] SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1779.

Nec excitatur classico miles truci
Nec horrit iratum mare;
Forumque vitat, et superba civium
Potentiorum limina. HOR.

GREAT talents are usually attended with a proportional desire of exerting them; and indeed, were it otherwise, they would be, in a great measure, useless to those who possess them, as well as to society.

But while this disposition generally leads men of high parts and high spirit to take a share in active life, by engaging in the pursuits of business or ambition, there are, amidst the variety of human character, some instances, in which persons eminently possessed of these qualities give way to a contrary disposition.

A man of an aspiring mind and nice sensibility may, from a wrong direction or a romantic excess of spirit, find it difficult to submit to the ordinary pursuits of life. Filled with enthusiastic ideas of the glory of a general, a senator, or a statesman, he may look with indifference, or even with disgust, on the less brilliant, though, perhaps, not less useful occupations of the physician, the lawyer, or the trader.

My friend Mr. Umphraville is a remarkable instance of great talents thus lost to himself and to society. The singular opinions which have influenced his conduct I have often heard him attempt, with great warmth, to defend.

"In the pursuit of an ordinary profession," would he say, "a man of spirit and sensibility, while he is subjected to disgusting occupations, finds it necessary to submit with patience, nay often with the appearance of satisfaction, to what he will be apt to esteem dulness, folly, or impertinence, in those from whose countenance, or opinion, he hopes to derive success; and, while he pines in secret at so irksome a situation, perhaps, amidst the crowds with whom he converses, he may not find a friend to whom he can communicate his sorrows.

"If, on the other hand," he would add, "he betakes himself to retirement, it is true, he cannot hope for an opportunity of performing splendid actions, or of gratifying a passion for glory; but if he attain not all that he wishes, he avoids much of what he hates. Within a certain range he will be master of his occupations and his company; his books will, in part, supply the wants of society; and, in contemplation, at least, he may often enjoy those pleasures from which fortune has precluded him.

"If the country, as will generally happen, be the place of his retirement, it will afford a variety of objects agreeable to his temper. In the prospect of a lofty mountain, an extensive plain, or the unbounded ocean, he may gratify his taste for the sublime; while the lonely vale, the hollow bank, or the shady wood, will present him a retreat suited to the thoughtfulness of his disposition."

Such are the sentiments which have formed the character of Mr. Umphraville, which have regulated the choice and tenor of his life.

His father, a man of generosity and expense beyond his fortune, though that had once been considerable, left him at the age of twenty-five, full of the high sentiments natural, at these years, to a young gentleman brought up as the heir of an ancient family, and a large estate, with a very inconsiderable income to support them; for though the remaining part of the family fortune still afforded him a rent-roll of £1000. a year, his clear revenue could scarcely be estimated at £300.

Mr. Umphraville, though he wanted not a relish for polite company and elegant amusements, was more distinguished for an ardent desire of knowledge; in consequence of which he had made an uncommon progress in several branches of science. The classical writers of ancient and modern times, but especially the former, were those from whose works he felt the highest pleasure; yet he had, among other branches of learning, obtained a considerable knowledge of jurisprudence, and was a tolerable proficient in mathematics.

On these last circumstances his friends founded their hopes of his rising in the world. One part of them argued, from the progress he had made in jurisprudence, that he would prove an excellent lawyer; the other, that his turn for mathematics would be a useful qualification in a military life; and all agreed in the necessity of his following some profession in which he might have an opportunity of repairing his fortune.

Mr. Umphraville, however, had very different sentiments. Though he had studied the science of jurisprudence with pleasure, and would not have declined the application of its principles, as a member of the legislature, he felt no inclination to load his memory with the rules of our municipal law, or to occupy himself in applying them to the uninteresting disputes of individuals; and though he neither wanted a taste for the art, nor a passion for the glory of a soldier, he was full as little disposed to carry a pair of colours at a review, or to line the streets in a procession. Nor were his objections to other plans of bettering his fortune, either at home or abroad, less unsurmountable.

In short, after deliberating on the propositions of his friends, and comparing them with his own feelings, Mr. Umphraville concluded, that, as he could not enter into the world in a way suited to his inclination and temper, the quiet and retirement of a country life, though with a narrow fortune, would be more conducive to his happiness than the pursuit of occupations to which he felt an aversion, even should they be attended with a greater degree of success than, from that circumstance, he judged to be probable.

Agreeably to this opinion he took his resolution; and, notwithstanding the opposition of his friends, retired, a few months after his father's death, to his estate in the country, where he has lived upwards of forty years; his family, since the death of his mother, a lady of uncommon sense and virtue, who survived her husband some time, having consisted only of himself, and an unmarried sister, of a disposition similar to his own.

Neither his circumstances nor inclination led Mr. Umphraville to partake much of the jollity of his neighbours. His farm has never exceeded what he found absolutely necessary for the convenience of his little family; and though he employed himself for a few years in extending his plantations over the neighbouring grounds, even that branch of industry he soon laid aside, from a habit of indolence, which has daily grown upon him; and since it has been dropped, his books, and sometimes his gun, with the conversation of his sister, and a few friends who now and then visit him, entirely occupy his time.

In this situation, Mr. Umphraville has naturally contracted several peculiarities, both of manner and opinion. They are, however, of a kind which neither lessen the original politeness of the one, nor weaken the natural force and spirit of the other. In a word, though he has contracted rust, it is the rust of a great mind, which, while it throws a certain melancholy reverence around its possessor, rather enhances than detracts from the native beauty and dignity of his character.

These particulars will suffice for introducing this gentleman to my readers; and I may afterwards take occasion to gratify such of them as wish to know somewhat more of a life and opinions with which I have long been intimately acquainted.

L.

No. 7.] Tuesday, Feb. 16, 1779.

Indocilis privata loqui. Luc.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

I am a sort of retainer to the Muses; and though I cannot boast of much familiarity with themselves, hold a subordinate intimacy with several branches of their family. I never made verses, but I can repeat several thousands. Though I am not a writer, I am reckoned a very ready expounder of *enigmas;* and I have given many good hints towards the composition of some favourite *rebuses* and *charades.* I have also a very competent share of classical learning; I can construe Latin when there is an English version on the opposite column, and read the Greek character with tolerable facility; I speak a little French, and can make shift to understand the subject of an Italian opera.

With these qualifications, Sir, I am held in considerable estimation by the wits of both sexes. I am sometimes allowed to clap first at a play, and pronounce a firm *encore* after a fashionable song. I am consulted by several ladies before they stick their pin into the catalogue of the *circulating library;* and have translated to some polite companies all the mottos of your paper, except the last, which, being somewhat crabbed, I did not choose to risk my credit by attempting. I have at last ventured to put myself into print in the Mirror; and send you information of a scheme I have formed for making my talents serviceable to the republic of letters.

Every one must have observed the utility of a proper selection of *names* to a play or a novel. The bare sounds of Monimia or Imoinda set a tender-hearted young lady a crying; and a letter from Edward to Maria contains a sentiment in the very title.

Were I to illustrate this by an opposite example, as schoolmasters give exercises of bad Latin, the truth of my assertion would appear in a still stronger light.

Suppose, Sir, one had a mind to write a very pathetic story of the disastrous loves of a young lady and a young gentleman, the first of whom was called Gubbins, and the latter Gubblestones, two very respectable names in some parts of our neighbour-country. The Gubbinses, from an ancient family-feud, had a mortal antipathy at the Gubblestones; this, however, did not prevent the attachment of the heir of the last to the heiress of the former: an attachment begun by accident, increased by acquaintance, and nourished by mutual excellence. But the hatred of the fathers was unconquerable; and old Gubbins having intercepted a letter from young Gubblestones, breathed the most horrid denunciations of vengeance against his daughter, if ever he should discover the smallest intercourse between her and the son of his enemy; and further, effectually to seclude any chance of a union with so hated a name, he instantly proposed a marriage between her and a young gentleman lately returned from his travels, a Mr. Clutterbuck, who had seen her at a ball, and was deeply smitten with her beauty. On being made acquainted with this intended match, Gubblestones grew almost frantic with grief and despair. Wandering round the house where his loved Gubbins was confined, he chanced to meet Mr. Clutterbuck hastening to an interview with his destined bride. Stung with jealousy and rage, reckless of life, and regardless of the remonstrances of his rival, he drew, and attacked him with desperate fury. Both swords were sheathed at once in the breasts of the combatants. Clutterbuck died on the spot: his antagonist lived but to be carried to the house of his implacable enemy, and breathed his last at the feet of his mistress. The dying words of Gubblestones, the succeeding frenzy and death of Gubbins, the relenting sorrow of their parents, with a description of the tomb in which Gubbins, Gubblestones, and Clutterbuck, were laid, finish the piece, and would leave on the mind of the reader the highest degree of melancholy and distress, were it not for the unfortunate sounds which compose the names of the actors in this eventful story; yet these names, Mr. Mirror, are really and truly right English surnames, and have as good a title to be unfortunate as those of Mordaunt, Montague, or Howard.

Nor is it only in the sublime or the pathetic that a happy choice of names is essential to good writing. Comedy is so much beholden to this article, that I have known some with scarcely any wit or character but what was contained in the dramatis personæ. Every other species of writing, in which humour or character is to be personified, is in the same predicament, and depends for great part of its applause on the knack of hitting off a lucky allusion from the name to the person. Your brother essayists have been particularly indebted to this invention, for supplying them with a very necessary material in the construction of their papers. In the Spectator, I find, from an examination of my notes on this subject, there are five hundred and thirty-two names of characters and correspondents, three hundred and ninety-four of which are descriptive and characteristic.

Having thus shown the importance of the art of *name-making,* I proceed to inform you of my plan for assisting authors in this particular, and saving them that expense of time and study which the invention of names proper for different purposes must occasion.

I have, from a long course of useful and extensive reading, joined to an uncommon strength of memory, been enabled to form a kind of dictionary of names for all sorts of subjects, pathetic, sentimental, serious, satirical, or merry. For novelists, I have made a collection of the best sounding English, or English-like, French, or French-like, names; I say, the best sounding, sound being the only thing necessary in that department. For comic writers, and essayists of your tribe, sir, I have made up from the works of former authors, as well as from my own invention, a list of names, with the characters or subjects to which they allude prefixed. A learned friend has furnished me with a parcel of signatures for political, philosophical, and religious essayists in the newspapers, among which are no fewer than eighty-six compounds beginning with *philo*, which are all from four or seven syllables long, and cannot fail to have a powerful tendency towards the edification and conviction of country readers.

For the use of serious poetry, I have a set of names, tragic, elegiac, pastoral, and legendary; for songs, satires, and epigrams, I have a parcel properly corresponding to those departments. A column is subjoined, showing the number of feet whereof they consist, that being a requisite chiefly to be attended to, in names destined for the purposes of poetry. Some of them, indeed, are so happily contrived, that, by means of an easy and natural contraction, they can be shortened or lengthened (like a pocket telescope), according to the structure of the line in which they are to be introduced; others by the assistance of proper interjections, are ready made into smooth flowing hexameters, and will be found extremely useful, particularly to our writers of tragedy.

All these, sir, the fruits of several years' labour and industry, I am ready to communicate for an adequate consideration, to authors, or other persons whom they may suit. Be pleased, therefore, to inform your correspondents, that, by applying to your publisher, they may be informed, in the language of Falstaff, "where a commodity of good names is to be bought." As for your own particular, sir, I am ready to attend you *gratis*, at any time you may stand in need of my assistance; or you may write out your papers blank, and send them to me to fill up the names of the parties.

I am yours, &c.

V. NOMENCLATOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The editor has to return thanks to numberless correspondents for their favours lately received; he begs leave, at the same time, to acquaint them, that, as many inconveniencies would arise from a particular acknowledgment of every letter, he must henceforward be excused from making it; they may, however, rest assured of the strictest attention and impartiality in regard to their communications.—As to the insertion of papers sent him, he will be allowed to suggest, that from the nature of his publication, the acceptance or refusal of an essay is no criterion of its merit, nor of the opinion in which it is held by the editor. A performance may be improper for the Mirror, *as often on account of its rising above, as of its falling below, the level of such a work, which is peculiarly circumscribed, not only in its subjects, but in the manner of treating them. The same circumstance will often render it necessary to alter or abridge the productions of correspondents; a liberty for which the editor hopes their indulgence, and which he will use with the utmost caution.*

No. 8.] SATURDAY, FEB. 20, 1779.

Inspicere tanquam in speculum
Vitas omnium jubeo. TER.

IT was with regret that the editor found himself under the necessity of abridging the following letter, communicated by an unknown correspondent.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

As I was walking one afternoon, about thirty years ago, by the Egyptian side of the Red Sea, in the neighbourhood of Babelmandel, I accidentally met with a dervise. How we forthwith commenced acquaintance; how I went with him to his hermitage; how our acquaintance improved into intimacy, and our intimacy into friendship; how we conversed about every thing, both in heaven above, and in the earth beneath; how the dervise fell sick, and how I, having some skill in medicine, administered to his recovery; how this strengthened his former regard by the additional tie of gratitude; how, after a space, I tired of walking by the Red Sea, in the neighbourhood of Babelmandel, and fancied I should walk with more security and satisfaction by the side of Forth; are circumstances, that, after you shall be more interested in my life and conversation, I may venture to lay before you.

In the meanwhile, suffice it to say, that my parting with the dervise was very tender; and that, as a memorial of his friendship, he presented me with a Mirror. I confess frankly, that, considering the poverty of my friend, and his unaffected manner of offering it, I supposed his present of little intrinsic value. Yet, looking at it, and wishing to seem as sensible of its worth as possible, "This," said I, "may be a very useful Mirror. As it is of a convenient size, I may carry it in my pocket, and, if I should happen to be in a public company, it may enable me to wipe from my face any accidental dust, or to adjust the posture of my periwig." For, sir, at that time, in order to command some respect among the Mussulmen, I wore a periwig of three tails.

"That mirror," said the dervise, looking at me with great earnestness, "is of higher value than you suppose: and of this, by the following account of its nature and uses, I am sure you will be fully satisfied. Of Mirrors, some are convex, and represent their object of a size considerably diminished: accordingly, the images they display are extremely beautiful. A company of people represented by this mirror shall appear without spot or blemish, like a company of lovely sylphs. Now, my good christian friend, mine is not a convex mirror. Neither is it concave: for concave mirrors have just an opposite effect; and by enlarging the object they represent, would render even the *houri* in Paradise as hideous as the witch of Endor, or a pagan fury. In short, it is a good plain Mirror, intended to represent things just as they are, but with properties and varieties not to be met with in common glass.

"Whenever," continued he, "you entertain any doubt concerning the propriety of your conduct, or have apprehensions that your motives are not exactly what you conceive or wish them to be, I advise you forthwith to consult the Mirror. You will there see yourself without disguise; and be enabled, not merely to wipe from your face any accidental dust, or to adjust your periwig of three tails, but to rectify your conduct, and adjust your deportment." In truth, Sir, I have made this experiment, according to the direction of the dervise, so often and with such small satisfaction to myself, that I am heartily sick of it. I have consulted my mirror, in the act of giving alms, expecting, no doubt, to see myself charactered with the softest compassion, and, behold! I was swollen and bloated with ostentation. Glowing with indignation, as I conceived, against the vices of mankind, and their blindness to real merit, I have looked in the Mirror, and seen the redness of anger, the flushings of disappointed ambition. Very lately, a friend of mine read me an essay he had written; he seemed to me somewhat conscious of its merit; he expected and was entitled to some applause; "but," said I to myself, "I will administer to no man's vanity, nor expose my friend by encouraging his self-conceit;" and so observed an obstinate unyielding silence. I looked in the Mirror, and am ashamed to tell you my motive was not so pure.

But, instead of exposing my own infirmities, I will, in perfect consistency with some of the most powerful principles in our nature, and in a manner much less exceptionable to myself, explain the properties of my Mirror, by the views it gives me of other men.

"Whenever," continued the dervise, "you have any doubt concerning the conduct of another person, take an opportunity, and, when he is least aware, catch a copy of his face in your Mirror." It would do your heart good, sir, if you delight in that species of moral criticism which some people denominate scandal, to see the discoveries I have made. Many a grave physician have I seen laying his head to one side, fixing his solemn eye on a far corner of a room, or poring with steady gaze on his watch, and seeming to count the beats of his patient's pulse, when, in fact, he was numbering, in his own mind, the guineas accruing from his circle of morning visits, or studying what fine speech he should make to my lady dutchess; or, if his patient were a fair patient—but here I would look no longer.

I have often carried my Mirror to church, and, sitting in a snug corner, have catched the flaming orator of the pulpit in many a rare grimace, and expressive gesture; expressive not of humility, but of pride; not of any desire to communicate instruction, but to procure applause; not to explain the gospel, but to exhibit the preacher.

"This Mirror," said the Mussulman, continuing his valedictory speech, "will not only display your acquaintance as they really are, but as they wish to be: and for this purpose," showing me the way, "you have only to hold it in a particular position." From this use of the Mirror, holding it as the dervise desired me, I confess I have received special amusement. How many persons hideously deformed have appeared most divinely beautiful; how many dull fellows have become amazingly clever; how many shrivelled cheeks have suddenly claimed a youthful bloom! Yet, I must confess, how surprising soever the confession may appear, that I have found mankind, in general, very well satisfied with their talents: and, as far as regards moral and religious improvement, I recollect very few instances of persons who wished for changes in their present condition. On the contrary, I have met with other examples; and have seen persons not a little solicitous to acquire the easy use of some fashionable impieties and immoralities. I have seen delicate females, to say nothing of dainty gentlemen, wishing to forget their catechism; striving to overcome their reluctance, and meditating, in their own minds, the utterance of some fashionable piece of raillery against religion; yet, like the amen of Macbeth, I have often seen it stick in their throat.

"But," continued the dervise, "if you hold this Mirror in a fit posture, it will not only show you men as they *are*, or as they *wish* to be, but with the talents of which they reckon themselves actually possessed; and in that very *char-*

acter or *situation* which they hold most suited to their abilities." Now this property of the Mussulman's Mirror has given me more amusement than any other. By this means I have seen a whole company undergo instantaneous and strange transformation. I have seen the unwieldy burgess changed into a slender gentleman; the deep philosopher become a man of the world; the laborious merchant converted into a fox-hunter; the mechanic's wife in the guise of a countess; and the pert scrivener become a cropped ensign. I have seen those grave personages, whom you may observe daily issuing from their alleys at noon, with white wigs, black coats buttoned and inclined to gray, with a cane in one hand, and the other stationed at their side-pocket, beating the streets for political intelligence, and diving afterwards into their native lanes, or rising in a coffee-house in the full dignity of a spectacled nose; I have seen them moving in my Mirror in the shape of statesmen, ministers at foreign courts, chancellors of England, judges, justices of the peace, or chief magistrates in electing boroughs.

Now, Sir, as you have engaged in the important business of instructing the public, I reckon you a much fitter person than me to be possessed of this precious Mirror. By these presents, therefore, along with a paper of directions, I consign it into your hands. All that I demand of you, in return, is to use this extraordinary gift in a proper and becoming manner; for, like every other excellent gift, it is liable to be misused. Therefore be circumspect; nor let any person say of you, that you make use of a false glass, or that the reflection is not just, or that the representation is partial; or, lastly, that it exhibits broken, distorted, or unnatural images. In full confidence that it will be an instrument in your hands for the most useful purposes, I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Vitreus.

* * *

No. 9.] Tuesday, Feb. 23, 1779.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

Some weeks ago, I was called from my retreat in the country, where I have passed the last twenty years in the enjoyment of ease and tranquillity, by an important family concern, which made it necessary for me to come to town.

Last Thursday I was solicited by an old friend to accompany him to the playhouse, to see the tragedy of King Lear; and, by way of inducement, he told me the part of Lear was to be performed by an actor who had studied the character under the English Roscius, and was supposed to play it somewhat in the manner of that great master. As the theatre had been always my favourite amusement, I did not long withstand the entreaties of my friend; and when I reflected that Mr. Garrick was now gone to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns," I felt a sort of tender desire to see even a copy of that great original, from whose performances I had often, in the earlier part of my life, received such exquisite pleasure.

As we understood the house was to be crowded, we went at an early hour, and seated ourselves in the middle of the pit, so as not only to see the play to advantage, but also to have a full view of the audience, which, I have often thought, is not the least pleasing part of a public entertainment. When the boxes began to fill, I felt a secret satisfaction in contemplating the beauties of the present times, and amused myself with tracing in the daughters those features which, in the mothers and grandmothers, had charmed me so often.

My friend pointed out to me, in different parts of the house, some of the reigning toasts of our times, but so changed, that without his assistance, I never should have been able to find them out. I looked in vain for that form, that complexion, and those numberless graces, on which I had been accustomed to gaze with admiration. But this change was not more remarkable than the effect it had upon the beholders; and I could not help thinking the silent neglect with which those once celebrated beauties were now treated by much too severe a punishment for that pride and haughtiness they had formerly assumed.

While I was amusing myself in this manner, I observed that some of the upper boxes were filled with ladies, whose appearance soon convinced me that they were of an order of females more desirous of being distinguished for beauty than for virtue. I could not refrain from expressing some disgust at seeing those unfortunate creatures sitting thus openly mingled with women of the first rank and fashion. "Poh!" said my friend, "that is thought nothing of now a days; and every body seems to be of the same opinion with the celebrated Countess of Dorchester, mistress of King James II., who having seated herself on the same bench with a lady of rigid virtue, the other immediately shrunk back; which the countess observing, said with a smile, Don't be afraid, madam; gallantry is not catching."

As I was going to reprove my friend for talking with such levity of a matter that seemed to be of so serious a nature, the curtain drew up, and the play began. It is not my design, sir, to trouble you with any remarks on the performance; the purpose of this letter is to request of you to take some notice of a species of indecorum, that appeared altogether new to me and which I confess it hurt me to observe.

Before the end of the first act, a number of young men came in, and took their places in the upper boxes, amidst those unhappy females I have already mentioned. I concluded that these persons were as destitute of any pretentions to birth or fashion, as they were devoid of decency of manners; but I was equally surprised and mortified to find, that many of them were of the first families of the kingdom. You sir, who have lived in the world, and seen the gradual and almost imperceptible progress of manners, will not, perhaps, be able to judge of my astonishment, when I beheld those very gentlemen quit their seats, and come down to pay their respects to the ladies in the *lower boxes*. The gross impropriety of this behaviour raised in me a degree of indignation which I could not easily restrain. I comforted myself, however, with the hopes that those unthinking youths would meet with such a reception from the women of honour, as would effectually check this indecency; but I am sorry to add, that I could not discern, either in their looks or manner, those marks of disapprobation which I had made my account with perceiving. Both the old and the young, the mothers and the daughters, seemed rather pleased when these young men of rank and fortune approached them. I am persuaded, at the same time, that were they to think but for a moment of the consequences, they would be sensible of the impropriety of their behaviour in this particular. I must therefore entreat of you, sir, to take the earliest opportunity of giving your sentiments on the subject.

I am, &c.
A. W.

The complaints of my correspondent are not without reason. The boundaries between virtue and vice cannot be too religiously maintained; and every thing that tends to lessen, in any degree, the respect due to a woman of honour ought ever to be guarded against with the utmost caution.

When I was in France, I observed a propriety of behaviour in the particular mentioned by Mr. A. W. that pleased me much. Even in that country, loose as we imagine the manners there to be, nobody who wishes to preserve the character of a well-bred gentleman is ever seen at a place of public resort in company with those misguided fair-ones, who, however much they may be objects of pity and compassion, have forfeited all title to respect and esteem. I would recommend to our young men to follow, in this, the example of our neighbours, whom they are so ready to imitate in less laudable instances. To consider it only in this view, there is certainly no greater breach of politeness than that which has given occasion to this letter. In other respects the consequences are truly alarming. When every distinction is removed between the woman of virtue and the prostitute; when both are treated with equal attention and observance; are we to wonder if we find an alteration of the manners of the women in general, and a proportional diminution of that delicacy which forms the distinguishing characteristic of the respectable part of the sex?

These considerations will, I hope, prove sufficient to correct this abuse in our young gentlemen. As to my fair country-women, it is ever with reluctance that I am obliged to take notice of any little impropriety into which they inadvertently fall. Let them, however, reflect, that a certain delicacy of sentiment and of manners is the chief ornament of the female character, and the best and surest guardian of female honour. That once removed, there will remain less difference than perhaps they may be aware of, between them and the avowedly licentious. Let them also consider, that, as it is unquestionably in their power to form and correct the manners of the men, so they are, in some sort, accountable, not for their own conduct only, but also for that of their admirers.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

I do not mean to *reflect*, Mr. MIRROR; for that is your business, not mine; far less do I purpose to *pun*, when I tell you, that it might save some reflections upon yourself, did you take the trouble to translate into good common English those same Latin scraps, or mottos, which you sometimes hang out by way of a sign-post inscription at the top of your paper. For consider, sir, who will be tempted to enter a house of entertainment offered to the public, when the majority can neither read nor understand the language in which the *bill of fare* is drawn and held out? I am a Scotsman of a good plain stomach, who can eat and digest any thing; yet I should like to have a guess at what was to be expected before I sit down to table. Besides, the *fair sex*, Mr. MIRROR, for whom you express so much respect,—what shall they do? Believe me, then, sir, by complying with this hint, you will not only please the ladies, but now and then save a blush in their company to some grown gentlemen, who have not the good fortune to be so learned as yourself. Amongst the rest, you will oblige one who has the honour to be

Your admirer and humble servant,
IGNORAMUS.

Edinburgh, Feb. 19, 1779.

Mr. Ignoramus (whom I take to be a wiser man than he gives himself out for) must have often observed many great personages contrive to be unintelligible in order to be respected.

E.

SATURDAY, FEB. 27, 1779.

——————*Id arbitror*
ime in vita esse utile, ut ne quid nimis.
TER.

MENT, and *delicacy of taste*, are the pro- s of advanced society. They open to the f persons possessed of them a field of enjoyment; but they may be pushed to rous extreme. By that excess of sensi- to which they lead; by that vanity which atter; that idea of superiority which they ish; they may unfit their possessor for the n and ordinary enjoyments of life; and, he too great niceness which they are apt to they may mingle somewhat of disgust and uneasiness even in the highest and finest pleasures. A person of such a mind will often miss happiness where nature intended it should be found, and seek for it where it is not to be met with. Disgust and chagrin will frequently be his companions, while less cultivated minds are enjoying pleasure unmixed and unalloyed.

I have ever considered my friend Charles Fleetwood to be a remarkable instance of such a character. Mr. Fleetwood has been endowed by nature with a most feeling and tender heart. Educated to no particular profession, his natural sensibility has been increased by a life of inactivity, chiefly employed in reading, and the study of the polite arts, which has given him that excess of refinement I have described above, that injures while it captivates.

Last summer I accompanied him in an excursion into the country. Our object was partly air and exercise, and partly to pay a visit to some of our friends.

Our first visit was to a college-acquaintance, remarkable for that old-fashioned hospitality which still prevails in some parts of the country, and which too often degenerates into excess. Unfortunately for us, we found with our friend a number of his jovial companions, whose object of entertainment was very different from ours. Instead of wishing to enjoy the pleasures of the country, they expressed their satisfaction at the meeting of so many old acquaintance; because, they said, it would add to the mirth and sociableness of the party. Accordingly, after a long, and somewhat noisy, dinner, the table was covered with bottles and glasses; the mirth of the company rose higher at every new toast; and though their drinking did not proceed quite the length of intoxication, the convivial festivity was drawn out, with very little intermission, till it was time to go to bed. Mr. Fleetwood's politeness prevented him from leaving the company; but I, who knew him, saw he was inwardly fretted at the manner in which his time was spent during a fine evening, in one of the most beautiful parts of the country. The mirth of the company, which was at least innocent, was lost upon him: their jokes hardly produced a smile; or, if they did, it was a forced one: even the good humour of those around him, instead of awakening his benevolence, and giving him a philanthropical pleasure, increased his chagrin; and the louder the company laughed, the graver did I think Mr Fleetwood's countenance became.

After having remained here two days, our time being spent pretty much in the manner I have described, we went to the house of another gentleman in the neighbourhood. A natural soberness of mind, accompanied with a habit of industry, and great attention to the management of his farm, would save us, we knew, from any thing like riot or intemperance in his family. But even here I found Mr. Fleetwood not a whit more at his ease than in the last house. Our landlord's ideas of politeness made him think it would be want of respect to his guests if he did not give them constant attendance. Breakfast, therefore, was no sooner removed, than, as he wished to visit his farm, he proposed a walk: we set out accordingly; and our whole morning was spent in crossing dirty fields, leaping ditches and hedges, and hearing our landlord discourse on *drilling* and *horse-hoeing*; of *broad-cast* and *summer-fallow*; of *manuring*, *ploughing*, *draining*, &c. Mr. Fleetwood, who had scarcely ever read a theoretical book upon farming, and was totally ignorant of the practice, was teased to death with this conversation; and returned home covered with dirt, and worn out with fatigue. After dinner, the family economy did not allow the least approach to a debauch; and as our landlord had exhausted his utmost stock of knowledge and conversation in remarks upon his farm, while we were not at all desirous of repeating the entertainment of the morning, we passed a tasteless, lifeless, yawning afternoon; and I believe Mr. Fleetwood would have willingly exchanged the dulness of his present company, for the boisterous mirth of the last he had been in.

Our next visit was to a gentleman of a liberal education, and elegant manners, who, in the earlier part of his life, had been much in the polite world. Here Mr. Fleetwood expected to find pleasure and enjoyment sufficient to atone for the disagreeable occurrences in his two former visits; but here, too, he was disappointed. Mr. Selby, for that was our friend's name, had been several years married: his family increasing, he had retired to the country; and, renouncing the bustle of the world, had given himself up to domestic enjoyments: his time and attention were chiefly devoted to the care of his children. The pleasure which himself felt in humouring all their little fancies, made him forget how troublesome that indulgence might be to others. The first morning that we were at his house, when

Mr. Fleetwood came into the parlour to breakfast, all the places at table were occupied by the children; it was necessary that one of them should be displaced to make room for him; and, in the disturbance which this occasioned, a teacup was overturned, and scalded the finger of Mr. Selby's eldest daughter, a child about seven years old, whose whimpering and complaining attracted the whole attention during breakfast. That being over, the eldest boy came forward with a book in his hand, and Mr. Selby asked Mr. Fleetwood to hear him read his lesson: Mrs. Selby joined in the request, though both looked as if they were rather conferring a favour on their guest. The eldest had no sooner finished, than the youngest boy presented himself; upon which his father observed, that it would be doing injustice to Will not to hear him, as well as his elder brother Jack; and in this way was my friend obliged to spend the morning, in performing the office of a schoolmaster to the children in succession.

Mr. Fleetwood liked a game at whist, and promised himself a party in the evening free from interruption. Cards were accordingly proposed; but Mrs. Selby observed, that her little daughter, who still complained of her scalded finger, needed amusement as much as any of the company. In place of cards, Miss Harriet insisted on the game of the goose. Down to it we sat; and to a stranger it would have been not unamusing to see Mr. Fleetwood, in his sorrowful countenance, at the royal and pleasant game of the goose, with a child of seven years old. It is unnecessary to dwell longer on particulars. During all the time we were at Mr. Selby's, the delighted parents were indulging their fondness, while Mr. Fleetwood was repining and fretting in secret.

Having finished our intended round of visits, we turned our course homewards, and at the first inn on our road were joined by one Mr. Johnson, with whom I was slightly acquainted. Politeness would not allow me to reject the offer of his company, especially as I knew him to be a good-natured inoffensive man. Our road lay through a glen, romantic and picturesque, which we reached soon after sun-set, in a mild and still evening. On each side were stupendous mountains: their height; the rude and projecting rocks, of which some of them were composed; the gloomy caverns they seemed to contain; and the appearance of devastation, occasioned by traces of cataracts falling from their tops, presented to our view a scene truly sublime. Mr. Fleetwood felt an unusual elevation of spirit. His soul rose within him, and swelled with that silent awe, so well suited to his contemplative mind. In the words of the poet, he could have said

———'Welcome, kindred glooms,
Congenial horrors, hail!'

———'Be these my theme,
These that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing!'

Our silence had now continued for about a quarter of an hour; and an unusual stillness prevailed around us, interrupted only by the tread of our horses, which, returning at stated intervals, assisted by the echo of the mountains, formed a hollow sound, which increased the solemnity of the scene. Mr. Johnson, tiring of this silence, and not having the least comprehension of its cause, all at once, and without warning, lifted up his voice, and began the song of "Push about the Jorum." Mr. Fleetwood's soul was then wound up to its utmost height. At the sound of Mr. Johnson's voice he started, and viewed him with a look of horror, mixed with contempt. During the rest of our journey, I could hardly prevail on my friend to be civil to him: and though he is, in every respect, a worthy and a good-natured man, and though Mr. Fleetwood and he have often met since, the former has never been able to look upon him without disgust.

Mr. Fleetwood's entertainment in this short tour has produced in my mind many reflections, in which I doubt not I shall be anticipated by my readers.

There are few situations in life, from which a man, who has confined his turn for enjoyment within the bounds pointed out by nature, will not receive satisfaction: but if we once transgress those bounds, and, seeking after too much refinement, indulge a false and mistaken delicacy, there is hardly a situation in which we will not be exposed to disappointment and disgust.

Had it not been for this false, this dangerous delicacy, Mr. Fleetwood, instead of uneasiness, would have received pleasure from every visit we made, from every incident we met with.

At the first house to which we went, it was not necessary that he should have preferred the bottle to the enjoyment of a fine evening in the country; but that not being the sentiments of the company, had he, without repining, given up his taste to theirs, instead of feeling disgust at what appeared to him coarse in their enjoyments, he would have felt pleasure at the mirth and good-humour which prevailed around him; and the very reflection, that different employments gave amusement to different men, would have afforded a lively and philanthropical satisfaction.

It was scarcely to be expected, that the barrenness and dryness of the conversation at our second visit could fill up or entirely satisfy the delicate and improved mind of Mr. Fleetwood; but had he not laid it down almost as a rule not to be pleased with any thing, except what suited his own idea of enjoyment, he might and ought to have received pleasure from the sight of a worthy family, spending their time innocently, happily, and usefully; usefully, both to themselves and to their country.

It was owing to the same false sensibility, that he was so much chagrined in the family of Mr. Selby. The fond indulgence of the parents did, perhaps, carry their attention to their children beyond the rules of propriety; but, had it not been for the finicalness of mind in Mr. Fleetwood, had he given the natural benevolence of his heart its play, he would have received a pleasure from witnessing the happiness of two virtuous parents in their rising offspring, that would have much overbalanced any uneasiness arising from the errors in their conduct.

Neither, but for this excessive refinement, would Mr. Fleetwood have been hurt by the behaviour of Mr. Johnson. Though he might not have considered him as a man of taste, he would, nevertheless, have regarded him as a good and inoffensive man; and he would have received pleasure from the reflection, that neither goodness nor happiness are confined to those minds which are fitted for feeling and enjoying all the pleasures of nature or of art.

A.

* * *

No. 11.] TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1779.

SINCE the commencement of the late *levies*, I understand that not only *drill serjeants* have had daily access to the lobbies and parlours of many decent and peaceable houses in this metropolis, but that professors of *the noble science of defence* have been so constantly occupied in attending grown gentlemen, and ungrown officers, that the former scholars have found great difficulty in procuring masters to push with them, and have frequently been obliged to have recourse to the less edifying opposition of one another.

The purpose of the *serjeant's* instructions every lover of his country must approve. The last-mentioned art, that of *fencing*, I formerly took great delight in myself, and still account one of the healthiest of all house exercises; insomuch that when I am in the country, where I make it a rule to spend a certain part of every day in exercise of some kind, I generally take up my *foil* in rainy mornings, and push with great success against the figure of Herod, in a piece of old arras that was taken down from my grandmother's room, and is now pasted up on the wall of the laundry.

When those two sciences, however, go upon actual service, they are to be considered in different lights; that of the *serjeant*, as it teaches a man to stand well on his legs, to carry his body firm, and to move it alertly, is much the same as the *fencing-master's*; but in their last stage they depart somewhat from each other; the *serjeant* proposes to qualify a man for encountering his enemy in battle, the other to fit him for meeting his companion, or friend it may be, in a duel.

My readers will, I hope, give me credit for the MIRROR being always a very polite paper; I am not, therefore, at all disposed to bestow on a practice so gentleman-like as duelling those severe reprehensions, equally trite and unjust, in which some of my predecessors have indulged themselves. During my residence abroad I was made perfectly acquainted with the arguments drawn in its favour, from the influence it has on the manners of the gentleman and the honour of the soldier. It is my intention only to point out those bounds within which the most punctilious valour may be contented to restrain itself; and in this I shall be the more guarded, as I mean the present paper principally for the use of the new-raised regiments above alluded to, whose honour I dearly prize, and would preserve as scrupulously inviolate as possible. I hold such an essay peculiarly proper at this juncture, when some of them are about to embark on long voyages, in which even good-natured people, being tacked together like man and wife, are somewhat apt to grow peevish and quarrelsome.

In the first place, I will make one general observation, that, at this busy time, when our country has need of men, lives are of more value to the community than at other periods. In time of peace, so many regiments are reduced, and the duties of an officer so easily performed, that if one fall, and another be hanged for killing him, there will speedily be found two proper young men ready to mount guard, and show a good leg on the parade, in their room. But, at present, from the great increase of the establishment, there is rather a scarcity in proportion to the demand of men of military talents and military figure, especially when we consider that the war is now to be carried against so genteel a people as the French, to whom it will be necessary to show officers of the most soldier-like appearance and address.

This patriotic consideration will tend to relax the *etiquette* formerly established, for every officer to fight a duel within a few weeks of the date of his commission, and that, too, without the purpose of resenting any affront, or vindicating his honour from any aspersion, but merely to show that he could fight. Now this practice, being unnecessary at present, as preferment goes on briskly enough by the fall of officers in the course of their duty, may very properly, and without disparagement to the valour of the British army, be dispensed with; so, it is to be agreed and understood, that every officer in the new-raised regiments, whose commission bears date on or posterior to the first January, 1778, is, *ipso facto*, to be held and deemed of unquestionable courage and immaculate honour.

As to the measure of affront which may justify *a challenge*, it is to be remembered, that the officers of the above-mentioned *corps* have been obliged, in levying their respective quotas, to engage in scenes of a very particular kind; at markets, fairs, country-weddings, and city-brawls, amongst a set of men and women, not remarkable for delicacy of language, or politeness of behaviour. We are not, therefore, to wonder, if the smooth enamel of the gentleman has received some little injury from the collision of such coarse materials; and a certain time may fairly be allowed for unlearning the blunt manners and rough phraseology which an officer in such situations was forced to assume. Therefore the identical words which, a campaign or two hence, are to be held expiable only by blood, may, at present, be done away by an *explanation;* and those which an officer must then explain and account for at the peril of a challenge, are now to be considered as mere colloquial expletives acquired by associating with such company as frequent the places above described.

As, notwithstanding all these allowances, some duels may be expected to take place, it is proper to mention certain regulations for the conduct of the parties, in the construction of which I have paid infinitely more regard to their honour than to their safety.

In fighting with the *sword*, a *blow*, or the *lie direct*, can scarcely be expiated but by a thrust through the body; but any lesser affront may be wiped off by a wound in the *sword arm;* or, if the injury be very slight, any wound will be sufficient. In all this it is to be noted, that the receiving of such a wound by either party constitutes a reparation for the affront; as it is a rule of justice peculiar to the *code of duelling*, that the blood of the injured atones for the offence he has received, as well as that of the injurer for the offence he has given.

In affairs decided with *pistols*, the distance is, in like manner, to be regulated by the nature of the injury. For those of an atrocious sort, a distance of only twenty feet, and pistols of nine, nine and a half, or ten inch barrels are requisite; for slighter ones the distance may be doubled, and a six or even five inch barrel will serve. Regard, moreover, is to be had to the size of the persons engaged; for every stone above eleven, the party of such weight may, with perfect honour, retire three feet.

I read, some time ago, certain addresses to the [illegible] by two gentlemen who had been [illegible] of honour; from which it [illegible] them had systematised the [illegible] wonderful degree. Among [illegible], had brought his aim with a pis- Col. [illegible] and made such improvements on the weapon, that he could lay a hundred guineas to ten on hitting at a considerable distance any part of his adversary's body. These arts, however, I by no means approve: they resemble, methinks, a *loaded die*, or a *packed deal;* and I am inclined to be of opinion, that a gentleman is no more obliged to fight against the first, than to play against the latter. They may, in the mildest construction, be compared to the sure play of a man who can take every ball at billiards; and therefore if it shall be judged that an ordinary marksman must fight with the person possessed of them, he is, at least, entitled to *odds*, and must be allowed three shots to one of his antagonist.

I have thus, with some labour, and I hope strict honour, settled certain articles in the matter of duelling, for such of my readers as may have occasion for them. It is but candid, however, to own, that there have been now and then brilliant things done quite without the line of my directions, to wit, by not fighting at all. The Abbé ———, with whom I was disputing at Paris on this subject, concluded his arguments against duelling with a story, which, though I did not think it much to the purpose, was a tolerable story notwithstanding. I shall give it in the very words of the abbé.

"A countryman of yours, a Captan Douglas, was playing at trictrac with a very intimate friend, here in this very coffee-house, amidst a circle of French officers who were looking on. Some dispute arising about a cast of the dice, Douglas said in a gay thoughtless manner, 'Oh! what a story!' A murmur arose among the by-standers; and his antagonist feeling the affront, as if the lie had been given him, in the violence of his passion, snatched up the tables and hit Douglas a blow on the head. The instant he had done it, the idea of his imprudence, and its probable consequences to himself and his friend rushed upon his mind: he sat stupified with shame and remorse, his eyes riveted on the ground, regardless of what the other's resentment might prompt him to act. Douglas, after a short pause, turned round to the spectators: 'You think', said he, 'that I am now ready to cut the throat of that unfortunate young man; but I know that at this moment he feels anguish a thousand times more keen than any my sword could inflict.—I will embrace him—thus—and try to reconcile him to himself;—but I will cut the throat of that man among you who shall dare to breath a syllable against my honour.' 'Bravo! Bravo!' cried an old Chevalier de St. Louis, who [illegible] immediately behind him—The sentiment of France overcame its habit, and Bravo! Bravo! echoed from every corner of the room. Who would not have cried Bravo! Would not you, sir? "Doubtless" "On other occasions, then, be governed by the same principle." "Why, to be sure, it were often better not to fight—if one had but the courage not to fight."

No. 12.] SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1779.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM a plain country-gentleman, with a small fortune and a large family. My boys, all except the youngest, I have contrived to set out into the world in tolerably promising situations. My two eldest girls are married; one to a clergyman, with a very comfortable living, and a respectable character; the other to a neighbour of my own, who farms most of his own estate, and is supposed to know country business as well as any man in this part of the kingdom. I have four other girls at home, whom I wish to make fit wives for men of equal rank with their brothers-in-law.

About three months ago, a lady in our neighbourhood (at least as neighbourhood is reckoned in our quarter) happened to meet the two eldest of my unmarried daughters at the house of a gentleman, a distant relation of mine, and, as well as myself, a freeholder in our county. The girls are tolerably handsome, and I have endeavoured to make them understand the common rules of good breeding. My Lady ——— ran out to my kinsman, who happens to have no children of his own, in praise of their beauty and politeness, and, at parting, gave them a most pressing invitation to come and spend a week with her during the approaching Christmas holidays. On my daughters' return from their kinsman's, I was not altogether pleased at hearing of this invitation; nor was I more satisfied with the very frequent quotations of my Lady ———'s sayings and sentiments, and the description of the beauty of her complexion, the elegance of her dress, and the grandeur of her equipage. I opposed, therefore, their design of paying this Christmas visit pretty warmly. Upon this, the honour done them by the invitation, the advantages to be derived from an acquaintance with the great lady, and the benefit that might accrue to my family from the influence of her lord, were immediately rung in my ears, not only by my daughters, but also by their mother, whom they had already gained over to their side; and I must own to you, Mr. MIRROR, though I would not have you think me hen-pecked, that my wife, some how or other, contrives to carry most points in our family; so my opposition was over-ruled; and to ——— the girls went; but not before they had made a journey to the metropolis of our country, and brought back a portmanteau full of necessaries, to qualify them for appearing decently, as my wife said, in the company they should meet there.

In about a month, for their visit was drawn out to that length, my daughters returned. But had you seen, Mr. MIRROR, what an alteration that month had made on them! Instead of the rosy complexions and sparkling eyes they had carried with them, they brought back cheeks as white as a curd, and eyes as dead as the beads in the face of a baby. I could not help expressing my surprise at the sight; but the younger of the two ladies immediately cut me short, by telling me, that their complexion was the only one worn at ———.

And no wonder, sir, it should, from the description which my daughter sometimes gives us of the life people lead there. Instead of rising at seven, breakfasting at nine, dining at three, supping at eight, and getting to bed by ten, as was their custom at home, my girls lay till twelve, breakfasted at one, dined at six, supped at eleven, and were never in bed till three in the morning. Their shapes had undergone as much alteration as their faces. From their bosoms (*necks*, they called them,) which were squeezed up to their throats, their waists tapered down to a very extraordinary smallness; they resembled the upper half of an hour-glass. At this, also, I marvelled; but it was the only shape worn at ———. Next day at dinner, after a long morning preparation, they appeared with heads of such a size, that my little parlour was not of height enough to let them stand upright in it. This was the most striking metamorphosis of all. Their mother stared; I ejaculated; my other children burst out a-laughing: the answer was the same as before: it was the only head worn at ———.

Nor is their behaviour less changed than their garb. Instead of joining in the good-humoured cheerfulness we used to have among us before, my two fine young ladies check every approach to mirth, by calling it *vulgar*. One of them chid their brother the other day for laughing, and told him it was monstrously ill-bred. In the evenings, when we were wont, if we had nothing else to do, to fall to blindman's-buff, or cross purposes, or sometimes to play at loo for cherry-stones, these two get a pack of cards to themselves, and sit down to play for any little money their visit has left them, at a game none of us know any thing about. It seems, indeed, the dullest of all amusements, as it consists in merely turning up the faces of the cards, and repeating their names from an *ace* upwards, as if the players were learning to speak, and had got only thirteen words in their vocabulary. But of this, and every other custom at ———, nobody is allowed to judge but themselves. They have got a parcel of phrases, which they utter on all occasions as decisive, French, I believe, though I can scarce find any of them in the dictionary, and am unable to put them upon paper;

but all of them mean something extremely fashionable, and are constantly supported by the authority of my lady, or the countess, his lordship, or Sir John.

As they have learned many foreign, so have they unlearned some of the most common and best understood home phrases. When one of my neighbours was lamenting the extravagance and dissipation of a young kinsman who had spent his fortune, and lost his health in London, and at Newmarket, they called it *life*, and said it showed spirit in the young man. After the same rule, they lately declared, that a gentleman could not live on less than £1000 a year, and called the account which their mantua-maker and milliner sent me, for the fineries purchased for their visit at ———, a trifle, though it amounted to £59. 11*s.* 4*d.* exactly a fourth part of the clear income of my estate.

All this, Mr. Mirror, I look upon as a sort of pestilential disorder, with which my poor daughters have been infected in the course of this unfortunate visit. This consideration has induced me to treat them hitherto with lenity and indulgence, and try to effect their cure by mild methods, which indeed suit my temper (naturally of a pliant kind, as every body, except my wife, says) better than harsh ones. Yet, I confess, I could not help being in a passion t'other day, when the disorder showed symptoms of a more serious kind. Would you believe it, Sir, my daughter Elizabeth (since her visit she is offended if we call her Betty) said it was fanatical to find fault with card-playing on Sunday; and her sister Sophia gravely asked my son-in-law, the clergyman, if he had not some doubts of the soul's immortality.

As certain great cities, I have heard, are never free from the plague, and at last come to look upon it as nothing terrible or extraordinary; so, I suppose, in London, or even your town, Sir, this disease always prevails, and is but little dreaded. But in the country it will be productive of melancholy effects indeed; if suffered to spread there, it will not only embitter our lives, and spoil our domestic happiness, as at present it does mine, but, in its most violent stages, will bring our estates to market, our daughters to ruin, and our sons to the gallows. Be so humane, therefore, Mr. Mirror, as to suggest some expedient for keeping it confined within those limits in which it rages at present. If no public regulation can be contrived for that purpose (though I cannot help thinking this disease of the great people merits the attention of government, as much as the distemper among the horned cattle,) try, at least, the effects of private admonition, to prevent the sound from approaching the infected; let all little men like myself, and every member of their families, be cautious of holding intercourse with the persons or families of dukes, earls, lords, nabobs, or contractors, till they have good reason to believe that such persons and their households are in a sane and healthy state, and in no danger of communicating this dreadful disorder. And, if it has left such great and noble persons any feelings of compassion, pray put them in mind of that well-known fable of the boys and the frogs, which they must have learned at school. Tell them, Sir, that though the making fools of their poor neighbours may serve them for a Christmas gambol, it is matter of serious wretchedness to those poor neighbours in the afterpart of their lives: "It is sport to them, but death to us."

I am, &c.

Z John Homespun.

No. 13.] Tuesday, March 9, 1779.

The antiquity of the poems ascribed to Ossian, the son of Fingal, has been the subject of much dispute. The refined magnanimity and generosity of the heroes, and the tenderness and the delicacy of sentiment, with regard to women, so conspicuous in those poems, are circumstances very difficult to reconcile with the rude and uncultivated age in which the poet is supposed to have lived. On the other hand, the intrinsic characters of antiquity which the poems bear; that simple state of society the poet paints; the narrow circle of objects and transactions he describes; his concise, abrupt, and figurative style; the absence of all abstract ideas, and of all modern allusions, render it difficult to assign any other era for their production than the age of Fingal. In short, there are difficulties on both sides; and, if that remarkable refinement of manners seem inconsistent with our notions of an unimproved age, the marks of antiquity with which the poems are stamped make it very hard to suppose them a modern composition. It is not, however, my intention to examine the merits of this controversy, much less to hazard any judgment of my own. All I propose is, to suggest one consideration on the subject, which, as far as I can recollect, has hitherto escaped the partisans of either side.

The elegant author of the "Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian" has very properly obviated the objections made to the uniformity of Ossian's imagery, and the too frequent repetition of the same comparisons. He has shown, that this objection proceeds from a careless and inattentive perusal of the poems; for, although the range of the poet's objects was not wide, and consequently the same object does often return, yet its appearance is changed; the image is new; it is presented to the fancy in another attitude, and clothed with different circumstances, to make it suit the illustration for which it is employed. "In this," continues he, "lies Ossian's great art;" and he illustrates his remark by taking the instances of the moon and of mist, two of the principal subjects of the bard's images and allusions.

I agree with this critic in his observations, though I think he has rather erred in ascribing to art in Ossian, that wonderful diversification of the narrow circle of objects with which he was acquainted. It was not by any efforts of art or contrivance that Ossian presented the rude objects of nature under so many different aspects. He wrote from a full heart, from a rich and glowing imagination. He did not seek for, and invent images; he copied nature, and painted objects as they struck and kindled his fancy. He had nothing within the range of his view but the great features of simple nature. The sun, the moon, the stars, the desert heath, the winding stream, the green hill with all its roes, and the rock with its robe of mist, were the objects amidst which Ossian lived. Contemplating these, under every variety of appearance they could assume, no wonder that his warm and impassioned genius found in them a field fruitful of the most lofty and sublime imagery.

Thus the very circumstance of his having such a circumscribed range of inanimate objects to attract his attention and exercise his imagination, was the natural and necessary cause of Ossian's being able to view and to describe them, under such a variety of great and beautiful appearances. And may we not proceed farther, and affirm, that so rich a diversification of the few appearances of simple nature could hardly have occurred to the imagination of a poet living in any other than the rude and early age in which the son of Fingal appeared?

In refined and polished society, where the works of art abound, the endless variety of objects that present themselves, distract and dissipate the attention. The mind is perpetually hurried from one object to another; and no time is left to dwell upon the sublime and simple appearances of nature. A poet, in such an age, has a wide and diversified circle of objects on which to exercise his imagination. He has a large and diffused stock of materials from which to draw images to embellish his work; and he does not always resort for his imagery to the diversified appearance of the objects of rude nature; he does not avoid those because his taste rejects them; but he uses them seldom, because they seldom recur to his imagination.

To seize these images belongs only to the poet of an early and simple age, where the undivided attention has leisure to brood over the few, but sublime objects which surround him. The sea and the heath, the rock and the torrent, the clouds and meteors, the thunder and lightning, the sun, and moon, and stars, are, as it were, the companions with which his imagination holds converse. He personifies and addresses them: every aspect they can assume is impressed upon his mind: he contemplates and traces them through all the endless varieties of seasons; and they are the perpetual subjects of his images and allusions. He has, indeed, only a few objects around him: but, for that very reason, he forms a more intimate acquaintance with their every feature, and shade, and attitude.

From this circumstance, it would seem, that the poetical productions of widely-distant periods of society must ever bear strong marks of the age which gave them birth; and that it is not possible for a poetical genius of the one age to counterfeit and imitate the productions of the other. To the poet of a simple age, the varied objects which present themselves in cultivated society are unknown. To the poet of a refined age, the idea of imitating the productions of rude times might, perhaps, occur; but the execution would certainly be difficult, perhaps impracticable. To catch some few transient aspects of any of the great appearances of nature, may be within the reach of the genius of any age; but to perceive, and feel, and paint, all the shades of a few simple objects, and to make them correspond with a great diversity of subjects, the poet must dwell amidst them, and have them ever present to his mind.

The excellent critic, whom I have already mentioned, has selected the instances of the moon and of the mist, to show how much Ossian has diversified the appearance of the few objects with which he was encircled. I shall now conclude this paper with selecting a third, that of the *sun*, which, I think, the bard has presented, in such a variety of aspects, as could have occurred to the imagination in no other than the early and unimproved age in which Ossian is supposed to have lived.

The vanquished Frothal, struck with the generous magnanimity of Fingal, addresses him: "Terrible art thou, O king of Morven, in battles of the spears; but, in peace, thou art like the sun when he looks through a silent shower; the flowers lift their fair heads before him, and the gales shake their rustling wings." Of the generous open Cathmor exposed to the dark and gloomy Cairbar, it is said: "His face was like the plain of the sun, when it is bright: no darkness travelled over his brow." Of Nathos: "The soul of Nathos was generous and mild, like the hour of the setting sun." Of young Connal, coming to seek the honour of the spear: "The youth was lovely, as the first beam of the sun."——"O! Fithil's son," says Cuchullin, "with feet of wind, fly over the heath of Lena. Tell to Fingal that Erin is enthralled, and bid the king of Morven hasten

O! let him come like the sun in a storm, when he shines on the hills of grass."

Nathos, anxious for the fate of Darthula: "The soul of Nathos was sad, like the sun in the day of mist, when his face is watery and dim."——Oscar, surrounded with foes, foreseeing the fall of his race, and yet at times gathering hope: "At times, he was thoughtful and dark, like the sun when he carries a cloud on his face; but he looks afterward on the hills of Cona."——Before Bosmina sent to offer them the peace of heroes: "The host of Erragon brightened in her presence, as a rock before the sudden beams of the sun, when they issue from a broken cloud, divided by the roaring wind." The remembrance of battles past, and the return of peace is compared to the sun returning after a storm: "Hear the battle of Lora! the sound of its steel is long since past; so thunder on the darkened hill roars, and is no more; the sun returns with his silent beams; the glittering rocks, and green heads of the mountains, smile."

Fingal in his strength darkening in the presence of war: "His arm stretches to the foe like the beam of the sickly sun, when his side is crusted with darkness, and he rolls his dismal course throughout the sky." A young hero exulting in his strength, and rushing towards his foes, exclaims, "My beating soul is high! My fame is bright before me, like the streak of light on a cloud when the broad sun comes forth, red traveller of the sky!" On another occasion, says a hero, "I have met the battle in my youth. My arm could not lift the spear when first the danger rose; but my soul brightened before the war as the green narrow vale, when the sun pours his streamy beams, before he hides his head in a storm!"

But it would exceed the proper bounds of this paper, were I to bring together all the passages which might illustrate my remarks. Without, therefore, quoting the beautiful address to the sun, which finishes the second book of Temora, or that at the beginning of Carricthura, I shall conclude with laying before my readers that sublime passage at the end of Carthon, where the aged bard, thrown into melancholy by the remembrance of that hero, thus pours himself forth:

—"I feel the sun, O Malvina! leave me to my rest. The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Barthon; I feel it warm around.

—"O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun? thy everlasting light! Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky: The moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave, but thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountain fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempest; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds; the blast of the north is on the plain, and the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey."

G.

No. 14.] SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1779.

——Inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.
HOR.

THERE are some weaknesses, which, as they do not strike us with the malignity of crimes, and produce their effects by imperceptible progress, we are apt to consider as venial, and make very little scruple of indulging. But the habit which apologises for these is a mischief of their own creation, which it behoves us early to resist. We give way to it at first, because it may be conquered at any time; and, at last, excuse ourselves from the contest, because it has grown too strong to be overcome.

Of this nature is indolence, a failing, I had almost said a vice, of all others the least alarming, yet, perhaps, the most fatal. Dissipation and intemperance are often the transient effects of youthful heat, which time allays, and experience overcomes; but indolence "grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength," till it has weakened every exertion of public and private duty; yet so seducing, that its evils are unfelt, and its errors unrepented of.

It is a circumstance of peculiar regret, that this should often be the propensity of delicate and amiable minds. Men unfeeling and unsusceptible, commonly beat the beaten track with activity and resolution; the occupations they pursue and the enjoyments they feel, seldom much disappoint the expectations they have formed; but persons endowed with that nice perception of pleasure and pain which is annexed to sensibility, feel so much undescribable uneasiness in their pursuits, and frequently so little satisfaction in their attainments, that they are too often induced to sit still, without attempting the one or desiring the other.

The complaints which such persons make of their want of that success which attends men of inferior abilities, are as unjust as unavailing. It is from the use, not the possession of talents, that we get on in life: the exertion of very moderate parts outweighs the indecision of the brightest. Men possessed of the first, do things tolerably, and are satisfied; of the last, forbear doing things well, because they have ideas beyond them.

When I first resolved to publish this paper, I applied to several literary friends for their aid in carrying it on. From one gentleman in London, I had, in particular, very sanguine expectations of assistance. His genius and abilities I had early opportunities of knowing, and he is now in a situation most favourable to such productions, as he lives amidst the great and the busy world, without being much occupied either by ambition or business. His compositions at college, when I first became acquainted with him, were remarkable for elegance and ingenuity; and, as I knew he still spent much of his time in reading the best writers, ancient and modern, I made no doubt of his having attained such farther improvement of style, and extension of knowledge, as would render him a very valuable contributor to the Mirror.

A few days ago, more than four months after I had sent him my letter, I received the following answer to it.

London, 1st March, 1779.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am ashamed to look on the date of this letter, and to recollect that of yours. I will not, however, add the sin of hypocrisy to my other failings, by informing you, as is often done in such cases, that hurry of business, or want of health, has prevented me from answering your letter. I will frankly confess, that I have had abundance of leisure, and been perfectly well since I received it; I can add, though, perhaps, you may not so easily believe me, that I have had as much inclination as opportunity; but the truth is (you know my weakness that way), I have wished, resolved, and re-resolved to write, as I do by many other things, without the power of accomplishing it. That disease of indolence, which you and my other companions used to laugh at, grows stronger and stronger upon me; my symptoms, indeed, are mortal; for I begin now to lose the power of struggling against the malady, sometimes to shut my ears against self-admonition, and admit of it as a lawful indulgence.

Your letter, acquainting me of the design of publishing a periodical paper, and asking my assistance in carrying it on, found me in one of the paroxysms of disorder. The fit seemed to give way to the call of friendship. I got up from my easy chair, walked two or three turns through the room, read your letter again, looked at the Spectators, which stood, neatly bound and gilt, in the front of my book-press, called for pen, ink, and paper, and sat down, in the fervour of imagination, ready to combat vice, to encourage virtue, to form the manners, and to regulate the taste of millions of my fellow-subjects. A field fruitful and unbounded lay before me; I began to speculate on the prevailing vices and reigning follies of the times, the thousand topics which might arise for declamation, satire, ridicule, and humour; the picture of manners, the shades of character, the delicacies of sentiment. I was bewildered amidst this multitude and variety of subjects, and sat dreaming over the redundancy of matter and the ease of writing, till the morning was spent, and my servant announced dinner.

I arose, satisfied with having thought much on subjects proper for your paper. I dined, if you will allow me the expression, in company with those thoughts, and drank half a bottle of wine after dinner to our better acquaintance. When my man took away, I returned to my study, sat down at my writing-table, folded my paper into proper margins, wrote the word Mirror a-top, and filling my pen again, drew up the curtain, and prepared to delineate a scene before me. But I found things not quite in the situation I had left them: the groups were more confused, the figures less striking, the colours less vivid, than I had seen them before dinner. I continued, however, to look on them —I know not how long; for I was waked from a very sound nap, at half an hour past six, by Peter asking me if I chose to drink coffee.

I was ashamed and vexed at the situation in which he found me. I drank my first dish rather out of humour with myself; but, during the second, I began to account for it from natural causes; and, before the third was finished, had resolved that study was improper after repletion, and concluded the evening with the adventures of one of the three Callendars, out of "the Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

For all this arrear I drew resolutely on tomorrow, and after breakfast prepared myself accordingly. I had actually gone so far as to write three introductory sentences, all of which I burnt; and was just blacking the letter T, for the beginning of a fourth, when Peter opened the door, and announced a gentleman, an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for a considerable time. After he had sat with me for more than an hour, he rose to go away; I pulled out my watch, and I will fairly own I was not sorry to find it within a few minutes of one; so I gave up the morning for lost, and invited myself to accompany my friend in some visits he proposed making. Our tour concluded in a dinner at a tavern, whence we repaired to the play, and did not part till midnight. I went to bed without much self-reproach, by considering that intercourse with the world fits a man for reforming it.

I need not go through every day of the subsequent month, during which I remained in town, though there seldom passed one that did not remind me of what I owed to your friendship. It is enough to tell you, that during the first fortnight, I always found some apology for delaying the execution of my purpose; and, during the last, contented myself with the prospect of the leisure I should soon enjoy in the country, to which I was invited by a relation to spend some time with him previous to his coming to town for the winter. I arrived at his house about the middle of December. I looked on his fields, his walks, and his woods, which the extreme mildness of the season had still left in the garb of Thomson's philosophic melancholy, as scenes full of inspiration, in which Genius might try her wings, and Wisdom meditate without interruption. But I am obliged to own, that, though I have walked there many a time; though my fancy was warmed with the scene, and shot out into a thousand excursions over the regions of romance, of melancholy, of sentiment, of humour, of criticism, and of science, she returned, like the first messenger of Noah, without having found a resting-place; and I have, at last, strolled back to the house, where I sat listless in my chamber, with the irksome consciousness of some unperformed resolution, from which I was glad to be relieved by a summons to billiards, or a call to dinner.

Thus have I returned to town, as unprofitable in the moments of solitude and retirement as in those of business or society. Do not smile at the word *business:* what would be idleness to you is to me very serious employment: besides you know very well, that to be idle is often to be least at leisure. I am now almost hardy enough to lay aside altogether my resolution of writing in your paper; but I find that resolution a sort of bond against me, till you are good enough to cancel it, by saying you do not expect me to write. I have made a more than ordinary effort to give you this sincere account of my attempts to assist you. I have at least the consolation of thinking that you will not need my assistance. Believe me, with all my failings,

Most sincerely and affectionately yours,.

P. S. I have just now learned by accident, that my nephew, a lad of fifteen, who is come to town from Harrow school, and lives at present with me, having seen one of your numbers about a week ago, has already written, and intends transmitting you, a political essay, signed Aristides, a pastoral, subscribed X. Y., and an acrostic on Miss E. M., without a signature.

V.

No. 15.] Tuesday, March 16, 1779.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant. Hor.

However widely the thinking part of mankind may have differed as to the proper mode of conducting education, they have always been unanimous in their opinion of its importance. The outward effects of it are observed by the most inattentive. They know, that the clown and the dancing-master are the same from the hand of nature; and, although a little farther reflection is necessary to perceive the effects of culture on the internal senses, it cannot be disputed that the mind, like the body, when arrived at firmness and maturity, retains the impressions it received in a more pliant and tender age.

The greatest part of mankind, born to labour for their subsistence, are fixed in habits of industry by the iron hand of necessity. They have little time or opportunity for the cultivation of the understanding; the errors and immoralities in their conduct, that flow from the want of those sentiments which education is intended to produce, will, on that account, meet with indulgence from every benevolent mind. But those who are placed in a conspicuous station, whose vices become more complicated and destructive, by the abuse of knowledge, and the misapplication of improved talents, have no title to the same indulgence. Their guilt is heightened by the rank and fortune which protect them from punishment, and which, in some degree, preserve them from that infamy their conduct has merited.

I hold it, then, uncontrovertible, that the higher the rank, the more urgent is the necessity for storing the mind with the principles, and directing the passions to the practice, of public and private virtue. Perhaps it might not be impossible to form plans of education, to lay down rules, and contrive institutions for the instruction of youth of all ranks, that would have a general influence upon manners. But this is an attempt too arduous for a private hand; it can be expected only from the great council of the nation, when they shall be pleased to apply their experienced wisdom and penetration to so material an object; which, in some future period, may be found not less deserving their attention than those important debates in which they are frequently engaged, which they conduct with an elegance, a decorum, and a public spirit, becoming the incorrupted, disinterested, virtuous representatives of a great and flourishing people.

While in expectation of this, perhaps distant, era, I hope it will not be unacceptable to my readers to suggest some hints that may be useful in the education of the gentleman, to try if it be not possible to form an alliance between the virtues and the graces, the man and the citizen, and produce a being less dishonourable to the species than the courtier of Lord Chesterfield, and more useful to society than the savage of Rousseau.

The sagacious Locke, toward the end of the last century, gave to the public some thoughts on education, the general merit of which leaves room to regret that he did not find time, as he seemed once to have intended, to revise what he had written, and give a complete treatise on the subject. But, with all the veneration I feel for that great man, and all the respect that is due to him, I cannot help being of opinion, that some of his observations have laid the foundation of that defective system of education, the fatal consequences of which are so well described by my correspondent in the letter published in my Fourth Number. Mr. Locke, sensible of the labyrinth with which the pedantry of the learned had surrounded all the avenues to science, successfully employed the strength of his genius to trace knowledge to her source, and point out the direct road to succeeding generations. Disgusted with the schoolmen, he, from a prejudice to which even great minds are liable, seems to have contracted a dislike to every thing they taught, and even to the languages in which they wrote. He scruples not to speak of grammar as unnecessary to the perfect knowledge either of the dead or living languages, and to affirm, that a part of the years thrown away in the study of Greek and Latin would be better employed in learning the trades of gardeners and turners; as if it were a fitter and more useful recreation for a gentleman to plant potatoes, and to make chess-boards and snuff-boxes, than to study the beauties of Cicero and Homer.

It will be allowed by all, that the great purpose of education is to form the man and the citizen, that he may be virtuous, happy in himself, and useful to society. To attain this end, his education should begin, as it were, from his birth, and be continued till he arrive at firmness and maturity of mind, as well as body. Sincerity, truth, justice, and humanity, are to be cultivated from the first dawnings of memory and observation. As the powers of these increase, the genius and disposition unfold themselves; it then becomes necessary to check, in the bud, every propensity to folly or to vice; to root out every mean, selfish, and ungenerous sentiment; to warm and animate the heart in the pursuit of virtue and honour. The experience of ages has hitherto discovered no surer method of giving right impressions to young minds than by frequently exhibiting to them those bright examples which history affords, and by that means inspiring them with those sentiments of public and private virtue which breathe in the writings of the sages of antiquity.

In this view, I have ever considered the acquisition of the dead languages as a most important branch in the education of a gentleman. Not to mention that the slowness with which he acquires them prevents his memory from being loaded with facts faster than his growing reason can compare and distinguish, he becomes acquainted by degrees with the virtuous characters of ancient times; he admires their justice, temperance, fortitude, and public spirit, and burns with a desire to imitate them. The impressions these have made, and the restraints to which he has been accustomed, serve as a check to the many tumultuous passions which the ideas of religion alone would, at that age, be unable to control. Every victory he obtains over himself serves as a new guard to virtue. When he errs, he becomes sensible of his weakness; which, at the same time that it teaches him moderation, and forgiveness to others, shows the necessity of keeping a stricter watch over his own actions. During these combats, his reasoning faculties expand, his judgment strengthens, and, while he becomes acquainted with the corruptions of the world, he fixes himself in the practice of virtue.

A man thus educated enters upon the theatre of the world with many and great advantages. Accustomed to reflection, acquainted with human nature, the strength of virtue, and depravity of vice, he can trace actions to their source, and be enabled, in the affairs of life, to avail himself of the wisdom and experience of past ages.

Very different is the modern plan of education followed by many, especially with the children of persons in superior rank. They are introduced into the world almost from their very infancy. In place of having their minds stored with the bright examples of antiquity, or those of modern times, the first knowledge they acquire is of the vices with which they are surrounded; and they learn what mankind are, without ever knowing what they ought to be. Possessed of no sentiment of virtue, of no social affection, they indulge, to the utmost of their ability, the gratification of every selfish appetite, without any other restraint than what self-interest dictates. In men thus educated, youth is not the season of virtue; they have contracted the cold indifference and all the vices of age long before they arrive at manhood. If they attain to the great offices of the state, they become ministers as void of knowledge as of principle; equally regardless of the national honour as of their own, their system of government (if it can be called a system) looks not beyond the present moment, and any apparent exertions for the public good are meant only as props to support themselves in office. In the field, at the head of armies, indifferent as to the fate of their fellow-soldiers, or of their country, they make their power the minister of their pleasures. If the wisdom of their sovereign should, happily for himself and his country, shut them out from his councils, should they be confined to a private station, finding no entertainment in their own breasts, as void of friends as incapable of friendship, they sink reflection in a life of dissipation.

If the probable consequences of those different modes of education be such as I have mentioned, there can be little doubt to which the preference belongs, even though that which is preferred should be less conducive than its opposite to those elegant accomplishments which decorate society. But, upon examination, I believe even this objection will vanish; for, although I willingly admit that a certain degree of pedantry is inseparable from the learning of the divine, the physician, or the lawyer, which a late commerce with the world is unable to wear off, yet learning is, in no respect, inconsistent, either with that graceful ease and elegance of address peculiar to men of fashion, or with what, in modern phrase, is called knowledge of the world. The man of superior accomplishments will, indeed, be indifferent about many things which are the chief objects of attention to the modern fine gentleman. To conform to all the minute changes of the mode, to be admired for the gaudiness of his equipage, to boast of his success in intrigue, or publish favours he never received, will to him appear frivolous and dishonourable.

As many of the bad effects of the present system of education may be attributed to a premature introduction into the world, I shall conclude this paper by reminding those parents and guardians who are so anxious to bring their children and pupils early into public life, that one of the finest gentlemen, the brightest geniuses, the most useful and best informed citizens of which antiquity has left us an example, did not think himself qualified to appear in public till the age of twenty-six, and continued his studies, for some years after, under the eminent teachers of Greece and Rome.

H.

No. 16.] Saturday, March 20, 1779.

O prima vera gioventu de l'anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori;
Tu torni ben, ma tecco
No tornano i sereni
E fortunati di de le mie gioie. GUARINI.

THE effects of the return of spring have been frequently remarked, as well in relation to the human mind, as to the animal and vegetable world. The reviving power of this season has been traced from the fields to the herds that inhabit them, and from the lower classes of beings up to man. Gladness and joy are described as prevailing through universal nature, animating the low of the cattle, the carol of the birds, and the pipe of the shepherd.

I know not if it be from a singular, or a censurable disposition, that I have often felt in my own mind something very different from this gayety, supposed to be the inseparable attendant of the vernal scene. Amidst the returning verdure of the earth, the mildness of the air, and the serenity of the sky, I have found a still and quiet melancholy take possession of my soul, which the beauty of the landscape, and the melody of the birds, rather soothed than overcame.

Perhaps some reason may be given why this sort of feeling should prevail over the mind, in those moments of deeper pensiveness to which every thinking mind is liable, more at this time of the year than at any other. Spring, as the renewal of verdure and of vegetation, becomes naturally the season of remembrance. We are surrounded with objects new only in their revival, but which we acknowledge as our acquaintance in the years that are past. Winter, which stopped the progression of nature, removed them from us for a while, and we meet, like friends long parted, with emotions rather of tenderness than of gayety.

This train of ideas once awakened, memory follows over a very extensive field. And, in such a disposition of mind, objects of cheerfulness and delight are, from those very qualities, the most adapted to inspire that milder sort of sadness which, in the language of our native bard, is "pleasant and mournful to the soul." They will inspire this, not only from the recollection of the past, but from the prospect of the future; as an anxious parent, amidst the sportive gayety of the child, often thinks of the cares of manhood and the sorrows of age.

This effect will, at least, be commonly felt by persons who have lived long enough to see, and had reflection enough to observe, the vicissitudes of life. Even those who have never experienced severe calamities will find, in the review of their years, a thousand instances of fallacious promises and disappointed hopes. The dream of childhood, and the project of youth, have vanished to give place to sensations of a very different kind. In the peace and beauty of the rural scene which spring first unfolds to us, we are apt to recal the former state, with an exaggerated idea of its happiness, and to feel the present with increased dissatisfaction.

But the pencil of memory stops not with the representation of ourselves; it traces also the companions and friends of our early days, and marks the changes which they have undergone. It is a dizzy sort of recollection to think over the names of our school-fellows, and to consider how very few of them the maze of accidents, and the sweep of time, have left within our reach. This, however, is less pointed than the reflection on the fate of those whom affinity or friendship linked to our side, whom distance of place, premature death, or (sometimes not a less painful consideration) estrangement of affection, has disjoined from us for ever.

I am not sure if the disposition to reflections of this sort be altogether a safe or a proper one. I am aware, that, if too much indulged, or allowed to become habitual, it may disqualify the mind for the more active and bustling scenes of life, and unfit it for the enjoyments of ordinary society; but, in a certain degree, I am persuaded it may be found useful. We are all of us too little inclined to look into our own minds, all apt to put too high a value on the things of this life. But a man under the impressions I have described will be led to look into himself, and will see the vanity of setting his heart upon external enjoyment. He will feel nothing of that unsocial spirit which gloomy and ascetic severities inspire; but the gentle, and not unpleasing melancholy that will be diffused over his soul, will fill it with a calm and sweet benevolence, will elevate him much above any mean or selfish passion. It will teach him to look upon the rest of the world as his brethren, travelling the same road, and subject to the like calamities with himself; it will prompt his wish to alleviate and assuage the bitterness of their sufferings, and extinguish in his heart every sentiment of malevolence or of envy.

Amidst the tide of pleasure which flows on a mind of little sensibility, there may be much social joy without any social affection; but, in a heart of the mould I allude to above, though the joy may be less, there will, I believe, be more happiness and more virtue.

It is rarely from the precepts of the moralist, or the mere sense of duty, that we acquire the virtues of gentleness, disinterestedness, benevolence, and humanity. The feelings must be won, as well as the reason convinced, before men change their conduct. To them the world addresses itself, and is heard; it offers pleasure to the present hour, and the promise of satisfaction in the future is too often preached in vain. But he who can feel that luxury of pensive tenderness of which I have given some faint sketches in this paper will not easily be won from the pride of virtue, and the dignity of thought, to the inordinate gratifications of vice, or the intemperate amusements of folly.

V.

No. 17.] Tuesday, March 23, 1779.

Insanit veteres statuas Damasippus emendo. Hor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

As I am persuaded that you will not think it without the province of a work such as yours to throw your eye sometimes upon the inferior ranks of life, where there is any error that calls loud for amendment, I will make no apology for sending you the following narrative.

I was married, about five years ago, to a young man in a good way of business as a grocer, whose character, for sobriety and diligence in his trade, was such as to give me the assurance of a very comfortable establishment in the meantime, and, in case Providence should bless us with children, the prospect of making a tolerable provision for them. For three years after our marriage there never was a happier couple. Our shop was so well frequented as to require the constant attendance of both of us; and, as it was my greatest pleasure to see the cheerful activity of my husband, and the obliging attention which he showed to every customer, he has often, during that happy time, declared to me, that the sight of my face behind the counter (though indeed, Sir, my looks are but homely) made him think his humble condition far more blessed than that of the wealthiest of our neighbours, whose possessions deprived them of the high satisfaction of purchasing, by their daily labour, the comfort and happiness of a beloved object.

In the evenings, after our small repast, which, if the day had been more than usually busy, we sometimes ventured to finish with a glass or two of punch; while my husband was constantly engaged with his books and accounts, it was my employment to sit by his side knitting, and at the same time to tend the cradle of our first child, a girl, who is now a fine prattling creature of four years of age, and begins already to give me some little assistance in the care of her younger brother and sister.

Such was the picture of our little family, in which we once enjoyed all the happiness that virtuous industry, and the most perfect affection, can bestow. But those pleasing days, Mr. Mirror, are now at an end.

The sources of unhappiness in my situation are very different from those of other unfortunate married persons. It is not of my husband's idleness or extravagance, his ill-nature or his avarice, that I have to complain; neither are we unhappy from any decrease of affection, or disagreement in our opinions. But I will not, Sir, keep you longer in suspense. In short, it is my misfortune that my husband is become *a man of taste.*

The first symptom of this malady, for it is now become a disease indeed, manifested itself, as I have said, about two years ago, when it was my husband's ill-luck to receive one day from a customer, in payment of a pound of sugar, a crooked piece of silver, which he, at first, mistook for a shilling, but found, on examination, to have some strange characters upon it, which neither of us could make any thing of. An acquaintance coming in, who, it seems, had some knowledge of those matters, declared it at once to be a very curious coin of Alexander the Third; and, affirming that he knew a virtuoso who would be extremely glad to be possessed of it, bid him half a guinea for it upon the spot. My poor husband, who knew as little of Alexander the Third as of Alexander the Great, or his other namesake, the coppersmith, was nevertheless persuaded, from the extent of the offer, and the opinion he had of his friend's discernment, that he was possessed of a very valuable curiosity; and in this he was fully confirmed, when, on showing it to the virtuoso above-mentioned, he was immediately offered triple the former sum. This too was rejected, and the crooked coin was now judged to be inestimable. It would tire your patience, Mr. Mirror, to describe minutely the progress of my husband's delirium. The neighbours soon heard of our acquisition, and flocked to be indulged with a sight of it. Others who had valuable curiosities of the same kind, but who were prudent enough not to reckon them quite beyond all price, were, by much entreaty, prevailed on by my husband to exchange them for guineas, half-guineas and crown-pieces; so that, in about a month's time, he could boast of being possessed of twenty pieces, all of inestimable value, which cost him only the trifling sum of £18. 12*s*. 6*d*.

But the malady did not rest here; it is a dreadful thing, Mr. Mirror, *to get a taste.* It ranges from "heaven above, to the earth beneath, and to the waters under the earth." Every production of nature or of art, remarkable either for beauty or deformity, but particularly if either scarce or old, is now the object of my husband's avidity. The profits of our business, once considerable, but now daily diminishing, are expended, not only on coins, but on shells, lumps of different coloured stones, dried butterflies, old pictures, ragged books, and worm-eaten parchments.

Our house, which it was once my highest pleasure to keep in order, it would be now equally vain to attempt cleaning as the ark of Noah. The children's bed is supplied by an Indian canoe; and the poor little creatures sleep three of them in a hammock, slung up to the roof between a stuffed crocodile and the skeleton of a calf with two heads. Even the commodities of our shop have been turned out to make room for trash and vermin. Kites, owls, and bats, are perched upon the top of our shelves; and it was but yesterday, that, putting my hand into a glass jar that used to contain pickles, I laid hold of a large *tarantula* in place of a *mangoe.*

In the bitterness of my soul, Mr. Mirror, I have been often tempted to revenge myself on the objects of my husband's frenzy, by burning, smashing, and destroying them without mercy; but, besides that such violent procedure might have effects too dreadful upon a brain which, I fear, is already much unsettled, I could not take such a course without being guilty of a fraud to our creditors, several of whom will, I believe, sooner or later, find it their only means of reimbursement, to take back each man his own monsters.

Meantime, Sir, as my husband constantly peruses your paper (one instance of his taste which I cannot object to), I have some small hopes that a good effect may be produced by giving him a fair view of himself in your moral looking-glass. If such should be the happy consequence of your publishing this letter, you shall have the sincerest thanks of a grateful heart, from your now disconsolate humble servant,

Rebecca Prune.

I cannot help expressing my suspicion that Mrs. Rebecca Prune has got somebody to write her letter. If she wrote it herself, I am afraid it may be thought that the grocer's wife, who is so knowing in what she describes, and can joke so learnedly on her spouse's ignorance of the three Alexanders, has not much reason to complain of her husband being a man of taste.

Her case, however, is truly distressful, and in the particular species of her husband's disorder, rather uncommon. The taste of a man in his station generally looks for some reputation from his neighbours and the world, and walks *out of doors* to show itself to both.

I remember, a good many years ago, to have visited the villa of a citizen of Bath, who had made a considerable fortune by the profession of a toyman in that city. It was curious to observe how much he had carried the ideas of his trade into his house and grounds, if such might be called a kind of Gothic building, of about eighteen feet by twelve, and an enclosure, somewhat short of an acre. The first had only a few closets within; but it made a most gallant and warlike show without. It had turrets about the size of the king at nine pins, and battlements like the side-crust of a Christmas goose-pie. To complete the appearance of a castle, we entered by a drawbridge, which, in construction and dimensions, exactly resembled the lid of a travelling trunk. To the right of the house was a puddle, which, however, was dignified with the name of a harbour, defended by two redoubts, under cover of which lay a vessel of the size of an ordinary bathing tub, mounting a parcel of old tooth-pick-cases, fitted up into guns, and manned with some of the toyman's little family of plaything figures, with red jackets and striped trowsers, whom he had impressed into the service. The place where this vessel lay, a fat little man, whom I had met on the shore, who seemed an intimate acquaintance of the proprietor, informed me was called Spithead, and the ship's name, he told me, pointing to the picture on her stern, was the Victory.

This gentleman afterwards conducted me, not without some fear, across a Chinese bridge, to a pagoda, in which it was necessary to assume the posture of devotion, as there was not room to stand upright. On the sides of the great serpentine walk, as he termed it, by which we returned from this edifice, I found a device, which my cicerone looked upon as a master-stroke of genius. The ground was shaped into the figures of the different suits of cards; so that here was the heart walk, the diamond walk, the club walk, and the spade walk, the last of which had the additional advantage of being sure to produce a pun. On my observing how pleasant and ingenious all this was, my conductor answered, "Ay, ay, let him alone for that; he has given them a little of every thing, you see: and so he may, sir, for he can very well afford it."

I believe we must rest the matter here. In this land of freedom there is no restraining the liberty of being ridiculous; I would only entreat Mr. Prune, and indeed many of his betters, to have some regard for their wives and families, and not to make fools of themselves, till, like the Bath toyman, they can very well afford it.

* * *

No. 18.] SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1779.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon aut Mytilenen.
HOR.

NOTHING is more amusing to a traveller than to observe the different characters of the inhabitants of the countries through which he passes; and to find, upon crossing a river or a mountain, as marked a difference in the manners, the sentiments, and the opinions of the people, as in their appearance, their dress, or their language. Thus, the easy vivacity of the French is as opposite to the dignified gravity of the Spaniard on the one hand, as it is to the phlegmatic dulness of the German on the other. But, though all allow that every nation has some striking feature, some distinguishing characteristic, philosophers are not agreed as to the causes of that distinction. Montesquieu has exerted all the powers of his genius to prove, that difference of climate is the chief, or the only cause of the difference of national characters; and it is not surprising that the opinion of so great a man should have gained much ground. None of his followers has carried the matter farther than the author of *Recherches Philosophiques sur les Americains*, whose chief object seems to have been to show, that the climate of America is of such a nature, that, from its baneful influence, even the human species has degenerated in that quarter of the globe.

I must confess, however, that I have often doubted as to the justness of this opinion; and, though I do not mean to deny that climate has an influence on man, as well as on other animals, I cannot help thinking that Montesquieu, and the writers who have adopted his system, have attributed by far too much to it.

It must be allowed that man is less affected by the influence of climate than any other animal. But of all the human race, an American savage seems to approach the nearest, in the general condition of his life, to the brute creation, and, of consequence, ought to be most subject to the power of climate. And yet, if we compare an Indian with an European peasant or manufacturer, we shall be apt to think, that the former, considered as an individual, holds a higher rank in the scale of being than the latter.

The savage, quitting his cabin, goes to the assembly of his tribe, and there delivers his sentiments on the affairs of his little nation with a spirit, a force, and an energy, that might do honour to an European orator. Thence he goes to make war upon his foes; and in the field discovers a sagacity in his stratagems, a boldness in his designs, a perseverance in his operations, joined with a patience of fatigue and of suffering, that have long been objects of admiration, and which filled the inhabitants of the Old World, when they first beheld them, with wonder and astonishment. How superior such a being to one occupied, day after day, in turning the head of a pin, or forming the shape of a button, and possessing not one idea beyond the business in which he is immediately employed!

It may perhaps be objected, that no fair comparison can be made where the state of society is so different, the necessary effect of civilization being to introduce a distinction of ranks, and to sink the lower orders of men far beneath that station to which by nature they are entitled. But allowing this observation to be just, we shall find, upon comparing the savage of America with the savage of Europe, as described by Cæsar and Tacitus, that the former is at least equal to the latter in all the virtues above enumerated.

We need not, however, go so far for instances, to show, that other causes act more powerfully than climate in forming the manners and fixing the characters of men. London and Paris are, at present, the first cities in Europe, in point of opulence and number of inhabitants; and in no other part of the western world are the polite and elegant arts cultivated to such advantage. But the inhabitants of those cities differ essentially in manners, sentiments, and opinions; while, at the same time, they breathe an air so very much alike, that it is impossible to impute that difference, in any considerable degree, to difference of climate; and, perhaps, it may not be a difficult task to point out various other causes, which may enable us to account sufficiently for the distinction between the national character of the two people.

In France, the power of the great nobles was sooner reduced within bounds than in England; and, in proportion as their power fell, that of the monarch rose. But no sooner was the authority of the crown established on a firm basis than the court became an object of the first attention and importance. Every man of genius, of distinction, and of rank, hastened thither, in hopes of meeting with that encouragement which his talents merited, or of being able to display, on the only proper theatre, those advantages which he possessed, either in reality, or in his own imagination.

Thus Paris, the seat of the court, became the centre of all that was great and noble, elegant and polite. The manners every day became more and more polished; and no man who did not possess the talents necessary to make himself agreeable could expect to rise in the world, however great his abilities might otherwise be. The pleasures of society were cultivated with care and assiduity; and nothing tended more to promote them than that free intercourse which soon came to take place between the sexes. All men studied to acquire those graces and accomplishments by which alone they could hope to recommend themselves to the ladies, whose influence pervaded every branch of government and every department of the state.

In England, on the other hand, the crown gained little by the fall of the nobility. The high prerogative exerted by the princes of the Tudor race was of short duration. A third order soon arose, that, for a time, trampled alike on the throne and the nobles. And even after the constitution was at length happily settled, the sovereign remained so limited in power and in revenue, that his court never acquired a degree of influence or splendour at all comparable to that of the French monarch. London had become so great and opulent by its extensive commerce, that the residence of the court could add little to that consideration in which it was already held. This circumstance had a powerful effect on the manners. What was looked upon as a virtue at Paris was in London considered as a vice. There industry and frugality were so essentially requisite, that every elegant accomplishment was rejected as incompatible with those great commercial virtues.

The dark and gloomy spirit of fanaticism, which prevailed so universally in England during the last century, served as an additional barrier against the progress of politeness and elegance of manners. Add to this, that the English (owing perhaps to the superior degree of liberty they enjoy, and to their high independent spirit) have ever been more attached to a country life than any civilized people in Europe; and this last circumstance, slight as it may appear, has perhaps had as powerful an influence as any I have mentioned. A man who lives in retirement may be sincere, open, honourable, above dissimulation, and free from disguise; but he never can possess that ease of behaviour, and that elegance of manners, which nothing but a familiar acquaintance with the world, and the habit of mingling in society, and of conversing with persons of different ranks and different characters can bestow.

Let us not repine, however, at the superiority of our neighbours in this respect. It is, perhaps, impossible to possess, at once, the useful and the agreeable qualities in an eminent degree; and if ease and politeness be only attainable at the expense of sincerity in the men, and chastity in the women, I flatter myself, there are few of my readers who would not think the purchase made at too high a price.

I have of late remarked, with regret, an affectation of the manners of France, and a disposition in some of the higher ranks to introduce into this island that species of gallantry which has so long prevailed in that nation. But, happily, neither the habits, the dispositions, the genius of our people, nor that mixture of ranks which our constitution necessarily produces, will admit of it. In France, they contrive to throw over their greatest excesses a veil so delicate and so fine, as in some measure to hide the deformity of vice, and even at times to bestow upon it the semblance of virtue. But with us, less delicate and less refined, vice appears in its native colours, without concealment and without disguise; and were the gallantry of Paris transplanted into this soil, it would soon degenerate into gross debauchery. At present my countrywomen are equally respected for their virtue as admired for their beauty; and I trust it will be long before they cease to be so.

M.

No. 19.] Tuesday, March 30, 1779.

My friend Mr. Umphraville's early retirement, and long residence in the country, have given him many peculiarities, to which, had he continued longer in the world, and had a freer intercourse with mankind, he would probably not have been subject. These give to his manner an apparent hardness, which, in reality, is widely different from his natural disposition.

As he passes much time in study and solitude, and is naturally of a thoughtful cast, the subjects of which he reads, and the opinions which he forms, make a strong and deep impression on his mind; they become, as it were, friends and companions from whom he is unwilling to be separated. Hence he commonly shows a disposition to take a lead in, and give the tone to conversation, and delivers his opinions too much in the manner of a lecture. And, though this curiosity and love of information concur with that politeness which he is ever studious to observe, to make him listen with patience and attention to the opinions of others, yet it must be confessed that he is apt to deliver his own with an uncommon degree of warmth, and I have very seldom found him disposed to surrender them.

I find, however, nothing disagreeable in this peculiarity of my friend. The natural strength of his understanding, the extent of his knowledge, and that degree of taste which he has derived from a strong conception of the sublime, the tender, and the beautiful, assisted by an extensive acquaintance with the elegant writers, both of ancient and modern times, render his conversation, in many respects, both instructive and entertaining; and that singularity of opinion, which is the natural consequence of his want of opportunities of comparing his own ideas with those of others, affords me an additional pleasure. But, above all, I am delighted with the goodness of heart which breaks forth in every sentiment he delivers.

Mr. Umphraville's sister, who is often present, and sometimes takes a part in those conversations, is of a character at once amiable and respectable.

In her earlier days she spent much of her time in the perusal of novels and romances: but though she still retains a partiality for the few works of that kind which are possessed of merit, her reading is now chiefly confined to works of a graver cast.

Miss Umphraville, though she has not so much learning, possesses, perhaps, no less ability as a woman, than her brother does as a man; and, having less peculiarity in her way of thinking, has, consequently, a knowledge better fitted for common life. It is pleasing to observe how Miss Umphraville, while she always appears to act an under-part, and sometimes, indeed, not to act a part at all, yet watches with a tender concern over the singularities of her brother's disposition; and without betraying the smallest consciousness of her power, generally contrives to direct him in the most material parts of his conduct.

Mr. Umphraville is the best master, and the best landlord, that ever lived. The rents of his estate have undergone scarce any alteration since he came to the possession of it; and his tenants too are nearly the same. The ancient possessors have never been removed from motives of interest, or without some very particular reason; and the few new ones he has chosen to introduce are, for the most part, persons who have been servants in his family, whose fidelity and attachment he has rewarded by a small farm at a low rent.

I have had many a pleasant conversation, about sunset in a summer evening, with those venerable grey-headed villagers. Their knowledge of country affairs, the sagacity of their remarks, and the manner, acquired by a residence in Mr. Umphraville's family, with which they are accustomed to deliver them, have afforded me much entertainment.

It is delightful to hear them run out in praises of their landlord. They have told me there is not a person in his neighbourhood, who stands in need of his assistance, who has not felt the influence of his generosity; which, they say, endears him to the whole country. Yet, such is the effect of that reserved and particular manner which my friend has contracted, that while his good qualities have procured him great esteem, and the disinterestedness of his disposition, with the opinion entertained of his honour and integrity, has always prevented him from falling into disputes or quarrels with his neighbours, there is scarcely one of them with whom he lives on terms of familiarity.

Mr. Umphraville, in the earlier part of his life, had an attachment to an amiable young lady. Their situation at that time might have made an avowal of his passion equally fatal to both; and, though it was not without a severe struggle, Mr. Umphraville had firmness enough to suppress the declaration of an attachment he was unable to subdue. The lady, some time after, married; since that period Mr. Umphraville has never seen her, or been known so much as once to mention her name; but I am credibly informed, that, by his interest, her eldest son has obtained high preferment in the army. The only favour which Mr. Umphraville ever asked from any great man was for this young gentleman; but neither the lady herself, nor any of her family, know by whose influence his advancement has been procured.

Though it is possible, that, if Mr. Umphraville had married at an early period of life, his mind, even in a state of retirement, would have retained a polish, and escaped many of those peculiarities it has now contracted; yet, I own, I am rather inclined to believe his remaining single a fortunate circumstance. Nor have my fair readers any reason to be offended at the remark: great talents, even in a generous and benevolent mind, are sometimes attended with a certain want of pliability, which is ill suited to the cordialities of domestic life. A man of such a disposition as Mr. Umphraville has now acquired might consider the delicacy, the vivacity, and the fine shades of female character, as frivolous and beneath attention; or at least might be unable, for any length of time, to receive pleasure from those indulgences, which minds of a softer mould may regard as the great and amiable perfection of what Mr. Pope calls

"The last best work of Heaven."

With all those respectable talents which Mr. Umphraville possesses, with all that generosity of sentiment and goodness of heart, so conspicuous in every thing he says or does, which so strongly endear him to his friends, I am apt to think, that in the very intimate connection of the married life, the woman of delicacy and sensibility might often feel herself hurt by the peculiarities of character to which he is subject.

The situation of a wife is, in this respect, very different from that of a sister. Miss Umphraville's observation of her brother's peculiarities neither lessens her esteem nor her affection for him; these peculiarities serve only to increase her attention to him, and to make her more solicitous to prevent their effects. But in that still closer connection which subsists between husband and wife, while the perception of his weakness might not have lessened the wife's affection, it might have given her a distress which a sister will not be apt to feel: a sister may observe the weaknesses of a brother without a blush, and endeavour to correct them without being hurt; a wife might be able to do neither.

These views which I have given of Mr. Umphraville and his family may, perhaps, appear tedious to my readers. In giving this detail, I am afraid I have not sufficiently remembered, that, as they have not the same intimate acquaintance with that gentleman which I have, they will not feel the same interest in what relates to him.

L. S.

No. 20.] Saturday, April 3, 1779.

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? Virg.

While so many subjects of contention occupy the votaries of business and ambition, a the source of discord, envy, jealousy, a ship, among mankind, one would be ap agine that the pursuits and employ studious and literary men would be c with calmness, good temper, and tra The philosophic sage, retired from th who hath truth for the object of his i might be willing, it were natural to su give up his own system when he found riance with truth, and would never qua another for adopting a different one; man of elegance and taste, who has lit tertainment in view, would not, on think, find fault with the like amuse other men, or dispute with rancour upon mere matters of taste. But the been otherwise; the disputes among th have, in every age, been carried on utmost virulence; and men, pretending have railed at each other with unparallel Possibly the abstraction from the w which the philosopher lives, may re more impatient of contradiction than t mix oftener with common societies; an that fineness and delicacy of percepti the man of taste acquires may be more irritation than the coarser feelings of n cultivated and improved.

I have been led into these remarks versation at which I happened lately t sent. Last week, having left with n materials for my next paper, I we country for a few days, to pay a friend, whose real name I shall conc that of Sylvester. Sylvester, when man, had retired to the country, an succeeded to a paternal estate, which ficient for all his wants, had lived al stantly at home. His time was spent study, and he had published some perf which did honour to his genius and h ledge. During all this time, Sylveste regular correspondent of a gentleman shall here call Alcander, whose taste suits were in many respects similar to Alcander, though he was not an au Sylvester, had from nature a very deli which had been much improved by From a variety of accidents the two fr not met for a great number of years; I was at Sylvester's house he receive from Alcander, notifying that gentlem on his way to visit him; and soon aft rived accordingly.

It is not easy to describe the pleasu the two friends felt at meeting. Afte salutations, their discourse took a liter I was delighted, as well as instructed, remarks which were made upon men a by two persons of extensive informatio complished taste; and the warmth wi they made them added a relish to their observations. The conversation lasted till it was very late, when my host and his friend retired to their apartments, much pleased with each other, and in full expectation of additional entertainment from a continuation of such intercourse at the return of a new day.

Next morning, after breakfast, their literary discourse was resumed. It turned on a comparison of the different genius and merit of the French and English authors. Sylvester said, he thought there was a power of reasoning, a strength of genius, and a depth of reflection in the English authors of which the French, in general, were incapable; and that, in his opinion, the preference lay greatly on the side of the writers of our own country. Alcander begged leave to differ from him; he admitted there was an appearance of depth in many of the English authors, but he said it was false and hollow. He maintained, that the seeking after something profound had led into many useless metaphysical disquisitions, in which the writer had no real merit, nor could the reader find any real advantage. But the French authors, he said, excelled in remarks on life and character, which, as they were founded on actual observation, might be attended with much utility, and as they were expressed in the liveliest manner, could not fail to give the highest entertainment. Alcander, in the course of his argument, endeavoured to illustrate it by a comparison of some of the most distinguished authors of both countries. Sylvester, finding those writers, whom he had studied with attention, and imitated with success, so warmly attacked, replied with some heat, as if he thought it tended to the disparagement of his own compositions. Sylvester said something about French frivolity; and Alcander replied with a sarcasm on metaphysical absurdity.

Finding the conversation take this unlucky turn, I endeavoured to change the subject; and from the comparison of the English and French authors, took occasion to mention that period of English literature, which has been frequently termed the Augustan age of England, when that constellation of wits appeared which illuminated the reign of Queen Anne.

But this subject of conversation was as unfortunate as the former. Sylvester is a professed admirer of Swift, to whom his attachment is perhaps heightened by a little toryism in his political principles. Alcander is a keen whig, and as great an admirer of Addison. As the conversation had grown rather warm on a general comparison of the authors of one country with those of another, so its warmth was much greater when the comparison was made of two particular favourite authors. Sylvester talked of the strength, the dignity, the forcible observation, and the wit of Swift; Alcander, of the ease, the gracefulness, the native and agreeable humour of Addison. From remarks upon their writings they went to their characters. Sylvester spoke in praise of openness and spirit, and threw out something against envy, jealousy, and meanness. Alcander inveighed against pride and ill-nature, and pronounced an eulogium on elegance, philanthropy, and gentleness of manners. Sylvester spoke as if he thought no man of a candid and generous mind could be a lover of Addison; Alcander, as if none but a severe and ill-tempered one could endure Swift.

The spirits of the two friends were now heated to a violent degree, and not a little rankled at each other. I endeavoured again to give the discourse a new direction, and, as if accidentally, introduced something about "the Epistles of Phalaris." I knew both gentlemen were masters of the dispute upon that subject, which has so much divided the learned, and I thought a dry question of this sort could not possibly interest them too much. But in this I was mistaken. Sylvester and Alcander took different sides upon this subject, as they had done upon the former, and supported their opinions with no less warmth than before. Each of them catched fire from every thing his opponent said, as if neither could think well of the judgment of that man who was of an opinion different from his own.

With this last debate the conversation ended. At our meeting next day, a formal politeness took place between Sylvester and Alcander, very different from that openness and cordiality of manner which they showed at their first meeting. The last, soon after, took his departure; and, I believe, neither of them felt that respect for each other's understanding, nor that warmth of affection, which they entertained before this visit.

Alas! the two friends did not consider that it was equally owing to the fault of each that their friendship was thus changed into coldness. Both attached to the same pursuits, and accustomed to indulge them chiefly in seclusion and solitude, they had been too little accustomed to bear contradiction. This impatience of contradiction had not been corrected in either, by attention to the feelings or views of others; and the warmth which each felt in supporting his own particular opinion prevented him from giving the proper indulgence to a diversity of opinion in the other.

S.

No. 21.] Tuesday, April 6, 1779.

This day's paper I devote to correspondents. The first of the two letters it contains was brought to my editor by a spruce footman, who, upon being asked whence he came, replied, from Mrs. Meekly's.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

The world has, at different periods, been afflicted with diseases peculiar to the times in which they appeared, and the faculty have, with great ingenuity, contrived certain generic names, by which they might be distinguished, it being a quality of great use and comfort in a physician to be able to tell precisely of what disorder his patient is likely to die. The nervous seems to be the ailment in greatest vogue at present; a species of disease, which I am apt to consider as not the less terrible for being less mortal than many others. I speak not from personal experience, Mr. MIRROR; my own constitution, thank God! is pretty robust; but I have the misfortune to be afflicted with a nervous wife.

It is impossible to enumerate a twentieth part of the symptoms of this lamentable disorder, or of the circumstances by which its paroxysms are excited or increased. Its dependence on the natural phenomena of the wind and weather, on the temperature of the air, whether hot or cold, moist or dry, might be accounted for; and my wife would then be in no worse situation than the lady in a red cap and green jacket, whose figure I have seen in the little Dutch barometers, known by the name of babyhouses. But, beside feeling the impression of those particulars, her disorder is brought on by incidents still more frequent, and less easy to be foreseen, than even the occasional changes in our atmosphere. A person running hastily up or down stairs, shutting a door roughly, placing the tongs on the left side of the grate, and the poker on the right, setting the china figures on the mantlepiece a little awry, or allowing the tassel of the bell-string to swing but for a moment; any of those little accidents has an immediate and irresistible effect on the nervous system of my wife, and produces symptoms, sometimes of languor, sometimes of irritation, which I her husband, my three children by a former marriage, and the other members of our family, equally feel and regret. The above causes of her distemper a very attentive and diligent discharge of our several duties might possibly prevent; but even our involuntary actions are apt to produce effects of a similar or more violent nature. It was but the other day she told my boy Dick he eat his pudding so voraciously, as almost to make her faint, and remonstrated against my sneezing in the manner I did, which, she said, tore her poor nerves in pieces.

One thing I have observed peculiar to this disorder, which those conversant in the nature of sympathetic affections may be able to explain. It is not always produced by exactly simil causes, if such causes exist in dissimilar situ tions. I have known my wife squeezed hours in a side-box, dance a whole night at ball, have my Lord ——— talking as fast a as loud to her as was possible there, and h nose assailed by the stink of a whole row flambeaux, at going in and coming out, witho feeling her nerves in the smallest degree affecte yet, the very day after, at home, she could n bear my chair, or the chair of one of the chil ren, to come within several feet of hers; wal ing up stairs perfectly overcame her; none of durst talk but in whispers; and the smell of buttered roll made her sick to death.

As I reckon your paper a proper record singular cases, and intolerable grievances every sort, I send the above for your insertio stating it according to its nature, in terms physically descriptive as my little acquaintan with the healing art can supply.

I am, &c.

JOSEPH MEEKLY.

This correspondent, as far as his wife's c falls within the department of the physician, must refer to my very learned friends Docto Cullen and Monro, who, upon being proper attended, will give him, I am persuaded, sound advice as it is in the power of medic skill to suggest. In point of prudence, to whi only my prescriptions apply, I can advise n thing so proper for Mr. Meekly himself as imitate the conduct of the husband of that litt lady he describes, the mistress of the Dut babyhouse; between whom and his wife, thou there subsists a very intimate connection, the is yet a contract of a particular kind; whenev the gentleman is at home, the lady is abroa and *vice versa*. In their house, indeed, I do n observe any children; from which I conclu that they have all been sent to the academy a the boarding-school.

I.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

To reconcile man to man, has been one of t great objects of moralists. They tell us, "th men have one common original, and why shoul relations quarrel?" but then a petulant wit inte poses, and observes, that the original is not ne enough to form a strong connection; and if t modern theory of volcanoes be true, the origin is so very distant as not to form any sensib connection at all. The Duke of Aremberg an Sir Thomas Urquhart may count kindred wit the Antediluvians; for the former has such pedigree preserved at his castle at Hainault, a the latter has set forth his in print; but the are few genealogies so complete.

We are next told, "that all men are engaged in one common journey through life, and why should they quarrel on the road?" The answer is but too obvious—we do not quarrel merely for the sake of quarrelling: but as we have opportunity, we take the road, and oblige others, for our conveniency, to yield it; while eagerly galloping to the next stage, we bespatter those who are in our way; we send a servant before to bespeak the best beds at the inn, and the choice of the larder; and we make ourselves as important and as troublesome as we can, merely for our own convenience: nay, we bribe a waiter to give us all his attendance, and to let the other passengers ring till their arms ache; but it is all to render ourselves as easy as possible.

The last consideration is, "that we are all hastening to one common grave, and why should we quarrel now, since our quarrels must be soon at an end?" This proves that our disputes must be short, not that they may not be sharp.

I remember to have read somewhere of a people, I think to the north-west of Hungary, who had a name in their own language, which answers nearly to our word brothers, and who prided themselves, for a while, in that whimsical appellation. Their tenets were simple and full of benevolence, and, in general, so plain, that those who heard them for the first time imagined that they had been previously acquainted with them. The men of whom I speak could not have any long contests, for they were all hastening to the common goal of mortality, yet their disputes, although short, were sharp; early did they begin to bite, and, as soon as they gained strength, they devoured each other, if the expression may be allowed. According to the Scottish phrase, "they quarrelled about the turning of a straw;" they vexed, tormented, and proscribed each other; nay, some assert that they cut throats; but still they declared that they meant nothing personal, and, for a long while, they still retained the name of brothers.

If that singular people, so full of benevolence, quarrelled incessantly for any cause, or for no cause, how can it be expected that we should walk through life to the grave with the calm and inoffensive solemnity of mourners at an interment, especially when so few of us have time to bestow our thoughts on the grave and its consequences?

It is impossible to reconcile man to man; but it is possible to bring individuals of the human race to a better understanding with each other.

I might dilate this proposition in a feigned tale, or obscure it by an allegory; but I rather choose to prove it in the course of a simple narrative of matter of fact.

While the dutchess of Marlborough enjoyed power little short of sovereign, she frequently felt the satirical lashes of Dr. Swift; and, when disgraced, she could not but remember them; for she had a quick sense of injuries, and her nature was not much inclined to forgiveness.

Thwarted ambition, great wealth, and increasing years, rendered her more and more peevish: she hated courts over which she had no influence, and she became at length the most ferocious animal that is suffered to go loose, a violent party-woman.

Every one knows, that as her Grace was obliged to descend from the highest round of the ladder of ambition, so the Doctor was not allowed to mount the first step; and his disappointment produced the like effects on him as lost empire had done on her.

Yet the Dutchess of Marlborough became the passionate admirer of her satirist, and was even willing to forgive him. The perusal of Gulliver's Travels produced this moral revolution in her sentiments; and that which debased the author in the opinion of many of his friends exalted him in the opinion of the Dutchess of Marlborough.

There are now lying before me some original letters of that celebrated lady. "Dean Swift," says she, "gives the most exact account of kings, ministers, bishops, and the courts of justice, that is possible to be writ.—I could not help wishing, since I read his books, that we had had his assistance in the opposition—for I could easily forgive him all the slaps he has given me and the Duke of Marlborough, and have thanked him heartily whenever he would please to do good."

In another letter she says, "I most heartily wish that in this park I had some of the breed of those charming creatures Swift speaks of, and calls the Houyhnhnms, which I understand to be horses, so extremely polite, and which had all manner of good conversation and good principles, and that never told a lie, and charmed him so that he could not endure his own country when he returned: he says there is a sort of creature there called yahoos, and of the same species with us, only a good deal uglier, but they are kept tied up, and by that glorious creature the horses, are not permitted to do any mischief. You will think that I am distracted with Dean Swift, but I really have not been pleased so much a long time as with what he writes, and therefore I will end with one of his sentences, 'that he mortally hates kings and ministers.'"

Thus the dutchess "became distracted with Dean Swift;" and, on account of his libel against human nature, "graciously pardoned his libels against her own sacred person."

But Dr. Swift knew not her favourable opinion of him; for he left in manuscript a severer invective against her than any that he had published in his lifetime. Pity that, for want of information, the misunderstanding should still have subsisted on his part! The good offices of a friend might easilyhave reconciled two persons so much connected with each other by the common ties of misanthropy.

I am, &c.

ADELUS.

No. 22.] SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1779.

Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. HOR.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR MIRROR, it seems, possesses uncommon virtues, and you generously hold it out to the public, that we may dress our characters at it. I trust it is, at least, a faithful glass, and will give a just representation of those lurking imperfections or excellences which we distinguish with difficulty, or sometimes altogether overlook. I struggle, therefore, to get forward in the crowd, and to set before your moral MIRROR a personage who has long embarrassed me.

The observation of character, when I first looked beyond a college for happiness, formed not only my amusement, but, for some years, my favourite study, I had been so fortunate as early to imbibe strict notions of morality and religion, and to arrive at manhood in perfect ignorance of vicious pleasure. My heart was, therefore, led to place its hopes of happiness in love and friendship: but books had taught me to dread misplacing my affections. On this account, anxious to gratify the *soif d'aimer* that engrossed me, I bent the whole of my little talents to discern the characters of my acquaintance; and, blending sentiments of religion with high notions of moral excellence, and the refined intercourse of cultivated minds, I fondly hoped, that where I once formed an attachment, it would last for ever.

In this state of mind I became acquainted with Cleone. She was young and beautiful, but without that dimpling play of features which indicates, in some women, a mind of extreme sensibility. Her eye bespoke good sense, and was sometimes lighted up with vivacity, but never sparkled with the keenness of unrestrained joy, nor melted with the suffusion of indulged sorrow. Her manner and address had no tendency to familiarity; it was genteel rather than graceful. Her voice in conversation was suited to her manner; it possessed those level tones which never offend, but seldom give pleasure, and seldomer emotion.

Her conversation was plain and sensible. Never attempting wit or humour, she contented herself with expressing, in correct and unaffected language, just sentiments on manners and on works of taste: and the genius she displayed in compositions becoming her sex, and the propriety of her own conduct, did honour to her criticisms. She sung with uncommon excellence. Her voice seemed to unfold itself in singing, to suit every musical expression, and to assume every tone of passion she wished to utter. I never felt the power of simple melody in agitating, affecting, and pleasing more strongly than from her performance.

In company she was attentive, *prevenante*, but not insinuating; and though she seemed to court the society of men of letters and taste, and to profess having intimate friendships with some individuals among them, I never could perceive that she was subject to the common weakness of making a parade of this kind of intercourse.

Most people would suppose that I had found, in Cleone, the friend I was seeking; for both of us knew we never could be nearer than friends to each other, and she treated me with some distinction. I found it, however, impossible to know her so well as to place in her the complete confidence essential to friendship. The minutest attention to every circumstance in her appearance and behaviour, and studying her for years in all the little varieties of situation that an intimate acquaintance gave access to observe, proved unequal to discover, with certainty, the genuine character of her disposition or temper. No caprice betrayed her: no predominant shade could be marked in her tears, in her laugh, or in her smiles. Sometimes, however, I have thought she breathed a softness of soul that tempted me to believe her generous: but, when I considered a little, the inner recesses of the heart appeared still shut against the observer; and I well knew that even poignant sensibility is not inconsistent with predominant selfishness.

When contemplating Cleone, I have often thought of that beautiful trait in the description of Petrarch's Laura: "Il lampeggiar dell' angelico riso."* These flashes of affection breaking from the soul alone display the truth, generosity, and tenderness, that deserve a friend. These gleams from the heart show us all its intricacies, its weakness, and its vigour, and expose it naked and undisguised to the spectator. A single minute will, in this way, give more knowledge of a character, and justly, therefore, attract more confidence, than twenty years' experience of refinement of taste, and propriety of conduct.

I am willing to believe it was some error in education which had wrapt up Cleone's character in so much obscurity, and not any natural defect that rendered it prudent to be invisible.

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* The lightning of her angel smile.

If there is an error of this kind, I hope your Mirror will expose it, and prevent it from robbing superior minds of their best reward—the confidence of each other.

In the present state of society, we have few opportunities of exhibiting our true characters by our actions; and the habits of the world soon throw upon our manners a veil that is impenetrable to others, and nearly so to ourselves. Hence the only period when we can form friendships is a few years in youth; for there is a reserve in the deportment, and a certain selfishness in the occupations of manhood, unfavourable to the forming of warm attachments. It is, therefore, fatal to the very source of friendship, if, when yet children, we are to be prematurely bedaubed with the varnish of the world. And yet, I fear, this is the necessary effect of modern education.

In place of cherishing the amiable simplicity and frankness of children, every emanation of the heart is checked by the constant restraints, dissimulation, and frivolous forms of fashionable address, with which we harass them. Hence they are nearly the same at fourteen as at five-and-twenty, when, after a youth spent in joyless dissipation, they enter life, slaves to selfish appetites and reigning prejudices, and devoid of that virtuous energy of soul, which strong attachments, and the habits of deserved confidence, inspire. Even those who, like Cleone, possess minds superior to the common mould, though they cultivate their talents with success, and, in some measure, educate themselves anew, find it impossible to get rid entirely of that artificial manner, and those habits of restraint, with which they had been so early imbued.

Thus, like French tailors and dancing-masters, pretending to add grace and ornament to nature, we constrain, distort, and incumber her; whereas the education of a polished age should, like the drapery of a fine statue or portrait, confer decency, propriety, and elegance, and gracefully veil, but by no means conceal, the beautiful forms of nature.

Lælius.

No. 23.] Tuesday, April 13, 1779.

Et isti
Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.
Hor.

I was lately applied to by a friend in behalf of a gentleman, who, he said, had been unfortunate in life, to whom he was desirous of doing a particular piece of service, in which he thought my assistance might be useful: "Poor fellow!" said he, "I wish to serve him, because I always knew him, dissipated and thoughtless as he was, to be a good-hearted man, guilty of many imprudent things, indeed, but without meaning any harm! In short, no one's enemy but his own."

I afterwards learned more particularly the circumstances of this gentleman's life and conversation, which I will take the liberty of laying before my readers, in order to show them what they are to understand by the terms used by my friend; terms which, I believe, he was nowise singular in using.

The person whose interests he espoused was heir to a very considerable estate. He lost his father when an infant; and being, unfortunately, an only son, was too much the darling of his mother ever to be contradicted. During his childhood he was not suffered to play with his equals, because he was to be the king of all sports, and to be allowed a sovereign and arbitrary dominion over the persons and properties of his play-fellows. At school he was attended by a servant, who helped him to thrash boys who were too strong to be thrashed by himself; and had a tutor at home, who translated the Latin which was too hard for him to translate. At college he began to assume the man, by treating at taverns, making parties to the country, filling his tutor drunk, and hiring blackguards to break the windows of the professor with whom he was boarded. He took in succession the degrees of a *wag*, a *pickle*, and a *lad of mettle*. For a while, having made an elopement with his mother's maid, and fathered three children of other people, he got the appellation of a dissipated dog; but, at last, betaking himself entirely to the bottle, and growing red-faced and fat, he obtained the denomination of an honest fellow; which title he continued to enjoy as long as he had money to pay, or indeed much longer, while he had credit to score for his reckoning.

During this last part of his progress he married a poor girl, whom her father, from a mistaken idea of his fortune, forced to sacrifice herself to his wishes. After a very short space he grew too indifferent about her to use her ill, and broke her heart with the best-natured neglect in the world. Of two children whom he had by her, one died at nurse soon after the death of its mother; the eldest, a boy of spirit like his father, after twice running away from school, was at last sent a board a Guinea-man, and was knocked on the head by a sailor, in a quarrel about a negro wench on the coast of Africa.

Generosity, however, was a part of his character, which he never forfeited. Besides lending money genteelly to many worthless companions, and becoming surety for every man who asked him, he did some truly charitable actions to very deserving objects. These were told to his honour; and people who had met with refusals from more considerate men spoke of such actions as the genuine test of feeling and humanity. They misinterpreted scripture for indulgence to his errors on account of his charity, and extolled the goodness of his heart in every company where he was mentioned. Even while his mother, during her last illness, was obliged to accept of money from her physician, because she could not obtain payment of her jointure, and while, after her decease, his two sisters were dunning him every day, without effect, for the small annuity left them by their father, he was called a good-hearted man by three-fourths of his acquaintance; and when, after having pawned their clothes, rather than distress him, those sisters commenced a law-suit to force him to do them justice, the same impartial judges pronounced them hard-hearted and unnatural: nay, the story is still told to their prejudice, though they now prevent their brother from starving, out of the profits of a little shop which they were then obliged to set up for their support.

The abuse of the terms used by my friend, in regard to the character of this unfortunate man, would be sufficiently striking from the relation I have given, without the necessity of my offering any comment on it. Yet the misapplication of them is a thousand times repeated by people who have known and felt instances, equally glaring, of such injustice. It may seem invidious to lessen the praises of any praise-worthy quality; but it is essential to the interests of virtue that insensibility should not be allowed to assume the title of good-nature, nor profusion to usurp the honours of generosity.

The effect of such misplaced and ill-founded indulgence is hurtful in a double degree. It encourages the evil which it forbears to censure, and discourages the good qualities which are found in men of decent and sober characters. If we look into the private histories of unfortunate families, we shall find most of their calamities to have proceeded from a neglect of the useful duties of sobriety, economy, and attention to domestic concerns, which, though they shine not in the eye of the world, nay, are often subject to its obloquy, are yet the surest guardians of virtue, of honour, and of independence.

" Be just before you are generous" is a good old proverb, which the profligate hero of a much admired comedy is made to ridicule, in a well-turned, and even a sentimental period. But what right have those squanderers of their own and other men's fortunes to assume the merit of generosity? Is parting with that money, which they value so little, generosity? Let them restrain their dissipation, their riot, their debauchery, when they are told that these bring ruin on the persons and families of the honest and the industrious; let them sacrifice one pleasure to humanity, and then tell us of t generosity and their feeling. A transient stance, in which the prodigal relieved v with his purse, or the thoughtless debau promoted merit by his interest, no more serves the appellation of generosity than rashness of a drunkard is entitled to the pr of valour, or the freaks of a madman to the rels of genius.

In the character of a man, considered being of any respect at all, we immediatel a relation to his friends, his neighbours, and country. His duties only confer real dig and, what may not be so easily allowed, b equally true, can bestow real pleasure. I k not an animal more insignificant, or less ha than a man without any ties of affection, or exercise of duty. He must be very forlorn very despicable, indeed, to whom it is pos to apply the phrase used by my friend in racterising the person whose story I have lated above, and to say, that he is " no c enemy but his own."

V.

No. 24.] SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1779.

Non satis est pulchra esse poëmata; dulcia su
HOR.

NATURE is for ever before us. We can often as we please, contemplate the variet her productions, and feel the power of beauty. We may feast our imaginations the verdure of waving groves, the divers colours of an evening sky, or the windings limpid river. We may dwell with raptur those more sublime exhibitions of nature, raging tempest, the billowy deep, or the stu dous precipice, that lift the soul with delig amazement, and seem almost to suspend exertions. These beautiful and vast ap ances are so capable of affording pleasure, they become favourite subjects with the and the painter; they charm us in descrip or they glow upon canvas. Indeed, the i tions of eminent artists have been held o equal footing, in regard to the pleasure yield, with the works of Nature herself have sometimes been deemed superior. subject deserves attention: how it happen the descriptions of the poet, and the imit of the painter, seem to communicate m light than the things they describe or im

In estimating the respective merits of and of art, it will readily be admitted, preference, in every single object, is d former. Take the simplest blossom th observe its tints or its structure, an own them unrivalled. What penci

sver, can equal the glories of the sky
? or can the representations of moon-
n by Homer, Milton, and Shakspeare,
xquisitely finished than the real scenery
light night?

poet and painter are capable of yielding
pleasure in their exhibitions to what
e from the works of their great origi-
in the manner of grouping their ob-
. by their skill in arrangement. In
, they give uncommon delight by at-
ot merely to unity of design, but to
I may be allowed the expression, in
gs they would excite. In the works
, unless she has been ornamented and
by the taste of an ingenious improver,
of this sort are very seldom apparent.
at are gay, melancholy, solemn, tran-
tuous, and fantastic, are thrown to-
ithout any regard to the influences of
at, or to the consistency of their ef-
e mind. The elegant artist, on the
though his works be adorned with
d variety, suggests only those objects
e similar or kindred emotions, and
very thing of an opposite, or even of
tendency. If the scene he describes
, no lively nor fantastic image can
sion: but if, in a sprightly mood, he
cenes of festivity, every pensive and
ought is debarred. Thus the figures
tes have one undivided direction; they
great and entire impression.

strate this remark, let us observe the
Milton, in his two celebrated poems,
and "Il Penseroso."

Allegro," meaning to excite a cheerful
suggests a variety of objects; for va-
giving considerable exercise to the
l by not suffering it to rest long on
appearance, occasions brisk and exhil-
otions. Accordingly, the poet shows
glance, and, as it were, with a single
s pen,

lawns, and fallows gray,
the nibbling flocks do stray;
ins, on whose barren breast
ouring clouds do often rest;
s trim, with daisies pied,
brooks and rivers wide.

ts themselves are cheerful: for, be-
g brooks, meadows, and flowers, we
whistling ploughman, the singing
, the mower whetting his scythe, and
rd piping beneath a shade. These
numerous, so various, and so cheer-
imated by lively contrasts: we have
ins opposed to the meadows, "Shal-
s and rivers wide." Add to this,
arms of the landscape are lightened by the bloom of a smiling season; and that the light poured upon the whole is the delightful radiance of a summer morning:

> Right against the eastern gate,
> Where the great sun begins his state,
> Robed in flames of amber light,
> The clouds in thousand liv'ries dight.

Every image is lively; every thing different is withheld: all the emotions the poet excites are of one character and complexion.

Let us now observe the conduct of his "Il Penseroso." This poem is, in every respect, an exact counterpart to the former: and the intention of the poet being to promote a serious and solemn mood, he removes every thing lively; "Hence, vain deluding joys!" He quits society; he chooses silence, and opportunities for deep reflection; "Some still removed place will fit." The objects he presents are few. In the quotation beginning with "Russet lawns," there are eight leading images: in the following, of equal length, there is only one.

> To behold the wandering moon,
> Riding near her highest noon,
> Like one that had been led astray
> Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;
> And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
> Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

The sounds that can be, in any respect, agreeable to him, must correspond with his present humour: not the song of the milk-maid, but that of the nightingale; not the whistling ploughman, but the sound of the curfew. His images succeed one another slowly, without any rapid or abrupt transitions, without any enlivening contrasts; and he will have no other light for his landscape than that of the moon: or, if he cannot enjoy the scene without doors, he will have no other light within than that of dying embers, or of a solitary lamp at midnight. The time and the place he chooses for his retreat are perfectly suited to his employment; for he is engaged in deep meditation, and in considering

> What worlds, or what vast regions hold
> Th' immortal mind.

Every image is solemn; every thing different is withheld: here, as before, all the emotions the poet excites are of one character and complexion. It is owing, in a great measure, to this attention in the writer, to preserve unity and consistency of sentiment, that notwithstanding considerable imperfections in the language and versification, "Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" so many admirers.

The skill of the poet and painter in forming their works so as to excite kindred and united emotions deserves the greater attention, that persons of true taste are not so much affected, even in contemplating the beauties of nature, with the mere perception of external objects, as with the general influences of their union and correspondence. It is not that particular tree, or that cavern, or that cascade, which affords them all their enjoyment; they derive their chief pleasure from the united effect of the tree, the cavern, and the cascade. A person of sensibility will be less able, perhaps, than another, to give an exact account of the different parts of an exquisite landscape, of its length, width, and the number of objects it contains. Yet the general effect possesses him altogether, and produces in his mind very uncommon sensations. The impulse, however, is tender, and cannot be described. Indeed, it is the power of producing these sensations that gives the stamp of genuine excellence, in particular, to the works of the poet. Verses may be polished, and may glow with excellent imagery; but unless, like the poems of Parnel, or the lesser poems of Milton, they please by their enchanting influence on the heart, and by exciting feelings that are consistent, or of a similar tendency, they are never truly delightful. Horace, I think, expresses this sentiment, when he says, in the words of my motto,

Non satis est pulchra esse poëmata; dulcia sunto;

and an attention to this circumstance is so important, that, along with some other exertions, it enables the poet and painter, at least, to rival the works of nature.

No. 25.] Tuesday, April 20, 1779.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

Some time ago I troubled you with a letter, giving an account of a particular sort of grievance felt by the families of men of small fortunes, from their acquaintance with those of great ones. I am emboldened, by the favourable reception of my first letter, to write you a second upon the same subject.

You will remember, Sir, my account of a visit which my daughters paid to a great lady in our neighbourhood, and of the effects which that visit had upon them. I was beginning to hope that time, and the sobriety of manners which home exhibited, would restore them to their former situation, when, unfortunately, a circumstance happened, still more fatal to me than their expedition to ———. This, Sir, was the honour of a visit from the great lady in return.

I was just returning from the superintendence of my ploughs in a field I have lately enclosed, when I was met, on the green before my door, by a gentleman (for such I took him to be) mounted upon a very handsome gelding, who asked me, by the appellation of *honest friend*, if this was not Mr. Homespun's; and, in the same breath, whether the ladies were at home? I told him my name was Homespun, the house was mine, and my wife and daughters were, I believed, within. Upon this, the young man, pulling off his hat, and begging my pardon for calling me *honest*, said, he was despatched by Lady ———, with her compliments to Mrs. and Misses Homespun, and that, if convenient, she intended herself the honour of dining with them, on her return from B——— park (the seat of another great and rich lady in our neighbourhood.)

I confess, Mr. Mirror, I was struck somewhat of an heap with the message; and it would not, in all probability, have received an immediate answer, had it not been overheard by my eldest daughter, who had come to the window on the appearance of a stranger. "Mr. Papillot," said she immediately, "I rejoice to see you; I hope your lady and all the family are well." "Very much at your service, Ma'am," he replied, with a low bow; "my lady sent me before, with the offer of her best compliments, and that, if convenient"—and so forth, repeating his words to me. "She does us infinite honour," said my young Madam; "let her ladyship know how happy her visit will make us; but in the meantime, Mr. Papillot, give your horse to one of the servants, and come in and have a glass of something after your ride." "I am afraid," answered he, pulling out his right-hand watch, for, would you believe it, Sir? the fellow had one in each fob, "I shall hardly have time to meet my lady at the place she appointed me." On a second invitation, however, he dismounted, and went into the house, leaving his horse to the care of the servants; but the servants, as my daughter very well knew, were all in the fields at work; so I, who have a liking for a good horse, and cannot bear to see him neglected, had the honour of putting Mr. Papillot's in the stable myself.

After about an hour's stay, for the gentleman seemed to forget his hurry within doors, Mr. Papillot departed. My daughters, I mean the two polite ones, observed how handsome he was; and added another observation, that it was only to particular friends my lady sent messages by him, who was her own body servant, and not accustomed to such offices. My wife seemed highly pleased with this last remark: I was about to be angry; but on such occasions it is not my way to say much; I generally shrug up my shoulders in silence; yet, as I said before, Mr. Mirror, I would not have you think me hen-pecked.

By this time, every domestic about my house, male and female, were called from their several employments to assist in the preparations for her ladyship's reception. It would tire you to enumerate the various shifts that were made, by purchasing, borrowing, &c. to furnish out a dinner suitable to the occasion. My little gray pony, which I keep for sending to market, broke his wind in the cause, and has never been good for any thing since.

Nor was there less ado in making ourselves and our attendants fit to appear before such company. The female part of the family managed the matter pretty easily; women, I observe, having a natural talent that way. My wife took upon herself the charge of apparelling me for the occasion. A laced suit, which I had worn at my marriage, was got up for the purpose; but the breeches burst a seam at the very first attempt of pulling them on, and the sleeves of the coat were also impracticable; so she was forced to content herself with clothing me in my Sunday's coat and breeches, with the laced waistcoat of the above-mentioned suit, slit in the back, to set them off a little. My gardener, who has been accustomed, indeed, to serve in many capacities, had his head cropped, curled, and powdered, for the part of butler; one of the best-looking ploughboys had a yellow cape clapped to his Sunday's coat, to make him pass for a servant in livery; and we borrowed my son-in-law the parson's man for a third hand.

All this was accomplished, though not without some tumult and disorder, before the arrival of the great lady. She gave us, indeed, more time for the purpose than we looked for, as it was near six o'clock before she arrived. But this was productive of a misfortune on the other hand; the dinner my poor wife had bustled, sweated, and scolded for, was so over-boiled, over-stewed, and over-roasted, that it needed the appetite of so late an hour to make it go well down even with me, who am not very nice in these matters: luckily her ladyship, as I am told, never eats much, for fear of spoiling her shape, now that small waists have come into fashion again.

The dinner, however, though spoiled in the cooking, was not thrown away, as her ladyship's train made shift to eat the greatest part of it. When I say her train, I do not mean her servants only, of which there were half a dozen in livery, besides the illustrious Mr. Papillot, and her ladyship's maid, gentlewoman I should say, who had a table to themselves. Her parlour attendants were equally numerous, consisting of two ladies and six gentlemen, who had accompanied her ladyship in this excursion, and did us the honour of coming to eat and drink with us, and bringing their servants to do the same, though we had never seen or heard of them before.

During the progress of this entertainment there were several little embarrassments which might appear ridiculous in description, but were matters of serious distress to us. Soup was spilled, dishes over-turned, and glasses broken, by the awkwardness of our attendants; and things were not a bit mended by my wife's solicitude (who, to do her justice, had all her eyes about her) to correct them.

From the time of her ladyship's arrival, it was impossible that dinner could be over before it was dark; this, with the consideration of the bad road she had to pass through in her way to the next house she meant to visit, produced an invitation from my wife and daughters to pass the night with us; which, after a few words of apology for the trouble she gave us, and a few more of the honour we received, was agreed to. This gave rise to a new scene of preparation, rather more difficult than that before dinner. My wife and I were dislodged from our own apartment, to make room for our noble guests. Our four daughters were crammed in by us, and slept on the floor, that their rooms might be left for the two ladies and four of the gentlemen who were entitled to the greatest degree of respect; for the remaining two we found beds at my son-in-law's. My two eldest daughters had, indeed, little time to sleep, being closeted the greatest part of the night with their right honourable visitor. My offices were turned topsy-turvy for the accommodation of the servants of my guests, and my own horses turned into the fields, that theirs might occupy my stable.

All these are hardships of their kind, Mr. Mirror, which the honour that accompanies them seems to me not fully to compensate; but these are slight grievances, in comparison with what I have to complain of as the effects of this visit. The malady of my two eldest daughters is not only returned with increased violence upon them, but has now communicated itself to every other branch of my family. My wife, formerly a decent discreet woman, who liked her own way, indeed, but was a notable manager, now talks of this and that piece of expense as necessary to the rank of a gentlewoman, and has lately dropped some broad hints that a winter in town is necessary to the accomplishment of one. My two younger daughters have got the *heads* that formerly belonged to their elder sisters; to each of whom, unfortunately, the great lady presented a set of feathers, for which new *heads* were essentially requisite.

The inside of all of them has undergone a very striking metamorphosis, from this one night's instruction of their visitor. There is, it seems, a fashion in morality, as well as in dress; and the present mode is not quite so strait-laced as the stays are. My two fine ladies talked, a few mornings ago, of such a gentleman's connection with Miss C——, and such another's arrangement with Lady G——, with all the ease in the world: yet these words I find, being interpreted, mean nothing less than fornication and adultery. I sometimes remonstrate warmly, especially when I have my son-in-law to back me, against these new-fangled freedoms; but another doctrine they have learned is, that a father and a parson may preach as they please, but are to be followed only according to the inclination of their audience. Indeed I could not help observing, that my Lady ——— never mentioned her absent lord (who, I understand, is seldom of her parties), except sometimes to let us know how much she differed in opinion from him.

This contempt of authority, and affectation of fashion, has gone a step lower in my household. My gardener has tied his hair behind, and stolen my flour to powder it, ever since he saw Mr. Papillot; and yesterday he gave me warning that he should leave me next term, if I did not take him into the house, and provide another hand for the work in the garden. I found a great hoyden, who washes my daughters linens, sitting, the other afternoon, dressed in one of their cast fly-caps, entertaining this same oaf of a gardener, and the wives of two of my farm-servants, with tea, forsooth; and when I quarrelled with her for it, she replied, that Mrs. Dimity, my Lady ———'s gentlewoman, told her all the maids at ——— had tea, and saw company of an afternoon.

But I am resolved on a reformation, Mr. Mirror, and shall let my wife and daughters know that I will be master of my own house and my own expenses, and will neither be made a fool or a beggar, though it were after the manner of the greatest lord in Christendom. Yet I confess I am always for trying gentle methods first. I beg, therefore, that you will insert this in your next paper, and add to it some exhortations of your own to prevail on them, if possible, to give over a behaviour, which I think, under favour, is rather improper even in great folks, but is certainly ruinous to little ones.

I am, &c.

John Homespun.

Mr. Homespun's relation, too valuable to be shortened, leaves me not room at present for any observations. But I have seen the change of manners among some of my countrywomen, for several years past, with the most sensible regret; and I intend soon to devote a paper to a serious remonstrance with them on the subject.

Z.

No. 26.] Saturday, April 24, 1779.

Nothing can give a truer picture of the manners of any particular age, or point out more strongly those circumstances which distinguish it from others, than the change that takes place in the rules established as to the external conduct of men in society, or in what may be called the system of politeness.

It were absurd to say, that, from a man's external conduct, we are always to judge of the feelings of his mind; but, certainly, when there are rules laid down for men's external behaviour to one another, we may conclude that there are some general feelings prevalent among the people which dictate those rules, and make a deviation from them to be considered as improper. When at any time, therefore, an alteration in those general rules takes place, it is reasonable to suppose that the change has been produced by some alteration in the feelings, and in the ideas of propriety and impropriety of the people.

Whoever considers the rules of external behaviour established about a century ago must be convinced, that much less attention was then paid by men of high rank to the feelings of those beneath them than in the present age. In that era, a man used to measure out his complaisance to others according to the degree of rank in which they stood, compared with his own. A peer had a certain manner of address and salutation to a peer of equal rank, a different one to a peer of an inferior order, and, to a commoner, the mode of address was diversified according to the antiquity of his family, or the extent of his possessions; so that a stranger, who happened to be present at the levee of a great man, could with tolerable certainty, by examining his features, or attending to the lowness of his bow, judge of the different degrees of dignity among his visitors.

Were it the purpose of the present paper, this might be traced back to a very remote period. By "the Earl of Northumberland's household book," begun in the year 1512, it appears that my lord's *board-end*, that is to say, the end of the table where he and his principal guests were seated, was served with a different and more delicate sort of viands than those allotted to the lower end. "It is thought good," says that curious record, "that no pluvers be brought at no time but only in Christmas, and principal feasts, and my lord to be served therewith, and his board-end, and no other."—The line of distinction was marked by a large salt-cellar, placed in the middle of the table; above which, at my lord's board-end, sat the distinguished guests, and below it those of an inferior class.

In this country, and in a period nearer our own times, we have heard of a Highland chieftain, who died not half a century ago, remarkable for his hospitality, and for having his table constantly crowded with a number of guests; possessing a high idea of the dignity of his family, and warmly attached to ancient manners, he was in use very nicely to discriminate by his behaviour to them the ranks of the different persons he entertained. The head of the table was occupied by himself, and the rest of the company sat nearer or more remote from him according to their respective ranks. All, indeed, were allowed to partake of the same food; but when the liquor was produced, which was, at that time, and perhaps still is, in some parts of Scotland, accounted the principal part of a feast, a different sort of beverage was assigned to the guests, according to their different dignities. The chieftain himself, and his family, or near relations, drank wine of the best kind; to persons next in degree was allotted wine of an inferior sort; and to guests of a still lower rank were allowed only those liquors which were the natural produce of the country. This distinction was agreeable to the rules of politeness at that time established: the entertainer did not feel any thing disagreeable in making it, nor did any of the entertained think themselves entitled to take this treatment amiss.

It must be admitted, that a behaviour of this sort would not be consonant to the rules of politeness established in the present age. A man of good breeding now considers the same degree of attention to be due to every man in the rank of a gentleman, be his fortune, or the antiquity of his family, what it may; nay, a man of real politeness will feel it rather more incumbent on him to be attentive and complaisant to his inferiors in these respects than to his equals. The idea which in modern times is entertained of politeness points out such a conduct. It is founded on this, that a man of a cultivated mind is taught to feel a greater degree of pleasure in attending to the ease and happiness of people with whom he mixes in society than in studying his own. On this account he gives up what would be agreeable to his own taste, because he finds more satisfaction in humouring the taste of others. Thus a gentleman now-a-days takes the lowest place at his own table; and, if there be any delicacy there, it is set apart for his guests. The entertainer finds a much more sensible pleasure in bestowing it on them than in taking it to himself.

From the same cause, if a gentleman be in company with another not so opulent as himself, or, however worthy, not possessed of the same degree of those adventitious honours which are held in esteem by the world, politeness will teach the former to pay peculiar attention and observation to the latter. Men, even of the highest minds, when they are first introduced into company with their superiors in rank or fortune, are apt to feel a certain degree of awkwardness and uneasiness, which it requires some time and habit to wear off. A man of fortune or of rank, if possessed of a sensible mind and real politeness, will feel, and be at particular pains to remove this. Hence he will be led to be rather more attentive to those who, in the eyes of the multitude, are reckoned his inferiors than to others who are more upon a footing with him.

It is not proposed, in this paper, to inquire what are the causes of the difference of men's ideas, as to the rules of politeness in this and the former age. It is sufficient to observe, and the reflection is a very pleasant one, that the modern rules of good-breeding must give us a higher idea of the humanity and refinement of this age than of the former: and, though the mode of behaviour above mentioned may not be universally observed in practice, yet it is hoped it will not be disputed that it is consonant to the rules which are now pretty generally established.

It ought, however, to be observed, that when we speak, even at this day, of good-breeding, of politeness, of complaisance, these expressions are always confined to our behaviour towards those who are considered to be in the rank of gentlemen; but no system of politeness or of complaisance is established, at least in this country, for our behaviour to those of a lower station. The rules of good breeding do not extend to them; and he may be esteemed the best-bred man in the world who is a very brute to his servants and dependents.

This I cannot help considering as a matter of regret; and it were to be wished that the same humanity and refinement, which recommends an equal attention to all in the rank of gentlemen, would extend some degree of that attention to those who are in stations below them.

It will require but little observation to be satisfied that all men, in whatever situation, are endowed with the same feelings (though education or example may give them a different modification); and that one in the lowest rank of life may be sensible of a piece of insolence, or an affront, as well as one in the highest. Nay, it ought to be considered, that the greater the disproportion of rank, the affront will be the more sensibly felt; the greater the distance from which it comes, and the more unable the person affronted to revenge it, by so much the heavier will it fall.

It is not meant that in our transactions with men of a very low station, and who, from their circumstances, and the wants of society, must be employed in servile labour, we are to behave in all respects as to those who are in the rank of gentlemen. The thing is impossible, and such men do not expect it. But in all our intercourse with them we ought to consider that they are men possessed of like feelings with ourselves, which nature has given them, and which no situation can or ought to eradicate. When we employ them in the labour of life, it ought to be our study to demand that labour in the manner easiest to them; and we should never forget that gentleness is part of the wages we owe them for their service.

Yet how many men, in other respects of the best and most respectable characters, are, from inadvertency, or the force of habit, deaf to those considerations! and, indeed, the thing has been so little attended to, that in this, which has been called a polite age, complaisance to servants and dependents is not, as I have already observed, at least in this country, considered as making any part of politeness.

But there is another set of persons still more exposed to be treated roughly than even domestic servants, and these are the waiters at inns and taverns. Between a master and servant a certain connection subsists, which prevents the former from using the latter very ill. The servant, if he is good for any thing, naturally forms an attachment to his master, and to his interests, which produces a mutual intercourse of kindness between them. But no connection of this sort can be formed with the temporary attendants above-mentioned. Hence the monstrous abuse which such persons frequently suffer; every traveller, and every man who enters a tavern, thinks he is entitled to vent his own ill-humour upon them, and volleys of curses are too often the only language they meet with.

Having mentioned the waiters in inns and taverns, I cannot avoid taking particular notice of the treatment to which those of the female sex, who are employed in places of that sort, are often exposed. Their situation is, indeed, peculiarly unfortunate. If a girl in an inn happen to be handsome, and a parcel of young thoughtless fellows cast their eyes upon her, she is immediately made the subject of taunt and merriment; coarse and indecent jokes are often uttered in her hearing, and conversation shocking to modest ears is frequently addressed to her. The poor girl, all the while, is at a loss how to behave: if she venture on a spirited answer, the probable consequence will be to raise the mirth of the facetious company, and to expose her to a repetition of insults. If, guided by the feelings of modesty, she avoid the presence of the impertinent guests, she is complained of for neglecting her duty; she loses the little requisite which, otherwise, she would be entitled to; perhaps disobliges her mistress, and loses her place. Whoever attends but for a moment to the case of a poor girl so situated, if he be not lost to all sense of virtue, must feel his heart relent at the cruelty of taking advantage of such a situation. But the misfortune is, that we seldom attend to such cases at all: we sometimes think of the fatigues and sufferings incident to the bodies of our inferiors, but we scarcely ever allow any sense of pain to their minds.

Among the French, whom we mimic in much false politeness, without learning from them, as we might do, much of the true, the observances of good-breeding are not confined merely to gentlemen, but extend to persons of the lowest ranks. Thus a Frenchman hardly ever addresses any man, however mean his condition, without calling him *Monsieur*, and the poorest woman in a country village is addressed by the appellation of *Madame*. The accosting in this manner, people of so very low a rank, in the same terms with those so much their superiors, may perhaps appear extravagant; but the practice shows how much that refined and elegant people are attentive to the feelings of the meanest, when they have extended the rules and ceremonial of politeness even to them.

S.

No. 27.] Saturday, April 27, 1779.

> There is a kind of mournful eloquence
> In thy dumb grief, which shames all clamorous sorrow.
>
> Lee's Theodosius.

A very amiable and much respected friend of mine, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Wentworth, had lately the misfortune of losing a wife, who was not only peculiarly beautiful, but whose soul was the mansion of every virtue, and of every elegant accomplishment. She was suddenly cut off in the flower of her age, after having lived twelve years with the best and most affectionate of husbands. A perfect similarity of temper and disposition, a kindred delicacy of taste and sentiment, had linked their hearts together in early youth, and each succeeding year seemed but to add new strength to their affection. Though possessed of an affluent fortune, they preferred the tranquillity of the country to all the gay pleasures of the capital. In the cultivation of their estate, in cherishing the virtuous industry of its inhabitants, in ornamenting a beautiful seat, in the society of one another, in the innocent prattle of their little children, and in the company of a few friends, Mr. Wentworth and his Amelia found every wish gratified, and their happiness complete.

My readers will judge, then, what must have been Mr. Wentworth's feelings when Amelia was thus suddenly torn from him, in the very prime of her life, and in the midst of her felicity. I dreaded the effects of it upon a mind of his nice and delicate sensibility; and receiving a letter from his brother, requesting me to come to them, I hasted thither, to endeavour by my presence to assuage his grief, and prevent those fatal consequences of which I was so apprehensive.

As I approached the house, the sight of all the well-known scenes brought fresh into my mind the remembrance of Amelia; and I felt myself but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter. When my carriage stopped at the gate I trembled, and would have given the world to go back. A heart-felt sorrow sat on the countenance of every servant; and I walked into the house without a word being uttered. In the hall I was met by the old butler, who has grown gray-headed in the family, and he hastened to conduct me up stairs. As I walked up, I commanded firmness enough to say, "Well, William, how is Mr. Wentworth?" The old man, turning about with a look that pierced my heart, said, "Oh, sir, our excellent lady!"——Here his grief overwhelmed him; and it was with difficulty he was able to open to me the door of the apartment.

Mr. Wentworth ran and embraced me with the warmest affection; and, after a few moments, assumed a firmness, and even an ease, that surprised me. His brother, with a sister of Amelia's, and some other friends that were in the room, appeared more overpowered than my friend himself, who, by the fortitude of his behaviour, seemed rather to moderate the grief of those around him than to demand their compassion for himself. By his gentle and kind attentions, he seemed anxious to relieve their sorrow; and, by a sort of concerted tranquillity, strove to prevent their discovering any symptoms of the bitter anguish which preyed upon his mind. His countenance was pale, and his eyes betrayed that his heart was ill at ease; but it was that silent and majestic sorrow which commands our reverence and our admiration.

Next morning after breakfast I chanced to take up a volume of Metastasio, that lay amongst other books upon a table; and as I was turning over the leaves, a slip of paper, with something written on it, dropped upon the floor. Mr. Wentworth picked it up; and as he looked at it, I saw the tears start from his eyes, and, fetching a deep sigh, he uttered in a low and broken voice, "My poor Amelia!"—It was the translation of a favourite passage which she had been attempting, but had left unfinished. As if uneasy lest I had perceived his emotion, he carelessly threw his arm over my shoulder, and reading aloud a few lines of the page which I held open in my hand, he went into some remarks on the poetry of that elegant author. Some time after, I observed him take up the book, and carefully replacing the slip of paper where it had been, put the volume in his pocket.

Mr. Wentworth proposed that we should walk out, and that he himself would accompany us. As we stepped through the hall, one of my friend's youngest boys came running up, and catching his papa by the hand, cried out with joy, that "Mamma's Rover was returned." This was a spaniel who had been the favourite of Amelia, and had followed her in all her walks; but after her death had been sent to the house of a villager, to be out of the immediate sight of the family. Having somehow made its escape from thence, the dog had that morning found his way home; and, as soon as he saw Mr. Wentworth, leaped upon him with an excess of fondness. I saw my friend's lips and cheeks quiver. He catched his little Frank in his arms, and, for a few moments, hid his face in his neck.

As we traversed his delightful grounds, many different scenes naturally recalled the remembrance of Amelia. My friend, indeed, in order to avoid some of her favourite walks, had conducted us an unusual road; but what corner could be found that did not bear the traces of her hand? Her elegant taste had marked the peculiar beauty of each different scene, and had brought it forth to view with such a happy delicacy of art, as to make it seem the work of nature alone. As we crossed certain paths in the woods, and passed by some rustic buildings, I could sometimes discern an emotion in my friend's countenance; but he instantly stifled it with a firmness and dignity that made me careful not to seem to observe it.

Towards night, Mr. Wentworth having stolen out of the room, his brother and I stepped out to a terrace behind the house. It was the dusk of the evening, the air was mild and serene, and the moon was rising in all her brightness from the cloud of the east. The fineness of the night made us extend our walk, and we strayed into a hollow valley, whose sides are covered with trees overhanging a brook that pours itself along over broken rocks. We approached a rustic grotto, placed in a sequestered corner, under a half impending rock. My companion stopped. "This," said he, "was one of Amelia's walks, and that grotto was her favourite evening retreat. The last night she ever walked out, and the very evening she caught that fatal fever, I was with my brother and her, while we sat and read to each other in that very place." While he spoke, we perceived a man steal out of the grotto, and, avoiding us, take his way by a path through a thicket of trees on the other side. "It is my brother," said young Wentworth; "he has been here in his Amelia's favourite grove, indulging that grief he so carefully conceals from us."

We returned to the house, and found Mr. Wentworth with the rest of the company. He forced on some conversation, and even affected a degree of gentle pleasantry during the whole evening.

Such, in short, is the noble deportment of my friend, that, in place of finding it necessary to temper and moderate his grief, I must avoid seeming to perceive it, and dare scarcely appear even to think of the heavy calamity which has befallen him. I too well know what he feels; but the more I know this, the more does the dignity of his recollection and fortitude excite my admiration, and command my silent attention and respect.

How very different is this dignified and reserved sorrow from that weak and teasing grief which disgusts, by its sighs and tears, and clamorous lamentations! How much does such noble fortitude of deportment call forth our regard and reverence! How much is a character in other respects estimable degraded by a contrary demeanour! How much does the excessive, the importunate, and unmanly grief of Cicero, diminish the very high respect which we should otherwise entertain for the exalted character of that illustrious Roman!

Writers on practical morality have described and analysed the passion of grief, and have pretended to prescribe remedies for restoring the mind to tranquillity; but, I believe, little benefit has been derived from any thing they have advised. To tell a person in grief that time will relieve him, is truly applying no remedy; and to bid him reflect how many others there may be who are more wretched, is a very inefficacious one. The truth is, that the excess of this, as well as of other passions, must be prevented rather than cured. It must be obviated by our attaining that evenness and equality of temper, which can arise only from an improved understanding, and an habitual intercourse with refined society. These will not, indeed, exempt us from the pangs of sorrow, but will enable us to bear them with a noble grace and propriety, and will render the presence of our friends (which is the only remedy) a very effectual cure.

This is well explained by a philosopher, who is no less eloquent than he is profound. He justly observes, that we naturally, on all occasions, endeavour to bring down our own passions to that pitch which those about us can correspond with. We view ourselves in the light in which we think they view us, and seek to suit our behaviour to what we think their feelings can go along with. With an intimate friend, acquainted with every circumstance of our situation, we can, in some measure, give way to our grief, but are more calm than when by ourselves. Before a common acquaintance we assume a greater sedateness. Before a mixed assembly we affect a still more considerable degree of composure. Thus, by the company of our friends at first, and afterwards by mingling with society, we come to suit our deportment to what we think they will approve of; we gradually abate the violence of our passion, and restore our mind to its wonted tranquillity.

Y

No. 28.] Saturday, May 1, 1779.

Currit ad Indos,
Pauperiem fugiens. HOR.

"And did you not blush for our countrymen?" said Mr. Umphraville to Colonel Plum, as the latter was describing the sack of an Indian city, and the plunder of its miserable inhabitants, with the death of a Rajah who had gallantly defended it.

"Not at all, Sir," answered the colonel coolly: "our countrymen did no more than their duty; and were we to decline performing it on such occasions, we should be of little service to our country in India."

Mr. Umphraville made no answer to this defence; but a silent indignation, which sat upon his countenance, implied a stronger disapprobation of it than the most laboured reply he could have offered.

For the same reason which induced him to avoid any farther discussion on the subject, my friend endeavoured to give the conversation a different turn. He led the colonel into a description of the country of India; and, as that gentleman described, in very lively colours, the beauty of its appearance, the number of its people, and the variety and richness of its productions, Mr. Umphraville listened to this part of his discourse with an uncommon degree of pleasure and attention.

But, after the colonel's departure (for this conversation happened during one of my excursions to Mr. Umphraville's, where Colonel Plum had been on a visit), the former part of the conversation recurred immediately to my friend's memory, and produced the following reflections.

"I know not," said he, "a more mortifying proof of human weakness than that power which situation and habit acquire over principle and feeling, even in men of the best natural dispositions.

"The gentleman who has just left us has derived from Nature a more than ordinary degree of good sense. Nor does she seem to have been less liberal to him in the affections of the heart than in the powers of the understanding.

"Since his return to this country, Colonel Plum has acted the part of an affectionate and generous relation, of an attentive and useful friend: he has been an indulgent landlord, a patron of the industrious, and a support to the indigent. In a word, he has proved a worthy and useful member of society, on whom fortune seems not to have misplaced her favours.

"Yet, with all the excellent dispositions of which these are proofs,—placed as a soldier of fortune in India; inflamed with the ambition of amassing wealth; corrupted by the contagious example of others, governed by the same passion, and engaged in the same pursuit, Colonel Plum appears to have been little under the influence either of justice or humanity; he seems to have viewed the unhappy people of that country merely as the instruments, which, in one way or other, were to furnish himself and his countrymen with that wealth they had gone so far in quest of.

"If these circumstances could operate so strongly on such a man as Colonel Plum, we have little reason to wonder that they should have carried others of our countrymen to still more lamentable excesses; that they should have filled that unhappy country with scenes of misery and oppression, of which the recital fills us with equal shame and indignation. Yet such examples as that of the colonel should perhaps dispose us, in place of violently declaiming against the conduct of individuals, to investigate the causes by which it is produced.

"The conquests of a commercial people have always, I believe, proved uncommonly destructive; and this might naturally have been expected of those made by our countrymen in India, under the direction of a mercantile society conducted by its members in a distant country, in a climate fatal to European constitutions, which they visit only for the purpose of suddenly amassing riches, and from which they are anxious to return as soon as that purpose is accomplished.

"How far such a company, whose original connection with India was merely the prosecution of their private commerce, should have ever been allowed to assume, and should still continue to possess, the unnatural character of sovereigns and conquerors, and to conduct the government of a great empire, is a point which may, perhaps, merit the attention of the legislature, as much as many of the more minute inquiries in which they have of late been engaged.

"I have often thought how much our superior knowledge in the art of government might enable us to change the condition of that unfortunate country for the better. I have pleased myself with fondly picturing out the progress of such a plan; with fancying I saw the followers of Mahomet lay aside their ferocity and ambition; the peaceful disciples of Brahma happy in the security of a good government, and in the enjoyment of those innocent and simple manners which mark the influence of a fruitful climate and a beneficent religion,—But, alas!" continued Mr. Umphraville, with a sigh, "such reformations are more easily effected by me in my elbow-chair than by those who conduct the great and complicated machine of government.

"I wish," added he, "it may be only the contracted view of things natural to a retired old man which leads me to fear that, in this country, the period of such reformations is nearly past; when I observe that almost all men regulate their conduct, and form the minds of the rising generation, by this maxim,

> "*Quærenda pecunia primum est;*
> *Virtus post nummos;*"

I cannot but apprehend, from the prevalence of so mean and so corrupt a principle, the same national corruption which the Roman poet ascribes to it.

"In the lower ranks, the desire of gain, as it is the source of industry, may be held equally conducive to private happiness and public prosperity; but those who, by birth or education, are destined for nobler pursuits, should be actuated by more generous passions. If from luxury, and the love of vain expense, they shall also give way to this desire of wealth; if it shall extinguish the sentiments of public virtue, and the passion for true glory, natural to that order of the state; the spring of private and of national honour must have lost its force, and there will remain nothing to withstand the general corruption of manners, and the public disorder and debility which are its inseparable attendants. If our country has not already reached this point of degeneracy, she seems, at least, as far as a spectator of her manners can judge, to be too fast approaching it."

Somewhat in this manner did Mr. Umphraville express himself. Living retired in the country, conversing with few, and ignorant of the opinions of the many; attached to ideas of family, and not very fond of the mercantile interest; disposed to give praise to former times, and not to think highly of the present; in his apprehension of facts he is often mistaken, and the conclusions he draws from those facts are often erroneous. In the present instance, the view which I have presented of his opinions may throw further light upon his character; it gives a striking picture both of the candour of his mind and of the generosity of his sentiments. His opinions, though erroneous, may be useful; they may remind those who, though endued, like Colonel Plum, with good dispositions, are in danger of being seduced by circumstances and situation, that our own interest or ambition is never to be pursued but in consistency with the sacred obligations of justice, humanity, and benevolence; and they may afford a very pleasing source of reflection to others, who, in trying situations, have maintained their virtue and their character untainted.

O.

No. 29.] TUESDAY, MAY 4, 1779.

Conciliat animos comitas affabilitasque sermonis.
CIC. de Offic.

POLITENESS, or the external show of humanity, has been strongly recommended by some, and has been treated with excessive ridicule by others. It has sometimes been represented, very improperly, as constituting the sum of merit: and thus affectation and grimace have been substituted in place of virtue. There are, on the other hand, persons who cover their own rudeness, and justify gross rusticity, by calling their conduct honest bluntness, and by defaming complacent manners as fawning or hypocritical. Shakspeare, in his King Lear, sketches this character with his usual ability:

" This is some fellow
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter; he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth,
An' they will take it so; if not, he's plain."

To extol polished external manners as constituting the whole duty of man, or to declaim against them as utterly inconsistent with truth, and the respect we owe to ourselves, are extremes equally to be avoided. Let no one believe that the show of humanity is equal to the reality; nor let any one, from the desire of pleasing, depart from the line of truth, or stoop to mean condescension. But to presume favourably of all men; to consider them as worthy of our regard, till we have evidence of the contrary; to be inclined to render them services; and to entertain confidence in their inclinations to follow a similar conduct; constitute a temper, which every man, for his own peace, and for the peace of society, ought to improve and exhibit. Now, this is the temper essential to polished manners; and the external show of civilities is a banner held forth, announcing to all men that we hold them in due respect, and are disposed to oblige them. Besides, it will often occur, that we may have the strongest conviction of worth in another person; that we may be disposed, from gratitude or esteem, to render him suitable services; and yet may have no opportunity of testifying, by those actions which are their genuine expressions, either that conviction, or that disposition. Hence external courtesies and civilities are substituted, with great propriety, as signs and representatives of those actions which we are desirous, and have not the power of performing. They are to be held as pledges of our esteem and affection.

" But the man of courtly manners often puts on a placid and smiling semblage, while his heart rankles with malignant passions."—When this is done with an intention to deceive or ensnare mankind, the conduct is perfidious, and ought to be branded with infamy. In that case, the law of courtesy is "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." But there may be another situation, when the show of courtesy assumed, while the heart is ill at ease, moved by disagreeable unkindly feelings, would be unjustly censured.—From a feeble constitution of body, bad health, or some untoward accident or disappointment, you lose your wonted serenity. Influenced by your present humour, even to those who have no concern in the accident that hath befallen you, and who would really be inclined to relieve you from your uneasiness, you become reserved and splenetic. You know the impropriety of such a demeanour, and endeavour to beget in your bosom a very different disposition. Your passions, however, are stubborn; images of wrong and of disappointment have taken strong hold of your fancy; and your present disagreeable and painful state of mind cannot easily be removed. Meanwhile, however, you disguise the appearance; you are careful to let no fretful expression be uttered, nor any malignant thought lower in your aspect; you perform external acts of civility, and assume the tones and the language of the most perfect composure. You thus war with your own spirit; and, by force of commanding the external symptoms, you will gain a complete victory. You will actually establish in your mind that good humour and humanity which, a little before, were only yours in appearance. Now, in this discipline there is nothing criminal. In this discipline there is a great deal of merit. It will not only correct and alter our present humours, but may influence our habits and dispositions.

A contrary practice may be attended, if not with dangerous, at least with disagreeable, consequences. ———Sir Gregory Blunt was the eldest son of a respectable family. His fortune and his ancestry entitled him, as he and his friends apprehended, to appear in any shape that he pleased. He owed, and would owe, no man a shilling; but other men might be indebted to him. He received from nature, and still possesses, good abilities and humane dispositions. He is a man, too, of inflexible honour. Yet Sir Gregory has an unbending cast of mind, that cannot easily be fashioned into soft compliance and condescension. He never, even at an early period, had any pretensions to winning ways, or agreeable assiduities; nor had he any talent for acquiring personal graces and accomplishments. In every thing that confers the easy and engaging air of a gentleman he was excelled by his companions. Sir Gregory had sense enough to perceive his own incapacity; vanity enough to be hurt with the preferences shown to young men less able or honest, but more complaisant than himself; and pride enough to cast away all pretentions to that smoothness of demeanour in which he could never excel. Thus he assumed a bluntness and roughness of manners, better suited to the natural cast of his temper. He would be plain; he hated all your smiling and fawning attentions; he would speak what he thought; he would praise no man, even though he thought him deserving, because he scorned to appear a flatterer; and he would promise no man good offices, not even though he meant to perform them, because he abhorred ostentation. Accordingly, in his address, he is often abrupt, with an approach to rudeness, which, if it does not offend, disconcerts: and he will not return a civility, because he is not in the humour. He thus indulges a propensity which he ought to have corrected; and slave to a surly vanity, he thinks he acts upon principle.

Now, this habit not only renders him disagreeable to persons of polished manners, but may be attended with consequences of a more serious nature. Sir Gregory does not perceive, that while he thinks he is plain, he only affects to be plain; that he often stifles a kindly feeling, for fear of seeming complacent; that "he constrains the garb quite from his nature;" and that he disguises his appearance, as much at least by excessive bluntness, as he would by showing some complaisance. Thus he is hardly entitled, notwithstanding his pretensions, to the praise even of honest plainness. Besides, his character, in other respects, is so eminent, and his rank so distinguished, that, of course, he has many admirers: and thus all the young men of his neighbourhood are becoming as boisterous and as rough as himself. Even some of his female acquaintance are likely to suffer by the contagion of his example. Their desire of pleasing has taken an improper direction; they seem less studious of those delicate proprieties and observances so essential to female excellence; they also will not appear otherwise than what they are; and thus they will not only appear, but become, a great deal worse. For, as the show of humanity and good-humour may, in some instances, promote a gentle temper, and render us good-humoured; so the affectation and show of honest plainness may lead us to be plain without honesty, and sincere without good intention. Those who affect timidity may, in time, become cowards; and those who affect roughness may, in time, grow inhuman.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

I have long had a *tendre* for a young lady, who is very beautiful, but a little capricious. I think myself unfortunate enough not to be in her good graces; but some of my friends tell me I am a simpleton, and don't understand her. Pray be so kind as inform me, Mr. Mirror, what sort of rudeness amounts to encouragement. When a lady calls a man impertinent, does she wish him to be somewhat more assuming? When she never looks his way, may he reckon himself a favourite? Or, if she tells every body that Mr. Such-a-one is her aversion, is Mr. Such-a-one to take it for granted that she is downright fond of him?

Yours respectfully,

V. Modestus.

No. 30.] Saturday, May 8, 1779.

It has sometimes been matter of speculation, whether or not there be a sex in the soul: that there is one in manners, I never heard disputed; the same applause which we involuntarily bestow upon honour, courage, and spirit in men, we as naturally confer upon chastity, modesty, and gentleness in women.

It was formerly one of those national boasts which are always allowable, and sometimes useful, that the ladies of Scotland possessed a purity of conduct, and delicacy of manners, beyond those of most other countries. Free from the bad effects of overgrown fortunes, and of the dissipated society of an overgrown capital, their beauty was natural, and their minds were uncorrupted.

Though I am inclined to believe that this is still the case in general, yet, from my own observation, and the complaints of several correspondents, I am sorry to be obliged to conclude, that there begins to appear among us a very different style of manners. Perhaps our frequent communication with the metropolis of our sister kingdom is one great cause of this. Formerly a London journey was attended with some difficulty and danger, and posting thither was an achievement as masculine as a fox-chase. Now the goodness of the roads and the convenience of the vehicles render it a matter of only a few days moderate exercise for a lady; "*Facilis descensus Averni;*" our wives and daughters are carried thither to see the world; and we are not to wonder if some of them bring back only that knowledge of it which the most ignorant can acquire, and the most forgetful retain. That knowledge is communicated to a certain circle, on their return; the imitation is as rapid as it is easy; they emulate the English, who before have copied the French; the dress, the phrase, and the *morale* of Paris is transplanted first to London, and thence to Edinburgh; and even the sequestered regions of the country are sometimes visited in this northern progress of politeness.

And here I cannot help observing, that the imitation is often so clumsy as to leave out all the agreeable, and retain all the offensive. In the translation of the manners, as in the translation of the language, of our neighbours, we are apt to lose the *finesses*, the *petits agremens*, which (I talk like a man of the world) give zest and value to the whole.

It will be said, perhaps, that there is often a levity of behaviour without any criminality of conduct; that the lady who talks always loud, and sometimes free, goes much abroad, or keeps a crowd of company at home, rattles in a public place with a circle of young fellows, or flirts in a corner with a single one, does all this without the smallest bad intention, merely as she puts on a cap, and sticks it with feathers, because she has seen it done by others whose rank and fashion entitle them to her imitation. Now, granting that most of those ladies have all the purity of heart that is contended for, are there no disagreeable consequences, I would ask, from the appearance of evil, exclusive of its reality? Decorum is at least the *ensign*, if not the *outguard*, of virtue; the want of it, if it does not weaken the garrison, will, at least, embolden the assailants; and a woman's virtue is of so delicate a nature, that to be impregnable is not enough, without the reputation of being so.

But, though female virtue, in the singular, means chastity, there are many other endowments, without which a woman's character is reproachable, though it is not infamous. The mild demeanour, the modest deportment, are valued not only as they denote internal purity and innocence, but as forming in themselves the most amiable and engaging part of the female character. There was, of old, a stiff constrained manner, which the moderns finding unpleasant, agreed to explode, and, in the common rage of reformation, substituted the very opposite extreme in its stead; to banish preciseness, they called in levity, and ceremony gave way to something like rudeness. But fashion may alter the form, not the essence of things; and though we may lend our laugh, or even our applause, to the woman whose figure and conversation comes flying out upon us in this fashionable forwardness of manner; yet, I believe, there is scarce a votary of the mode who would wish his sister, his wife, or even his mistress (I use the word in its modest sense), to possess it.

I have hitherto pointed my observations chiefly at the appearance of our ladies to the world, which, besides its being more immediately the object of public censorship, a variety of strictures lately sent me by my correspondents naturally led me to consider. I am afraid, however, the same innovation begins to appear in our domestic as in our public life, and that the case of my friend Mr. Homespun is far from being singular. Some of those whose rank and station are such as to enforce example, and regulate opinion, think it an honourable distinction to be able to lead from the sober track which the maxims of their mothers and grandmothers had marked out for them such young ladies as chance, relationship, or neighbourhood, has placed within the reach of their influence. The state of diffidence and dependence, in which a young woman used to find herself happy under the protection of her parents or guardians, they teach their pupils to consider as incompatible with sense or spirit. With them obedience and subordination are terms of contempt; even the natural restraints of time are disregarded; childhood is immaturely forced into youth, and youth assumes the confidence and self-government of age; domestic duties are held to be slavish, and domestic enjoyments insipid.

There is an appearance of brilliancy in the pleasures of high life and fashion which naturally dazzles and seduces the young and inexperienced. But let them not believe that the scale of fortune is the standard of happiness, or the whirl of pleasure, which their patronesses describe, productive of the satisfaction which they affect to enjoy in it. Could they trace its course through a month, a week, or a day, of that life which they enjoy, they would find it commonly expire in languor, or end in disappointment. They would see the daughters of fashion in a state the most painful of any, obliged to cover hatred with the smile of friendship, and anguish with the appearance of gayety; they would see the mistress of the feast, or the directress of the rout, at the table, or in the drawing-room, in the very scene of her pride, torn with those jarring passions which——but I will not talk like a moralist——which make dutchesses mean, and the finest women in the world ugly. I do them no injustice; for I state this at the time of possession; its value in reflection I forbear to estimate.

If I dared to contrast this with a picture of domestic pleasure; were I to exhibit a family virtuous and happy, where affection takes place of duty, and obedience is enjoyed, not exacted; where the happiness of every individual is reflected upon the society, and a certain tender solicitude about each other gives a more delicate sense of pleasure than any enjoyment merely selfish can produce; could I paint them in their little circles of business or of amusement, of sentiment or of gayety, I am persuaded the scene would be too venerable for the most irreverent to deride, and its happiness too apparent for the most dissipated to deny. Yet to be the child or mother of such a family is often foregone for the miserable vanity of aping some woman, weak as she is worthless, despised in the midst of flattery, and wretched in the very centre of dissipation.

I have limited this remonstrance to motives merely temporal, because I am informed some of our high-bred females deny the reality of any other. This refinement of infidelity is one of those new acquirements which, till of late, were altogether unknown to the ladies of this country, and which I hope very, very few of them are yet possessed of. I mean not to dispute the solidity of their system, as I am persuaded they have studied the subject deeply, and under very able and learned masters. I would only take the liberty of hinting the purpose for which, I have been told by some fashionable men, such doctrines have frequently been taught. It seems it is understood by the younger class of our philosophers, that a woman never thinks herself quite alone till she has put God out of the way, as well as her husband.

V.

No. 31.] Tuesday, May 11, 1779

Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.—Virg.

There is hardly any species of writing more difficult than that of drawing characters; and hence it is that so few authors have excelled in it. Among those writers who have confined themselves merely to this sort of composition, Theophrastus holds the first place among the ancients, and La Bruyere among the moderns. But, besides those who have professedly confined themselves to the delineation of character, every historian who relates events, and who describes the disposition and qualities of the persons engaged in them, is to be considered as a writer of characters.

There are two methods by which a character may be delineated; and different authors have, more or less, adopted the one or the other. A character may either be given by describing the internal feelings of the mind, and by relating the qualities with which the person is endowed; or, without mentioning in general the internal qualities which he possesses, an account may be given of his external conduct, of his behaviour on this or that occasion, and how he was affected by this or that event.

An author who draws characters in the first manner employs those words that denote the general qualities of the mind; and by means of these he gives a description and view of the character. He passes over the particular circumstances of behaviour and conduct which lead to the general conclusion with regard to the character, and gives the conclusion itself.

But an author who draws characters in the other manner above alluded to, instead of giving the general conclusion deduced from the observation of particular circumstances of conduct, gives a view of the particulars themselves, and of the external conduct of the person whose character he wishes to represent, leaving his readers to form their own conclusion from that view which he has given. Of the two authors I have mentioned, each excels in one of those opposite manners. In every instance I can recollect, excepting the extravagant picture of the *absent man*, La Bruyere lays before his readers the internal feelings of the character he wishes to represent; while Theophrastus gives the action which the internal feelings produce.

Of these different modes of delineating characters, each has its peculiar advantages. The best method of giving a full and comprehensive view of the different parts of a character may be by a general enumeration of the qualities of mind with which the person is endowed; while, at the same time, it is perhaps impossible to mark the nice and delicate shades of character, without bringing the image more fully before the eye, and placing the person in that situation which calls him forth into action.

In these two different manners there are faults into which authors, following the one or the other, are apt to fall, and which they should studiously endeavour to avoid. An author who gives the internal qualities of the character should guard against being too general; he who gives views of the conduct, and represents the actions themselves, should avoid being too particular. When the internal qualities of the mind are described, they may be expressed in such vague and general terms, as to lay before the reader no marked distinguishing feature; when, again, in the views which are given of the conduct, the detail is too particular, the author is apt to tire by becoming tedious, or to disgust by being trifling or familiar, or by approaching to vulgarity. Some of our most celebrated historians have committed errors of the first sort; when, at the end of a reign, or at the exit of a hero, they draw the character of the king, or great man, and tell their readers that the person they are taking leave of was brave, generous, just, humane; or the tyrant they have been declaiming against was cruel, haughty, jealous, deceitful; these general qualities are so little distinguishing, that they may be applied, almost, to any very good or very bad man in the history. When, on the other hand, an author, in order to give a particular view of the person of whom he writes, tells his readers what such person did before and what after dinner; what before and what after he slept; if his vivacity prevent him from appearing tedious, he will at least be in danger of displeasing by the appearance of vulgarity or affectation.

It may be proper here to observe, that, in making a right choice of the different manners in which a character may be drawn, much depends upon the subject, or design of the author; one method may be more suited to one kind of composition than to another. Thus the author who confines himself merely to drawing characters, the historian who draws a character arising only from or illustrating the events he records, or the novelist who delineates characters by feigned circumstances and situations, have each their several objects, and different manners may be properly adopted by each of them. Writers such as Theophrastus and La Bruyere take for their object a character governed by some one passion, absorbing all others, and influencing the man in every thing; the miser, the epicure, the drunkard, &c. The business of the historian is more difficult and more extensive; he takes the complicated characters in real life; he must give a view of every distinguishing characteristic of the personage, the good and the bad, the fierce and the gentle, all the strange diversities which life presents.

Novel-writers ought, like the professed writers of character, to have it generally in view to illustrate some one distinguishing feature or passion of the mind; but then they have it in their power, by the assistance of story, and by inventing circumstances and situation, to exhibit its leading features in every possible point of view. The great error, indeed, into which novel-writers commonly fall, is, that they attend more to the story and to the circumstances they relate, than to giving new and just views of the character of the person they present. Their general method is to affix names to certain personages, whom they introduce to their readers, whom they lead through dangers and distresses, or exhibit in circumstances of ridicule, without having it in view to illustrate any one predominant or leading principle of the human heart; without making their readers one bit better acquainted with the characteristic features of those persons at the end of the story than at the beginning. Hence there are so few novels which give lasting pleasure, or can bear to be perused oftener than once. From the surprise occasioned by the novelty or nature of the events, they may carry their readers once through them; but, as they do not illustrate any of the principles of the mind, or give any interesting views of character, they raise no desire for a second perusal, and ever after lie neglected on the shelf.

How very different from these are the novels, which, in place of relying upon the mere force of incident, bring the characters of their personages fully before us, paint all their shades and attitudes, and by making us, as it were, intimately acquainted with them, deeply engage our hearts in every circumstance which can affect them? This happy talent of delineating all the delicate features and nice tints of human character never fails to delight, and will often atone for many defects. It is this which renders Richardson so interesting, in spite of his immeasurable tediousness; it is this which will render Fielding ever delightful, notwithstanding the indelicate coarseness with which he often offends us.

A.

No. 32.] Saturday, May 15, 1779.

Happiness has been compared, by one of my predecessors, to a game; and he has prescribed certain rules to be followed by the players. These, indeed, are more necessary than one might suppose at first sight; this game, like most others, being as often lost by bad play as by ill luck. The circumstances I am placed in, some of which I communicated to my readers in my introductory paper, make me often a sort of looker-on at this game; and, like all lookers-on, I think I discover blunders in the play of my neighbours, who frequently lose the advantages their fortune lays open to them.

To chase the allusion a little farther, it is seldom that opportunities occur of brilliant strokes or deep calculation. With most of us, the ordinary little stake is all that is played for; and he who goes on observing the common rules of the game, and keeping his temper in the reverses of it, will find himself a gainer at last. In plainer language, happiness, with the bulk of men, may be said to consist in the power of enjoying the ordinary pleasures of life, and in not being too easily hurt by the little disquietudes of it. There is a certain fineness of soul, and delicacy of sentiment, with which few situations accord, to which many seeming harmless ones give the greatest uneasiness. The art "*desipere in loco*" (by which I understand being able not only to trifle, upon occasion, ourselves, but also to bear the foolery of others) is a qualification extremely useful for smoothing a man's way through the world.

I have been led into this train of thinking by some circumstances in a visit I had lately the pleasure of receiving from my friend Mr. Umphraville, with whom I made my readers acquainted in some former numbers. A particular piece of business occurred which made it expedient for him to come to town; and though he was, at first, extremely averse from the journey, having never liked great towns, and now relishing them less than ever, yet the remonstrances of his man of business, aided by very urgent requests from me, at length overcame him. He set out, therefore, attended by his old family-servant, John, whom I had not failed to remember in my invitation to his master.

At the first stage on the road John told me his master looked sad, eat little, and spoke less. Though the landlord ushered in dinner in person, and gave his guest a very minute description of his manner of feeding his mutton, Mr. Umphraville remained a hearer only, and showed no inclination to have him sit down and partake of his own dishes; and, though he desired him, indeed, to taste the wine, of which he brought in a bottle after dinner, he told him, at the same time, to let the ostler know he should want his horses as soon as possible. The landlord left the room, and told John, who was eating his dinner, somewhat more deliberately, in the kitchen, that his master seemed a melancholy kind of a gentleman, not half so good-humoured as his neighbour Mr. Jolly.

John, who is interested both in the happiness and honour of his master, endeavoured to mend matters in the evening, by introducing the hostess very particularly to Mr. Umphraville; and, indeed, venturing to invite her to sup with him. Umphraville was too shy or too civil to decline the lady's company, and John valued himself on having procured him so agreeable a companion. His master complained to me, since he came to town, of the oppression of this landlady's company, and declared his resolution of not stopping at the George on his way home.

The morning after his arrival at my house, while we were sitting together, talking of old stories, and old friends, with all the finer feelings afloat about us, John entered with a look of much satisfaction, announcing the name of Mr. Bearskin. This gentleman is a first cousin of Umphraville's, who resides in town, and whom he had not seen these six years. He was bred a mercer, but afterwards extended his dealings with his capital, and has been concerned in several great mercantile transactions. While Umphraville, with all his genius, and all his accomplishments, was barely preserving his estate from ruin at home, this man, by dint of industry and application, and partly from the want of genius and accomplishments, has amassed a fortune greater than the richest of his cousin's ancestors was ever possessed of. He holds Umphraville in some respect, however, as the representative of his mother's family, from which he derives all his gentility; his father having sprung nobody knows whence, and lived nobody knows how, till he appeared behind the counter of a woollen-draper, to whose shop and business he succeeded.

My friend, though he could have excused his visit at this time, received him with politeness. He introduced him to me as his near relation; on which the other, who mixes the flippant civility of his former profession with somewhat of the monied confidence of his present one, made me a handsome compliment, and congratulated Mr. Umphraville on the possession of such a friend. He concluded, however, with a distant insinuation of his house being a more natural home for his cousin when in town than that of any other person. This led to a description of that house, its rooms, and its furniture, in which he made no inconsiderable eulogium on his own taste, the taste of his wife, and the taste of the times. Umphraville blushed, bit his lips, complained of the heat of the room, changed his seat, in short suffered torture all the way from the cellar to the garret.

Mr. Bearskin closed this description of his house with an expression of his and his wife's earnest desire to see their cousin there. Umphraville declared his intention of calling to inquire after Mrs. Bearskin and the young folks, mentioning, at the same time, the shortness of his proposed stay in town, and the hurry his business would necessarily keep him in while he remained. But this declaration by no means satisfied his kinsman; he insisted on his spending a day with them so warmly, that the other was at last overcome, and the third day after was fixed on for that purpose, which Mr. Bearskin informed us would be the more agreeable to all parties, as he should then have an opportunity of introducing us to his London correspondent, a man of great fortune, who had just arrived here on a jaunt to see the country, and had promised him the favour of eating a bit of mutton with him on that day. I would have excused myself from being of the party; but not having, any more than Umphraville, a talent at refusal, was, like him, overpowered by the solicitations of his cousin.

The history of that dinner I may possibly give my readers hereafter in a separate paper, a dinner now-a-days being a matter of consequence, and not to be managed in an episode. The time between was devoted by Mr. Umphraville to business, in which he was pleased commonly to ask my advice, and to communicate his opinions. The last I found generally unfavourable both of men and things; my friend carries the "*prisca fides*" too much about with him to be perfectly pleased in his dealings with people of business. When we returned home in the evening, he seemed to feel a relief in having got out of the reach of the world, and muttered expressions, not to mention the inflections of his countenance, which, if fairly set down on paper, would almost amount to calling his banker a Jew, his lawyer not a gentleman, and his agent a pettifogger. He was, however, very ready to clap up a truce with his ideas when in company with these several personages; and though he thought he saw them taking advantages, of which I am persuaded they were perfectly innocent, he was contented to turn his face another way, and pass on. A man of Umphraville's disposition is willing to suffer all the penalties of silliness but that of being thought silly.

I.

No. 33.] TUESDAY, MAY 18, 1779.

AMONG the many advantages arising from cultivated sentiment, one of the first and most truly valuable is that delicate complacency of mind which leads us to consult the feelings of those with whom we live, by showing a disposition to gratify them as far as in our power, and by avoiding whatever has a contrary tendency.

They must, indeed, have attended little to what passes in the world who do not know the importance of this disposition; who have not observed, that the want of it often poisons the domestic happiness of families, whose felicity every other circumstance concurs to promote.

Among the letters lately received from my correspondents, are two, which, as they afford a lively picture of the bad consequences resulting from the neglect of this complacency, I shall here lay before my readers. The first is from a lady, who writes as follows:

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

My father was a merchant of some eminence, who gave me a good education, and a fortune of several thousand pounds. With these advantages, a tolerable person, and I think not an unamiable temper, I was not long arrived at womanhood before I found myself possessed of many admirers. Among others was Mr. Gold, a gentleman of a very respectable character, who had some connections in trade with my father: to him, being a young man of good figure, and of very open and obliging manners, I soon gave the preference, and we were accordingly married with the universal approbation of my friends.

We have now lived together above three years, and I have brought him two boys and a girl, all very fine children. I go little abroad, attend to nothing so much as the economy of our family, am as obliging as possible to all my husband's friends, and study in every particular to be a kind and dutiful wife. Mr. Gold's reputation and success in business daily increase, and he is, in the main, a kind and attentive husband; yet I find him so particular in his temper, and so often out of humour about trifles, that, in spite of all those comfortable circumstances, I am perfectly unhappy.

At one time he finds fault with the dishes at table; at another with the choice of my maid-servants; sometimes he is displeased with the trimming of my gown, sometimes with the shape of my cloak, or the figure of my head-dress; and should I chance to give an opinion on any subject which is not perfectly to his mind, he probably looks out of humour at the time, and he is sure to chide me about it when we are by ourselves.

It is of no consequence whether I have been right or wrong in any of those particulars. If I say a word in defence of my choice or opinion it is sure to make matters worse, and I am only called a fool for my pains; or, if I express my wonder that he should give himself uneasiness about such trifles, he answers sullenly, that, to be sure, every thing is *trifle* in which I choose to disoblige him.

It was but the other day, as we were just going out to dine at a friend's house, he told me my gown was extremely ugly. I answered, his observation surprised me, for it was *garnet*, and I had taken it off on hearing him say he wondered I never chose one of that colour. Upon this he got into a passion, said it was very odd I should charge my bad taste upon him; he had never made any such observation, for the colour was his aversion. The dispute at last grew so warm, that I threw myself down on a settee, unable to continue it, while he flung out of the room, ordered away the coach from the door, and wrote an apology to his friend for our not waiting upon him.

We dined in our different apartments: and though I believe we were equally sorry for what had passed, and Mr. Gold, when we met at supper, asked my pardon for having contradicted me so roughly; yet we had not sat half an hour together, when he told me, that, after all, I was certainly mistaken, in saying he had recommended a *garnet colour;* and when I very coolly assured him I was not, he renewed the dispute with as much keenness as ever. We parted in the same bad humour we had done before dinner, and I have hardly had a pleasant look from him since.

In a word, Mr. Gold will allow me to have no mind but his; and, unless I can see with his eyes, hear with his ears, and taste with his palate (none of which I can very easily bring myself to do, as you must know all of them are somewhat particular), I see no prospect of our situation changing for the better; and what makes our present one doubly provoking is, that, but for this unfortunate weakness, Mr. Gold, who is, in other respects, a very worthy man, would make one of the best of husbands.

Pray tell me, Sir, what I should do in this situation, or take your own way of letting my husband see his weakness, the reformation of which would be the greatest of all earthly blessings to

Yours, &c.

SUSANNAH GOLD.

I was thinking how I should answer this letter, or in what way I could be useful to my correspondent, when I received the following, the insertion of which is, I believe, the best reply I can make to it.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

I was bred a merchant; by my success in trade I am now in affluent circumstances, and I have reason to think that I am so with an unblemished character.

Some years ago, I married the daughter of a respectable citizen, who brought a comfortable addition to my fortune; and as she had been virtuously educated, and seemed cheerful and good-tempered, as I was myself naturally of a domestic turn, and resolved to make a good husband, I thought we bade fair for being happy in each other.

But, though I must do my spouse the justice to say that she is discreet and prudent, attentive to the affairs of her family, a careful and fond mother to her children, and, in many respects, an affectionate and dutiful wife, yet one foible in her temper destroys the effect of all these good qualities. She is so much attached to her own opinions in every trifle, so impatient of contradiction in them, and withal so ready to dispute mine, that if I disapprove of her taste or sentiments, in any one particular, or seem dissatisfied, when she disapproves of my taste or sentiments, it is the certain source of a quarrel; and while we perfectly agree as to our general plan of life, and every essential circumstance of our domestic economy, this silly fancy, that I must eat, dress, think, and speak, precisely as she would have me, while she will not accommodate herself to me in the most trifling of these particulars, gives me perpetual uneasiness; and with almost every thing I could wish, a genteel income, a good reputation, promising children, and a virtuous wife, whom I sincerely esteem, I have the mortification to find myself absolutely unhappy.

I am sure this foible of my poor wife's will appear to you, Mr. Mirror, in its proper light; your making it appear so to her may be the means of alleviating our mutual distress; for, to tell you the truth, I believe she is almost as great a sufferer as I am. I hope you will gratify me in this desire; by doing so you may be of general service, and will particularly oblige

Your constant reader, and
Obedient humble servant,
Nathaniel Gold.

On comparing these two letters it is evident that, from the want of that complacency mentioned in the beginning of this paper, the very sensibility of temper, and strength of affection, which, under its influence, would have made this good couple happy, has had a quite coutrary effect. The source of the disquiet they complain of is nothing else than the want of that respect for the taste, feelings, and opinions of each other, which constitutes the disposition I have recommended above; and which, so far from being inconsistent with a reasonable desire of reforming each other in these particulars, is the most probable means of accomplishing it.

Nor is the case of Mr. and Mrs. Gold singular in this respect. By much the greatest part of domestic quarrels originate from the want of this pliancy of disposition, which people seem, very absurdly, to suppose may be dispensed with in trifles. I have known a man who would have parted with half his estate to serve a friend, to whom he would not have yielded a hair's breadth in an argument. But the lesser virtues must be attended to as well as the greater; the manners as well as the duties of life. They form a sort of pocket coin, which, though it does not enter into great and important transactions, is absolutely necessary for common and ordinary intercourse.

K.

No. 34.] Saturday, May 22, 1779.

In compliance with a promise I made my readers at the close of last Saturday's paper (at least it was that sort of promise which a man keeps when the thing suits his inclination,) I proceed to give them an account of that dinner to which my friend Mr. Umphraville and I were invited by his cousin Mr. Bearskin.

On our way to the house, I perceived certain symptoms of dissatisfaction, which my friend could not help bringing forth, though he durst not impute them to the right cause, as I have heard of men beating their wives at home to revenge themselves for the crosses they have met with abroad. He complained of the moistness of the weather, and the dirtiness of the street; was quite fatigued with the length of the way (Mr. Bearskin's house being fashionably eccentric,) and almost cursed the tailor for the tightness of a suit of clothes, which he had bespoke on his arrival in town, and had now put on for the first time. His chagrin, I believe, was increased by his having just learned from his lawyer, that the business he came to town about could not be finished at the time he expected, but would probably last a week longer.

When we entered Mr. Bearskin's drawing-room, we found his wife sitting with his three daughters ready to receive us. It was easy to see, by the air of the lady, that she was perfectly mistress of the house, and that her husband was only a secondary person there; he seemed, however, contented with his situation, and an admirer of his wife; a sort of lap-dog husband (of whom I have seen many,) who looks sleek, runs about briskly, and, though he now and then gets a kick from his mistress, is as ready to play over his tricks again as ever.

Mr. Bearskin, after many expressions of his happiness in seeing his cousin in his new house, proposed walking us down stairs again, to begin showing it from the ground-story upwards. Umphraville, though I saw him sweating at the idea, was ready to follow his conductor, when we were saved by the interposition of the lady, who uttered a "Psha! Mr. Bearskin," with so significant a look, that her husband instantly dropped his design, saying, "to be sure there was not much worth seeing, though he could have wished to have shown his cousin his study, which he thought was tolerably clever."—"I thought, papa," said the eldest of the misses, "it was not quite in order yet."—"Why, not altogether," replied her father: "I have not been able to get up my heads, as Pope has lost an ear, and Homer the left side of his beard, by the carelessness of a packer; and I want about three feet and a half of folios of my lowest shelf."—"I don't care if there was not a folio in the world," rejoined miss. "Child!" said her mother in a tone of rebuke—Miss bridled up and was silent;—I smiled;—Umphraville walked to the window, and wiped his forehead.

Bearskin now pulled out his watch, and, telling the hour, said he wondered his friend Mr. Blubber was not come, as he was generally punctual to a minute. While he spoke, a loud rap at the door announced the expected company; and presently Mr. Blubber, his wife, a son, and two daughters, entered the room. The first had on an old-fashioned *pompadour* coat with gold buttons, and very voluminous sleeves, his head adorned by a large *major* wig, with curls as white and as stiff as if they had been cast in plaster of Paris, but the females, and heir of the family, were dressed in the very height of the mode. Bearskin introduced the old gentleman to his cousin, Mr. Umphraville:—"Mr. Blubber, Sir, a very particular friend of mine, and" (turning to me with a whisper) "worth fourscore thousand pounds, if he's worth a farthing." Blubber said he feared they had kept us waiting; but that his wife and daughters had got under the hands of the hair-dresser, and he verily thought would never have done with him. The ladies were too busy to reply to this accusation; they had got into a committee of inquiry on Mr. Edward Blubber's waistcoat, which had been tamboured, it seems, by his sisters, and was universally declared to be *monstrous handsome*. The young man himself seemed to be highly delighted with the reflection of it in a mirror that stood opposite to him. "Isn't it vastly pretty, Sir?" said one of the young ladies to Umphraville. "Ma'am!" said he, starting from a reverie, in which I saw, by his countenance, he was meditating on the young gentleman and his waistcoat in no very favourable manner.——I read her countenance too; she thought Umphraville just the fool he did her brother.

Dinner was now announced, and the company, after some ceremonial, got into their places at table, in the centre of which stood a sumptuous *épargne*, filled, as Bearskin informed us, with the produce of his *farm*. This joke, which, I suppose, was as regular as the grace before dinner, was explained to the ignorant to mean, that the sweetmeats came from a plantation in one of the West-India islands, in which he had a concern. The *épargne* itself now produced another dissertation from the ladies, and, like the waistcoat, was also pronounced *monstrous handsome*. Blubber, taking his eye half off a plate of salmon, to which he had just been helped, observed, that it would come to a handsome price too;—"Sixty ounces, I'll warrant it," said he; "but as the plate tax is now repealed, it will cost but the interest a-keeping."—"La, papa," said Miss Blubber, "you are always thinking of the money things cost!"—"Yes," added her brother, "Tables of interest are an excellent accompaniment for a dessert."—At this speech all the ladies laughed very loud. Blubber said he was an impudent dog; but seemed to relish his son's wit notwithstanding. Umphraville looked sternly at him; and, had not a glance at his waistcoat set him down as something beneath a man's anger, I do not know what consequences might have followed. During the rest of the entertainment, I could see the fumette of fool and coxcomb on every morsel that Umphraville swallowed, though Mrs. Bearskin, next to whom he sat, was at great pains to help him to the nice bits of every thing within her reach.

When dinner was over, Mr. Blubber mentioned his design of making a tour through the Highlands, to visit Stirling, Taymouth, and Dunkeld; and applying to our landlord for some description of these places, was by him referred to Mr. Umphraville and me. Mr. Umphraville was not in a communicative mood; so I was obliged to assure Mr. Blubber, who talked with much uncertainty and apprehension of these matters, that he would find beds and bed-clothes, meat for himself, and corn for his horses, at the several places above mentioned; that he had no dangerous seas to cross in getting at them, and that there were no highwaymen upon the road.

After this there was a considerable interval of silence, and we were in danger of getting once more upon Mr. Edward's fine waistcoat, when Mr. Bearskin, informing the company that his cousin was a great lover of music, called on his daughter, Miss Polly, for a song, with which, after some of the usual apologies, she complied; and in compliment to Mr. Umphraville's taste, who she was sure must like Italian music, she sung, or rather squalled, a song of Sacchini's, in which there was scarcely one bar in tune from beginning to end. Miss Blubber said, in her usual phraseology, that it was a *monstrous sweet* air.—Her brother swore it was divinely sung. ——Umphraville gulped down a falsehood with a very bad grace, and said, miss would be a good singer with a little more practice: a compliment which was not more distant from truth on one side than from miss's expectations on the other, and I could plainly perceive did not set him forward in the favour of the family.

"My father is a judge of singing too," said Mr. Edward Blubber; "what is your opinion of the song, Sir?"—"My opinion is," said he, "that your Italianos always set me asleep; English ears should have English songs, I think." —"Then, suppose one of the ladies should give us an English song," said I. "'Tis a good motion," said Mr. Bearskin, "I second it; Miss Betsy Blubber sings an excellent English song." —Miss Betsy denied stoutly that she ever sung at all; but evidence being produced against her, she at last said she would try if she could make out "The Maid's Choice." "Ay, ay, Betsy," said her father, "a very good song; I have heard it before."

——"If I could but find,
I care not for fortune—Umh!—a man to my mind."

Miss Betsy began the song accordingly, and to make up for her want of voice, accompanied it with a great deal of action. Either from the accident of his being placed opposite to her, or from a sly application to his state as an old bachelor, she chose to personify the maid's choice in the figure of Umphraville, and pointed the description of the song particularly at him. Umphraville, with all his dignity, his abilities, and his knowledge, felt himself uneasy and ridiculous under the silly allusion of a ballad; he blushed, attempted to laugh, blushed again, and still looked with that awkward importance which only the more attracted the ridicule of the fools around him. Not long after the ladies retired; and no persuasion of his cousin could induce him to stay the evening, or even to enter the drawing-room where they were assembled at tea.

"Thank Heaven!" said Umphraville, when the door was shut, and we had got fairly into the street; "Amen!" I replied, smiling, "for our good dinner and excellent wine!"—"How the devil, Charles," said he, "do you contrive to bear all this nonsense with the composure you do?"—"Why, I have often told you, my friend, that our earth is not a planet fitted up only for the reception of wise men.—Your Blubbers and Bearskins are necessary parts of the system; they deserve the enjoyments they are capable of feeling;—and I am not sure if he who suffers from his own superiority does not deserve his sufferings."

No. 35.] Tuesday, May 25, 1779.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

Till I arrived at the age of twenty, my time was divided between my books, and the society of a few friends, whom a similarity of pursuits and dispositions recommended to me. About that period, finding that the habits of reserve and retirement had acquired a power over me which my situation, as heir to a considerable fortune, would render inconvenient, I was prevailed upon, partly by a sense of this, partly by the importunity of my relations, to make an effort for acquiring a more general acquaintance, and fashionable deportment. As I was conscious of an inclination to oblige, and a quick sense of propriety, two qualities which I esteemed the ground of good-breeding; as my wit was tolerably ready, and my figure not disadvantageous, I own to you that I entertained some hopes of success.

I was, however, unsuccessful. The novelty of the scenes in which I found myself engaged, the multiplicity of observances and attention requisite upon points which I had always regarded as below my notice, embarrassed and confounded me. The feelings to which I had trusted for my direction served only to make me awkward and fearful of offending. My obsequious services in the drawing-room passed unrewarded; and my observations, when I ventured to mingle, either in the chat of the women, or the politics of the men, being delivered with timidity and hesitation, were overlooked or neglected. Some of the more elderly and discreet among the former seemed to pity me; and I could not help remarking that they often, as if they had meant the hint for me, talked of the advantage to be derived from the perusal of Lord Chesterfield's Letters. To this author, then, as soon as I learned his subject, I had recourse, as to a guide that would point out my way, and support me in my journey. But how much was I astonished, when, through a veil of wit, ridicule, elegant expression, and lively illustration, I discerned a studied system of frivolity, meanness, flattery, and dissimulation, inculcated as the surest and most eligible road to eminence and popularity?

Young as I am, Mr. Mirror, and heedless as I may consequently be supposed, I cannot think that this work is a code proper for being held up to us as the regulator of our conduct. The talents insisted on with peculiar emphasis, the accomplishments most earnestly recommended, are such as, in our days, if they ought to be treated of at all, should be mentioned only to put us on our guard against them. If riches naturally tend to render trifles of importance; if they direct our attention too much toward exterior accomplishments; if they propagate the courtly and complying spirit too extensively at any rate, we certainly, in this country, so wealthy and luxurious, have no need of exhortations to cultivate or acquire those qualifications. The habits that may arrest for a little time the progress of this corruption ought now to be insisted on. Independence, fortitude, stubborn integrity, and pride that disdains the shadow of servility; these are the virtues which a tutor should inculcate, these the blessings which a fond father should supplicate from Heaven for his offspring.

It is, throughout, the error of his lordship's system, to consider talents and accomplishments according to the use that may be made of them, rather than their intrinsic worth. In this catechism, applause is rectitude, and success is morality. That, in our days, a person may rise to eminence by trivial accomplishments, and become popular by flattery and dissimulation, may, perhaps, be true. But from this it surely does not follow, that these are the means which an honourable character should employ. There is a dignity in the mind which cultivates those arts alone that are valuable, which courts those characters alone that are worthy, which disdains to conceal its own sentiments, or minister to the foibles of others; there is, I say, a conscious dignity and satisfaction in these feelings, which neither applause, nor power, nor popularity, without them, can ever bestow.

Many of his lordship's distinctions are too nice for my faculties. I cannot, for my part, discern the difference between feigned confidence and insincerity; between the conduct that conveys the approbation of a sentiment, or the flattery of a foible, and the words that declare it. I should think the man whose countenance was open, and his thoughts concealed, a hypocrite; I should term him who could treat his friends as if they were at the same time to be his enemies, a monster of ingratitude and duplicity. It is dangerous to trifle thus upon the borders of virtue. By teaching us that it may insensibly be blended with vice, that their respective limits are not in every case evident and certain, our veneration for it is diminished. Its chief safeguard is a jealous sensibility, that startles at the colour or shadow of deceit. When this barrier has been insulted, can any other be opposed at which conscience will arise and proclaim, *Thus far, and no farther, shalt thou advance?*

The love of general applause, recommended by his lordship, as the great principle of conduct, is a folly and a weakness. He that directs himself by this compass cannot hope to steer through life with steadiness and consistency. He must surrender his own character, and assume the hue of every company he enters. To court the approbation of any one, is, in a tacit manner, to do homage to his judgment or his feelings. He that extends his courtship of it beyond the praise-worthy violates the exclusive privilege of virtue, and must seek it by unworthy arts.

On the other hand, though I am by no means a friend to rash and unguarded censure, yet I cannot help considering the conduct of him who will censure nothing, who will speak his sentiments of no character with freedom, who palliates every error, and apologizes for every failing, as more nearly allied to meanness, timidity, and a time-serving temper, than it is connected with candour, or favourable to the cause of virtue.

Nor can I persuade myself that his lordship's system will be attended with general success. The real character is the only one that can be maintained at all times, and in all dispositions. Professions of friendship and regard will lead to expectations of service that cannot be answered. The sentiments delivered in one company, the manners assumed upon one occasion, will be remembered, and contrasted with those that are presented on another. Suspicion, once awakened, will penetrate the darkest cloud which art can throw around a person in the common intercourse of life.

Let us consider, too, were this system generally adopted, what a dull insipid scene must society become! No distinction, no natural expression of character; no confidence of professions of any kind; no assurance of sincerity; no secret sympathy, nor delightful correspondence of feeling. All the sallies of wit, all the graces of polite manners, would but ill supply the want of these pleasures, the purest and most elegant which human life affords.

EUGENIUS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

As you treat much of politeness, I wish you would take notice of a particular sort of incivility from which one suffers, without being thought entitled to complain. I mean that of never contradicting one at all.

I have lately come from my father's in the country, where I was reckoned a girl of tolerable parts, to reside for some time at my aunt's in town. Here is a visitor, Mr. Dapperwit, a good-looking young man, with white teeth, a fine complexion, his cheeks dimpled, and rather a little full and large at bottom; in short, the civilest, most complying sort of face you can imagine. As I have often taken notice of his behaviour, I was resolved to minute down his discourse the other evening at tea. The conversation began about the weather, my aunt observing, that the seasons were wonderfully altered in her memory. "Certainly, my lady," said Mr. Dapperwit, "amazingly altered indeed." "Now I have heard my father say (said I), that is a vulgar error; for that it appears from registers kept for the purpose, that the state of the weather, though it may be different in certain seasons, months, or weeks, preserves a wonderful equilibrium in general." "Why to be sure, miss, I believe in general, as you say; but, talking of the weather, I hope your ladyship caught no cold at the play t'other night; we were so awkwardly situated in getting out."—"Not in the least, Sir; I was greatly obliged to your services there."—"You were well entertained, I hope, my lady?"—"Very well, indeed; I laughed exceedingly; there is a great deal of wit in Shakspeare's comedies; 'tis pity there is so much of low life in them."—"Your ladyship's criticism is extremely just; every body must be struck with it."—"Why now I think," said I again, "that what you call low life is nature, which I would not lose for all the rest of the play."—"Oh! doubtless, miss; for nature Shakspeare is inimitable, every body must allow that."—"What do you think, Sir," said my cousin Betsy (who is a piece of a poetess herself), "of that monody you were so kind as to send us yesterday?"—"I never deliver my opinion, Ma'am, before so able a judge, till I am first informed of hers."—"I think it the most beautiful poem, Sir, I have read of a great while."—"Your opinion, Ma'am, flatters me extremely, as it agrees exactly with my own; they are, I think, incontestably the sweetest lines"—"Sweet they may be" (here I broke in): "I allow them merit in the versification; but that is only one, and with me by no means the chief requisite in a poem; they want force altogether."—"Nay, as to the matter of force, indeed, it must be owned"—"Yes, Sir, and unity, and propriety, and a thousand other things; but, if my cousin will be kind enough to fetch the poem from her dressing-room, we will be judged by you, Mr. Dapperwit."—"Pardon me, ladies, you would not have me be so rude.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

And, with that, he made one of the finest bows in the world.

If all this, Sir, proceed from silliness, we must pity the man, and there's an end on't; if it arise from an idea of silliness in us, let such gentlemen as Mr. Dapperwit know, that they are very much mistaken. But if it be the effect of pure civility,—pray inform them, Mr. Mirror, that it is the most provoking piece of rudeness they can possibly commit.

Yours, &c.

Bridget Nettlewit.

V.

No. 36.] Saturday, May 29, 1779.

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest.

Gray.

Nothing has a greater tendency to elevate and affect the heart than the reflection upon those personages who have performed a distinguished part on the theatre of life, whose actions were attended with important consequences to the world around them, or whose writings have animated or instructed mankind. The thought that they are now no more, that their ashes are mingled with those of the meanest and most worthless, affords a subject of contemplation, which, however melancholy, the mind, in a moment of pensiveness, may feel a secret sort of delight to indulge. "Tell her," says Hamlet, "that she may paint an inch thick; yet to this she must come at last."

When Xerxes, at the head of his numerous army, saw all his troops ranged in order before him, he burst into tears at the thought, that, in a short time, they would be swept from the face of the earth, and be removed to give place to those who would fill other armies, and rank under other generals.

Somewhat of what Xerxes felt from the consideration that those who then were should cease to be, it is equally natural to feel from the reflection, that all who have formerly lived have ceased to live, and that nothing more remains than the memory of a very few who have left some memorial which keeps alive their names, and the fame with which those names are accompanied.

But serious as this reflection may be, it is not so deep as the thought, that even of those persons who were possessed of talents for distinguishing themselves in the world, for having their memories handed down from age to age, much the greater part, it is likely, from hard necessity, or by some of the various fatal accidents of life, have been excluded from the possibility of exerting themselves, or of being useful either to those who lived in the same age, or to posterity. Poverty in many, and "disastrous chance" in others, have "chill'd the genial current of the soul," and numbers have been cut off by premature death in the midst of project and ambition. How many have there been in the ages that are past, how many may exist at this moment, who with all the talents fitted to shine in the world, to guide or to instruct it, may, by some secret misfortune, have had their minds depressed, or the fire of their genius extinguished!

I have been led into these reflections from the perusal of a small volume of poems which happens now to lie before me, which, though possessed of very considerable merit, and composed in this country, are, I believe, very little known. In a well-written preface, the reader is told, that most of them are the production of Michael Bruce: that this Michael Bruce was born in a remote village in Kinross-shire, and descended from parents remarkable for nothing but the innocence and simplicity of their lives: that in the twenty-first year of his age he was seized with a consumption, which put an end to his life.

Nothing, methinks, has more the power of awakening benevolence than the consideration of genius thus depressed by situation, suffered to pine in obscurity, and sometimes, as in the case of this unfortunate young man, to perish, it may be, for want of those comforts and conveniences which might have fostered a delicacy of frame or of mind, ill calculated to bear the hardships which poverty lays on both. For my own part, I never pass the place (a little hamlet skirted with a circle of old ash trees, about three miles on this side of Kinross) where Michael Bruce resided; I never look on his dwelling,—a small thatched house, distinguished from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a sashed window at the end, instead of a lattice, fringed with a honeysuckle plant, which the poor youth had trained around it;—I never find myself in that spot, but I stop my horse involuntarily; and looking on the window, which the honey-suckle has now almost covered, in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion; I wish, and my heart swells while I do so, that he were alive, and that I were a great man to have the luxury of visiting him there, and bidding him be happy. I cannot carry my readers thither; but, that they may share some of my feelings, I will present them with an extract from the last poem in the little volume before me, which from its subject, and the manner in which it is written, cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it.

A young man of genius, in a deep consumption, at the age of twenty-one, feeling himself every moment going faster to decline, is an object sufficiently interesting; but how much must every feeling on the occasion be heightened, when we know that this person possessed so much dignity and composure of mind as not only to contemplate his approaching fate, but even to write a poem on the subject!

In the French language there is a much-admired poem of the Abbe de Chaulieu, written in expectation of his own death, to the Marquis la Farre, lamenting his approaching separation from his friend. Michael Bruce, who, it is probable, never heard of the Abbe de Chaulieu, has also written a poem on his own approaching death; with the latter part of which I shall conclude this paper.

Now spring returns; but not to me returns
 The vernal joy my better years have known:
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
 And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' unconstant wind,
 Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
 And count the silent moments as they pass.

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
 No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
 And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
 And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
 And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of wo;
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
 Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
 Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
 When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
 And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,
 When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
 Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

P.

No. 37.] Tuesday, June 1, 1779.

——— *Credula vitam*
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore semper ait.
Tibul.

The following essay I received some time ago from a correspondent, to whom, if I may judge from the hand-writing, I was once before indebted for an ingenious communication.

The experience which every day affords of the mortifying difference between those ideal pleasures which we conceive to flow from the possession of certain objects of our wishes, and the feelings consequent upon their actual attainment, has furnished to most moralists a text for declaiming on the vanity of human pursuits, the folly of covetousness, the madness of ambition, and the only true wisdom of being humbly satisfied with the lot and station which providence has assigned us.

It will not appear extraordinary, that those moralists have hitherto laboured in vain, when it is considered that their doctrine, taken in the latitude in which they usually preach it, would cut off the greatest source of our happiness, overthrow every social establishment, and is nothing less than an attempt to alter the nature of man. It may be a truth, that the balance of happiness and misery is much the same in most conditions of life, and consequently that no change of circumstances will either greatly enlarge the one, or diminish the other. But, while we know that, to attain an object of our wishes, or to change our condition, is not to increase our happiness, we feel, at the same time, that the pursuit of this object, and the expectation of this change, can increase it in a very sensible degree. It is by hope that we truly exist; our only enjoyment is the expectation of something which we do not possess: the recollection of the past serves us but to direct and regulate those expectations; the present is employed in contemplating them: it is therefore only the future which we may be properly said to enjoy.

A philosopher who reasons in this manner has a much more powerful incentive to cheerfulness and contentment of mind, than what is furnished by that doctrine which inculcates a perpetual warfare with ourselves, and a restraint upon the strongest feelings of our nature. For while he feels that the possession of the object of his most earnest desires has given him far less pleasure than was promised by a distant view of it, he is consoled by reflecting that the expectation of this object has, perhaps, brightened many years of his life, enabled him to toil for its attainment with vigour and alacrity, to discharge, with honour, his part in society; in short, has given him in reality as substantial happiness as human nature is capable of enjoying.

Though several years younger than Euphanor, I have been long acquainted with him. He is now in his fifty-second year; an age when, with most men, the romantic spirit and enthusiasm of youth have long given place to the cool and steady maxims of business and the world. It is, however, a peculiarity of my friend's disposition, that the same sanguine temperament of mind which, from infancy, has attended him through life, still continues to actuate him as strongly as ever. As he discovered, very early, a fondness for classical learning, his father, at his own desire, advanced his patrimony for his education at the university. At the age of twenty he was left without a shilling, to make the best of his talents in any way he thought proper. Certain concurring circumstances, rather than choice, placed him as an under-clerk in a counting-house. His favourite studies were here totally useless; but while he gave to business the most scrupulous attention, they still, at the intervals of relaxation, furnished his chief amusement. It would be equally tedious and foreign to my purpose to mark minutely the steps by which Euphanor, in the course of thirty years' application to business, rose to be master of the moderate fortune of twenty thousand pounds. My friend always considered money not in the common light, as merely the end of labour, but as the means of purchasing certain enjoyments which his fancy had pictured as constituting the supreme happiness of life.

In the beginning of last spring I received from Euphanor the following letter:

My dear sir,

You, who are familiar with my disposition, will not be surprised at a piece of information, which, I doubt not, will occasion some wonder in the general circle of my acquaintance. I have now fairly begun to execute that resolution, of which you have long heard me talk, of entirely withdrawing myself from business. You know with what ardour I have longed for that period, when Fortune should bless me with a competence just sufficient to prosecute my favourite scheme of retiring to the country. It was that darling prospect which made the toils of business (for which, God knows, I never was intended by nature) light, and even pleasant to me. I have acquired, by honest industry, a fortune equal to my wishes. These were always moderate; for my aim was not wealth, but happiness. Of that, indeed, I have been truly covetous; for I must confess, that, for these thirty years past, I have never laid my head to my pillow without that ardent wish which my favourite Horace so beautifully expresses:

> " *O rus! quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit*
> *Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,*
> *Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!*"

Or the same sentiment in the words of the pensive, moral Cowley:

> " Oh fountains! when in you shall I
> Myself eased of unpeaceful thoughts espy?
> Oh fields! oh woods! when, when shall I be made
> The happy tenant of your shade?"

That blissful period, my dear friend, is at length arrived. I yesterday made a formal resignation of all concern in the house in favour of my nephew, a deserving young man, who, I doubt not, will have the entire benefit of those numerous connections with persons in trade, whose good opinion his uncle never, to his knowledge, forfeited.

I have made a purchase of a small estate in ——— shire, of about 200 acres. The situation is delightfully romantic:

> "*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata,*
> ——— *hic nemus* ———"

My house is small, but wonderfully commodious. It is embosomed in a tall grove of oak and elm, which opens only to the south. A green hill rises, behind the house, partly covered with furze, and seamed with a winding sheep-path. On one side is an irregular garden, or rather border of shrubbery, adorning the sloping bank of a rivulet; but intermixed, without the smallest injury to its beauty, with all the variety of herbs for the kitchen. On the other side, a little more remote, but still in sight of the house, is an orchard filled with excellent fruit-trees. The brook which runs through my garden retires into a hollow dell, shaded with birch and hazel copse, and, after a winding course of half a mile, joins a large river. These are the outlines of my little paradise.—And now, my dear friend, what have I more to wish, but that you, and a very few others, whose souls are congenial to my own, should witness my happiness? In two days hence I bid adieu to the town, a long, a last adieu!

> "Farewell, thou busy world! and may
> We never meet again!"

The remainder of my life I dedicate to those pursuits in which the best and wisest of men did not blush to employ themselves; the delightful occupations of a country life, which Cicero well said, and after him Columella, are next in kindred to true philosophy. What charming schemes have I already formed; what luxurious plans of sweet and rational entertainment! But these, my friend, you must approve and participate. I shall look for you about the beginning of May; when, if you can spare me a couple of months, I can venture to promise that time will not linger with us. I am, with much regard, yours, &c.

As I am, myself, very fond of the country, it was with considerable regret that I found it not in my power to accept of my friend's invitation, an unexpected piece of business having detained me in town during the greatest part of the summer. I heard nothing of Euphanor till about nine months after, when he again wrote me as follows:

My dear Sir,

It was a sensible mortification to me not to have the pleasure of seeing you last summer in ————shire, when I should have been much the better for your advice in a disagreeable affair, which, I am afraid, will occasion my paying a visit to town much sooner than I expected. I have always had a horror at going to law, but now I find myself unavoidably compelled to it. Sir Ralph Surly, whose estate adjoins to my little property, has, for the purpose of supplying a new barley-mill, turned aside the course of a small stream which ran through my garden and enclosures, and which formed, indeed, their greatest ornament. In place of a beautiful winding rivulet, with a variety of fine natural falls, there is now nothing but a dry ditch, or rather crooked gulf, which is hideous to look at. The malice of this procedure is sufficiently conspicuous, when I tell you that there is another, and a larger stream, in the same grounds, which I have offered to be at the sole expense of conducting to his mill. I think the law must do me justice. At any rate, it is impossible tamely to bear such an injury. I shall probably see you in a few days. To say the truth, my dear friend, even before this last mortification, I had begun to find, that the expectations I had formed of the pleasures of a country-life were by far too sanguine. I must confess, that notwithstanding the high relish I have for the beauties of nature, I have often felt, amidst the most romantic scenes, that languor of spirit which nothing but society can dissipate. Even when occupied with my favourite studies, I have sometimes thought with the bard of Mantua, that the ease and retirement which I courted were rather ignoble. I have suffered an additional disappointment in the ideas I had formed of the characters of the country-people. It is but a treacherous picture, my friend, which the poets give us of their innocence and honest simplicity. I have met with some instances of insincerity, chicane, and even downright knavery, in my short acquaintance with them, that have quite shocked and mortified me.

Whether I shall ever again enter into the busy world (a small concern in the house, without allowing my name to appear, would perhaps be some amusement) I have not yet determined. Of this, and other matters, we shall talk fully at meeting. Meantime believe me, dear Sir, yours,

Euphanor.

Euphanor has been, for this month past, in town. I expected to have found him peevish, chagrined, and out of humour with the world. But in this I was disappointed. I have never seen my friend in better health, or higher spirits. I have been with him at several convivial meetings with our old acquaintances, who felt equal.

tion with himself at what they term his y. He has actually resumed a small a trade, and purposes, for the future, to one half of the year to business. His have given him assurance of gaining his it: he expects, in a few months, to return mph to ———shire, and has invited friends to be present at a *fête champêtre* ads to celebrate, on the restoration of his rivulet to its wonted channel.

life of Euphanor must be a series of disappointments; but, on the whole, I must con- m as a *happy man*.

] SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1779.

llowing letter I received only yesterday; [am particularly interested in every pro- ingenious men, I postponed another es- ich was ready for publication, and put ater to considerable inconvenience to get r for this day's paper. I was the more is, likewise, to give it a place as soon af- 35th number as possible, in order to ny impartiality. This paper (as the Gazetteer says) "is open to all parties;" iis proviso, however, which is exactly erse of the terms of admission into the er, that my correspondents do not write

THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

I,

late paper, you showed the necessity of odating ourselves to the temper of persons hom we are particularly connected, by es submitting our own taste, inclination, inions, to the taste, inclination, and s of those persons. I apprehend, Sir, ght have carried your idea a good deal and have prescribed to us the same re- r happiness in our intercourse not only r wives and children, but with our com- , our acquaintance, in short, with all d.

as the disposition to this is not always th one, and as to form a temper is not as to regulate a behaviour, it is the busi- masters in the art of politeness to teach at least the better sort of them, to feit as much of this complacency in their ent as possible. In this, indeed, they t quite the different end of the matter u, Sir; complacency to husbands, wives, , and relations, they leave people to emselves; but the art of pleasing every e, as it is a thing of much greater importance, they take proportionably greater pains to instil into their disciples.

I have, for some time past, been employed in reducing this art into a system, and have some thoughts of opening a subscription for a course of lectures on the subject. To qualify myself for the task, I have studied, with unwearied attention, the letters of the immortal Earl of Chesterfield, which I intend to use as my text-book on this occasion, allowing only for the difference which even a few years produce in an art so fluctuating as this. Before I lodge my subscription paper with the booksellers, I wish to give a specimen of my abilities to the readers of the MIRROR; for which purpose I beg the favour of you to insert in your next number the following substance of a lecture on simulation. Our noble author, indeed, extends his doctrine the length of dissimulation only, from which he distinguishes simulation as something not quite so fair and honest. But, for my part, I have not sufficient nicety of ideas to make the distinction, and would humbly recommend to every person who wishes to be thoroughly well-bred not to confuse his head with it. Taking, therefore, the shorter word as the more gentlemanlike, I proceed to my subject of

"SIMULATION.

"SIMULATION is the great basis of the art which I have the honour to teach. I shall humbly endeavour to treat this branch of my subject, though much less ably, yet more scientifically, than my great master, by reducing it into a form like that adopted by the professors of the other sciences, and even borrowing from them some of the terms by which I mean to illustrate it.

"This rule of false (to adopt an algebraical term) I shall divide into two parts; that which regards the external figure of the man or woman; and that which is necessary in the accomplishment of the mind, and its seeming development to others.

"Fashion may be termed the regulator of the first, decorum of the latter. But I must take this opportunity of informing my audience, that the signification of words, when applied to persons of condition, is often quite different from that which they are understood to bear in the ordinary standard of language. With such persons (if I may be allowed so bold an expression) it may often be the fashion to be unfashionable, and decorum to act against all propriety; good-breeding may consist in rudeness, and politeness in being very impertinent. This will hold in the passive, as well as in the active of our heart: people of fashion will be pleased with such treatment from people of fashion, the natural feelings in this, as in the other, fine arts, giving way, amongst connoisseurs, to knowledge and taste.

"Having made this preliminary observation, I return to my subject of simulation.

"It will be found, that appearing what one is not, is, in both divisions of my subject, the criterion of politeness. The man who is rich enough to afford fine clothes is, by this rule of false, entitled to wear very shabby ones; while he who has a narrow fortune is to be dressed in the *inverse ratio* to his finances. One corollary from this proposition is obvious: he who takes off his suit on credit, and has neither inclination nor ability to pay for it, is to be dressed the most expensively of the three. The same rule holds in houses, dinners, servants, horses, equipages, &c., and is to be followed, as far as the law will allow, even the length of bankruptcy, or, perhaps, a little beyond it.

"On the same principle, a simple gentleman, or esquire, must, at all places of public resort, be apparelled like a gentleman or esquire. A baronet may take the liberty of a dirty shirt; a lord not show any shirt at all, but wear a handkerchief round his neck in its stead; an earl may add to all this a bunch of uncombed hair hanging down his back; and a duke, over and above the privileges above-mentioned, is entitled to appear in boots and buckskin breeches.

"Following the same rule of inversion, the scholar of a provincial dancing-master must bow at coming into and going out of a drawing-room, and that pretty low too. The pupil of Gallini is to push forward with the rough stride of a porter, and make only a slight inclination of his head when he has got into the middle of the room. At going out of it, he is to take no notice of the company at all.

"In the externals of the female world, from the great complication of the machine, it is not easy to lay down precise regulations. Still, however, the rule of false may be traced as the governing principle. It is very feminine to wear a riding-habit and a smart cocked hat one half of the day, because that dress approaches nearer to the masculine apparel than any other. It is very modest to lay open the greatest part of the neck and bosom to the view of the beholders; and it is incumbent on those ladies who occupy the front row of a box at a play to wear high feathers, and to wave them more unceasingly than any other ladies, because otherwise the company who sit behind might be supposed to have some desire of seeing the stage. Since I have mentioned the theatre, I may remark (though it is foreign to this part of my discourse,) that, in the most affecting scenes of a tragedy, it is polite to laugh; whereas, in the ordinary detail of the two first acts, it is not required that a lady should make any greater noise than to talk aloud to every one around her.

"Simulation of person, which is only, indeed, a sort of dress, is only necessary among ladies of fashion. Nature is to be falsified as well in those parts of the shape which she has left small, as in those she has made large.

"The simulation of face, I am happy to find, from an examination of the books of some perfumers and colourmen of my acquaintance, is daily gaining ground among the politer females of this country. But it has hitherto been regulated by principles somewhat different from those which govern other parts of external appearance, laid down in the beginning of this paper, as it is generally practised by those who are most under the necessity of practising it. I would, therefore, humbly recommend to that beautiful young lady whom I saw at the last assembly of the season, with a coat of rouge on her cheeks, to lay it aside for those three or four years at least: at present, it too much resembles their natural colour to be proper for her to wear—though, on second thoughts, I believe I may retract my advice, as the laying it on for a little while longer will reduce her skin to that dingy appearance which the rule of false allows to be converted, by paint, into the complexion of lilies and roses."

The second part of my observations on this subject I shall send you at some future period, if I find you so far approve of my design as to favour this with a speedy insertion.

I am, &c.

V. SIMULATOR.

No. 39.] TUESDAY, JUNE 8, 1779.

As it is the business of the politician to bestow his chief attention on the encouragement and regulation of those members of the community who contribute most to the strength and permanency of the state; so it is the duty of the moral writer to employ his principal endeavours to regulate and correct those affections of the mind, which, when carried to excess, often obscure the most deserving characters, though they are seldom or never to be found among the worthless.

It is in vain to think of reclaiming, by human means, those rooted vices which proceed from a depraved or unfeeling heart. Avarice is not to be overcome by a panegyric on generosity, nor cruelty and oppression by the most eloquent display of the beauties of compassion and humanity. The moralist speaks to them a language they do not understand; it is not therefore surprising that they should neither be convinced nor reclaimed. I would not be understood to mean, that the enormity of a vice should free it from censure: on the contrary, I hold all glaring deviations from rectitude the most proper objects for the severest lash of satire, and that they should frequently be held up to public view, that, if the guilty cannot be reclaimed, the wavering may be confirmed, and the innocent warned to avoid the danger.

But it is a no less useful, and a much more pleasing task, to endeavour to remove the veil that covers the lustre of virtue, and to point out, for the purpose of amending, those errors and imperfections which tarnish deserving characters, which render them useless, in some cases hurtful, to society.

An honest ambition for that fame which ought to follow superior talents employed in the exercise of virtue is one of the best and most useful passions that can take root in the mind of man; and in the language of the Roman poet, "*Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos;*"—"Heroes lifts to gods." But when this laudable ambition happens to be joined with great delicacy of taste and sentiment, it is often the source of much misery and uneasiness. In the earlier periods of society, before mankind are corrupted by the excesses of luxury and refinement, the candidates for fame enter the lists upon equal terms, and with a reasonable degree of confidence, that the judgment of their fellow-citizens will give the preference where it is due. In such a contest, even the vanquished have no inconsiderable share of glory; and that virtue which they cultivate forbids them to withhold their respect and applause from the superiority by which they are overcome. Of this the first ages of the Grecian and Roman republics are proper examples, when merit was the only road to fame, because fame was the only reward of merit.

Though it were unjust to accuse the present age of being totally regardless of merit, yet this will not be denied, that there are many other avenues which lead to distinction, many other qualities by which competitors carry away a prize, that, in less corrupted times, could have been attained only by a steady perseverance in the paths of virtue.

When a man of acknowledged honour and abilities, not unconscious of his worth, and possessed of those delicate feelings I have mentioned, sees himself set aside, and obliged to give way to the worthless and contemptible, whose vices are sometimes the means of their promotion, he is too apt to yield to disgust or despair; that sensibility which, with better fortune, and placed in a more favourable situation, would have afforded him the most elegant pleasures, made him the delight of his friends, and an honour to his country, is in danger of changing him into a morose and surly misanthrope, discontented with himself, the world, and all its enjoyments.

This weakness (and I think it a great one) of quarrelling with the world, would never have been carried the length I have lamented in some of my friends, had they allowed themselves to reflect on the folly of supposing that the opinions of the rest of mankind are to be governed by the standard which they have been pleased to erect, had they considered what a state of languor and insipidity would be produced, if every individual should have marked out to him the rank he was to hold, and the line in which he was to move, without any danger of being jostled in his progress.

The Author of Nature has diversified the mind of man with different and contending passions, which are brought into action as change of circumstances directs, or as he is pleased to order in the wisdom of his providence. Our limited faculties, far from comprehending the universal scale of being, or taking in at one glance what is best and fittest for the purposes of creation, cannot even determine the best mode of governing the little spot that surrounds us.

I believe most men have, at times, wished to be creators, possessed of the power of moulding the world to their fancy; but they would act more wisely to mould their own prepossessions and prejudices to the standard of the world, which may be done, in every age and situation, without transgressing the bounds of the most rigid virtue. A distaste at mankind never fails to produce peevishness and discontent, the most unrelenting tyrants that ever swayed the human breast; that cloud which they cast upon the soul shuts out every ray that should warm to manly exertion, and hides in the bosom of indolence and spleen, virtues formed to illumine the world.

I must, therefore, earnestly recommend to my readers to guard against the first approaches of misanthropy, by opposing reason to sentiment, and reflecting on the injury they do themselves and society, by tamely retreating from injustice. The passive virtues only are fit to be buried in a cloister; the firm and active mind disdains to recede, and rises upon opposition.

The cultivation of cheerfulness and good-humour will be found another sovereign antidote to this mental disorder. They are the harbingers of virtue, and produce that serenity which disposes the mind to friendship, love, gratitude, and every other social affection; they make us contented with ourselves, our friends and our situation, and expand the heart to all the interests of humanity.

T.

No. 40.] SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1779.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

ACCORDING to my promise, I send you the se cond division of my lecture on Simulation, as it respects the internal part of the science of politeness.

"Among barbarous nations, it has been observed, the emotions of the mind are not more violently felt than strongly expressed. Grief, anger, and jealousy, not only tear the heart, but disfigure the countenance; while love, joy, and mirth, have their opposite effects on the soul, and are visible, by opposite appearances, in the aspect. Now, as a very refined people are in a state exactly the reverse of a very rude one, it follows that, instead of allowing the passions thus to lord it over their minds and faces, it behoves them to mitigate and restrain those violent emotions, both in feeling and appearance; the latter, at least, is within the power of art and education, and to regulate it is the duty of a well-bred person. On this truly philosophical principle is founded that ease, indifference, or *non-chalance*, which is the great mark of a modern man of fashion.

"That instance of politeness which I mentioned (somewhat out of place, indeed) in the first part of this discourse, the conduct of a fine lady at a tragedy, is to be carried into situations of real sorrow as much as possible. Indeed, though it may seem a bold assertion, I believe the art of putting on indifference about the real object, is not a whit more difficult than that of assuming it about the theatrical. I have known several ladies and gentlemen who had acquired the first in perfection, without being able to execute the latter, at least to execute it in that masterly manner which marks the performances of an adept.—One night, last winter, I heard Bob Bustle talking from a front-box, to an acquaintance in the pit, about the death of their late friend Jack Riot.—'Riot is dead, Tom; kick'd this morning, egad!'—'Riot dead! poor Jack! what did he die of?'—'One of your damnation apoplectics killed him in the chucking of a bumper; you could scarce have heard him wheazle!'—'Damn'd bad that! Jack was an honest fellow!—What becomes of his gray pony?'—'The pony is mine.'—'Yours!'—'Why, yes; I staked my white and liver-coloured bitch Phillis against the gray pony, Jack's life to mine for the season.'—At that instant, a lady entering the box (it was about the middle of the fourth act) obliged Bob to shift his place; he sat out of ear-shot of his friend in the pit, biting his nails, and looking towards the stage, in a sort of nothing-to-doish way, just as the last parting scene between Jaffier and Belvidera was going on there. I observed (I confess with regret, for he is one of my favourite pupils) the progress of its victory over Bob's politeness. He first grew attentive, then hummed a tune, then grew attentive again, *then took out his toothpick-case*, then looked at the players in spite of him, then grew serious, then agitated,——till, at last, he was fairly beat out of his ground, and obliged to take shelter behind Lady Cockatoo's head, to prevent the disgrace of being absolutely seen weeping.

"But to return from this digression.——The simulation of indifference in affliction is equally a female as a male accomplishment. On the death of a very, very near relation, a husband, for instance, custom has established a practice which polite people have not yet been able to overcome; a lady must stay at home, and play cards for a week or two. But the decease of any one more distant she is to talk of as a matter of very little moment, except when it happens on the eve of an assembly, a ball, or a ridotto; at such seasons she is allowed to regret it as a very unfortunate accident. This rule of deportment extends to distresses poignant indeed; as, in perfect good-breeding, the fall of a set of Dresden, the spilling of a plate of soup on a new brocade, or even a bad run of cards, is to be borne with as equal a countenance as may be.

"*Anger*, the second passion above enumerated, is to be covered with the same cloak of ease and good manners; injury, if of a deep kind, with professions of esteem and friendship. Thus, though it would be improper to squeeze a gentleman's hand, and call him my dear Sir, or my best friend, when we mean to hit him a slap on the face, or to throw a bottle at his head; yet it is perfectly consistent with politeness to show him all those marks of civility and kindness when we intend to strip him of his fortune at play, to counterplot him at an election, or to seduce his wife. The last mentioned particular should naturally lead to the consideration of *jealousy*; but on this it is needless to insist, as, among well-bred people, the feeling itself is quite in disuse.

"*Love* is one of those passions which politeness lays us under a particular obligation to disguise, as the discovery of it to third persons is peculiarly offensive and disagreeable. Therefore, when a man happens to sit by a tolerably handsome girl, for whom he does not care a farthing, he is at liberty to kiss her hand, call her an angel, and tell her he dies for her: but if he has a real *tendre* for her, he is to stare in her face with a broad unfeeling look, tell her she looks monstrous ill this evening, and that her *coiffeuse* has pinned her cap shockingly awry. From not attending to the practice of this rule amongst people of fashion, the inferior world has been led to imagine that matrimony with them is a state of indifference or aversion; whereas, in truth, the appearances from which that judgment is formed are the strongest indications of connubial happiness and affection.

"On the subject of *joy*, or at least of mirth, that great master of our art, my Lord Chesterfield, has been precise in his directions. He does not allow of *laughter* at all; by which, however, he is to be understood as only precluding that exercise as a sign, common with the vulgar, of internal satisfaction; it is by no means to be reprobated as a disguise for chagrin, or an engine of wit; it is, indeed, the readiest of all repartees, and will often give a man of fashion the victory over an inferior, with every talent but that of assurance on his side.

"As the passions and affections, so are the virtues of a polite man to be carefully concealed or disguised. In this particular, our art goes far beyond the rules of philosophers, or the precepts of the Bible: they enjoined them not to boast of their virtues; we teach men to brag of their vices, which is certainly a much sublimer pitch of self-denial. Besides, the merit of disinterestedness lies altogether on our side, the disciples of those antiquated teachers expecting, as they confess, a reward somewhere; our conduct has only the part consciousness of acting like a man of fashion for its recompense, as we evidently profit nothing by it at present, and the idea of future retribution, were we ever to admit of it, is rather against us."

Such, Mr. Mirror, is the substance of one of my lectures, which, I think, promise so much edification to our country (yet only in an improving state with regard to the higher and more refined pure of politeness), that it must be impossible for your patriotism to refuse their encouragement. If you insert this in your next paper (if accompanied with some commendatory paragraphs of your own, so much the better), I shall take care to present you with a dozen of admission tickets, as soon as the number of my subscribers enables me to begin my course.

I have the honour to be, &c.

V. SIMULATOR.

No. 41.] TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1779.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui. VIRG.

Let me tell you our news.

PASSING the Exchange a few days ago I perceived a little before me a short plump-looking man, seeming to set his watch by St. Giles's clock, which had just then struck two. On observing him a little more closely, I recognised Mr. Blubber, with whom I had become acquainted at the house of my friend Umphraville's cousin, Mr. Bearskin. He also recollected me, and shaking me cordially by the hand, told me he was just returned safe from his journey to the Highlands, and had been regulating his watch by our town-clock, as he found the sun did not go exactly in the Highlands as it did in the Low-country. He added, that if I would come and eat a Welsh-rabbit, and drink a glass of punch with him and his family that evening, at their lodgings hard by, they would give me an account of their expedition. He said, they found my description of things a very just one; and was pleased to add, that his wife and daughters had taken a great liking to me ever since the day we met at his friend Bearskin's. After this, it was impossible to resist his invitation, and I went to his lodgings in the evening accordingly, where I found all the family assembled, except Mr. Edward, whom they accounted for in the history of their expedition.

I could not help making one preliminary observation, that it was much too early in the season for viewing the country to advantage; but to this Mr. Blubber had a very satisfactory answer; they were resolved to complete their tour before the new tax upon post-horses should be put in execution.

The first place they visited after they left Edinburgh was Carron, which Mr. Blubber seemed to prefer to any place he had seen; but the ladies did not appear to have relished it much. The mother said, "She had like to have fell into a fit at the noise of the great bellows." Miss Blubber agreed, that it was *monstrous* frightful indeed. Miss Betsy had spoiled her petticoat in getting in, and said it was a nasty place, not fit for genteel people, in her opinion. Blubber put on his wisest face, and observed that women did not know the use of them things. There was much the same difference in their sentiments with regard to the Great Canal; Mr. Blubber took out a bit of paper, on which he had marked down the lockage duty received in a week there; he shook his head, however, and said he was sorry to find the shares were below par.

Of Stirling, the young ladies remarked, that the view from the castle was very fine, and the windings of the river very curious; but neither of them had ever been at Richmond. Mrs. Blubber, who had been oftener than once there, told us, "that from the *hill* was a much grander prospect; that the river Thames made two twists for one that the Forth made at Stirling; besides, there was a wood so charming thick, that, unless when you got to a rising ground, like what the Star and Garter stands on, you could scarce see a hundred yards before you."

Taymouth seemed to strike the whole family. The number and beauty of the *temples* were taken particular notice of; nor was the trimness of the walks and hedges without commendation. Miss Betsy Blubber declared herself charmed with the shady walk by the side of the Tay, and remarked, what an excellent fancy it was to shut out the view of the river, so that you might hear the stream without seeing it. Mr. Blubber, however, objected to the vicinity of the *hills*, and Mrs. Blubber to that of the *lake*, which she was sure must be extremely unwholesome. To this circumstance she imputed her rheumatism, which she told us "had been very troublesome to her the first night she layed there; but that she had always the precaution of carrying a bottle of *beaume de vie* in the chaise, and that a dose of it had effectually cured her."

The ladies were delighted with the hermitage. Mrs. Blubber confessed, "she was somewhat afeard at first to trust herself with the guide down a dark narrow path, to the Lord knows where; but then it was so charming when he let in the light upon them."—"Yes, and so natural," said her eldest daughter, "with the flowers growing out of the wall, and the bears'-skins so pure soft for the hermit to sleep on." —"And their *garter-blue* colour so lively and so pretty." said Miss Betsy; "I vow I could have staid there for ever——You wa'n't there, papa."——"No," replied he, rather sullenly, "but I saw one of them same things at Dunkeld, next day."—The young ladies declared they were quite different things, and that no judgment could be formed of the one from the other; upon which Mr. Blubber began to grow angry; and Mrs. Blubber interposing, put an end to the question; whispering me, at the same time, that her husband had fallen asleep, after a hearty dinner at the inn near Taymouth, and that she and her children had gone to see the hermitage without him. I was farther informed that Mr. Edward Blubber had left their party at this place, having gone along with two English gentlemen whom he met there, to see a great many curiosities farther off in the Highlands. "For my part," said Blubber, "though I was told it was a great way off, and over terrible mountains, as indeed we could perceive them to be from the windows, I did not care to hinder his going, as I like to see spirit in a young man."

The rest of the family returned by the way of Dunkeld, which the ladies likewise commended as a *monstrous* pleasant place. Mr. Blubber dissented a little, saying, "he could not see the pleasure of always looking at the same things; hills, and wood, and water, over and over again. The river here, he owned, was a pretty rural thing enough; but, for his part, he should think it much more lively if it had a few ships and lighters on it." Miss Blubber did not agree with him as to the ships and lighters; but she confessed she thought a little company would improve it a good deal. Miss Betsy differed from both, and declared, she relished nothing so much as solitude and retirement. This led to a description of a second hermitage they had visited at this place, from which, and some of the grottos adjoining, Miss Betsy had taken down some sweet copies of verses, as she called them, in her memorandum-book. The fall of water here had struck the family much. Mrs. Blubber observed how like it was to the cascade at Vauxhall; her eldest daughter remarked, however, that the fancy of looking at it through panes of different-coloured glass in the hermitage-room was an improvement on that at Spring-gardens.

The bridge at Perth was the last section of the family journal that we discoursed on. The ladies had inadvertently crossed it in the carriage to see the palace of Scone, at which they complained there was nothing to be seen; and Mr. Blubber complained of the extravagance of the toll on the bridge, which he declared was higher than at Blackfriars. He was assured, however, that he had paid no more than the legal charge, by his landlord, Mr. Marshall, at whose house he received some consolation from an excellent dinner, and a bed, he said, which the lord mayor of London might have laid on. "I hope there is no offence," continued Mr. Blubber, very politely, "as I understand the landlord is an Englishman; but at the King's Arms I met with the only real good buttered toast that I have seen in Scotland."

But however various were the remarks of the family on the particulars of their journey in detail, I found they had perfectly settled their respective opinions of travelling in general. The ladies had formed their conclusion, that it was *monstrous pleasant*, and the gentleman his, that it was *monstrous dear*.

I.

No 42.] Saturday, June 19, 1779.

When I first undertook this publication, it was suggested by some of my friends, and, indeed, accorded entirely with my own ideas, that there should be nothing of religion in it. There is a sacredness in the subject that might seem profaned by its introduction into a work which, to be extensively read, must sometimes be ludicrous, and often ironical. This consideration will apply, in the strongest manner, to any thing mystic or controversial; but it may, perhaps, admit of an exception, when religion is only introduced as a feeling, not a system, as appealing to the sentiments of the heart, not to the disquisitions of the head. The following story holds it up in that light, and is therefore, I think, admissible into the Mirror. It was sent to my editor as a *translation from the French*. Of this my readers will judge. Perhaps they might be apt to suspect, without any suggestion from me, that it is an original, not a translation. Indeed I cannot help thinking, that it contains in it much of that picturesque description, and that power of awakening the tender feelings, which so remarkably distinguish the composition of a gentleman whose writings I have often read with pleasure. But be that as it may, as I felt myself interested in the narrative, and believed that it would affect my readers in the like manner, I have ventured to give it entire, as I received it, though it will take up the room of three successive papers.

S.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

More than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the development of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as Mr. ———'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united has become proverbial, and in common language the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling; but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain, that if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal; that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge of medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter.——Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his gouvernante to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. ——— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. ——— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.——" Mademoiselle!" said the old woman at last, in a soft tone.—She turned, and showed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled, with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. " Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the gouvernante; " if he could possibly be moved any where"——" If he could be moved to our house," said her master.—He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapped in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. ———, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.—His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she too was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.——The philosopher walked out with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.——" My master," said the old woman, " alas! is not a Christian! but he is the best of unbelievers."——" Not a Christian!" exclaimed

Mademoiselle La Roche, "yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for't; I would he were a Christian!" "There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," said her father, "which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation."—"But Mr. ——," said his daughter, "alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies."——She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.——He took her hand with an air of kindness:——she drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.——"I have been thanking God," said the good La Roche, "for my recovery." "That is right," replied his landlord.—"I would not wish," continued the old man, hesitatingly, "to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good:—Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, Sir, instead of kindly relieving me,"—he clasped Mr. ——'s hand; "but when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him: it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure, and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror."—"You say right, my dear Sir," replied the philosopher; "but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland: I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country.—I will help to take care of you by the road; for as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure." La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not, perhaps, the less for his infidelity; at least, that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

Z.

No. 43.] TUESDAY, JUNE 22, 1779.

Continuation of the Story of LA ROCHE.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy or religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible.——A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. ——— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost.—The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard.—They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handlings but La Roche took it in good part. "It has pleased God,"—said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself.—Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. "That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us;—if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within."—"By no means," answered the philosopher; "I will attend Ma'moiselle at her devotions."—"She is our organist," said La Roche; "our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing."—"'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. ——— was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.—The organ was touched with a hand less firm;—it paused, it ceased;—and the sobbing of Ma'moiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners catched the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; but would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in heaven!" might the good man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," said he to Mr.——, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me I feel it in the same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess, and when calamities overtake me——and I have had my share——it confers a dignity on my affliction,——so lifts me above the world. ——Man, I know, is but a worm,—yet, methinks I am then allied to God!"—It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. ———, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.—"They are not seen in Flanders!" said Ma'moiselle with a sigh. "That's an odd remark," said Mr. ———, smiling.———She blushed, and he inquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

Z.

No. 44.] SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1779.

Conclusion of the Story of LA ROCHE.

ABOUT three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then fixed his residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ———'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiselle La Roche, with a man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him.—Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment.—After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. ———'s making inquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Mademoiselle, Sir?—you never beheld a lovelier."—"La Roche!" exclaimed he in reply—"Alas! it was she indeed!"—The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked.—He came up closer to Mr. ———; "I perceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche."—"Acquainted with her!—Good God! when—how—where did she die?—Where is her father?"—"She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions:—Follow me, Sir, and you shall hear him."—He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs.

The music ceased;—La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. ——— was not less affected than they—La Roche arose.—"Father of mercies," said he, "forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people! My friends! it is good so to do: at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, "Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord." When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God.—'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness.—I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, I cannot, if I would," (his tears flowed afresh)—"I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience,—that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

"You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too!—It becomes not me to speak of her virtues: yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself.—Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy:—ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then,—ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God.—Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to Him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contem-
f whom disappears all that the last can
t as those who die with-
liveth,—that we shall live with him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect.—Go then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: but a little while, and we shall meet again never to be separated.—But ye are also my children; would ye that I should not grieve without comfort?—So live as she lived: that when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and hope.—Mr. ——— followed him into his house.—The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in silence, into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed.—The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight.—"Oh! my friend!" said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr. ——— had now recollected himself; he stepped forward and drew the curtain close—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, "You see my weakness," said he, "'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost.—"I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours."—"It is, my friend," said he, "and I trust I shall ever hold it fast;—if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction."

Mr. ———'s heart was smitten; and I have heard him, long after, confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

Z.

No. 45.] TUESDAY, JUNE 29, 1779.

Is he a man of fashion? is the usual question on the appearance of a stranger, or the mention of a person with whom we are unacquainted. But though this phrase be in the mouth of every body, I have often found people puzzled when they attempted to give an idea of what they meant by it; and, indeed, so many and so various are the qualities that enter into the composition of a modern man of fashion, that it is difficult to give an accurate definition or a just description of him. Perhaps he may, in the general, be defined, a being who possesses some quality or talent which entitles him to be received into every company; to make one in all parties, and to associate with persons of the highest rank and the first distinction.

If this definition be just, it may be amusing to consider the different ideas that have prevailed at different times, with regard to the qualities requisite to constitute a man of fashion. Not to go farther back, we are told by Lord Clarendon, that, in the beginning of the last century, the men of rank were distinguished by a stately deportment, a dignified manner, and a certain stiffness of ceremonial, admirably calculated to keep their inferiors at a proper distance. In those days, when pride of family prevailed so universally, it is to be presumed, that no circumstance could atone for the want of birth. Neither riches nor genius, knowledge nor ability, could then have entitled their possessor to hold the rank of a man of fashion, unless he fortunately had sprung from an ancient and honourable family. The immense fortunes which we are now accustomed to see acquired, almost instantaneously, were then unknown. In imagination, however, we may fancy what an awkward appearance a modern nabob, or contractor, would have made in a circle of these proud and high-minded nobles. With all his wealth, he would have been treated as a being of a different species; and any attempt to imitate the manners of the great, or to rival them in expense and splendour, would only have served to expose him the more to ridicule and contempt.

As riches, however, increased in the nation, men became more and more sensible of the solid advantages they brought along with them; and the pride of birth gradually relaxing, monied men rose proportionally into estimation. The haughty lord, or proud country gentleman, no longer scrupled to give his daughter in marriage to an opulent citizen, or to repair his ruined fortune by uniting the heir of his title or family with a rich heiress, though of plebeian extraction. These connections daily becoming more common, removed, in some measure, the distinction of rank; and every man possessed of a certain fortune came to think himself entitled to be treated as a gentleman, and received as a man of fashion. Above all, the happy expedient of purchasing seats in parliament tended to add weight and consideration to what came to be called the monied interest. When a person who had suddenly acquired an enormous fortune could find eight or ten proper, well-dressed, gentleman-like figures ready to vote for him as his proxies in the House of Commons, it is not surprising, that, in his turn, he should come to look down on the heirs of old established families, who could neither cope with him in influence at court, nor vie with him in show and ostentation.

About the beginning of this century, there seems to have been an intermediate, though short interval, when genius, knowledge, talents, and elegant accomplishments, entitled their possessor to hold the rank of a man of fashion, and were even deemed essentially requisite to form that character. The society of Swift, Pope, Gay, and Prior, was courted by all; and, without the advantages of high birth, or great fortune, an Addison and a Craggs attained the first offices in the state.

In the present happy and enlightened age, neither birth nor fortune, superior talents, nor superior abilities, are requisite to form a man of fashion. On the contrary, all these advantages united are insufficient to entitle their owners to hold that rank, while we daily see numbers received as men of fashion, though sprung from the meanest of the people, and though destitute of every grace, of every polite accomplishment, and of all pretensions to genius or ability.

This, I confess, I have often considered as one of the greatest and most important improvements in modern manners. Formerly it behoved every person born in obscurity, who wished to rise into eminence, either to acquire wealth by industry or frugality, or, following a still more laborious and difficult pursuit, to distinguish himself by the exertion of superior talents in the field or in the senate. But now nothing of all this is necessary. A certain degree of knowledge the man of fashion must indeed possess. He must be master of the principles contained in the celebrated treatise of Mr. Hoyle; he must know the chances of hazard; he must be able to decide on any dispute with regard to the form of a hat, or the fashion of a buckle; and he must be able to tell my lady dutchess whether Marechalle powder suits best a brown or a fair complexion.

From the equipage, the dress, the external show of a man of fashion, a superficial observer might be apt to think that fortune, at least, is a necessary article; but a proper knowledge of the world teaches us the contrary. A man of fashion must, indeed, live as if he were a man of fortune. He must rival the wealthiest in expense of every kind; he must push to excess every species of extravagant dissipation; and he must game for more money than he can pay. But all these things a man of fashion can do, without possessing any visible revenue whatever. This, though perhaps the most important, is not the only advantage which the man of fashion enjoys over the rest of mankind. Not to mention that he may seduce the daughter and corrupt the wife of his friend, he may also, with perfect honour, rob the son of that friend of his whole fortune in an evening; and it is altogether immaterial that the one party was intoxicated and the other sober, that the one was skilled in the game and the other ignorant of it; for if a young man will play in such circumstances, who but himself can be blamed for the consequences?

The superiority enjoyed by a man of fashion, in his ordinary dealings and intercourse with mankind, is still more marked. He may, without any impeachment on his character, and with the nicest regard to his honour, do things which, in a common man, would be deemed infamous. Thus the man of fashion may live in luxury and splendour, while his creditors are starving in the streets, or rotting in a gaol; and, should they attempt to enforce the laws of their country against him, he would be entitled to complain of it as a gross violation of the respect that is due to his person and character.

The last time my friend Mr. Umphraville was in town, I was not a little amused with his remarks on the men of fashion about this city, and on the change that had taken place in our manners since the time he had retired from the world. When we met a young man gaily dressed, lolling in his chariot, he seldom failed to ask, "What young lord is that?" One day we were invited to dine with an old acquaintance, who had married a lady passionately fond of the ton, and of every thing that had the appearance of fashion. We went at the common hour of dining, and, after waiting some time, our host (who had informed us that he would invite nobody else, that we might talk over old stories without interruption) proposed to order dinner; on which his lady, after chiding his impatience, and observing that nobody kept such unfashionable hours, said, she expected Mr. ———, and another friend, whom she had met at the play the evening before, and had engaged to dine with her that day. After waiting a full hour longer, the noise of a carriage, and a loud rap at the door, announced the arrival of the expected guests. They entered, dressed in the very pink of the mode; and neither my friend's dress nor mine being calculated to inspire them with respect, they brushed past us, and addressed the lady of the house, and two young ladies who were with her, in a strain of coarse familiarity, so different from the distant and respectful manner to which Mr. Umphraville had been accustomed, that I could plainly discover he was greatly shocked with it. When we were called to dinner, the two young gentlemen seated themselves on each hand of the lady of the house, and there engrossed the whole conversation, if a recital of the particulars of their adventures at the tavern the evening before deserve that name. For a long time every attempt made by our landlord to enter into discourse with Mr. Umphraville and me proved abortive. At last, taking advantage of an accidental pause, he congratulated my friend on the conquest of Pondicherry. The latter, drawing his brows together, and shaking his head with an expression of dissent, observed, that although he was always pleased with the exertions of our countrymen, and the bravery of our troops, he could not receive any satisfaction from an Indian conquest. He then began an harangue on the corruption of manners—the evils of luxury—the fatal consequences of a sudden influx of wealth—and would, I am persuaded, ere he had done, have traced the loss of liberty in Greece, and the fall of Rome, to Asiatic connexions, had he not been, all at once, cut short with the exclamation of "Damn it, Jack, how does the old boy do to-day? I hope he begins to get better.—Nay, pr'ythee don't look grave; you know I am too much your friend to wish him to hold out long; but if he tip before Tuesday at twelve o'clock, I shall lose a hundred to Dick Hazard.—After that time, as soon as you please.—Don't you think, Madam," (addressing himself to one of the young ladies) "that when an old fellow has been scraping money together with both hands for forty years, the civilest thing he can do is to die, and leave it to a son who has spirit to spend it?" Without uttering a word, the lady gave one look, that, had he been able to translate it into language, must, for a time at least, have checked his vivacity. But the rebuke being too delicate to make any impression on our hero, he ran on in the same strain; and being properly supported by his companion, effectually excluded the discourse of every body else. Umphraville did not once again attempt to open his mouth; and, for my own part, as I had heard enough of the conversation, his countenance served as a sufficient fund of entertainment for me. A painter, who wished to express indignation, contempt, and pity, blended together, could not have found a finer study.

At length we withdrew; and we had no sooner got fairly out of the house, than Umphraville began to interrogate me with regard to the gentlemen who had dined with us. "They are men of fashion," said I.—"But who are they? of what families are they descended?"—"As to that," replied I, "you know I am not skilled in the science of genealogy; but, though I were, it would not enable me to answer your present inquiries; for I believe, were you to put the question to the gentlemen themselves, it would puzzle either of them to tell you who his grandfather was."—"What then," said he, in an elevated tone of voice, "entitles them to be received into company as men of fashion? Is it extent of ability, superiority of genius, refinement of taste, elegant accomplishments, or polite conversation? I admit, that where these are to be found in an eminent degree, they may make up for the want of birth; but where a person can neither talk like a man of sense, nor behave like a gentleman, I must own I cannot easily pardon our men of rank for allowing every barrier to be removed, and every frivolous, insignificant fellow, who can adopt the reigning vices of the age, to be received on an equal footing with themselves.—But after all," continued he, in a calm tone, "if such be the manners of our men of rank, it may be doubted whether they or their imitators are the greatest objects of contempt.

R.

No. 46.] Saturday, July 3, 1779.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

I happened lately to dine in a large company where I was, in a great measure, unknowing and unknown. To enter into further particulars would be to tell you more than is necessary of my story.

The conversation, after dinner, turned on that common-place question, "Whether a parent ought to choose a profession for his child, or leave him to choose for himself?"

Many remarks and examples were produced on both sides of the question; and the argument hung in *equilibrio*, as is often the case, when all the speakers are moderately well informed, and none of them are very eager to convince, or unwilling to be convinced.

At length an elderly gentleman began to give his opinion. He was a stranger to most of the company; had been silent, but not sullen; of a steady but not voracious appetite; and one rather civil than polite.

"In my younger days," said he, "nothing would serve me but I must needs make a campaign against the Turks in Hungary."——At mention of the Turks in Hungary, I perceived a general impatience to seize the company.

"I rejoice exceedingly, Sir," said a young physician, "that fortune has placed me near one of your character, Sir, from whom I may be informed with precision whether *lavements* of *ol. amygd.* did indeed prove a specific in the Hungarian dysenteria, which desolated the German army?"

"Ipecacuanha in small doses," added another gentleman of the faculty, "is an excellent recipe, and was generally prescribed at our hospitals at Westphalia, with great, although not infallible success: but that method was not known in the last wars between the Ottomans, vulgarly termed Turks, and the Imperialists, whom, through an error exceedingly common, my good friend has denominated Germans."

"You must pardon me, doctor," said a third, "ipecacuanha, in small doses, was administered at the siege of Limerick, soon after the Revolution; and if you will be pleased to add seventy-nine, the years of this century, to ten or eleven, which carries us back to the siege of Limerick in the last, you will find, if I mistake not, that this recipe has been used for fourscore and nine, or for ninety years."

"Twice the years of the longest prescription, doctor," cried a pert barrister from the other end of the table, "even after making a reasonable allowance for minorities."

"You mean if that were necessary," said a thoughtful aged person who sat next him.

"As I was saying," continued the third physician, "ipecacuanha was administered, in small doses, at the siege of Limerick; for it is a certain fact that a surgeon in King William's army communicated the receipt of that preparation to a friend of his, and that friend communicated it to the father, or rather, as I incline to believe, to the grandfather, of a friend of mine. I am peculiarly attentive to the exactitude of my facts; for, indeed, it is by facts alone that we can proceed to reason with assurance. It was the great Bacon's method."

A grave personage in black then spoke:—"There is another circumstance respecting the last wars in Hungary, which, I must confess, does exceedingly interest my curiosity; and that is whether General Doxat was justly condemned for yielding up a fortified city to the infidels; or whether, being an innocent man, and a protestant, he was persecuted unto death by the intrigues of the Jesuits at the court of Vienna?"

"I know nothing of General *Doxy*," said the stranger, who had hitherto listened attentively; "but, if he was persecuted by the Jesuits, I should suppose him to have been a very honest gentleman; for I never heard any thing but ill of the people of that religion."

"You forget," said the first physician, "the *quinquina*, that celebrated febrifuge, which was brought into Europe by a father of that order, or, as you are pleased to express it in a French idiom, of that religion."

"That of the introduction of the *quinquina* into Europe by the Jesuits is a vulgar error," said the second physician: "the truth is, that the secret was communicated by the natives of South America to a humane Spanish governor, whom they loved. He told his chaplain of it; the chaplain, a German Jesuit, gave some of the bark to Dr. Helvetius, of Amsterdam, father of that Helvetius, who, having composed a book concerning matter, gave it the title of spirit."

"What!" cried the third physician, "was that Dr. Helvetius who cured the Queen of France of an intermittent, the father of Helvetius the renowned philosopher? The fact is exceedingly curious; and I wonder whether it has come to the knowledge of my correspondent Dr. B——."

"As the gentleman speaks of his campaigns," said an officer in the army, "he will probably be in a condition to inform us whether Marshal Saxe is to be credited when he tells us, in his Reveries, that the Turkish horse, after having drawn out their fire, mowed down the Imperial infantry?"

"Perhaps we shall have some account of Petronius found at Belgrade," said another of the company; "but I suspend my inquiries until the gentleman has finished his story."

"I have listened with great pleasure," said the stranger, "and though I cannot say that I understand all the ingenious things spoken, I can see the truth of what I have often been told, that the Scots, with all their faults, are a learned nation.

"In my younger days, it is true, that nothing would serve me but I must needs make a campaign against the Turks, or the Hotmen in Hungary; but my father could not afford to breed me like a gentleman, which was my own wish, and so he bound me seven years to a ship-chandler in Wapping. Just as my time was out my master died, and I married the widow. What by marriages, and what by purchasing damaged stores, I got together a pretty capital. I then dealt in sailors' tickets, and I *peculated*, as they call it, in divers things. I am now well known about 'Change, ay, and somewhere else too," said he, with a significant nod.

"Now, gentlemen, you will judge whether my father did not choose better for me than I should have done for myself. Had I gone to the wars, I might have lost some of my precious limbs, or have had my tongue cut out by the Turks. But suppose that I had returned safe to Old England, I might indeed have been able to brag, that I was acquainted with the *laughing man of Hungary*, and with *Peter*, *o—* I can't hit on his name; and I might have learned the way of curing *Great Bacon*, and known whether a Turkish horse mowed down *Imperial infants*; but my pockets would have been empty all the while, and I should have been put to hard shifts for a dinner. And so you will see that my father did well in binding me apprentice to a ship-chandler.—Here is to his memory in a bumper of port; and success to *omnium*, and the Irish *long-teing!*"

I am, Sir, &c.

EUTRAPELAS.

Though I early signified my resolution of declining to take any public notice of communications or letters sent me; yet there is a set of correspondents whose favours, lately received, I think myself bound to acknowledge; and this I do the more willingly as it shows the fame of my predecessors to have extended farther than even I had been apt to imagine.

The Spectator's club is well known to the literary and the fashionable of both sexes; but I confess I was not less surprised than pleased to find it familiar (much to the credit of the gentlemen who frequent such places) to the very tavern-keepers of this city; the greatest part of whom, not doubting that I was to follow so illustrious an example, in the institution of a convivial society, have severally applied to me, through the channel of my editor, to beg that they may be honoured with the reception of the Mirror club.

Like all other candidates for employment, none of them has been at a loss for reasons why his proposal should have the preference. One describes his house as in the most public, another recommends his as in the most private, part of the town. One says, his tavern is resorted to by the politest company; another, that he only receives gentlemen of the most regular and respectable characters. One offers me the largest room of its kind; another the most quiet and commodious. I am particularly pleased with the attention of one of these gentlemen, who tells me he has provided an excellent elbow-chair for Mr. Umphraville; and that he shall take care to have no children in his house to disturb Mr. Fleetwood.

I am sorry to keep those good people in suspense; but I must inform them, for many obvious reasons, that though my friends and I visit them oftener perhaps than they are aware of, it may be a considerable time before we find it convenient to constitute a regular club, or to make known, even to the master of the house which has the honour of receiving us, where we have fixed the place of our convention.

Meantime, as all of them rest their chief pretensions on the character of the clubs who already favour them with their countenance, and as the names of most of these clubs excite my curiosity to be acquainted with their history and constitution, I must hereby request the landlords who entertain the respective societies of the *capillaire*, the *whin-bush*, the *knights of the cap and feather*, the *tabernacle*, the *stoic*, the *poker*, the *hum-drum*, and the *antemanum*, to transmit me a short account of the origin and nature of these societies;—I say the landlords, because I do not think myself entitled to desire such an account from the clubs themselves; and because it is probable that the most material transactions carried on at their meetings are perfectly well known, and, indeed, may be said to come through the hands of the hosts and their deputies.

L

No. 47.] Tuesday, July 6, 1779.

Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum.
Hor.

What may the force of care suspend,
And make you to yourself a friend. Francis.

That false refinement and mistaken delicacy I have formerly described in my friend Mr. Fleetwood, a constant indulgence in which has rendered all his feelings so acute, as to make him be disgusted with the ordinary societies of men, not only attends him when in company, or engaged in conversation, but sometimes disturbs those pleasures, from which a mind like his ought to receive the highest enjoyment. Though endowed with the most excellent taste, and though his mind be fitted for relishing all the beauties of good composition; yet, such is the effect of that excess of sensibility he has indulged, that he hardly ever receives pleasure from any of these, which is not mixed with some degree of pain. In reading, though he can feel all the excellences of the author, and enter into his sentiments with warmth, yet he generally meets with something to offend him. If a poem, he complains that, with all its merit, it is in some places turgid, in others languid; if a prose composition, that the style is laboured or careless, stiff or familiar, and that the matter is either trite or obscure. In his remarks there is always some foundation of truth; but that exquisite sensibility which leads to the too nice perception of blemishes is apt to carry him away from the contemplation of the beauties of the author, and gives him a degree of uneasiness which is not always compensated by the pleasure he receives.

Very different from this turn of mind is that of Robert Morley, Esq. He is a man of very considerable abilities. His father (possessed of a considerable fortune) sent him, when a boy, to an English academy. He contracted, from the example of his teachers, an attachment to ancient learning; and he was led to think that he felt and relished the classics, and understood the merits of their composition. From these circumstances, he began to fancy himself a man of fine taste, qualified to decide with authority upon every subject of polite literature. But, in reality, Mr. Morley possesses as little taste as any one I ever knew of his talents and learning. Endowed, by nature, with great strength of mind, and ignorant of the feebleness and weakness of human character, he is a stranger to all those finer delicacies of feeling and perception which constitute the man of genuine taste. But, this notwithstanding, from the persuasion that he is a person of fine taste, he reads and talks, with fancied rapture, of a poem, or a poetical description. All his remarks, however, discover that he knows nothing of what he talks about; and almost every opinion which he gives differs from the most approved upon the subject. Catched by that spirit which Homer's heroes are possessed of, he agrees with the greatest part of the world in thinking that author the first of all poets; but Virgil he considers as a poet of very little merit. To him he prefers Lucian; but thinks there are some passages in Statius superior to either. He says Ovid gives a better picture of love than Tibullus; and he prefers Quintus Curtius, as an historian, to Livy. The modern writers, particularly the French, he generally speaks of with contempt. Amongst the English, he likes the style of the Rambler better than that of Mr. Addison's Spectator; and he prefers Gordon and Macpherson to Hume and Robertson. I have sometimes heard him repeat a hundred lines at a stretch from one of the most bombast of our English poets, and have seen him in apparent rapture at the high-sounding words, and swell of the lines, though I am pretty certain that he could not have a distinct picture or idea of any one thing the poet meant. Though he has no ear, I have heard him talk with enthusiasm in praise of music, and lecture, with an air of superiority, upon the different qualities of the greatest masters in the art.

Thus, while Mr. Fleetwood is often a prey to disappointment, and rendered uneasy by excessive refinement and sensibility, Mr. Morley, without any taste at all, receives gratification unmixed and unalloyed.

The character of Morley is not more different from Fleetwood's than that of Tom Dacres is from both. Tom is a young man of six-and-twenty, and being owner of an estate of about five hundred pounds a year, he resides constantly in the country. He is not a man of parts; nor is he possessed of the least degree of taste; but Tom lives easy, contented, and happy. He is one of the greatest talkers I ever knew; he rambles, with great volubility, from subject to subject; but he never says any thing that is worth being heard. He is every where the same; and he runs on with the like undistinguishing ease, whether in company with men in high or in low rank, with the knowing or the ignorant. The morning, if the weather be good, he employs in traversing the fields, dressed in a short coat, and an old slouched hat with a tarnished gold binding. He is expert at all exercises; and he passes much of his time in shooting, playing at cricket, or at ninepins. If the weather be rainy, he moves from the farm-yard to the stable, or from the stable to the farm-yard. He walks from one end of the parlour to the other, humming a tune, or whistling to himself; sometimes he plays on the fiddle, or takes a hit at back-gammon. Tom's sisters, who are very accomplished girls, now and then put into his hands any new book with which they are pleased; but he always returns it, says he does not see the use of reading, that the book may be good, is well pleased that they like it, but that it is not a thing of his sort. Even in the presence of ladies he often indulges in jokes coarse and indecent, which could not be heard without a blush from any other person; but from Tom, for his way is known, they are heard without offence. Tom is pleased with himself, and with every thing around him, and wishes for nothing that he is not possessed of. He says he is much happier than your wiser and graver gentlemen. Tom will never be respected or admired; but he is disliked by none, and made welcome wherever he goes.

In reflecting upon these characters, I have sometimes been almost tempted to think, that taste is an acquisition to be avoided. I have been apt to make this conclusion, when I considered the many undescribable uneasinesses to which Mr. Fleetwood is exposed, and the many unalloyed enjoyments of Morley and Dacres; the one without taste, but believing himself possessed of it; the other without taste, and without thinking that he has any. But I have always been withdrawn from every such reflection, by the contemplation of the character of my much-valued friend Mr. Sidney.

Mr. Sidney is a man of the best understanding and of the most correct and elegant taste; but he is not more remarkable for those qualities than for that uncommon goodness and benevolence which presides in all he says or does. To this it is owing that his refined taste has never been attended with any other consequence than to add to his own happiness, and to that of every person with whom he has any connection. Mr. Sidney never unbosoms the secrets of his heart, except to a very few particular friends; but he is polite and complaisant to all. It is not, however, that politeness which arises from a desire to comply with the rules of the world; it is politeness dictated by the heart, and which, therefore, sits always easy upon him. At peace with his own mind, he is pleased with every one about him; and he receives the most sensible gratification from the thought that the little attentions which he bestows upon others contribute to their happiness. No person ever knew better how to estimate the different pleasures of life; but none ever entered with more ease into the enjoyments of others, though not suited to his own taste. This flows from the natural benevolence of his heart; and I know he has received more delight from taking a share in the pleasures of others than in cultivating his own. In reading, no man has a nicer discernment of the faults of an author; but he always contrives to overlook them; and says that he hardly ever read any book from which he did not receive some pleasure or instruction.

Mr. Sidney has, in the course of his life, met with disappointments and misfortunes, though few of them are known except to his most particular friends. While the impression of those misfortunes was strongest on his mind, his outward conduct in the world remained invariably the same; and those few friends whom he honoured by making partners of his sorrows know that one great source of his consolation was the consciousness that, under the pressure of calamity, his behaviour remained unaltered, and that he was able to go through the duties of life with becoming dignity and ease. Instead of being peevish and discontented with the world, the disappointments he has met with have only taught him to become more detached from those enjoyments of life which are beyond his power, and have made him value more highly those which he possesses. Mr. Sidney has, for a long time past, been engaged in business of a very difficult and laborious nature; but he conducts it with equal ease and spirit. Far from the elegance and sensibility of his mind unfitting him for the management of those transactions which require great firmness and perseverance, I believe it is his good taste and elegant refinement of mind which enable him to support that load of business; because he knows that, when it is finished, he has pleasure in store. He is married to a very amiable and beautiful woman, by whom he has four fine children. He says that, when he thinks it is for them, all toil is easy, and all labour light.

The intimate knowledge I have of Mr. Sidney has taught me, that refinement and delicacy of mind, when kept within proper bounds, contribute to happiness; and that their natural effect, instead of producing uneasiness and chagrin, is to add to the enjoyments of life. In comparing the two characters of Fleetwood and Sidney, which Nature seems to have cast in the same mould, I have been struck with the fatal consequences to Fleetwood of indulging his spleen at those little rubs in life, which a juster sense of human imperfection would make him consider equally unavoidable, and to be regarded with the same indifference, as a rainy day, a dusty road, or any the like trifling inconvenience. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not become of importance, when made an object of serious attention. Sidney never repines like Fleetwood; and as he is much more respected, so he has much more real happiness than either Morley or Dacres. Fleetwood's weaknesses are amiable; and, though we pity, we must love him: but there is a complacent dignity in the character of Sidney, which excites at once our love, respect, and admiration.

A.

No. 48.] Saturday, July 10, 1779.

The following paper was lately received from a correspondent, who accompanied it with a promise of carrying his idea through some of the other fine arts. I have since been endeavouring to make it a little less technical, in order to fit it more for general perusal; but, finding I could not accomplish this, without hurting the illustrations of the writer, I have given it to my readers in the terms in which I received it.

The perceptions of different men, arising from the impressions on the same object, are very often different. Of these we always suppose one to be just and true; all the others to be false. But which is the true, and which the false, we are often at a loss to determine: as the poet has said,

> " Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
> Go just alike, yet each believes his own." Pope.

With regard to our external senses, this diversity of feeling, as far as it occurs, is of little consequence; but the truth of perception, in our internal senses, employed in morals and criticism, is more interesting and important.

In the judgments we form concerning the beauty and excellency of the several imitative arts, this difference of feeling is very conspicuous; and 'tis difficult to say why each man may not believe his own, or how a standard may be established, by which the truth of different judgments may be compared and tried. Whether there is, or is not, a standard of taste, I shall not attempt to determine: but there is a question connected with that, which properly answered, may have some effect in the decision: whether in the imitative arts, a person exercised in the practice of the art, or in the frequent contemplation of its productions, be better qualified to judge of these, than a person who only feels the direct and immediate effects of it? In the words of an ancient critic, *An docti, qui rationem operis intelligunt, an qui voluptatem tantùm percipiunt, optimè dijudicant?* or, as I may express it in English, whether the artist or connoisseur have any advantage over other persons of common sense or common feeling?

This question shall be considered at present with regard to one art only, to wit, that of painting; but some of the principles which I shall endeavour to illustrate will have a general tendency to establish a decision in all. In the first place, it is proper to mention the chief sources of the pleasure we receive in viewing pictures. One arises from the perception of imitation, however produced; a second, from the art displayed in producing such imitation; and a third, from the beauty, grace, agreeableness, and propriety of the object imitated. These may all occur in the imitation of one single object; but a much higher pleasure arises from several objects combined together in such a manner, that while each of them singly affords the several sources of pleasure already mentioned, they all unite in producing one effect, one particular emotion in the spectator, and an impression much stronger than could have been raised by one object alone.

These seem to be the chief sources of the pleasure we receive from pictures; and, with regard to the true and accurate perceptions of each, let us consider who is most likely to form them, the painter and connoisseur, or the unexperienced spectator.

In viewing imitation, we are more or less pleased according to the degree of exactness with which the object is expressed; and, supposing the object to be a common one, it might be imagined that every person would be equally a judge of the exactness of the imitation; but, in truth, it is otherwise. Our recollection of an object does not depend upon any secret remembrance of the several parts of which it consists, of the exact position of these, or of the dimensions of the whole. A very inaccurate resemblance serves the purpose of memory, and will often pass with us for a true representation, even of the subjects that we fancy ourselves very well acquainted with.

The self-applause of Zeuxis was not well founded when he valued himself on having painted grapes that so far deceived the birds as to bring them to peck at his picture. Birds are no judges of an accurate resemblance, when they often mistake a scare-crow for a man. Nor had Parrhasius much reason to boast of his deceiving even Zeuxis, who, viewing it hastily, and from a distance, mistook the picture of a linen cloth for a real one. It always requires study to perceive the exactness of imitation; and most persons may find, by daily experience, that when they would examine the accuracy of any representation, they can hardly do it properly, but by bringing together the picture and its archetype, so that they may quickly pass from the one to the other, and thereby compare the form, size, and proportions of all the different parts. Without such study of objects as the painter employs to imitate them, or the connoisseur employs in comparing them with their imitations, there is no person can be a judge of the exactness of the representation. The painters, therefore, or the connoisseurs, are the persons who will best perceive the truth of imitation, and best judge of its merit. It is true, some persons may be acquainted with certain objects even better than the painters themselves, as the shoemaker was with the shoe in the picture of Apelles; but most persons, like the same shoemaker, are unfit to extend their judgment beyond their *last*; and must in other parts yield to the more general knowledge of the painter.

As we are in the first place, pleased with viewing imitation; so we are, in the second place, with considering the art by which the imitation is performed. The pleasure we derive from this is in proportion to the difficulty we apprehend in the execution, and the degree of genius necessary to the performance of it. But this difficulty, and the degree of genius exerted in surmounting it, can only be well known to the persons exercised in the practice of the art.

When a person has acquired an exact idea of an object, there is still a great difficulty in expressing that correctly upon his canvas. With regard to objects of a steady figure, they may perhaps be imitated by an ordinary artist; but transient objects of a momentary appearance require still a nicer hand. To catch the more delicate expressions of the human soul, requires an art of which few are possessed, and none can sufficiently admire, but those who have themselves attempted it. These are the difficulties of painting, in forming even a correct outline; and the painter has yet more to struggle with. To represent a solid upon a plain surface, by the position and size of the several parts; to be exact in perspective; by these, and by the distribution of light and shade, to make every figure stand out from the canvas; and lastly, by natural and glowing colours to animate and give life to the whole: these are parts of the painter's art, from which chiefly the pleasure of the spectator, arising from his consciousness of the imitation, is derived, but, at the same time, such as the uninformed spectator has but an imperfect notion of, and, therefore, must feel an inferior degree of pleasure in contemplating.

The next source of the pleasures derived from painting, above taken notice of, is that arising from the beauty, the grace, the elegance of the objects imitated. When a painter is happy enough to make such a choice, he does it by a constitutional taste that may be common to all. Raphael could not learn it from his master Pietro Perugino; Rubens, though conversant with the best models of antiquity, could never acquire it. In judging, therefore, of this part of painting, the artist has scarcely any advantage above the common spectator. But it is to be observed, that a person of the finest natural taste cannot become suddenly an *elegans formarum spectator*, an expression which it is scarce possible to translate. It is only by comparison that we arrive at the knowledge of what is most perfect in its kind. The Madonas of Carlo Maratt appear exquisitely beautiful; and it is only when we see those of Raphael that we discern their imperfections. A person may even be sensible of the imperfections of forms; but, at the same time, may find it impossible to conceive, with precision, an idea of the most perfect. Thus Raphael could not form an idea of the Divine Majesty, till he saw it so forcibly expressed in the paintings of Michael Angelo. As our judgment, therefore, of beauty, grace, and elegance, though founded in perception, becomes accurate only by comparison and experience, so the painter, exercised in the contemplation of forms, is likely to be a better judge of beauty than any person less experienced.

The last and most considerable pleasure received from painting, is that arising from composition. This is properly distinguished into two kinds, the picturesque and the poetical. To the first belongs the distribution of the several figures, so that they may all be united and conspire in one single effect; while each is so placed as to present itself in proportion to its importance in the action represented. To this also belongs the diversifying and contrasting the attitudes of different figures, as well as the several members of each. Above all, the picturesque composition has belonging to it the distribution of light and shade, while every single figure has its proper share of each. One mass of light, and its proportionable shade, should unite the whole piece, and make every part of it conspire in one single effect. To this also belongs the harmony, as well as the contrast of colours. Now, in all this *ordonnance picturesque*, there appears an exquisite art only to be acquired by custom and habit; and of the merit of the execution no person can be a judge but one who has been in some measure in the practice of it. It is enough to say, that hardly any body will doubt, that Paulo Veronese was a better judge of the disposition of figures than Michael Angelo; and that Caravaggio was a better judge of the distribution of light and shade than Raphael: so, in some measure, every painter, in proportion to his knowledge, must be a better judge of the merit of picturesque composition than any person who judges from the effects only.

With regard to poetical composition, it comprehends the choice of the action to be represented, and of the point of time at which the persons are to be introduced, the invention of circumstances to be employed, the expression to be given to every actor; and, lastly, the observance of the costume, that is, giving to each person an air suitable to his rank, representing the complexion and features that express his temperament, his age, and the climate of his country, and dressing him in the habit of the time in which he lived, and of the nation to which he belonged.

From this enumeration of the several considerations that employ the history-painter, it will immediately appear why this department of painting is called poetical composition; for here, in truth, it is the imagination of a poet that employs the hand of a painter. This imagination is nowise necessarily connected with the imitative hand. Lucas of Leyden painted more correctly, that is, imitated more exactly, than Salvator Rosa; but the former did not choose subjects of so much grace and dignity, nor composed with so much force and spirit, because he was not a poet like the latter. Salvator Rosa has given us elegant verses full of picturesque description; and, in every one of his pictures, he strikes us by those circumstances which his poetical imagination had suggested. Now it is plain, that a poetical imagination must be derived from nature, and can arise neither from the practice of painting, nor even from the study of pictures. The painter, therefore, and even the connoisseur, in judging of the merit of poetical composition, can have little advantage above other spectators; but even here it must be allowed, that if the painter has an equal degree of taste, he must, from the more frequent exercise of it, have great advantages in judging above any other person less experienced.

I have thus endeavoured to show, that, in judging of painting, the painter himself, and even the connoisseur, much engaged and exercised in the study of pictures, that is, *illi qui rationem operis intelligunt*, have advantages above the common spectators, *qui voluptatem tantùm percipiunt*. But, as a caution to the former, it may not be improper to conclude with observing, that the painter and connoisseur are often in danger of having their sensibility deadened, or their natural taste corrupted, by a knowledge of the technical *minutiæ* of the art, so far as to throw the balance towards the side of the common spectator.

D.

No. 49.] Tuesday, July 13, 1779.

As I walked one evening, about a fortnight ago, through St. Andrew's Square, I observed a girl meanly dressed, coming along the pavement at a slow space. When I passed her she turned a little towards me, and made a sort of halt; but said nothing. I am ill at looking any body full in the face: so I went on a few steps before I turned my eye to observe her. She had, by this time, resumed her former pace. I remarked a certain elegance in her form, which the poorness of her garb could not altogether overcome: her person was thin and genteel, and there was something not ungraceful in the stoop of her head, and the seeming feebleness with which she walked. I could not resist the desire which her appearance gave me, of knowing somewhat of her situation and circumstances; I therefore walked back, and repassed her with such a look (for I could bring myself to nothing more) as might induce her to speak what she seemed desirous to say at first. This had the effect I wished.—"Pity a poor orphan!" said she, in a voice tremulous and weak. I stopped, and put my hand in my pocket: I had now a better opportunity of observing her. Her face was thin and pale; part of it was shaded by her hair, of a light brown colour, which was parted, in a disordered manner, at her forehead, and hung loose upon her shoulders; round them was cast a piece of tattered cloak, which with one hand she held across her bosom, while the other was half out-stretched to receive the bounty I intended for her. Her large blue eyes were cast on the ground: she was drawing back her hand as I put a trifle into it: on receiving which she turned them up to me, muttered something which I could not hear, and then letting go her cloak, and pressing her hands together, burst into tears.

It was not the action of an ordinary beggar, and my curiosity was strongly excited by it. I desired her to follow me to the house of a friend hard by, whose beneficence I have often had occasion to know. When she arrived there, she was so fatigued and worn out, that it was not till after some means used to restore her that she was able to give us an account of her misfortunes.

Her name, she told us, was Collins: the place of her birth one of the northern counties of England. Her father, who had died several years ago, left her remaining parent with the charge of her, then a child, and one brother, a lad of seventeen. By his industry, however, joined to that of her mother, they were tolerably supported, their father having died possessed of a small farm, with the right of pasturage on an adjoining common, from which they obtained a decent livelihood: that, last summer, her brother having become acquainted with a recruiting serjeant, who was quartered in a neighbouring village, was by him enticed to enlist as a soldier, and soon after was marched off, along with some other recruits, to join his regiment: that this, she believed, broke her mother's heart; for that she had never afterwards had a day's health, and, at length, had died about three weeks ago: that, immediately after her death, the steward employed by the 'squire of whom their farm was held, took possession of every thing for the arrears of their rent: that, as she had heard her brother's regiment was in Scotland when he enlisted, she had wandered hither in quest of him, as she had no other relation in the world to own her! But she found on arriving here, that the regiment had been embarked several months before, and was gone a great way off, she could not tell whether.

"This news," said she, "laid hold of my heart; and I have had something wrong here," putting her hand to her bosom, "every since. I got a bed and some victuals in the house of a woman here in town, to whom I told my story, and who seemed to pity me. I had then a little bundle of things, which I had been allowed to take with me after my mother's death; but the night before last, somebody stole it from me while I slept; and so the woman said she would keep me no longer, and turned me out into the street, where I have since remained, and am almost famished for want."

She was now in better hands; but our assistance had come too late. A frame naturally delicate had yielded to the fatigues of her journey, and the hardships of her situation. She declined by slow but uninterrupted degrees, and yesterday breathed her last. A short while before she expired, she asked to see me; and taking from her bosom a silver locket, which she told me had been her mother's, and which all her distresses could not make her part with, begged I would keep it for her dear brother, and give it him, if ever he should return home, as a token of her remembrance.

I felt this poor girl's fate strongly; but I tell not her story merely to indulge my feelings; I would make the reflections it may excite in my readers useful to others who may suffer from similar causes. There are many, I fear, from whom their country has called brothers, sons, or fathers, to bleed in her service, forlorn, like poor Nancy Collins, with "no relation in the world to own them. Their sufferings are often unknown, when they are such as most demand compassion. The mind that cannot obtrude its distresses on the ear of pity is formed to feel their poignancy the deepest.

In our idea of military operations, we are too apt to forget the misfortunes of the people. In defeat, we think of the fall, and in victory of the glory, of commanders; we seldom allow ourselves to consider how many, in a lower rank, both events make wretched: how many, amidst the acclamations of national triumph, are left to the helpless misery of the widowed and the orphan, and, while victory celebrates her festival, feel, in their distant hovels, the extremities of want and wretchedness!

It was with pleasure I saw, among the resolutions of a late patriotic assembly in this city, an agreement to assist the poor families of our absent soldiers and seamen. With no less satisfaction I read in some late newspapers a benevolent advertisement for a meeting of gentlemen, to consider of a subscription for the same purpose. At this season of general and laudable exertion, I am persuaded such a scheme cannot fail of patronage and success. The benevolence of this country requires not argument to awaken it; yet, the pleasures of its exertion must be increased by the thought, that pity to such objects is patriotism; that, here, private compassion becomes public virtue. Bounties for the encouragement of recruits to our fleets and armies are highly meritorious donations. These, however, may sometimes bribe the covetous, and allure the needy; but that charity, which gives support and protection to the families they leave behind, addresses more generous feelings; feelings which have always been held congenial to bravery and heroism. It endears to them that home which their swords are to defend, and strengthens those ties which should ever bind the soldier of a free state to his country.

Nor will such a provision be of less advantage to posterity than to the present times. It will save to the state many useful subjects which those families thus supported may produce, whose lives have formerly been often nurtured by penury to vice, and rendered not only useless, but baneful to the community; that community which, under a more kindly influence, they might, like their fathers, have enriched by their industry, and protected by their valour.

Z.

No. 50.] Saturday, July 17, 1779.

Though the following letter has been pretty much anticipated by a former paper, yet it possesses too much merit to be refused insertion.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

Activity is one of those virtues indispensably requisite for the happiness and welfare of mankind, which nature seems to have distributed to them with a parsimonious hand. All men seem naturally averse, not only to those exertions that sharpen and improve the mental powers, but even to such as are necessary for maintaining the health, or strengthening the organs of the body. Whatever industry and enterprise the species have at any time displayed, originated in the bosom of pain, of want, or of necessity; or, in the absence of these causes, from the experience of that listlessness and languor which attend a state of total inaction. But with how great a number does this experience lead to no higher an object than the care of external appearances, or to the prostitution of their time in trivial pursuits, or in licentious pleasures? The surest, the most permanent remedy, and in the end too, the most delightful, which is to be found in unremitted study, or in the labours of a profession, is, unhappily, the last we recur to. Of all who have risen to eminence in the paths of literature or ambition, how few there are who at first enjoyed the means of pleasure, or the liberty of being idle! and how many could every one enumerate within the circle of his acquaintance, possessed of excellent abilities, and even anxious for reputation, whom the fatal inheritance of a bare competency has doomed to obscurity through life, and quiet oblivion when dead!

Let no man confide entirely in his resolutions of activity, in his love of fame, or in his taste for literature. All these principles, even where they are strongest, unless supported by habits of industry, and roused by the immediate presence of some great object to which their exertion leads, gradually lose, and at last resign, their influence. The smallest particle of natural indolence, like the principle of gravitation in matter, unless counterbalanced by continual impulse from some active cause, will insensibly lower, and at last overcome, the flight of the sublimest genius. In computing it, we ought to recollect, that it is a cause for ever present with us, in all moods, in every disposition; and that, from the weakness of our nature, we are willing, at any rate, to relinquish distant prospects of happiness and advantage for a much smaller portion of present indulgence.

I have been led into these reflections by a visit which I lately paid to my friend Mordaunt, in whom they are, unhappily, too well exemplified. I have known him from his infancy, and always admired the extent of his genius, as much as I respected the integrity of his principles, or loved him for the warmth and benevolence of his heart. But, since the time when he began to contemplate his own character, he has often confessed to me, and feelingly complained, that nature had infused into it a large portion of indolence, an inclination to despondency, and a delicacy of feeling, which disqualified him for the drudgery of business, or the bustle of public life. Frequently, in those tedious hours, when his melancholy claimed the attendance and support of a friend, have I seen a conscious blush of shame and self-reproach mingle with the secret sigh, extorted from him by the sense of this defect. His situation, however, as second son of a family, which, though old and honourable, possessed but a small fortune, and no interest, absolutely required that he should adopt a profession. The law was his choice; and, such is the power of habit and necessity, that after four years spent in the study of that science, though at first it had impaired his health, and even soured his temper, he was more sanguine in his expectation of success, and enjoyed a more constant flow of spirits, than I had ever known him to do at any former period. The law, unfortunately, seldom bestows its honours or emoluments upon the young; and my friend, too reserved, or too indifferent, to court a set of men on whose good will the attainment of practice, in some degree, depends, found himself, at the end of two years' close attendance at the bar, though high in the esteem of all that knew him well, as poor, and as distant from preferment, as when he first engaged in it. All my assurances that better days would soon shine upon him, and that his present situation had, at first, been the lot of many now raised to fame and distinction, were insufficient to support him. A deep gloom settled on his spirits, and he had already resolved to relinquish this line of life, though he knew not what other to enter upon, when the death of a distant relation unexpectedly put him in possession of an estate, which, though of small extent, was opulence to one that wished for nothing more than independence, and the disposal of his own time.

After many useless remonstrances upon my part, he set out for his mansion in the country, with his mother, and a nephew of eight years old, resolved, as he said, to engage immediately in some work to be laid before the public, and having previously given me his word that he would annually dedicate a portion of his time to the society of his friends in town. In the course of eighteen months, however, I did not see him; and finding that his letters, which had at first been full of his happiness, his occupations, and the progress of his work, were daily becoming shorter, and somewhat mysterious on the two last of these points, I resolved to satisfy myself by my own remarks with regard to his situation.

I arrived in the evening, and was shown into the parlour; where the first objects that caught my attention were a fishing-rod and two fowling pieces in a corner of the room, and a brace of pointers upon the hearth. On the table lay a German flute, some music, a pair of Shuttlecocks, and a volume of the Annual Register. Looking from the window, I discovered my friend in his waistcoat, with a spade in his hand, most diligently cultivating a spot of ground in the kitchen-garden. Our mutual joy, and congratulations at meeting, it is needless to trouble you with. In point of figure I could not help remarking that Mordaunt, though most negligently apparelled, was altered much for the better, being now plump, rosy, and robust, instead of pale and slender as formerly. Before returning to the house, he insisted that I should survey his grounds, which in his own opinion, he said, he had rendered a paradise, by modestly seconding and bringing forth the intentions of nature. I was conducted to a young grove, which he had planted himself, rested in a hut which he had built, and drank from a rivulet for which he had tracked a channel with his own hands. During the course of this walk, we were attended by a flock of tame pigeons, which he fed with grain from his pocket, and had much conversation with a ragged family of little boys and girls, all of whom seemed to be his intimate acquaintance. Near a village in our way homewards, we met a set of countrymen engaged at cricket, and soon after a marriage company, dancing the bride's dance upon the green. My friend, with a degree of gayety and alacrity which I had never before seen him display, not only engaged himself, but compelled me likewise to engage, in the exercise of the one, and the merriment of the other. In a field before his door, an old horse, blind of one eye, came up to us at his call, and eat the remainder of the grain from his hand.

Our conversation for that evening, relating chiefly to the situation of our common friends, the memory of former scenes in which we had both been engaged, and other such subjects as friends naturally converse about after a long absence, afforded me little opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. Next morning I arose at my wonted early hour, and stepping into his study, found it unoccupied. Upon examining a heap of books and papers that lay confusedly mingled on the table and the floor, I was surprised to find that by much the greater part of them, instead of politics, metaphysics, and morals (the sciences connected with his scheme of writing), treated of Belles Lettres, or were calculated merely for amusement. The Tale of a Tub lay open on the table, and seemed to have concluded the studies of the day before. The Letters of Junius, Brydone's Travels, the World, Tristram Shandy, and two or three volumes of the British Poets, much used, and very dirty, lay scattered above a heap of quartos, which, after blowing the dust from them, I found to be an Essay on the Wealth of Nations, Helvetius de l'Esprit, Hume's Essays, the Spirit of the Laws, Bayle, and a common-place book. The last contained a great deal of paper, and an excellent arrangement, under the heads of which, excepting those of anecdote and criticism, hardly any thing was collected. The papers in his own hand-writing were, a parallel between Mr. Gray's Elegy and Parnell's Night-piece on Death; some detached thoughts on propriety of conduct and behaviour; a Fairy Tale in verse; and several letters to the author of the Mirror, all of them blotted and unfinished. There were besides a journal of his occupations for several weeks, from which, as it affords a picture of his situation, I transcribe a part.

"Thursday, eleven at night, went to bed: Ordered my servant to wake me at six, resolving to be busy all next day.

"Friday morning: Waked at a quarter before six, fell asleep again, and did not wake till eight.

"Till nine, read the first act of Voltaire's Mahomet, as it was too late to begin serious business.

"Ten: Having swallowed a short breakfast, went out for a moment in my slippers.—The wind having left the east, am engaged by the beauty of the day to continue my walk—Find a situation by the river, where the sound of my flute produced a very singular and beautiful echo—make a stanza and a half by way of address to it—visit the shepherd lying ill of a low fever—find him somewhat better (Mem. to send him some wine)—meet the parson, and cannot avoid asking him to dinner—returning home, find my reapers at work—superintend them in the absence of John, whom I send to inform the house of the parson's visit—read, in the meantime, part of Thomson's Seasons, which I had with me—From one to six, plagued with the parson's news and stories—take up Mahomet to put me in good humour—finish it, the time allotted for serious study being elapsed—at eight, applied to for advice by a poor countryman, who had been oppressed—cannot say as to the law: give him some money—walk out at sun-set, to consider the causes of the pleasure arising from it—at nine sup, and sit till eleven, hearing my nephew read, and conversing with my mother, who was remarkably well and cheerful—go to bed.

"Saturday: Some company arrived—to be filled up to morrow:" *(for that and the two succeeding days, there was no farther entry in the journal)*—"Tuesday, waked at seven; but, the weather being rainy, and threatening to confine me all day, lay till after nine—Ten, breakfasted and read the newspapers—very dull and drowsy—Eleven, day clears up, and I resolve on a short ride to clear my head."

A few days' residence with him showed me that his life was in reality, as it is here represented, a medley of feeble exertions, indolent pleasure, secret benevolence, and broken resolutions. Nor did he pretend to conceal from me that his activity was not now so constant as it had been; but he insisted that he still could, when he thought proper, apply with his former vigour, and flattered himself, that these frequent deviations from his plan of employment, which, in reality, were the fruit of indolence and weakness, arose from reason and conviction. "After all," said he to me one day, when I was endeavouring to undeceive him, "after all, granting what you allege, if I be happy, and I really am so, what more could activity, fame, or preferment, bestow upon me?"—After a stay of some weeks, I departed, convinced that his malady was past a cure, and lamenting, that so much real excellence and ability should be thus, in a great measure, lost to the world, as well as to their possessor, by the attendance of a single fault.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

No. 51.] Tuesday, July 20, 1779.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Mr. Mirror,

I am the daughter of a gentleman of easy, though moderate fortune. My mother died a few weeks after I was born; and before I could be sensible of the loss, a sister of hers, the widow of an English gentleman, carried me to London, where she resided. As my aunt had no children, I became the chief object of her affections; and her favourite amusement consisted in superintending my education. As I grew up, I was attended by the best masters; and every new accomplishment I acquired gave fresh pleasure to my kind benefactress. But her own conversation tended more than any thing else to form and to improve my mind. Well acquainted herself with the best authors in the English, French, and Italian languages, she was careful to put into my hands such books as were best calculated to cultivate my understanding, and to regulate my taste.

But, though fond of reading and retirement, my aunt thought it her duty to mingle in society as much as her rank and condition required. Her house was frequented by many persons of both sexes, distinguished for elegance of manners and politeness of conversation. Her tenderness made her desirous to find out companions for me of my own age; and, far from being dissatisfied with our youthful sallies, she seemed never better pleased than when she could add to our amusement and happiness.

In this manner I had passed my time, and had entered my seventeenth year, when my aunt was seized with an indisposition, which alarmed me much, although her physicians assured me it was by no means dangerous. My fears increased, on observing that she herself thought it serious. Her tenderness seemed, if possible, to increase; and, though she was desirous to conceal her apprehensions, I have sometimes, when she imagined I did not observe it, found her eyes fixed on me with a mixture of solicitude and compassion, that never failed to overpower me.

One day she called me into her closet, and, after embracing me tenderly, "My dear Harriet," said she, "it is vain to dissemble longer. I feel my strength decay so fast, that I know we soon must part. As to myself, the approach of death gives me little uneasiness; and I thank Almighty God that I can look forward to that awful change without dread, and without anxiety. But when I think, my child, of the condition in which I shall leave you, my heart swells with anguish!—You know my situation; possessed of no fortune, the little I have saved from my jointure will be altogether inadequate to support you in that society in which you have hitherto lived. When I look back on my conduct towards you, I am not sure that it has been altogether prudent. I thought it impossible to bestow too much on your education, or to render you too accomplished. I fondly hoped to live to see you happily established in life, united to a man who could discern your merit, who could put a just value on all your acquirements. These hopes are at an end; all, however, that can now be done I have done.—Here are two papers; by the one you will succeed to the little I shall leave; the other is a letter to your father, in which I have recommended you in the most earnest manner to his protection, and entreated him to come to town as soon as he hears of my death, and conduct you to Scotland. He is a man of virtue; and I hope you will live happily in his family. One only fear I have, and that proceeds from the extreme sensibility of your mind, and gentleness of your disposition; little formed by nature to struggle with the hardships and the difficulties of life, perhaps the engaging softness of your temper has rather been increased by the education you have received. I trust, however, that your good sense will prevent you from being hurt by any little cross untoward accidents you may meet with, and that it will enable you to make the most of that situation in which it may be the will of Heaven to place you."

To all this I could only answer with my tears; and, during the short time that my aunt survived, she engrossed my attention so entirely, that I never once bestowed a thought on myself. As soon after her death as I could command myself sufficiently, I wrote to my father; and agreeably to my aunt's instruction, enclosed her letter for him; in consequence of which he came to town in a few weeks. Meeting with a father to whose person I was a perfect stranger, and on whom I was ever after entirely to depend, was to me a most interesting event. My aunt had taught me to entertain for him the highest reverence and respect; but though I had been in use to write, from time to time, both to him and to a lady he had married not long after my mother's death, I had never been able to draw either the one or the other into any thing like a regular correspondence; so that I was equally a stranger to their sentiments and dispositions, as to their persons.

On my father's arrival, I could not help feeling, that he did not return my fond caresses with that warmth with which I had made my account; and afterwards, it was impossible not to remark, that he was altogether deficient in those common attentions which, in polite society, every woman is accustomed to receive, even from those with whom she is most nearly connected. My aunt had made it a rule to consider her domestics as humble friends, and to treat them as such; but my father addressed them with a roughness of voice and of manner that disgusted them, and was extremely unpleasant to me. I was still more hurt with his minute and anxious inquiries about the fortune my aunt had died possessed of; and, when he found how inconsiderable it was, he swore a great oath, that, if he had thought she was to breed me a fine lady, and leave me a beggar, I never should have entered her house. "But don't cry Harriet," added he, "it was not your fault; be a good girl, and you shall never want while I have."

On our journey to Scotland, I sometimes attempted to amuse my father by engaging him in conversation; but I never was lucky enough to hit on any subject on which he wished to talk. After a journey, which many circumstances concurred to render rather unpleasant, we arrived at my father's house. I had been told that it was situated in a remote part of Scotland, and thence I concluded the scene around it to be of that wild romantic kind, of all others the best suited to my inclination. But, instead of the rocks, the woods, the water-falls, I had fancied to myself, I found an open, bleak, barren moor, covered with heath, except a few patches round the house, which my father, by his skill in agriculture, had brought to bear grass and corn.

My mother-in-law, a good-looking woman, about forty, with a countenance that bespoke frankness and good-humour, rather than sensibility or delicacy, received me with much kindness; and, after giving me a hearty welcome to ——, presented me to her two daughters, girls about fourteen or fifteen, with ruddy complexions, and every appearance of health and contentment. We found with them a Mr. Ploughshare, a young gentleman of the neighbourhood, who, I afterwards learned, farmed his own estate, and was considered by my father as the most respectable man in the county. They immediately got into a dissertation on farming, and the different modes of agriculture practised in the different parts of the country, which continued almost without interruption till some time after dinner, when my father fell fast asleep. But this made no material alteration in the discourse; for Mr. Ploughshare and the ladies then entered into a discussion of the most approved methods of feeding poultry and fattening pigs, which lasted till the evening was pretty far advanced. It is now some months since I arrived at my father's; during all which time I have scarcely ever heard any other conversation. You may easily conceive, Sir, the figure I make on such occasions. Though the good-nature of my mother-in-law prevents her from saying so, I can plainly perceive that she, as well as my sisters, consider me as one who has been extremely ill educated, and as ignorant of every thing that a young woman ought to know.

When I came to the country, I proposed to pass great part of my time in my favourite amusement of reading, but, on inquiry, I found that my father's library consisted of a large family Bible, Dickson's Agriculture, and a treatise on Farriery; and that the only books my mother was possessed of were the Domestic Medicine, and the Complete Housewife.

In short, Sir, in the midst of a family happy in themselves, and desirous to make me so, I find myself wretched. My mind preys upon itself. When I look forward, I can discover no prospect of any period to my sorrows. At times I am disposed to envy the happiness of my sisters, and to wish that I had never acquired those accomplishments from which I formerly received so much pleasure. Is it vanity that checks this wish, and leads me, at other times, to think, that even happiness may be purchased at too dear a rate?

Some time ago I accidentally met with your paper, and at length resolved to describe my situation to you, partly to fill up one of my tedious hours, and partly in hopes of being favoured with your sentiments on a species of distress, which is perhaps more poignant than many other kinds of affliction that figure more in the eyes of mankind.

I am, Sir,

E. H. B.

No. 52.] Saturday, July 24, 1779.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori. Hor.

What joys, what glories round him wait,
Who bravely for his country dies! Francis.

Sir,

It has always been a favourite opinion with me, "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." Possessed with this idea, I have long bent my thoughts and study towards those inquiries which conduce to the melioration of the earth's production, and to increase the fertility of my native country. I shall not at present tire you with an account of the various projects I have devised, the sundry experiments I have made, and the many miscarriages I have met with. Suffice it to say, that I have now in my brain a scheme, the success of which, I am confident, can scarcely fail. The frequent disappointments, however, I have formerly experienced, induce me to consult you about my plan, before I take any farther steps towards carrying it into execution. You are an author, Sir, and must consequently be a man of learning: you informed us you had travelled, and you must of course be a much wiser man than I, who never was a hundred miles from the place where I now write: for these reasons, I am induced to lay my present scheme before you, and to intreat your opinion of it.

In the introduction to the Tales of Guillaume Vadé, published by the celebrated Voltaire, is the following passage, given as part of the speech of Vadé to his cousin Catherine Vadé, when she asked him where he would be buried? After censuring the practice of burying in towns and churches, and commending the better custom of the Greeks and Romans, who were interred in the country, "What pleasure," says he, "would it afford to a good citizen to be sent to fatten, for example, the barren plain of Sablons, and to contribute to raise plentiful harvests there?—By this prudent establishment, one generation would be useful to another, towns would be more wholesome, and the country more fruitful. In truth, I cannot help saying that we want police in that matter, on account both of the living and the dead."

To me, Sir, who now and then join the amusement of reading to the employment of agriculture, the above passage has always appeared particularly deserving of attention; and I have, at last, formed a sort of computation of the advantages which would accrue to the country from the general adoption of such a plan as that suggested by Monsieur Vadé. If the managers of the public burying-grounds were, at certain intervals, and for certain valuable considerations, to lend their assistance to the proprietors of the fields and meadows, how many beneficial consequences would result to the public! How many of the honest folks, who now lie uselessly mouldering in our church-yards, and did never the smallest good while alive, would thus be rendered, after death, of the most essential service to the community! How many who seemed brought into the world merely "*Fruges consumere nati,*" "to consume the fruits of the earth," might thus by a proper and just retribution be employed to produce *fruges* similar to those which they consumed while in life! What a pleasant and equitable kind of retaliation would it be for a borough or corporation to obtain, from the bodies of a parcel of fat magistrates, swelled up with city feasts and rich wines, a sum of money that might, in some degree, compensate for the expense which the capacious bellies of their owners one day cost the town revenue!

The general effects of this plan, and the particular attention it would necessarily produce in the economy of sepulture, would remove the complaints I have often heard made in various cities, of the want of space and size in their burying-grounds. Those young men who die of old age at thirty, and the whole body of the magistrates and council of some towns who are in such a state of corruption during their lives, might very soon be made useful after their death. It has been often said that a living man is more useful than a dead one; but I deny it; for it will be found, if ever my proposal takes place, that one dead man, at least of the species above mentioned, will be of more use than fifty living ones.

I am well aware that most of the fair sex, and some such odd mortals as your Mr. Wentworth, or Mr. Fleetwood, may possibly be shocked at this plan, and may cry out, that it would be a great indelicacy done to the remains of our friends. I do not, however, imagine this ought to have much weight, when the good of one's country is concerned. These very people, Mr. MIRROR, would not, I dare say, for the world, cut the throat of a sheep, or pull the neck of a hen off joint; yet when they are at table, they make no scruple to eat a bit of mutton, or the wing of a pullet, without allowing a thought of the butcher or the cook to have a place at the entertainment. In like manner, when these delicate kind of people happen to see a very beautiful field of wheat, which is a sight every way as pleasant as a leg of good mutton, or a fine fowl, let them never distress themselves by investigating whether the field owes its peculiar excellence to the church-yard or the stable. As the ladies, however, are of very great importance in this country, I think it is proper that their good-will be gained over, if possible. I would, therefore, humbly propose, in compliment to the delicacy of their sensations, that their purer ashes never be employed in the culture of oats, to fill the bellies of vulgar ploughmen and coach-horses. No! very far be it from me to entertain any such coarse idea. Let them be set apart and solely appropriated to the use of parterres and flower-gardens. A philosopher in ancient times, I forget who, has defined a lady to be "an animal that delights in finery:" and other philosophers have imagined, that the soul, after death, takes pleasure in the same pursuits it was fond of while united to the body. What a heavenly gratification, then, will it prove to the soul of a toast, while "she rides in her cloud, on the wings of the roaring wind," to look down and view her remains upon earth, of as beautiful a complexion, and as gaily and as gaudily decorated, as ever herself was while alive!

One of your predecessors, Isaac Bickerstaff, I think, tells us, that in a bed of fine tulips he found the most remarkable flowers named after celebrated heroes and kings. He speaks of the beauty and vivid colouring of the Black Prince, and the Duke of Vendome, of Alexander the Great, the Emperor of Germany, the Duke of Marlborough, and many others. How much more natural, as well as more proper, would it be, to have our flowers christened after those beautiful females, to whom, in all probability, they really owed their peculiar beauty! We might have Lady Flora, Lady Violet, Miss Lily, Miss Rose, and all the beauties of our remembrance, renovated to our admiring eyes.

I am much inclined to believe, that the improvement I am here suggesting was known to, and practised by the ancients, particularly by the Greeks and Romans; for we read in their poets of Narcissus, Cyax, Smilax, and Crocus, Hyacinthus, Adonis, and Minthe, being after their deaths metamorphosed into flowers; and of the sisters of Phaeton, Pyramus and Thisbe, Baucis and Philemon, Daphne, Cyparissus, and Myrrha, and many more, being converted into trees. Now these stories, Mr. Mirror, when stripped of their poetical ornaments, can, in my opinion, bear no other interpretation than that the ashes of those people were applied to such useful purposes as I am now proposing.

You will here observe, Mr. Mirror, that besides the great utility of the scheme, there will be much room for the imagination to delight itself, in tracing out analogies and refining upon the general hint I have thrown out. Your Bath toyman would have many very ingenious conceits upon the occasion, and would exercise his genius in devising fanciful applications of the different manures he would make it his business to procure. He would have a plot of rue and wormwood raised by old maidens; he would apply the ashes of martyrs in love to his pine-trees; the dust of aldermen and rich citizens might be used in the culture of plums and gooseberries; a set of fine gentlemen would be laid aside for the culture of cocks-combs, none-so-prettys, and narcissuses; the clergy and church officers would be manure for the holly and elder; and the posthumous productions of poets would furnish bays and laurels for their successors. But I tire you, Mr. Mirror, with these trifling fancies: the utility of my plan is what I value myself upon, and desire your opinion of.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
Q. POSTHUMUS AGRICOLA.

No. 53.] TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1779.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR

SIR,

I AM one of the young women mentioned in two letters which you published in your 12th and 25th numbers, though I did not know till very lately that our family had been put into print in the Mirror. Since it is so, I think I too may venture to write you a letter, which, if it be not quite so well written as my father's (though I am no great admirer of his style neither), will at least be as true.

Soon after my Lady ——'s visit at our house, of which the last of my father's letters informed you, a sister of his, who is married to a man of business here in Edinburgh, came with her husband to see us in the country; and, though my sister Mary and I soon discovered many vulgar things about them, yet, as they were both very good-humoured sort of people, and took great pains to make themselves agreeable, we could not help looking with regret to the time of their departure. When that drew near, they surprised us, by an invitation to me, to come and spend some months with my cousins in town, saying, that my mother could not miss my company at home, while she had so good a companion and assistant in the family as her daughter Mary.

To me there were not so many allurements in this journey as might have been imagined. I had lately been taught to look on London as the only capital worth visiting; besides that, I did not expect the highest satisfaction from the society I should meet with at my aunt's, which, I confess, I was apt to suppose none of the most genteel. I contrived to keep the matter in suspense (for it was left entirely to my own determination), till I should write for the opinion of my friend Lady —— on the subject; for, ever since our first acquaintance, we had kept up a constant and regular correspondence. In our letters, which were always written in a style of the warmest affection, we were in the way of talking with the greatest freedom of every body of our acquaintance. It was delightful, as her ladyship expressed it, "to unfold one's feelings in the bosom of friendship;" and she accordingly was wont to send me the most natural and lively pictures of the company who resorted to ——; and I, in return, transmitted her many anecdotes of those which chance, or a greater intimacy, gave me an opportunity of learning. To prevent discovery, we corresponded under the signatures of Hortensia and Leonora; and some very particular intelligence her ladyship taught me not to commit to ink, but to set down in lemon juice.—I wander from my story, Mr. Mirror; "but I cannot help fondly recalling" (as Emilia in the novel says) "those halcyon days of friendship and felicity."

When her ladyship's answer arrived, I found her clearly of opinion that I ought to accept of my aunt's invitation. She was very jocular on the manners which she supposed I should find in that lady's family; but she said I might take the opportunity of making some acquirements, which, though London alone could perfect, Edinburgh might, in some degree, communicate. She concluded her letter with requesting the continuation of my correspondence, and a narrative of every thing that was passing in town, especially with regard to some ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance, whom she pointed out to my particular observation.

To Edinburgh, therefore, I accompanied my aunt, and found a family very much disposed to make me happy. In this they might, perhaps, have succeeded more completely, had I not acquired, from the instructions of Lady ———, and the company I saw at her house, certain notions of polite life with which I did not find any thing at Mr. ———'s correspond. It was often, indeed, their good humour which offended me as coarse, and their happiness that struck me as vulgar. There was not such a thing as *hip* or *low spirits* among them, a sort of finery which, at ———, I found a person of fashion could not possibly be without.

They were at great pains to show me any sights that were to be seen, with some of which I was really little pleased, and with others I thought it would look like ignorance to seem pleased. They took me to the play-house, where there was little company, and very little attention. I was carried to the concert, where the case was exactly the same. I found great fault with both; for though I had not much skill, I had got words enough for finding fault from my friend Lady ———: upon which they made an apology for our entertainment, by telling me, that the play-house was, at that time, managed by a fiddler, and the concert was allowed to manage itself.

Our parties at home were agreeable enough. I found Mr. ———'s and my aunt's visitors very different from what I had been made to expect, and not at all the cockneys my Lady ———, and some of her humorous guests, used to describe. They were not, indeed, so polite as the fashionable company I had met at her ladyship's; but they were much more civil. Among the rest was my uncle-in-law's partner, a good-looking young man, who, from the first, was so particularly attentive to me, that my cousins jokingly called him my lover; and even my aunt sometimes told me she believed he had a serious attachment to me; but I took care not to give him any encouragement, as I had always heard my friend Lady ——— talk of the wife of a bourgeois as the most contemptible creature in the world.

The season at last arrived, in which, I was told, the town would appear in its gayety, a great deal of good company being expected at the races. For the races I looked with anxiety, for another reason: my dear Lady ——— was to be here at that period. Of this I was informed by a *letter* from my sister. From her ladyship I had *not heard for* a considerable time, as she had been engaged in a round of visits to her acquaintance in the country.

The very morning after her arrival (for I was on the watch to get intelligence of her), I called at her lodgings. When the servant appeared, he seemed doubtful about letting me in; at last, he ushered me into a little darkish parlour, where, after waiting about half an hour, he brought me word, that his lady could not try on the gown I had brought then, but desired me to fetch it next day at eleven. I now perceived there had been a mistake as to my person; and telling the fellow, somewhat angrily, that I was no mantua-maker, desired him to carry to his lady a slip of paper, on which I wrote with a pencil the well-known name of Leonora. On his going up stairs, I heard a loud peal of laughter above, and soon after he returned with a message, that Lady ——— was sorry she was particularly engaged at present, and could not possibly see me. Think, Sir, with what astonishment I heard this message from Hortensia. I left the house, I know not whether most ashamed or angry; but afterwards I began to persuade myself, that there might be some particular reasons for Lady ———'s not seeing me at that time, which she might explain at meeting; and I imputed the terms of the message to the rudeness or simplicity of the footman. All that day, and the next, I waited impatiently for some note of explanation or inquiry from her ladyship, and was a good deal disappointed when I found the second evening arrive, without having received any such token of her remembrance. I went, rather in low spirits, to the play. I had not been long in the house, when I saw Lady ——— enter the next box. My heart fluttered at the sight; and I watched her eyes, that I might take the first opportunity of presenting myself to her notice. I saw them, soon after, turned towards me, and immediately courtesied with a significant smile to my noble friend, who being short-sighted, it would seem, which, however, I had never remarked before, stared at me for some moments, without taking notice of my salute, and at last was just putting up a glass to her eye, to point it at me, when a lady pulled her by the sleeve, and made her take notice of somebody on the opposite side of the house. She never afterwards happened to look to that quarter where I was seated.

Still, however, I was not quite discouraged, and, on an accidental change of places in our box, contrived to place myself at the end of the bench next her ladyship's, so that there was only a piece of thin board between us. At the end of the act, I ventured to ask her how she did, and to express my happiness at seing her in town, adding, that I had called the day before, but had found her particularly engaged. "Why, yes," said she, "Miss Homespun, I am always extremely hurried in town, and have time only e a very few visits; but I will be glad rill come some morning and breakfast —but not to-morrow, for there is a : concert; nor next day, for I have a party at home. In short, you may ne morning next week, when the hurry ver, and, if I am not gone out of town, be happy to see you." I don't know swer I should have made; but she did me an opportunity; for, a gentleman, en uniform, coming into the box, she tely made room for him to sit between , after a broad stare full in my face, his back my way, and sat in that posture est of the evening.

not so silly, Mr. MIRROR, but I can nd the meaning of all this. My lady, , is contented to have some humble n the country, whom she does not think of her notice in town; but I am deter- show her, that I have a prouder spirit imagines, and shall not go near her, town or country. What is more, my n't vote for her friend at next election, help it.

vexes me beyond every thing else is, d been often telling my aunt and her rs of the intimate footing I was on with ——, and what a violent friendship we each other; and so, from envy, perhaps, d to nick-name me the Countess, and onora. Now that they have got this the mantua-maker and the playhouse as so angry I could not conceal it), I med to hear the name of a lady of qual- ioned, even if it be only in a book from lating library. Do write a paper, Sir, pride and haughtiness, and people for- their country friends and acquaintance, will very much oblige,

Yours, &c.

ELIZABETH HOMESPUN.

My uncle's partner, the young gentle- mentioned above, takes my part when ins joke upon intimates with great folks: he is a much genteeler and better bred n I took him for at first.

* * *

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1779.

the letters of my correspondents, I have oured with several containing observa- the conduct and success of my paper. e, some recommend subjects of criticism kind that has been extremely popular in periodical publications, and on which, g to them, I have dwelt too little. complain, that the critical papers I have published were written in a style and manner too abstruse and technical for the bulk of my readers, and desire me to remember, that in a performance addressed to the world, only the language of the world should be used.

I was last night in a company where a piece of *conversation-criticism* took place, which, as the speakers were well-bred persons of both sexes, was necessarily of the familiar kind. As an endeavour, therefore, to please both the above mentioned correspondents, I shall set down, as nearly as I can recollect, the discourse of the company. It turned on the tragedy of Zara, at the representation of which all of them had been present a few evenings ago.

"It is remarkable," said Mr. ——, "what an era of improvement in the French drama may be marked from the writings of M. de Voltaire. The cold and tedious declamation of the former French tragedians he had taste enough to see was not the language of passion, and genius enough to execute his pieces in a different manner. He retained the eloquence of Corneille, and the tenderness of Racine; but he never suffered the first to swell into bombast, nor the other to sink into languor. He accompanied them with the force and energy of our Shakspeare, whom he had the boldness to follow;"—"And the meanness to decry," said the lady of the house.—"He has been unjust to Shakspeare, I confess," replied Sir H—— (who had been a considerable time abroad, and has brought somewhat more than the language and dress of our neighbours); "yet I think I have observed our partiality for that exalted poet carry us as unreasonable lengths on the other side. When we ascribe to Shakspeare innumerable beauties, we do him but justice; but, when we will not allow that he has faults, we give him a degree of praise to which no writer is entitled, and which he, of all men, expected the least. It was impossible that, writing in the situation he did, he should have escaped inaccuracies; suffice it to say, they always arose from the exuberance of fancy, not the sterility of dulness."

"There is much truth in what you say," answered Mr. ——; "but Voltaire was unjust when, not satisfied with pointing out blemishes in Shakspeare, he censured a whole nation as barbarous for admiring his works. He must, himself, have felt the excellence of a poet, whom, in this very tragedy of Zara, he has not disdained to imitate, and to imitate very closely too. The speech of Orasmane (or Osman, as the English translation calls him), beginning,

'*J'aurois d'un œil serein, d'un front inaltérable,*'

is almost a literal copy of the complaint of Othello:

'———— Had it rain'd
All sorts of curses on me; &c.

which is, perhaps, the reason why our translator has omitted it."—"I do not pretend to justify Voltaire," returned Sir H———; "yet it must be remembered, in alleviation, that the French have formed a sort of national taste in their theatre, correct, perhaps, almost to coldness. In Britain, I am afraid we are apt to err on the other side; to mistake rhapsody for fire, and to applaud a forced metaphor for a bold one. I do not cite Dryden, Lee, or the other poets of their age; for that might be thought unfair; but, even in the present state of the English stage, is not my idea warranted by the practice of poets, and the applause of the audience? A poet of this country, who, in other passages, has often touched the tender feelings with a masterly hand, gives to the hero of one of his latest tragedies, the following speech:

'Had I a voice like Ætna when it roars,
For in my breast is pent as fierce a fire,
I'd speak in flames.'

That a man, in the fervour and hurry of composition, should set down such an idea, is nothing; that it should be pardoned by the audience is little; but that it should always produce a clap, is strange indeed!"

"And is there nothing like this in French tragedies?" said the lady of the house; "for there is, I think, abundance of it in some of our late imitations of them."—"Nay, in the translation of Zayre, madam," returned the baronet, "Hill has sometimes departed from the original, to substitute a swelling and elaborate diction. He forgets the plain soldierly character of the sultan's favourite Orasmin, when he makes him say,

'———Silent and dark,
Th' unbreathing world is hush'd, as if it heard
And listen'd to your sorrows.'

The original is simple description;

"*Tout dort, tout est tranquille, et l'ombre de la nuit.*"——

And when the slave, in the 4th act, brings the fatal letter to the sultan, and mentions the circumstances of its interception, the translator makes Osman stay to utter a sentiment, which is always applauded on the English stage, but is certainly, however noble in itself, very ill-placed here:

'———Approach me like a subject
That serves the prince, yet not forgets the man.'

Osman had no breath for words: Voltaire gives him but five hurried ones:

'*Donne—qui la portait?—donne.*'"

"I am quite of your opinion, Sir H———," said Mr. ———; "and I may add, that even Voltaire seems to me too profuse of sentiments in Zara, which, beautiful as they are, and though expressed with infinite delicacy, are yet somewhat foreign to that native language which feeling dictates, and by which it is moved. I weep at a few simple words expressive of distress; I pause to admire a sentiment, and my pity is forgotten. The single line uttered by Lusignan, at the close of his description of the massacre of his wife and children,

'*Helas! et j'etais pêre, et je ne pas mourir,*

moves me more than a thousand sentiments, how just or eloquent soever."

"If we think of the noblest use of tragedy," said Mrs. ———, "we shall perhaps, Sir, not be quite of your opinion. I, who am a mother, wish my children to learn some other virtues, beside compassion, at a play; it is certainly of greater consequence to improve the mind than to melt it."—"I am sure, mamma," said a young lady, her daughter, "the sentiments of tragedy affect me as much as the most piteous description. When I hear an exalted sentiment, I feel my heart, as it were, swell in my bosom, and it is always followed by a gush of tears from my eyes."—"You tell us the effects of your feelings, child; but you don't distinguish the feelings themselves.—I would have, gentlemen," continued she, "a play to be virtuous in its sentiments, and also natural in its events. The want of the latter quality, as well as of the former, has a bad effect on young persons; it leads them to suppose, that such a conduct is natural and allowable in common life, and encourages that romantic deception which is too apt to grow up in minds of sensibility. Don't you think, that the sudden conversion of Zara to Christianity, unsupported by argument, or conviction of its truth, is highly unnatural and may have such a tendency as I have mentioned?"——"I confess," said Mr. ———"that has always appeared to me an exceptionable passage."——"I do not believe, mamma," said the young lady, "that she was really converted in opinion; but I don't wonder at her crying out she was a Christian, after such a speech as that of her father Lusignan. I know my heart was so wrung with the scene, that I could at that moment, have almost become Mahometan to have comforted the good old man."——Her mother smiled; for this was exactly a confirmation of her remark.

"Voltaire," said Sir H———, "has, like many other authors, introduced a dark scene into the last act of this tragedy; yet it appears to me, that such a scene goes beyond the power of stage-deception, and always hurts the piece. We cannot possibly suppose, that two persons

upon the same board do not see each
hile we, sitting in a distant part of the
e both perfectly well."——— "I do re-
said the young lady, "at first, wonder-
Zara could fail to see Osman; but I
ot it."———"Thus it always is," re-
r. ———, "in such a case; if a poet
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he easily gets the better of those stage
illities. In truth, the scenic deception
ery singular nature. It is impossible
ld imagine ourselves spectators of the
e, of which the stage one is an imita-
s utmost length we are, in reality, car-
o deliver over our minds to that sym-
hich a proper and striking representa-
rief, rage, or any other passion, pro-
You destroy the deception, it is said,
y thing impertinent or ludicrous hap-
the stage, or among the audience; but
find the very same effect, if a child
s three-halfpenny trumpet, in the midst
of Fischer, or a song of Rauzzini; it
delightful current of feeling which was
along the soul at the time, and dissatis-
nd pain are the immediate consequence;
e solo or the song, no such deception as
rical is pretended."——— Mr. ———
l this with the manner of one who had
he subject, and nobody ventured to an-
n.

were mentioning," said Mrs. ———,
re's imitation of Othello, in this tragedy;
ct, in the last act, a very strong instance
concluding speech of Osman, before he
nself, which seems to be exactly taken
t of the Moor, in a similar situation."
I remember both speeches well," said
———, "and I think it may be dis-
hether either of them be congenial to
ation."—"You will excuse me, Sir
—," said I, "if I hold them both per-
n nature. The calmness of desperate
mediable grief will give vent to a speech
nd more methodical than the immediate
of some less deep and irretrievable cala-
Shakspeare makes Othello refer, in the
of stabbing himself, to a story of his
Turk in Aleppo; the moment of per-
n, when such a passage would have been
al, is past; the act of killing himself is
natter of little importance; and his re-
to a story seemingly indifferent marks,
pinion, most forcibly and naturally, the
d settled horror on Othello's soul. I
to the concluding lines of the sultan's
n Zara, which rest on the story of his
sfortune:

m I've plunged my dagger in her breast;
m I her adored, and thus revenged her.'

a have talked a great deal of the author," said the young lady, "but nothing of the actors. Was not the part of Zara excellently performed?"———"Admirably, indeed," replied Mr. ———; "I know no actress who possesses the power of speaking poetry beyond Miss Young."———"Nor of feeling it neither, Sir, I think."———"I did not mean to deny her that quality; but, in the other, I think she is unrivalled. She does not reach, perhaps, the impassioned burst, the electric flash of Mrs. Barry; nor has she that deep and thrilling note of horror with which Mrs. Yates benumbs an audience; but there is a melting tremble in her voice, which, in tender passages, is inimitably beautiful and affecting. Were I a poet, I should prefer her speaking of my lines to that of any actress I ever heard."

"She owes, I believe," said our Frenchman, "much of her present excellence to her study of the French stage. I mean not to detract from her merit: I certainly allow her more, when I say, that her excellence is, in great part, of her own acquirement, than some of her ill-judging admirers, who ascribe it all to Nature. Our actors, indeed, are rarely sensible how much study and application is due to their profession; people may be *spouters* without culture, but laborious education alone can make perfect actors. Feeling, and the imitative sympathy of passion, are, undoubtedly, derived from Nature; but art alone can bestow that grace, that refined expression, without which feeling will often be awkward, and passion ridiculous."

Z.

* * *

No. 55.] Tuesday, August 3, 1779.

Decipimur specie recti. Hor.

But oft our greatest errors take their rise
From our best views.— Francis.

Sincerity, by which I mean honesty in men's dealings with each other, is a virtue praised by every one, and the practice of it is, I believe, more common than gloomy moralists are willing to allow. The love of truth, and of justice, are so strongly implanted in our minds, that few men are so hardened, or so insensible, as knowingly and deliberately to commit dishonest actions; and a little observation soon convinces those who are engaged in a variety of transactions, that honesty is wisdom, and knavery folly.

But though, according to this acceptation of the phrase, men are seldom insincere, or literally dishonest, in the ordinary transactions of life; yet, I believe, there is another and higher species of sincerity, which is very seldom to be met with in any degree of perfection; I mean that

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from guarding against it, he

s the imposition, and becomes the willing dupe to his own inclinations.

Licinius was a man of learning and of fancy; he lived at a time when the factions of this country were at their greatest height: he entered into all of them with the greatest warmth, and, in some of the principal transactions of the time, acted a considerable part. With warm attachments and ungoverned zeal, his opinions were violent, and his prejudices deep-rooted. Licinius wrote a history of his own times: his zeal for the interests he had espoused is conspicuous; the influence of his prejudices is apparent; his opinion of the characters of the men of whom he writes is almost every where dictated by his knowledge of the party to which they belonged; and his belief or disbelief of the disputed facts of the time is directed by the connexion they had with his own favourite opinions. Phidippus cannot talk with patience of this history or its author; he never speaks of him but as of a mean lying fellow, who knowingly wrote the tales of a party, and who, to serve a faction, wished to deceive the public. Phidippus is mistaken: Licinius, in one sense of the word, was perfectly honest; he did not wish to deceive; but he was himself under the influence of deception. The heat of his fancy, the violence of his zeal, led him away; convinced that he was much in the right, he was desirous to be still more so; he viewed, and was at pains to view, every thing in one light; all the characters, and all the transactions of the time, were seen under one colour; and under this deception he saw, and thought, and wrote. When Phidippus accuses Licinius of being wilfully dishonest, he is mistaken, and is under the influence of a like deception with that of Licinius. Licinius wrote unfairly, because he saw every thing in one light, and was not at pains to guard against self-deception, or to correct erroneous judgment. Phidippus judges of Licinius unfairly, because he also is under the influence of party, because his system and opinions are different from those of Licinius, and because this leads him to judge harshly of every one who thinks like Licinius.

Lysander is a young man of elegance and sentiment; but he has a degree of vanity which makes him wish to be possessed of fortune, not to hoard, but to spend it. He has a high opinion of female merit; and would not, for any consideration, think of marrying a woman for whom he did not believe he felt the most sincere and ardent attachment. In this situation of mind he became acquainted with Leonora: Leonora's father was dead, and had left her possessed of a very considerable fortune; Lysander had heard of Leonora, and knew she was possessed of a fortune before ever he saw her. She is not remarkable either for the beauties of person or of mind; but the very first

sander saw her, he conceived a prepos-
a her favour, and which has now grown
rong attachment. Lysander believes it
erit only which has produced this; and
l hate himself, if he thought Leonora's
essed of a fortune had had the least
upon him. But he is mistaken; he
know himself, nor that secret power
e of wealth has over him. The know-
Leonora's being an heiress made him
wish her to be possessed of personal
fore he saw her; when he did see her,
rted his wishes into belief; he desired
eived, and he was so. He conceived
was possessed of every accomplishment
a and of mind; and his imagination
ce warmed, he believed and thought
felt a most violent attachment. Had
been without a fortune, she would
ave drawn Lysander's attention; he
ave never thought more highly of her
n he did of that of most other women;
ould not have become the dupe of his
ad desires.

da is a young lady of the most amiable
ns. With an elegant form, she pos-
most uncommon degree of sensibility.
nts reside at Bellfield, in a sequestered
he country. Here she has few oppor-
of being in society, and her time has
en spent in reading. Books of senti-
vels, and tender poetry, are her great-
rites. This kind of reading has in-
he natural warmth and sensibility of
; it has given her romantic notions of
particularly warm and passionate ideas
re. The attachment of lovers, the
ion of hearts, and hallowed sympathy
are continually pictured in her mind.
a, a distant relation of Amanda, hap-
pay a visit to Bellfield. Amanda's
notions had hitherto been general, and
bject to fix upon. But it is difficult to
rm feelings long, without directing
ome object. After a short acquaint-
ilemon became very particular in his
s to her. Amanda was not displeased
m: on the contrary, she thought she
im all those good qualities which she
r own mind. Every look that he gave,
word that he spoke, confirmed her in
ery thing she wished to be in a lover,
ng her favourite authors told her a
ht to be possessed of, she believed to be
on. Her parents perceived the situation
d. In vain did they represent to her the
e ran, and that she had not yet acquain-
ugh of Philemon to know any thing,
ainty, about his character. She as-
se admonitions to the too great coldness
ence of age, and she disregarded them.

Amanda believe herself deeply enamoured with Philemon; but it could not be with Philemon, for she knew little of him. She was the dupe of her own wishes; and she deceived herself into a belief that she was warmly attached to him, when it was only an ideal being of her own creation that was the object of her passion. Philemon may be worthy of the love of Amanda, or Amanda may be able to preserve the deception she is under even after marriage; but her danger is apparent.

The influence of self-deception is wonderfully powerful. Different as are the above persons, and different as their situations, all have been under its guidance. As observed above, dishonesty, in our ordinary transactions in the world, is a vice which only the most corrupted and abandoned are in danger of falling into; but that dishonesty with ourselves, which leads us to be our own deceivers, to become the dupes of our own prevailing passions and inclinations, is to be met with more or less in every character. Here we are, as it were, parties to the deceit, and instead of wishing to guard against it, we become the willing slaves of its influence. By this means, not only are bad men deceived by evil passions into the commission of crimes, but even the worthiest men, by giving too much way to the best and most amiable feelings of the heart, may be led into fatal errors, and into the most prejudicial misconduct. Did men, however, endeavour to guard against the influence of this self-deceit, did they coolly and on all interesting occasions examine into the principles and motives of their conduct, did they view themselves not under the mist and cover of passion, but with the eyes of an impartial spectator, much might be done to avoid the dangers I have pointed out.

S.

No. 56.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1779.

THE first of the two following letters I received some time ago from my friend Mr. Umphraville; and I think I need make no apology, either to him or my readers, for giving it a place in this day's MIRROR.

MY DEAR SIR,

The moment that I found myself disengaged from business, you know I left the smoke and din of your blessed city, and hurried away to pure skies and quiet at my cottage.

I found my good sister in perfect health, free from flying rheumatic pains, aguish complaints, slight megrims, and apprehensions of the tooth-ache, and all the other puny half pangs that indolence is heir to, and that afford a kind of comfort to the idle, by supplying them with topics of complaint and conversation.

You must have heard that our spring was singularly pleasant; but how pleasant it was you could not feel in your dusky atmosphere. My sister remarked that it had a faint resemblance of the spring in ——. Although I omit the year, you may believe that several seasons have passed away since that animating æra recollected by my sister. "Alas! my friend," said I, "seasons return, but it is only to the young and the fortunate." A tear started in her eye; yet she smiled, and resumed her tranquillity.

We sauntered through the kitchen-garden, and admired the rapid progress of vegetation. "Every thing is very forward," said my sister; "we must begin to bottle gooseberries to-morrow." "Very forward, indeed," answered I. "This reminds me of the young ladies whom I have seen lately; they seemed forward enough, though a little out of season too."

It was a poor witticism; but it lay in my way, and I took it up. Next morning the gardener came into our breakfasting-parlour:—"Madam," said he, "all the gooseberries are gone."—"Gone!" cried my sister, "and who could be so audacious? Brother, you are a justice of the peace; do make out a warrant directly to search for and apprehend. We have an agreeable neighbourhood indeed; the insolence of the rabble of servants, of low-born purse-proud folks, is not to be endured."—"The gooseberries are not away," continued the gardener, "they are all lying in heaps under the bushes; last night's frost, and a hail-shower this morning, have made the crop fail."—"The crop fail!" exclaimed my sister; "and where am I to get gooseberries for bottling?"—"Come, come, my dear," said I, "they tell me that, in Virginia, pork has a peculiar flavour, from the peaches on which the hogs feed; you can let in your goslings to pick up your gooseberries; and I warrant you, that this unlooked-for food will give them a relish far beyond that of any green geese of our neighbour's at the castle."—"Brother," replied she, "you are a philosopher." I quickly discovered that, while endeavouring to turn one misfortune into jest, I recalled another to her remembrance; for it seems, that, by a series of domestic calamities, all her goslings had perished.

A very promising family of turkey chicks has at length consoled her for the fate of the goslings; and on rummaging her store-room, she finds that she has more bottled gooseberries left of last year than will suffice for the present occasions of our little family.

What shall I say of my sister? Her understanding is excellent; and she is religious without superstition. Great have been her misfortunes, poor woman! and I can bear testimony to her fortitude and resignation under them; and yet the veriest trifles imaginable unhinge her mind.

That people of sense should allow themselves to be affected by the most trivial accidents is absurd and ridiculous. There are, indeed, some things, which, though hardly real evils, cannot fail to vex the wisest, and discompose the equanimity of the most patient; for example, that fulsome court paid by the vulgar to rich upstarts, and the daily slights to which decayed nobility is exposed.

I hope that your periodical essays find favour in the sight of the idle and frivolous. You may remember, I told you long ago, that I would never read any of them. The perusal of them could not make me esteem you more than I do already; and it might bring many fashionable follies to my knowledge, of which I am happily ignorant. I ever am,

Yours affectionately,

Edwd. Umphraville.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir, *Edinburgh, July 23, 1779.*

I am confined, by the occupations of a laborious employment, to a constant residence in town. During the summer and autumn, however, I sometimes can afford a day, which I wish to spend in a jaunt to the country. I lived in the country, Sir, in my earlier days; and whenever I hear a wood, a meadow, or the banks of a river, mentioned, I always think of peace, of happiness, and innocence.

This season I have had a friend in town, who, being an idle man, is a great maker of parties. Among others, he contrives to get people together of a Saturday or a Sunday, to go and dine in the country, which he says, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, affords some of the most beautiful and romantic scenes he ever saw. Last Saturday I was asked to join in one of his parties of this sort; to which, being a lover of rural scenes, as I mentioned before, I readily consented.

My friend had the ordering of every thing on our expedition. The carriages he had bespoke did not arrive at the place of meeting till near an hour after the time appointed; and, when they did come, we had another hour to wait for our conductor, who, having sat up at a town-party, till five that morning, was not willing to be disturbed till mid-day.

We arrived at the place of our destination betwixt two and three. I immediately proposed a walk, to enjoy the beauty of the fields, and the purity of the air; but my proposal was overruled, from the consideration of the near approach of dinner; some of the company [illegible]

irving, that the evening was the pro-
ime for walking in this hot weather.
ie a cup was called for, which in the
weather was pronounced vastly plea-
l my friend declared was more refresh-
m than the purest air under heaven.
r was soon after brought in, which con-
a profusion of meat ill-dressed, and
p in a slovenly style. This, however,
untry dinner, and people were not to be
he country. So we sat, enjoying the
of the country, amidst the steams of
oth, rusty ham, and stinking mutton;
delighted with a jingle of bells, and the
of guests in the staircase, which were
fectually answered by the bustle of an
l waiter, and a fat hoiden of a chamber-

the table-cloth was removed, our con-
who said he found himself much the
r his dinner, called for the landlord, and
im to send in a particular sort of wine,
ur of which he highly commended. An
rbial recipe was cited to him, by a red-
ntleman at the bottom of the table,
gnifies that a man should drink a bottle
s a cure for the effects of two or three
esterday. 'Twas a prescription very
ited to the inclination of my friend,
clared, after having drank a bottle
at he never was better in all his life.
mentioned the evening being a proper
walking; so we sat till our carriages
the door, and till we despatched four
les after their arrival. The post-boys,
tience needed some cordial to maintain
busy in their way below; so that, when
we got into the chaises, they were as
—as drunk as we were. The carriage
another gentleman and I were placed
rturned about a mile from town: I es-
ith a sprained ancle; but my friend had
r-bone broke.

Mr. Mirror, I incline to think, that a
y find a bad dinner, and get drunk after
s well in town as in the country; and,
rst case, he will have the advantage of
is bones, the chaise-hire, and the tax
t-horses.

I am, &c.
Civis.

* * *

] Tuesday, Aug. 10, 1779.

king man will deny that travelling into
countries is, in certain situations, attend-
many and great advantages. It polishes
ners of the courtier, enlarges the views of the statesman, and furnishes the philosopher with a more extensive field of observation, and enables him to form more certain conclusions with regard to the nature and character of man. At the same time, I have often been disposed to doubt how far it is an eligible thing for a private gentleman, without talents and inclination for public life, to spend much of his time abroad, to acquire a relish for foreign manners, and a taste for the society of a set of men, with whom neither his station nor his fortune entitle him to associate in the after-part of his life. The following letter on this subject may, perhaps, be acceptable to my readers.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

Most of your predecessors have favoured the public with speculations on travelling; and they have been at pains to point out the abuses of it that from time to time have prevailed among us. In the Spectator, the absurdity of a fond mother and mother's own son going together to make the tour of Europe, in order to learn men and things, is exposed in a very masterly manner. If I have not been misinformed, that admirable essay was the production of a young man, who afterwards, by his great talents and eminent virtues, added dignity to the highest office in the law of England; which he filled many years with the entire approbation of all good men.

In the world, the folly of sending an ignorant booby to travel, who looked with contempt on the French and Italians, because they did not speak English, is held up to ridicule in a vein of wit, and with an elegance of expression, that mark the compositions of the Earl of Chesterfield.

A correspondent in your own paper has pointed out the fatal effects of a practice, unknown till within these few years, of sending boys to foreign schools, or academies, where, according to his account of the matter, they learn nothing but vice and folly.

Although travelling has proved equally fatal to me, my case is very different from any of of those I have mentioned: I shall, therefore, take the liberty to give an account of myself, from which you and your readers will be best able to judge whether making what is called the grand tour, be an advisable thing for persons in my circumstances and situation.

I am the only son of a gentleman of fortune and family. My father, who was himself a man of letters, wished to give me a liberal education, and was desirous to unite the solidity of the ancient system with that ease and grace which, of late, have been cultivated so much, and which, by some, have been thought the most essential of all acquirements. Soon after my twentieth year my father died, leaving me possessed of a family estate of a thousand pounds a year, and (I hope I may say it without vanity) with as great a share of knowledge as any of my contemporaries could boast of. The tour of Europe was the only thing wanting to complete my education. Intimately acquainted with the celebrated characters of antiquity, and an enthusiastic admirer of their virtues, I longed to visit Italy, to see the spot where Scipio triumphed, where Cæsar fell, where Cicero harangued. Full of these ideas, I set out in my travels; and, after passing some time in France, I proceeded to Rome. For a while antiquity was my great object, and every remain of Roman greatness attracted my attention. Afterwards music, of which I had always been a lover, and painting, for which I acquired a taste in Italy, occupied much of my time; but, whilst engaged in these favourite pursuits, I did not neglect any opportunity of mingling in society with the natives, and of observing their manners and customs. I lived too on the most intimate footing with the British at the different courts I visited; and I doubted not that the friendships I then formed with men of the first distinction in my own country would be as lasting as they appeared to be warm and sincere. If the pleasures in which we indulged, and which, by degrees, came to occupy almost the whole of my time, sometimes bordered on the licentious, they were, at least, attended with an elegance, which, in some measure, disguised the deformity of vice.

Various reasons, which it is needless now to mention, at length constrained me to return home. As I approached my seat in the county of ———, I felt a tender satisfaction at the thought of revisiting those scenes where I had spent so many happy days in the "early morn of life," and of seeing again the companions of my youthful sports, many of whom I knew had settled in the country, and lived on their estates in my neighbourhood. My arrival was no sooner known than they flocked to welcome me home. The friends of my father, and their sons, my old companions, were equally sincere and warm in their compliments; but though I was pleased with their attachment, I could not help being disgusted with the blunt plainness of their manners. Their conversation usually turned on subjects in which I could not possibly be interested. The old got into keen political debate, or dissertations on farming; and the young talked over their last fox-chase, or recited the particulars of their last debauch. If I attempted to give the conversation a different turn, they remained silent, and were altogether incapable to talk of those subjects on which I had been accustomed to think and to speak. If I mentioned the Gabrielli, or the Mignotti, they were as much at a loss as I was when they joined in praising the notes of Juno or of Jowler; if the proportions of the Venus de Medicis were talked of, one would perhaps ask what a dead beauty was good for? another would swear, that in his mind, Polly ——— was a better made girl than any heathen goddess, dead or alive.

By degrees my neighbours gave me up altogether. They complained that I was a strange fellow, who hated company, and had no notion of life. I confess I was rather pleased with their neglect, and, in my own mind, preferred solitude to such society; but solitude at length became irksome, and I longed again to mingle in society. With that view I went to the races at Edinburgh, where I was told I should meet with all the polite people of this country. The night I arrived I accompanied to the assembly a female relation, almost the only acquaintance I had in town. If you, Mr. Mirror, be a frequenter of public places, I need not tell you how much I was struck on entering the room. Dark, dirty, mean, offensive to every sense, it seemed to resemble a large barn, rather than a room allotted for the reception of polite company. I had no sooner entered, that I was hurried along by the crowd to the farther end of the hall, where the first thing that caught my eye was an old lady, who, it seems, presided for the night, and was at that instant employed in distributing tickets, to ascertain the order in which the ladies were to dance. She was surrounded by a cluster of persons of both sexes, all of whom spoke at the same time, and some of them, as I thought, with a voice and gesture rather rough and vehement.

This important part of the ceremonial being at length adjusted, the dancing began. My conductress asked me if I did not think the ladies, in general, handsome? I told her (and that without any compliment) that I thought them more than commonly beautiful; "but methinks," added I, "the gentlemen are not, either in dress or appearance, such as I should have expected."—"Oh," replied she, "have a little patience, the men of fashion are not yet come in; this being the first day of the races, they are dining with the stewards." I had not time to make any observation on the propriety of allowing ladies to go unattended to a public place, to wait four hours there in expectation of the gentlemen with whom they were to dance; for, at that instant, a loud noise at the lower end of the hall attracted my notice. "There they come," said she; and I soon perceived a number of young gentlemen staggering up the room, all of them flustered, some of them perfectly intoxicated. Their behaviour (I forbear to mention the particulars) was such as might be expected.

In a few days I was quite satisfied with the amusements of Edinburgh, and with pleasure

ıce more to my solitude at ——. There,
I again fell a sacrifice to *ennui;* I
trive no way to fill up my time. After
wo or three tedious years, I resolved to
effort more, and set out for London,
of meeting those friends with whom I
so happily abroad, and in whose society
expected to receive pleasure without

inquiry, I found that almost all my
ere in town, and next morning sallied
wait upon them: but nowhere could I
ittance. It did not occur to me that
ors which, at Rome or Naples, flew
ay approach, could, at London, be shut
ıe. I therefore concluded I had called
roper time, and that the hours of Lon-
h which I was but little acquainted)
rom those we had been accustomed to

: belief I went to the opera in the even-
had not been there long before Lord
appened to come into the very box
was. With Lord —— I had lived
of the most intimate friendship, and,
public place, I should have embraced
open arms. Judge then of my aston-
when he received my compliments
coldness of the most perfect indifference.
lless to run through the mortifying de-
om all my friends I met with much the
ption. One talked of the business of
ıt, another of his engagements at the
vre, or the *Coterie*. The Duke of ——,
filled one of the great offices of state,
ned to retain his former sentiments.
he took me into his closet, and, after
eral conversation, solicited my interest
unty of ——, for Mr. ——. I told
my engagements to the other candidate
ı, that I could not possibly comply with
st. He seemed perfectly satisfied, and
d on the best of terms; but from that
his grace never happened to be at home
id myself the honour of calling on him.
ed and mortified, I returned to Scot-
hen I had got within a hundred miles
n house, I observed, from the road, a
ı's seat, the beauty and elegance of
uck me so much, that I stopped the
and asked the post-boy to whom it be-
" To Mr. Manly," said he. " What,
Manly?" Before I could receive an
ıy friend appeared in a field at a little
Manly and I had been educated at
school, at the same university, and had
gether to make the tour of Europe.
we had been some time in France he
l home, by accounts that his father lay
ly ill. From that time a variety of
had prevented our meeting. We now
' we had parted but yesterday; with
the same freedom, the same warmth, the same glow of friendship, heightened, if possible, by our long separation.

During my stay at his house, I told him all my distresses, all my disappointments. When I had done, " To be plain with you, my friend," said he, " I cannot help thinking that most of your disappointments must be imputed to yourself. Your long residence abroad, and your attachment to foreign manners, has led you to judge rather hastily of your countrymen. Had you been less rash, you might have discovered virtues in your neighbours that would, in some measure, have made up for the want of that high polish and refinement which they cannot be expected to possess. From what you saw at Edinburgh in the hurry of a race week, and from the behaviour of a set of men, who think that fashionable distinction consists in indulgence in low pleasures and gross amusements, you have drawn conclusions equally unfavourable and unjust. I know from experience, that nowhere are to be found men of more agreeable conversation, or women more amiable and respectable. Your late disappointment, in the reception you met with from your foreign friends, proceeds from a mistake not uncommon, from confounding that companionship, so apt to produce a temporary union among young men, when engaged in the same pleasures and amusements, with real friendship, which seldom or never has been found to subsist between men differing much in rank and condition, and whose views and objects in life do not in some measure coincide."

I am now, Mr. MIRROR, fully convinced of the truth of Manly's observations; and am every day more and more satisfied, that it is a misfortune for a private gentleman, who means to pass his days in his native country, to become attached to foreign manners and foreign customs, in so considerable a degree, as a long residence abroad, in the earlier period of life, seldom fails to produce.

I am, &c.

M. ALONZO.

* * *

No. 58.] SATURDAY, AUG. 14, 1779.

Veniam damus petimusque vicissim. HOR.

I own th' indulgence—such I give and take.
FRANCIS.

THE mutual complaints of Mr. and Mrs. Gold, which have been communicated in a former paper, together with some complaints of similar family-distresses, which I have received from other correspondents, often remind me of the happy effects which my friends Horatio and Emilia have experienced from an opposite temper and conduct.

Horatio, though he obtained a very liberal education, lived till the age of twenty-five almost entirely in the country. The small fortune which he inherited from his father being about this time increased by his succeeding to a distant relation, he afterwards spent some years in this city, in London, and in making the usual tour on the continent.

Soon after his return, he married the young and beautiful Emilia, to whom he had become warmly attached, not so much on account of her beauty, as from an expression of a sweet, though lively temper, which marked her countenance—which, when admitted to a more intimate acquaintance, he found to be justified by her conversation and manners.

Emilia's father was addicted to pleasure and expense, and her mother, though more accomplished, of a similar disposition.—In their family she had been accustomed to a life of more than ordinary gayety.

Though Horatio felt, in all its extent, that passion which is nowise favourable to a just estimation of character, these circumstances had not escaped his notice, and he failed not to observe that Emilia had acquired a stronger attachment to the pleasures of a town life than was either right in itself, or agreeable to that preference for domestic society, and the quiet of a country life, which he had always felt, and which he still wished to gratify.

In place, however, of acquainting Emilia with his taste in these particulars, he judged it better to let her enjoy that style of life to which she had been accustomed, not doubting, from the natural good sense and sweetness of her disposition, that her own taste might gradually be corrected; and that as his should from time to time fall under her observation, it might contribute to the change.

He took up his residence, therefore, in the town; and though Emilia went into company, and frequented public places more than he could have wished, he complied with her inclination in these particulars, partook of her amusements when he was not necessarily engaged, and, when he did so, carefully avoided betraying that indifference or disgust which he often felt.

While Horatio, however, gave way to the taste of Emilia, he never lost the inclination, nor neglected the means, of reforming it.

Amidst the gayety to which she had been accustomed, Emilia had early formed a taste for the elegant writers, both of this country and of *France*; and the same sensibility and delicacy of mind, which led her to admire them, made her no less sensible of the beauties of a polished and refined conversation. It was this which had first gained the affections of Horatio; it was to this he trusted for effecting the reformation he desired.

He was at pains, therefore, to cultivate and
encourage this literary taste in Emilia.-
frequently took occasion to turn the convers
to subjects of literature, and to dwell o
beauties, or mention the striking passage
this or that author; and would often en
Emilia in a fine poem, an affecting traged
an interesting novel, when, but for that cir
stance, she would have been exhausting
spirits at a ball, or wasting the night at car

Nor was he less studious in forming her
for company than for books. Though he
never aimed at an extensive acquaintance, H
tio enjoyed the friendship of several perso
both sexes endowed with those elegant man
and that delicate and cultivated understan
which render conversation at once agreeable
instructive.

Of these friends he frequently formed pa
at his house. Emilia, who had the same
position to oblige, which she, on all occasi
experienced from him, was happy to indulg
inclinations in this particular; and, as she
well qualified to bear a part in their conve
tion, and of a mind highly sensible of its cha
these parties gradually became more and
agreeable to her.

In this manner, her books, the convers
of select companies, and the care of her chil
which soon became a most endearing offi
the tender and feeling heart of Emilia, furni
her with a variety of domestic occupations:
as these gradually led her to go less into m
company and public amusements, she bega
lose her habitual relish for them. As she
observed how agreeable this change was to
taste of Horatio, that circumstance gave
mind more and more a domestic turn.

The same delicacy from which he at first
way to her taste for company and public am
ments, made Horatio avoid showing that
ference which he entertained for a country

For some time he was entirely silent on
subject. Though he now and then made
cursions to the country, it was only occasio
when his business rendered it necessary;
though Emilia could not but observe that
manner in which he passed his time there
adding to the beauties of his place, and in
easy intercourse with a few neighbours,
highly agreeable to him; he never expresse
inclination of fixing his general residence in
country, or even of her accompanying hi
his occasional visits to Rosedale.

His visits became, however, gradually
frequent; and as they generally continued
some weeks, those little absences gave a so
pain to Emilia, to whom no society was no
agreeable as that of Horatio; she became
rous of accompanying him to the country.

Their first visits were short, and at consi
able intervals; but as he omitted no mean
rendering them agreeable to her, she seldom

it without regret, and was often the first to propose their return.

At length Emilia, who now observed that her husband was nowhere so happy as in the country, and had herself come to feel the same predilection for the calm cheerfulness and innocent amusements of a country life, took occasion to acquaint him with this change in her sentiments, and to express the same inclination, which, she was persuaded, he entertained, of abandoning a town life, and fixing their constant residence at Rosedale.

A proposal so agreeable to Horatio was readily complied with; and Emilia and he have ever since passed their time in that delightful retreat, occupied with the education of their children, the improvement of their place, and the society of a few friends equally happy in themselves, and beloved by all around them.

Thus has Horatio, the gentleness of whose mind is equal to the strength of his understanding, by a prudent as well as delicate complacency, gradually effected that change which an opposite conduct might have failed of producing; and which, at the same time, would probably have been the source of mutual chagrin, and rendered both him and his wife unhappy.

Nor was the reformation solely on her part. By leading him to partake in company and amusements, Emilia was the means of correcting the natural reserve of Horatio's manner; and as the example of his plain, though animated conversation, led her sometimes to moderate the vivacity and sprightliness of hers, which sometimes approached towards levity; so her vivacity communicated an agreeable gayety and cheerfulness to the discourse of Horatio.

If, in the above account, I have pointed out more strongly the effects of complacency in Horatio than in Emilia, it ought to be remembered that this virtue is much seldomer to be met with in the one sex than the other. A certain pride attends the firmness of men, which makes it generally much more difficult for them to acquire this complacency of temper, which it always requires much discipline, and often the rod of adversity and disappointment, to subdue.

If men truly possess that superiority of understanding over women, which some of them seem to suppose, surely this use of it is equally ungenerous and imprudent. They would, I imagine, show that superiority much more effectually, in endeavouring to imitate the amiable gentleness of the female character, and to acquire, from a sense of its propriety, a virtue, for which, it must be allowed, that the other sex is more indebted to their original constitution.

If women, as we sometimes allege, are too apt to connect the idea of pride, and hardness of manners, with that of knowledge and ability, and, on that account, often show a preference to more superficial accomplishments; the men, who value themselves for knowledge and abilities, ought to look into their own conduct for the cause, and, imitating the behaviour of Horatio, endeavour to show that a man's feelings need not be the less delicate for being under the direction of a sound judgment; and that he who best knows the female character, and will put the highest value on its excellence, is also the most likely to make allowance for a difference of taste, and to bear with those little weaknesses with which he knows all human excellence to be often accompanied.

O.

* * *

No. 59.] Tuesday, August 17, 1779.

Ex otio plus negotii quam ex negotio habemus.
Vet. Schol. ad Ennium in Iphigen.

Idleness gives us more to do than business.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

I am one of that numerous tribe of men, whom your predecessor, the Spectator, has distinguished by the appellation of loungers, an innocent harmless race, who are remarkable for no one offensive quality, except a mortal antipathy at Time; which, as that author says, and we are willing to allow, we study all possible means of killing and destroying. This confession, Sir, of one particular species of malevolence we are not at all ashamed to make, since the persecution of our adversary is so avowed and notorious, as fully to justify every kind of revenge which we can meditate. We consider Time, Sir, as a sort of *incubus*, or day night-mare, a malignant being, who, *like the old man of the sea*, in the Arabian Tales, fastens himself upon our shoulders, presses with intolerable weight, and sticks so close, that oftentimes an unhappy victim of his malice is fain to rid himself of his oppressor at the expense of his life. It is not then surprising that it should be the constant study of us, who are infested by this monster, to try every probable scheme for his destruction.

Now, Sir, as in a long-continued war, the military genius is sharpened by exercise, destructive inventions are multiplied, and a variety of artful dispositions, manœuvres, and stratagems are found out, which the great masters of the science, Folard, Puysegur, and Saxe, are careful to record, for the benefit of belligerent posterity; so I, in like manner, who for many years have maintained an obstinate warfare with my mortal enemy, have not only put in practice all the common and most approved modes of attack and defence, so as precisely to ascertain the respective merit of each, but I flatter myself with having discovered several artful devices and ingenious plans, which sufficiently prove my own masterly skill in the science, and which I can recommend to the practice of my brother loungers, from repeated experience of their efficacy.

I have made so great a proficiency in this useful art, that it was for several years a darling project of mine to digest my knowledge into a regular system; but when, in the prosecution of this great design, I had got the length of forming a complete title-page, and had entered upon the consideration of the plan, and arrangement of the work, I found a necessity of abandoning my project, from the immense variety of matter which presented itself to my view, as well as from an unhappy infirmity under which I have laboured from my youth, a sort of lethargic disorder which totally unfits me for reading or writing more than half an hour at a time.

But Sir, that the world may not be entirely deprived of the fruits of my talents and experience, I have determined to send you some of my detached notes, and a few observations occasionally set down as materials, while the work I have mentioned was in contemplation. These, Sir, as you seem to have a pretty turn for writing, you may, in your own way of periodical speculations, enlarge and improve upon; or, if you should think proper to follow out my design of a complete treatise on the subject, you have my full permission.

The philosophers say, *cogito ergo sum;* I think, therefore I exist. Now, as the sense of our own existence is the most disagreeable of all reflections to us lounging philosophers; it follows, that, in order to rid ourselves of that most uneasy sensation, we must endeavour as much as possible to banish all thought.

To attain this important end there are various means, according to the variety of tastes. To escape from his own thoughts, one lounger betakes himself to his bottle, another to the gaming-table, and a third to a mistress. That these methods are frequently successful must be presumed, since the greatest adepts so generally employ them. Nevertheless, I must be excused for hinting a very few objections which have occurred in the course of my own practice.

As an antidote to the cares of life, and sovereign opiate for the miseries of thought and reflection, there is no medicine which has acquired an equal reputation with a flask of good wine. But most opiates serve only as temporary palliatives, and some, while they give immediate relief, are known to increase the disease. I am afraid we must apply to the pleasures of the bottle what, with a slight alteration, was said by a wise ancient: "Joy may endure for a night, but heaviness (too surely) cometh in the morning."

Gaming, too, though a very genteel occupation, must be allowed to approach rather too near to the drudgery of real business. The labour of thought which it requires, and the turbulence of contending passions, are certainly inimical to that tranquil indifference in which we loungers place our supreme felicity.

Although I am well acquainted with all the arguments in favour of gallantry, and allow them to have a great deal of weight, I cannot help thinking, that, when considered with a view to our fraternity, it is subject to many inconveniences. Even under the management of the most prudent, it cannot be denied that it leads to situations in which the peace and quiet so necessary in the life of a lounger are disturbed and broken; or leaves him in others that render the presence of his great adversary, Time, more than usually irksome.

To constitute a complete lounger, it is necessary that he should be a man of taste. Reading, though, as a food, it is gross and of hard digestion, may be taken with much advantage, in small doses, both as a cordial, and as an opiate. For the former of these purposes, I would recommend a complete set of jest books from Joe Miller and the Medley of Fun, down to Jonsoniana; for the latter, most of the new novels. I would likewise advise the taking in all the magazines and reviews. These, besides the very considerable amusement in cutting up their leaves, enable a gentleman, by the most compendious means, to form a complete judgment of any author, in any science, and to decide upon his merits in any company, with that proper confidence which represses all opposition of opinion.

An ingenious author of this age[*] has lately demonstrated, that it is possible to acquire a critical taste in any of the fine arts, without the smallest portion of natural genius; and it must be acknowledged, that his theory is proved by the example of most modern critics. Among these arts, I would particularly recommend, as most profitable to the lounger, the acquisition of a taste in music. After acquiring a good taste, it will be an easy matter to obtain a proficiency in the practice of the science; and of this the advantage is very great. I have the honour to know several very accomplished gentlemen, who, with no other companion than their violin, are able to fiddle away a complete summer's day with much comfort and delight.

The occupations I have hitherto mentioned, it will be observed, are chiefly of the domestic kind. I could enumerate a variety of schemes for the destruction of time without doors. These, however, are so generally known, that it were superfluous to dwell upon them. In the morning the political lounger betakes himself to his coffee-house, the literary lounger to his bookseller's shop, the saunterer to the public walks, the dreamer to his usual occupation of counting the sign-posts. In the evening, clubs, card-parties, and public places, furnish a rendezvous for loungers of all denominations.

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[*] Mr. Webb. See Preface to his Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting, &c.

Besides these I have already mentioned, I could easily, Sir, communicate a variety of other approved schemes and ingenious devices; but I shall for the present content myself with barely hinting at one other expedient, though I am aware that its vulgarity will not permit it to be often employed by people of taste and fashion. It must be acknowledged that the most effectual of all methods of killing time is by serious business or occupation. This is the great secret by which many thousands of the vulgar herd jog on through life with much composure, nay even seeming satisfaction, while those who constitute the polite world are put to a variety of shifts to compass what the others attain without seeking after. Now, as a capital painter may sometimes conceive a happy idea from the daubing of a sign-post, so the lounger, though he disdain to follow so mean an example as that of the plodding sons of industry, may, nevertheless, derive from it a very profitable lesson. When any piece of business necessarily obtrudes itself, let him consider that it would be highly improvident to despatch or execute in one hour, or in one day, what, with a little prudent management, may easily furnish occupation for twenty. Thus, when a lounger begins to write a letter, it may very reasonably employ him for a month, the ranging of his library may give him a hurry of business for a year, and clearing accounts with his steward is the work of a lifetime.

These, Sir, are a few of the materials for that great design above mentioned, from which it is easy to form a judgment both of the copiousness and importance of the subject. As that scheme, however, is now laid aside, I take the liberty of sending you these imperfect hints, in hopes (as many modest authors express themselves) that they may prompt an exertion of genius from some abler pen.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
Esychus.

P. S. Your correspondent, in your 14th number, seems to possess many of the talents requisite for such an undertaking.

No. 60.] Saturday, Aug. 21, 1779.

Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Læli;
Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti. Hor.

When Scipio's virtue, and, of milder vein,
When Lælius' wisdom, from the busy scene,
And crowd of life, the vulgar and the great
Could with their favourite satyrist retreat,
Lightly they laugh'd at many an idle jest,
Until their frugal feast of herbs was drest.
Francis.

I have heard a story of an eminent philosopher who was invited to dine and spend the evening with some of the most distinguished men for learning and genius of the age in which he lived. Dinner being over, the conversation took a light and easy turn. While a cheerful glass went round, the common topic of the time, the joke of the day, or the occasional pleasantry of the minute, filled up their discourse. The philosopher, whose mind was constantly occupied with abstract studies and inquiries, took little share in the conversation, and felt no pleasure in it. After having sat a considerable time, one of the company proposed that they should take a game at cards. Although they played for a trifle, the philosopher refused to join in the party, and it was made up without him. While they were thus engaged, he retired to a corner of the room, took out his pocket-book and pencil, and began to write. Upon being asked what he was writing, he answered, that he had conceived high expectations of the instruction and entertainment he was to receive from the conversation of so many eminent and distinguished men; that he had resolved before he came among them, to take notes of what had passed, lest he should forget it; and that this was now his occupation. The company, considering the manner in which they had been employed, felt the rebuke, and were made a little uneasy by it.

People may think differently of this story. I, for my part, think the philosopher to blame, and that the company were in no respects the objects of censure. I have long been of opinion, that one of the most important lessons to be learned in life is that of being able to trifle upon occasion. No character can possibly be more contemptible than that of a talking, empty, giggling fool, who is incapable of fixing his attention upon any thing that is important, and whose mind, like a microscope, sees only what is little, and takes in nothing that is great. But no character can be more respectable than that of a man of talents, whose thoughts are often employed upon the great and important objects of life, but who can nevertheless unbend his mind, and be amused with easy and simple recreations. A man, by taking false and improper views of life, may bring himself to think, that even these objects which are reckoned great and important, are, in reality, little; the projects of ambition, the desire of fame, even the pursuits of study, may sink before him; and, to such a man, the ordinary recreations of the world must appear too small to engage his attention. But, "*'twere to consider too curiously to consider so.*" He who thinks rightly, and adapts his mind to the circumstances in which he is placed, will soon be convinced, that, as activity and employment were intended for us, so we ought to be interested by the different objects around us. The projects of an honest ambition, if not carried too far, the desire of being thought well of, if kept within proper bounds, and the search after knowledge, if it does not lead to arrogance and conceit, will appear suited to our nature, and objects upon which it is right that we should fix our attention. In the same manner, it will appear proper that the mind, when there is place for it, should unbend and allow itself to be amused by those other objects which, compared with those of ambition, fame, or study, may appear little or trifling.

The mind is very apt to receive a strong cast from the manner in which it is employed. When a man is constantly engaged in something which requires great study and application, which figures as an important object, and which agitates and interests him, he is in danger of acquiring a hardness of temper which will make him disagreeable, or a tone of mind which will render him incapable of going through the common duties of life as a friend, a relation, or a parent. Nothing will preserve him from these bad consequences so much as his taking advantage of an idle hour, and allowing himself to be unbent with recreations of an easy, and in themselves of a frivolous nature. This will not only afford him an agreeable relaxation, but will give his mind a gentleness and a sweetness which all the hardness of application, and all the agitation of his employments, will not be able to destroy.

There is no anecdote in antiquity which I have read with greater pleasure than that of Scipio and Lælius, related by the eloquent pen of Cicero, and put into the mouth of Crassus: "Sæpe ex socero meo audivi (says Crassus in the dialogue de Oratore) cum is diceret, socerum suum Lælium, semper fere cum Scipione solitum rusticari, eosque incredibiliter repuerascere esse solitos, cum rus ex urbe, tanquam e vinculis, evolavissent. Non audeo dicere de talibus viris, sed tamen ita solet narrare Scævola, conchas eos et umbilicos ad Caietam et ad Laurentum legere consuêsse, et ad omnem animi remissionem ludumque descendere. Sic enim se res habet, ut quemadmodum volucres videmus, procreationis atque utilitatis suæ causa, fingere et construere nidos; easdem autem, cum aliquid effecerint levandi laboris sui causa, passim ac libere solutas opere volitare; sic nostri animi forensibus negotiis, atque urbano opere defessi gestiunt, et volitare cupiunt, vacui cura atque labore."—"I remember to have heard my father-in-law mention," says Crassus, "that his kinsman Lælius, and the great Scipio, were frequently wont to fly from the hurry of business and the bustle of the town to a quiet retreat in the country, and there to grow, as it were, boys again in their amusements. Nay, (though I should hardly venture to tell it of such men,) we were assured by Scævola, that at Caieta and Laurentum they used to pass their time in gathering shells and pebbles, unbending their minds, and amused with every trifle; like birds, which, after the serious and important business of preparing nests for their young, fly sportfully about, free and disengaged, as if to relieve themselves from their toils."

Nothing can be more truly delightful than to picture out the conqueror of Carthage, who had led to victory the triumphant armies of the Roman state, amusing himself with his friend Lælius, at Caieta or Laurentum, in gathering shells and pebbles on the sea-shore. Far from sinking their dignity in our estimation, it adds to it; and it must give a high idea of the elegant simplicity and virtuous tranquillity of mind of which the illustrious friends were possessed, when from the cares of state, they could descend to, and feel amusement in, those innocent and simple-hearted pleasures. None but men of virtue, and who possessed an easy and an irreproachable mind, could have enjoyed them.[*] Men whose consciences upbraided them, who felt the agitation of bad passions, and who were inwardly gnawed by the sensations of envy, jealousy, revenge or hatred, could not have thus indulged themselves. They must have buried their feelings, they must have got rid of their own minds, under less peaceful, less simple, and less innocent amusements. That absorption of calm feeling which hard drinking produces, and that agitation created by deep gaming, must have been their resource.

A.

N. B. The Mirror is to be discontinued till Tuesday the 7th of December, on which will be published No. LXI. and then continued, as formerly, every Tuesday and Saturday.

No. 61.] Tuesday, December 7, 1779.

During the late intermission of labours, I paid a visit of some weeks to my friend Mr. Umphraville, whose benevolence and worth never fail to give me the highest pleasure, a pleasure not lessened, perhaps, by those little singularities of sentiment and manner, which, in some famer papers, I have described that gentleman as possessing. At his house in the country these appear to the greatest advantage; there they have room to shoot out at will; and, like the old yew-trees in his garden, though they do look a little odd, and now and then tempt one to smile, yet the most eccentric of them all have something venerable about them.

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[*] See Melmoth's Cicero's Letters.

Some of my friend's peculiarities may not only be discovered in his manner and his discourse, but may be traced in his house and furniture, his garden and grounds. In his house are large rooms lighted by small Gothic windows, and accessible only by dark narrow staircases; they are fitted up with old arras, and have ceilings loaded with the massy compartments of the last age, where the heads of bearded sages and laurelled emperors look grim and terrible through the cobwebs that surround them. In his grounds you find stiff, rectangular walks, and straight narrow avenues. In his garden the yews and hollies still retain their primeval figures; *lions* and *unicorns* guard the corners of his parterres, and a *spread-eagle*, of a remarkable growth, has his wings clipped, and his talons pared, the first Monday of every month during spring and summer.

The contempt in which, to a somewhat unreasonable degree, he holds modern refinement, has led him to continue those antiquated particulars about him. The India-paper of some of his fashionable neighbours' drawing-rooms has enhanced the value of his arras; his dusky Gothic windows have been contrasted to great advantage with their bows and Venetians; their open lawns have driven him to the gloom of his avenues; and the zig-zag twist of their walks has endeared him to the long, dull line of his hedged terraces. As he holds, however, some good old political tenets, and thinks, as I have often heard him express himself, that every country can afford a king for itself, he had almost submitted to the modern plan of gardening a few years ago, on being put in mind, that the fashion of hedges and terraces was brought in by king William.

But, exclusive of all those motives, on which his sister and I sometimes rally him, my friend, from the warmth of his heart, and the sensibility of his feelings, has a strong attachment to all the ancient occupiers of his house and grounds, whether they be of the human or the brute, the animate or inanimate creation. His tenants are, mostly, coeval with himself; his servants have been either in his family, or on his estate, from their infancy; an old pointer, and an old house-dog, generally meet him in the lobby; and there is a flea-bitten horse, who for several years has been past riding, to whom he has devoted the grass of his orchard, and a manger of good hay during the severity of winter. A withered stump, which, I observed, greatly incommoded the entry to his house, he would not suffer to be cut down, because it had the names of himself and some of his school companions cyphered on its bark; and a divorce from his leathern elbow-chair, patched and tattered as it is, would, I am persuaded, be one of the most serious calamities that could befal him.

This feeling will be easily understood by those in whom the business or the pleasure of the world has not extinguished it. That sort of relation which we own to every object we have long been acquainted with is one of those natural propensities the mind will always experience, if it has not lost this connection by the variety of its engagements, or the bustle of its pursuits. There is a silent chronicle of past hours in the inanimate things amidst which they have been spent, that gives us back the affections, there grets, the sentiments of our former days; that gives us back their joys without tumult, their griefs without poignancy, and produces equally from both a pensive pleasure, which men who have retired from the world, like Umphraville, or whom particular circumstances have somewhat estranged from it, will be peculiarly fond of indulging. Above all others, those objects which recal the years of our childhood will have this tender effect upon the heart: they present to us afresh the blissful illusions of life, when gayety was on the wing undamped by care, and hope smiled before us unchecked by disappointment. The distance of the scene adds to our idea of its felicity, and increases the tenderness of its recollection; 'tis like the view of a landscape by moonshine; the distinctness of object is lost, but a mellow kind of dimness softens and unites the whole.

From the same sort of feeling has the idea of home its attraction. For, though one's interest there will undoubtedly be heightened by the relation to persons, yet there is, exclusive of that connection altogether, a certain attachment to place and things, by which the town, the house, the room in which we live, have a powerful influence over us. He must be a very dull, or a very dissipated man, who, after a month's absence, can open his own door without emotion, even though he has no relation or friend to welcome him within. For my part, I feel this strongly; and many an evening, when I have shut the door of my little parlour, trimmed the fire, and swept the hearth, I sit down with the feelings of a friend for every chair and table in the room.

There is, perhaps, a degree of melancholy in all this; the French, who are a lively people, have, I think, no term that answers to our substantive *home*; but it is not the melancholy of a sour unsocial being; on the contrary, I believe, there will always be found a tone of benevolence in it both to ourselves and others;—I say ourselves, because I hold the sensation of peace and friendship with our own minds to be one of the best preparatives, as well as one of the best rewards, of virtue.

Nor has Nature given us this propensity in vain. From this the principle of patriotism has its earliest source, and some of those ties are formed, which link the inhabitants of less favoured regions to the heaths and mountains of their native land. In cultivated society, this sentiment of home cherishes the useful virtues of domestic life; it opposes, to the tumultuous pleasures of dissipation and intemperance, the quiet enjoyments of sobriety, economy, and family affection; qualities which, though not attractive of much applause or admiration, are equally conducive to the advantage of the individual, and the welfare of the community.

I.

No. 62.] Saturday, Dec. 11, 1779.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

When I was in Languedoc, many years ago, I had an invitation to a great entertainment given by the intendant. The company was very numerous; and, several foreigners happening to be present, the natives vied with each other in displaying their own importance. The conversation chanced to turn on the campaign of Marshal de Villars against the people of the Cévennes; and some of the guests were old enough to remember the events of those times.

"M. de la Tour le Colombier, my father," said an old lady, "had connections with many of the most considerable Calvinists; and, after their defeat, he generously afforded an asylum to M. Cavalier and three hundred and sixty-four of his followers. They were concealed among old ruins in a large forest which lay behind my father's chateau, and composed part of his domain. None of the servants of the family were let into the secret, excepting one of my own maids, a sensible handy girl; she and I went every day, and carried provisions to the whole band, and we dressed the wounds of such of them as had been wounded in the action. We did this, day after day, for a fortnight, or rather, if I remember right, for near three weeks. Minute circumstances are apt to escape one's memory, after an interval of many years: but I shall never forget the gratitude of those poor people, and the ardent thanks which they bestowed on us when they went away and dispersed themselves."

I took the liberty of observing, that the provisions necessary for so many mouths might possibly have been missed in the family, and that this might have led to a discovery. "Not at all," replied she. "*Feu M. mon père se piquoit toujours de tenir bonne table, c' étoit sa marotte même*" [my father, who is now gone, always made a point of living handsomely; that was even his hobby-horse.] "But indeed I recollect," continued she, "that we were once very near being discovered. The wives of some of the fugitives had heard, I know not how, that their husbands lay concealed near my father's chateau. They came and searched, and actually discovered the lurking-place. Unfortunately they brought a good many children along with them; and, as we had no eatables fit for the little creatures, they began to pule and cry, which might have alarmed the neighbourhood. It happened that M. Cavalier, the general of the insurgents, had been a journeyman pastry-cook before the war. He presently made some prune tarts for the children, and so quieted them. This was a proof of his good-nature, as well as of his singular presence of mind in critical situations. Candour obliges me to bear so ample a testimony in favour of a heretic and a rebel."

We had scarcely time to draw breath after this story, when a mean-looking elderly man said, with the affectation of modest dignity, "I had the happiness to be known to M. de Villars, and he was pleased greatly to overrate my poor services. On a certain occasion, he did me the honour to present me with a horse of the unmixed Arabian bred, and a wonderful animal it was:" Then addressing himself to Lady W——, "I much doubt, *my ledi*, whether it could have been matched in your country, so justly celebrated for fine women and horses.—One evening, while I was in garrison at Pont St. Esprit, I took him out to exercise. Being in high spirits and excellent wind, he went off at an easy gallop, and did not stop till he brought me to the gates of Montpelier," [between twenty and thirty leagues distant,] "and there, to my no small surprise, I found the dean and whole faculty of medicine standing in their gowns to receive me. The dean made a long harangue in Latin, of which, to say the truth, I understood not one word; and then, in name of his brethren, put into my hands a diploma of doctor of physic, with the usual powers of curing, and so forth. He would have had me to partake of an entertainment prepared for the occasion; but I did not choose to sleep out of garrison; so I just ordered my horse to be rubbed down, gave him a single feed, mounted again, and got back to Pont St. Esprit, as they were shutting the gates. Perhaps I have dwelt too long on the praises of my horse; but something must be allowed for the prejudices of education; an old horse-officer" [*un ancien capitaine de cavalerie*] "is naturally prolix, when his horse chances to be the subject of his discourse."

"Pray, captain," said one of the company, 'will you give me leave to ask the name of your horse?"—The question was unexpected:—"Upon my word," said he, "I do not remember his name. Oh! now I recollect; I called him Alexander, after M. de Villars, the noble donor: that M. de Villars was a great man." "True; but his christian name was Hector."—"Was it Hector? then depend upon it, my horse had the same christian name [*nom de baptême*] as M. de Villars."

My curiosity led me afterwards to inquire into the history of the gentleman who "always made a point of living handsomely," and of the old horse-officer whom M. de Villars so much distinguished.

The former was a person of honourable birth, and had *served*, as the French express it, with reputation. On his quitting the army, he retired to a small paternal estate, and lived in a decent way with most scrupulous economy. His chateau had been ruined during the wars of the League, and nothing remained of it but one turret, converted into a pigeon-house. As that was the most remarkable object on his estate, he was generally known by the name of M. de la Tour le Colombier. His mansion-house was little better than that of a middling farmer in the south of England. The forest of which his daughter spoke was a cospe of three or four acres; and the ruins in which Cavalier and his associates lay concealed had been originally a place of worship of the Protestants, but was demolished when those eminent divines, Lewis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, thought fit that France should be of one religion; and, as that edifice had not received consecration from a person episcopally ordained, the owner made no scruple of accommodating two or three calves in it, when his cow-house happened to be crowded; and this is all that I could learn of M. de la Tour le Colombier.

As for the "old horse-officer," he had served with *eclat* in the corps established for repressing smugglers of tobacco. This recommended him to the notice of the farmers general; and, by their interest, he obtained an office that gave him a seat at those great tables to which all the world is invited; and he had lived so very long in this situation, that the meanness of his original seemed to have been forgotten by most people, and especially by himself.

Those ridiculous stories, which excited mirth when I first heard them, afterwards afforded matter for much serious reflection.

It is wonderful that any one should tell things impossible, with the hope of being credited; and yet the two personages, whose legends I have related, must have entertained that hope.

Neither is it less wonderful that invention should be stretched to the utmost, in order to persuade mere strangers to think highly of the importance of the relater.

M^{le} de la Tour le Colombier, and the old horse-officer, had not seen us before, and had little chance of ever seeing us again. We were the acquaintance of the day, entertained without affection, and parted from without regret; and yet what pains did they take to leave on our minds the impression of their consequence!

The country where this scene lay is the land of the nativity of romance; and it is probable that warm suns and pure skies enliven and fertilize the invention of its inhabitants. But romance, for I will not give it a harsher name, thrives not in the bleaker and more northern climates: there it is forced fruit, without that flavour which it has in its own soil.

We can as little rival the French in their ease of behaviour, and in the inexhaustible talent of enunciating trifles with grace, as in their colloquial romances. How do I feel for my countrymen, on observing them toil through a romance, compose sentence by sentence, as they go on, hesitate with the consciousness of doing wrong, stare like a criminal, at once abashed and obdurate, and at length produce a story as tedious and as dull as truth!

I am, &c.

EUTRAPELUS.

No. 63.] TUESDAY, DEC. 14, 1779.

Celebrare domestica facta. HOR.

—To sing their own domestic fame. FRANCIS.

THE incidents attending domestic and private situations are of all others the most apt to affect the heart. Descriptions of national events are too general to be very interesting, and the calamities befalling kings and princes too far removed from common life to make a deep impression. With the virtues of such personages it is nearly the same as with their suffering; the heroic qualities which history ascribes to great and illustrious names play around the imagination, but rarely touch the feelings, or direct the conduct; the humbler merits of ordinary life are those to which we feel a nearer relation; from which, therefore, precept is more powerfully enforced, and example more readily drawn.

Mr. Hargrave is one of my earliest friends. Being many years younger than he, I have ever been accustomed to regard him both as my guardian and my friend; and the reverence with which I looked on him in the one character never took from the tender and affectionate warmth I felt for him in the other. After having been for some time a good deal in the world, he retired to the country, where he lived with elegance and ease. His wife, a very amiable woman, died soon after her marriage, leaving one only child, a girl, to the care of whose education Mr. Hargrave, after her mother's death, devoted his whole attention. Nature had done much for her; and the instruction she received from an accomplished father gave her every grace which can adorn the female character.

Emily Hargrave was now in her twentieth year. Her father was advanced in life, and he began to feel the weaknesses of age coming fast upon him. Independent of the gratification which he used to receive from the observation of his daughter's virtues and accomplishments, he had come to feel a pleasure somewhat more selfish from the advantage which those virtues were of to himself. Her care and dutiful attention were almost become necessary to him; and the principal pleasure he received was from her company and conversation. Emily was sensible of this; and though she was at pains to conceal her solicitude, it was plain that her whole care centred in him.

It was impossible that a girl so amiable as Emily Hargrave could fail to attract attention. Several young men of fortune and character became her professed admirers. But, though she had a sweetness which gave her a benevolent affability to all, she was of a mind too delicate to be easily satisfied in the choice of a husband. In her present circumstances, she had another objection to every change of situation. She felt too much anxiety about her father to think of any thing which could call off her attention from him, and make it proper to place any of it elsewhere.—With the greatest delicacy, therefore, and with that propriety with which her conduct was always attended, she checked every advance that was made her; while, at the same time, she was at the utmost pains to conceal from her father the voluntary sacrifice she was resolved to make on his account.

About a month ago, I paid a visit to Mr. Hargrave's family. I found him more changed than I had expected: the imbecilities of age, which were beginning to approach last time I had seen him, had now made great advances. Formerly Mr. Hargrave used to be the delight of every company, and he never spoke without instructing or entertaining. Now he spoke little; when he did, it was with feebleness both of voice and manner. Feeling his memory declining, sensible that he was not so acute as he once was, and unable to keep up his attention to a continued discourse, though his understanding was still perfectly good, he was afraid to venture his opinion, or to take any decided measure. He was too conscious of his own infirmities; and that consciousness led him to think, that his failure was greater than it really was. In this situation his whole dependence was upon Emily, and she was his only support. Never, indeed, did I see any thing more lovely, more engaging. To all her other charms, the anxious solicitude she felt for her father had stamped upon her countenance

> "That expression sweet of melancholy
> Which captivates the soul."

There is something in the female character which requires support. That gentleness, that delicate softness approaching to timidity, which forms its most amiable feature, makes it stand in need of assistance. That support and assistance Emily had received in the completest manner from her father.—What an alteration now! Instead of receiving support herself, she was obliged to give it; she was under the necessity of assisting, of counselling, and of strengthening the timid resolutions of him who had been, in her earlier years, her instructor and her guide, and to whom, next to Heaven, she had ever looked up. Emily felt all this;—but feeling took not from her the power of acting.

Hargrave is abundantly sensible of his daughter's goodness. Her consciousness of this, and of how much importance her attentions are to her father, gives her the best consolation.

While I was at his house, he hardly ever spoke of himself. Once, indeed, I remember he said to me, "I am become a strange being;—even the goodness of that girl distresses me; it is too much for me to bear;—it is," added he, in a very faint and broken voice, "like to overwhelm me."

I have often remarked, that there is a perseverance in virtue, and a real magnanimity in the other sex, which is scarcely to be equalled in ours. In the virtue of men, there are generally some considerations, not altogether pure, attending it, which though they may not detract from, must certainly diminish our wonder at their conduct. The heroic actions of men are commonly performed upon the great theatre, and the performers have the applauses of an attending and admiring world to animate and support them.—When Regulus suffered all the tortures which cruelty could invent, rather than give up his honour or his country, he was supported by the conscious admiration of those countrymen whom he had left, and of those enemies in whose hands he was; when Cato stabbed himself, rather than give up the cause of liberty, he felt a pride which told him, that "Cato's would be no less honoured than Cæsar's sword;"—and when the "self-devoted *Decii* died," independent of their love for Rome, they had every motive of applause to animate their conduct:—but when Emily Hargrave sacrifices every thing to filial goodness and filial affection, she can have no concomitant motive, she can have no external circumstance to animate her. Her silent and secret virtue is the pure and unmingled effect of tenderness, of affection, and of duty.

S.

No. 64.] SATURDAY, DEC. 18, 1779.

Populumque falsis
Dedocet uti Vocibus.
HOR.

But virtue can the crowd unteach
Their false, mistaken forms of speech.
FRANCIS.

THE science of manners, for manners are a science, cannot easily be reduced to that simplicity in its elements of which others admit. Among other particulars, the terms employed in it are not, like those of arithmetic, mathematics, algebra, or astronomy, perfectly and accurately defined. Its subjects are so fleeting, and marked with shades so delicate, that wherever a general denomination is ventured there is the greatest hazard of its being misapplied or misunderstood.

In a former paper I endeavoured to analyze the term, *a man of fashion;* in this I am enabled, by an ingenious correspondent, to trace the meaning of another phrase, to wit, *good company,* which, as it is nearly connected with the former, is, I believe, as doubtful in its signification. The following letter is a practical treatise on the subject; which I shall lay before my readers in the precise terms in which I received it.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I am at that time of life when education, formerly confined to the study of books, begins to extend itself to the study of men. Having lately arrived in town, I was anxious to be introduced into good company of every rank and denomination; and, in virtue of some family connexions, assisted by the kindness of some college friends and acquaintance, I flattered myself I should succeed in my purpose.

My strong bent for letters induced me first to procure an introduction into the good company of the learned; and I went to a dinner where several of the *literati* were to be assembled, full of the hopes of having my mind enlightened with knowledge, expanded with sentiment, and charmed with the Atticism of elegant conversation.

During our meal, there was a more absolute suspension of discourse than I expected in a society of spirits so refined as those with whom I was associated. The ordinary functions of eating and drinking made no part of my idea of a learned man; and I could observe in my fellow guests an attention to the dishes before them, which I thought did not quite correspond with the dignity of that character. This, however, was but a small deviation from my picture, and I passed it over as well as I could, in expectation of that mental feast with which I was to be regaled when the table should be uncovered.

Accordingly, when the cloth was removed, the conversation, which I expected with so much impatience, began. I had too humble an opinion of myself to take any other part than that of a hearer; but I very soon discovered that I was the only person in the company who had an inclination to listen. Every one seemed impatient of his neighbour's speech, and eager to have an opportunity of introducing his own. You, I think, Mr. MIRROR, have compared conversation to a favourite dish at an entertainment; here it was carried on like a dinner at one of those hungry ordinaries, where Quin used wittily to call for a basket-hilted sword to help himself with: in a short time, every one, except your correspondent, endeavoured to secure it to himself, by making it a dish which nobody else could taste. An old gentleman, at the head of the table, introduced a German treatise, written by a man whose name I could neither pronounce nor remember, which none of the rest of the company had seen. Another, taking advantage of a fit of coughing with which he was seized, brought us upon a philosophical inquiry into the properties of heat, and a long account of some experiments he had lately witnessed on that subject. Being unfortunately asked for his toast, and pausing a moment to deliberate on it, he was supplanted by my right hand neighbour, who suddenly transported us into the country of Thibet, and seemed to have a very intimate acquaintance with the Delai Lama. One of the company who sat opposite to him thrust in, by mere dint of vociferation, "Travels through the interior parts of America," just then published, and sailed over the lakes in triumph; till happening to mention a particular way in which the Indians dress a certain fish, the discourse was, at last, laid open to every body present on the subject of cookery; whence it naturally fell into a discussion of the comparative excellence of different wines; on which topics the conversation rested with so much emphasis, that a stranger who had overheard it would have been led to imagine this *symposium,* into which I had procured admission with so much eagerness, to be a society of cooks and butlers, met to improve each other in their several callings.

I next procured an introduction into the very best company; that is, I contrived to become a guest at a table of high fashion, where an entertainment was given to some of the greatest men in this country. The ambition natural to my age and complexion prompted me to desire this honour; which, however, I purchased at the price of a good deal of embarrassment and uneasiness. Nothing, indeed, but the high honour conferred by such society, could compensate for the feelings even of that minute, in which a man, not used to the company of the great, ascends from the lowest step of a wide echoing staircase, to the door of a great man's drawing-room.—— Through this, however, and several other little disquietudes, did I pass, in hopes of finding, in the discourse of those elevated persons, that highly polished elegance, that interesting information, and those extensive views of polity and government, which their rank had afforded so many opportunities of acquiring.

Not only during the time of dinner (as in my last company), but for a considerable time after, the scene was silent and solemn; this, while it added to my confusion, increased my expectations. Conversation at last began; it was carried on in a manner exactly the reverse of that in my former visit. There nobody was disposed to listen; here few seemed inclined to speak; for in this assembly I could perceive there were two or three very great men, to whom the great men were little, and the proud were mean. The last, therefore, hardly spoke at all, except to applaud the observations or anecdotes delivered by the very great men; in which, had they not been delivered by the very great men, I should have discovered no uncommon sagacity or exquisite entertainment. One who seemed to be at the top of this climax of greatness began a story of a pretty old date, in which he introduced, at dinner, in the house of the then minister, almost all the orators and wits of the time. Though, from the anecdotes to which I had already listened, my ears were now familiarized with the sounds of duke, marquis, earl, and ambassador; yet, from the history of this illustrious assemblage, I still conceived very eager expectation: but, after being led through twenty episodes, all tending to show the connection of the noble relator with many other right honourable personages, the conclusion proved to be nothing more than a joke upon a country member of parliament, who asked to be helped to a bit of goose, when, in fact, the dish was a swan, which it seems was a favourite bird at the minister's table; and some conceit about not knowing a swan from a goose, and all the minister's geese being swans, was the point of the story; at which all the company laughed very loud and very long; but the little men, all except myself, infinitely the loudest and the longest.

I began now to think that the charms of convivial and ordinary conversation were not, perhaps, to be expected among men, whose learning or importance in the state made it unnecessary for them to cultivate the lesser accomplishments of life; and that I must look for them in the company of the gay, whose minds, unbent from serious and important occupations, had leisure to sport themselves in the regions of wit and humour, and to communicate the liveliness of their fancy to the society around them. I found it no difficult matter to be admitted to a party of this kind: I was introduced, at a public place, to a gentleman, who, I was told, was a man of fashion and of the world, and was by him invited to a *petit souper*, where I understood I should meet with some of the liveliest and most entertaining companions of both sexes.

Of the conversation at this house I would give an account if I were able; but so many talked at once, so various and desultory were the subjects on which they talked, and so unintelligibly fashionable were many of the phrases which they used, that I am altogether unqualified to abridge or analyze it. I find, Sir, there is a jargon among people of fashion as well as among the schoolmen they deride, and that it requires initiation into the mysteries of the one as well as of the other to be able to comprehend or to relish their discourse. Conversation, however, was soon put an end to by the introduction of cards, when I found a perfect equality of understanding and of importance. At length supper was announced at a very late hour, and with it entered a gentleman, who, I was informed, possessed an infinite fund of humour, and for whose appearance I had been made to look, for some time, with impatience.

The superiority of his talents for conversation seemed, indeed, to be acknowledged; for he was allowed to talk almost unceasingly, with very little interruption from any other person. After a few glasses, he was prevailed on to sing one very innocent song; a few more emboldened him to sing another a little more free; and, just before the second bottle was called for, he took off a Methodist preacher with great applause.

The ladies now retired. I had fancied that in the companies of the two former days the want of their society had deprived us of the ease and gayety of discourse. But here the removal of the female members of the party seemed to have a contrary effect from what my conclusion would have warranted. I discovered a smile of satisfaction in the countenances of most of the guests when the ladies were gone. Several of them, who had not uttered a syllable before, were eloquent now, though, indeed, the subject was neither abstruse nor delicate. The wit was called on for another song, and he gave us one perfectly masculine. This was followed by several jocular stories, and burlesque exhibitions, most of which were in perfect unison with that tone which the absence of the ladies had allowed the company to assume. The jests were not such as I can repeat; one fancy, however, I recollect, of which, I think, a better use may be made than its author intended. "Suppose," said he, "our words left their marks on the walls, like claret spilled on a smooth table, how confounded the women would look when they next entered the room!" For my part I have so much reverence for a woman of honour, as to hold sacred even the place she has occupied, and cannot easily bear its immediate profanation by obscenity. I therefore took the first opportunity of withdrawing, which I was the more willing to do, as I found our wit possessed, in truth, only a chime of buffoonery, which when he had rung out, he was forced to substitute the bottle in its place, the last joke he uttered being a reproof to our landlord for not pushing it about.

Now, Mr. Mirror, I must beg of you, or some of your well instructed correspondents, to inform me, if in all or any of those three societies I was really and truly in good company; as I confess I have entertained some doubts of their deserving that name. These, however, are probably the effects of ignorance and a bookish education, in which I am very willing to be corrected from proper authority.

I am, &c.
Modestus.

V.

No. 65.] Tuesday, Dec. 21. 1779.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

The polite reception you have given to letters from several persons of my sex emboldens me to address myself to you, and to lay before you a kind of distress, of which neither you, nor any of your predecessors, as far as I can recollect, have taken notice. It is, I believe, more common in this part of the united kingdom than in England. That circumstance may, perhaps, account for its being overlooked by the writers of both countries; in the one case from its being almost unknown, and in the other from its being so common that it has ceased to make any impression.

What I allude to will be best understood from a short account I shall take the liberty to give of myself.

My father was a gentleman of considerable fortune, and, what he valued more, was descended from a very ancient family. In the earlier part of his life he had lived much abroad, and in consequence, I believe, of an attachment to the house of Stuart, had served some years in the French army. These circumstances, perhaps, contributed to increase his veneration for noble blood and old families.—Soon after he returned to his native country, he married Lady S—— D——, only daughter of the Earl of ——, a woman who was justly deemed an ornament to her sex. She died before I had finished my sixth year, leaving one son about two years younger than myself.

My father, a man of warm affections and strong passions, seemed to exist but in his children. But for us, I have often heard him say, he could not have submitted to live. To our education he dedicated the whole of his time. My brother, whom he considered as the last stay of his family, he wished to render a worthy representative of it. Nor were his pains thrown away; for never was there a more engaging youth; and every year seemed to add some new grace to his form, and some new accomplishment to his mind.

To me my father was all indulgence. He seemed to watch my wishes in order to gratify them, before I could give them utterance. It was his chief desire to see me excel in every polite and fashionable accomplishment; and the education he gave me was proportionally elegant and expensive.

Soon after I had entered my twentieth year, my father was seized with a violent fit of illness. My brother, who was then at college, was immediately called home. My father lived but to see him; all he had power to say was to recommend me to his protection. "In you, William," said the good old man, "Sophia will find a father, a brother, and a friend. Without incumbering the family-estate, I could make no suitable settlement on her; but this gives me no uneasiness, when I reflect on your virtues, and your attachment to your sister."

My brother, whose dispositions were all gentle and amiable, was much moved with this scene. After our father's death, his behaviour to me was full of attention and affection. He regretted that he was not of an age to make such settlements as would render me independent. "But why," would he add, "should I regret it?—Is not my fortune yours? as such I must insist that you will ever consider it."

In a few months my brother set out on his travels. Our parting was full of tenderness, and his letters from abroad breathed the warmest sentiments of friendship and of affection. After the common tour of France, Italy, and Germany, he went to Spa, with an intention to pass some weeks there, and then return to his native country. At Spa he met with the sister of Lord ——, who soon engaged his affections so completely, that he offered her his hand. The marriage was speedily concluded; and soon after my brother and his wife arrived at his seat in ——, where I had resided almost constantly ever since he had gone abroad.

The looks and appearance of the lady prepossessed me strongly in her favour. She was beautiful almost beyond any thing I had ever seen; and though, perhaps, there was not in her countenance any expression strongly marked, there was, nevertheless, a gentleness and a sweetness in her whole deportment, joined with an elegance of manners, that could not fail to please every beholder. I observed, with pleasure, my brother's strong attachment to her, which, if possible, seemed daily to increase; and I could not find fault with any little want of attention to myself, when I saw it proceeded from so amiable a motive, from affection to a lovely woman, to whom he was for ever united, and on whose happiness his own was for ever to depend.

It was my wish to live with my sister-in-law in terms of the strictest friendship; but, with all my partiality in her favour, I could not help observing that I made little progress in obtaining any share of her confidence. Always polite and well-bred, it is true, but with a coldness that chilled every approach to openness, and every attempt to that freedom which is the truest mark of genuine friendship. For a while I thought that this might proceed from a reserved temper, sometimes to be found united with the best dispositions. But when I came to be more thoroughly acquainted with her character, I found that her mind was equally incapable of friendship as of love. Alive only to emotions of vanity, and the pleasure of admiration, she was dead to every other sensation. How often have I seen her prefer the applause of the meanest and most contemptible of mankind, whom she herself despised, to the happiness of a man who doted on her to distraction, and to whom she was bound by every tie of gratitude and duty!

I was at the utmost pains to conceal, both from her and my brother, the alteration in my sentiments which this discovery had produced; and I was not without hopes that her natural good sense (for of sense she was by no means destitute) would, in time, prevail over this childish vanity, which made her appear in so ridiculous a light. It is, however, perhaps impossible to live long with a person of whom we have conceived a mean or unfavourable opinion, without betraying it; or, what in effect is much the same, supposing that we have betrayed it. Whether she really perceived any alteration in my opinion of her, I cannot positively say; but I thought her behaviour looked as if she had, and that she considered my presence as a restraint upon her. This idea, once awakened, the most trivial incidents served to confirm. I found my situation become daily more and more disagreeable, and I had already begun to think of quitting my brother's house, when my sister-in-law brought things to a crisis, by informing me that she and Mr. M—— (naming my brother) intended to pass the ensuing winter at London; adding, with an air of the most finished politeness, "that as she wished to keep up a constant correspondence with me during her absence, she would be glad to know how to address her letters." It is not easy to describe what passed in my mind on this occasion. I took, however, my resolution at once, and determined to quit for ever the family of a brother, whom, from my earliest infancy, I had been accustomed to love and to esteem.

When I communicated my intentions to him, he seemed embarrassed, and, with a faltering voice, muttered something of his regret—of his wishes that I should remain in his family; but it was in a manner too irresolute to have shaken a purpose much less decided than mine.

It is now ten years since I quitted my brother's house, and took up my abode in a paltry lodging in this city, where the interest of the small provision left me by my father is just sufficient to furnish the necessaries of life to myself and a female domestic, who had lived long in my father's family, and insisted on attending me. As to money-matters, my brother, I am persuaded, would have been very desirous to make me more comfortable; but I had too high a spirit to communicate my wants to him. Besides, I found that the expensive line of life he had got into did not leave it much in his power to indulge his feelings of generosity.

For some years I found my situation extremely unpleasant. Accustomed as I had been to a state of ease and affluence, and to all the pleasures of an elegant society, it was not easy for me to submit, at once, to poverty, neglect, and solitude. The power of habit has, however, at length, in some measure, reconciled me to my fate. I can now look with indifference on the pleasures and pursuits of the world; and, notwithstanding the chagrin that is commonly supposed to attend persons in my condition, I have still so much philanthropy as to wish that you would employ a paper in representing the cruelty and injustice of educating a girl in luxury and elegance, and then leaving her exposed to all the hardships of poverty and neglect.

I am, &c.

R. S. M.

No. 66.] Saturday, Dec. 25, 1779.

Amidst all my veneration for Shakspeare, I have been often obliged to confess that there were passages in his works, the meaning of which I could not understand; and of others I have sometimes ventured to doubt if they were strictly in nature. Of this last sort is the celebrated scene in Richard the Third, where that artful usurper first mollifies the resentment, and then gains upon the affections, of the unfortunate Lady Anne. The following piece of criticism on that scene has been sent me by a correspondent, from whom, if I mistake not, I have formerly received several ingenious communications.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

Few of Shakspeare's tragedies have obtained higher reputation than "The Life and Death of Richard the Third." Yet, like every other performance of this wonderful poet, it contains several passages that can hardly admit of apology. Of this kind are the instances it affords us of vulgarity, and even indecency of expression.

At the same time, in censuring Shakspeare, we ought to proceed with peculiar caution; for, on many occasions, those passages which, on a cursory view, may be reckoned blemishes, on a closer examination will appear very different, and even lay claim to considerable excellence. In his imitations of nature he is so very bold, and so different from other poets, that what is daring is often, in a moment of slight attention, deemed improbable, and what is extraordinary is too rashly pronounced absurd. Of this, in the work above mentioned, the strange love-scene between Richard and Lady Anne, the widow of Prince Edward Plantagenet, affords a striking example. It seems, indeed, altogether unnatural that Richard, deformed and hideous as the poet represents him, should offer himself a suitor to the widow of an excellent young prince whom he had murdered, at the very time she is attending the funeral of her father-in-law, whom he had also slain, and while she is expressing the most bitter hatred against the author of her misfortune. But in attending closely to the progress of the dialogue, the seeming extravagance of the picture will be softened or removed; we shall find ourselves more interested in the event, and more astonished at the bold ability of Richard, than moved with abhorrence of his shameless effrontery, or offended with the improbability of the situation. When a poet, like Shakspeare, can carry us along by the power of mazement, by daring displays of nature, and y the influence of feelings altogether unusual, ut full of resistless energy, his seeming depar-ure from probability only contributes to our dmiration; and the emotions, excited by his travagance, losing the effect which, from an ferior poet, they would have caused, add to e general feelings of pleasure which the scene duces.

n considering the scene before us, it is necessary that we keep in view the character of Lady Anne. The outlines are given us in her own conversation; but we see it more completely finished and filled up, indirectly indeed, but not less distinctly, in the conduct of Richard. She is represented of a mind altogether frivolous, the prey of vanity, her prevailing, over-ruling passion; susceptible, however, of every feeling and emotion, and, while they last, sincere in their expression, but hardly capable of distinguishing the propriety of one more than another; or, if able to employ such discernment, totally unaccustomed and unable to obey her moral faculty as a principle of action; and thus exposed alike to the authority of good or bad impressions. There are such characters; persons of great sensibility, or great sincerity, but of no rational or steady virtue, produced or strengthened by reflection, and consequently of no consistency of conduct.

Richard, in his management of Lady Anne, having in view the accomplishment of his own ambitious designs, addresses her with the most perfect knowledge of her disposition. He knows that her feelings are violent; that they have no foundation in steady determined principles of conduct; that violent feelings are soon exhausted; and that the undecided mind, without choice or active sense of propriety, is equally accessible to the next that occur. He knows, too, that those impressions will be most fondly cherished which are most akin to the ruling passion; and that in Lady Anne, vanity bears absolute sway. All that he has to do, then, is to suffer the violence of one emotion to pass away, and then, as skilfully as possible, to bring another more suited to his designs, and the complexion of her character, into its place. Thus he not only discovers much discernment of human nature, but also great command of temper, and great dexterity of conduct.

In order as soon as possible, to exhaust her temporary resentment, for she expresses resentment rather than grief in her lamentation for Henry, it is necessary that it be exasperated to its fiercest extreme. Accordingly Richard, breaking in abruptly upon the funeral procession, inflames and provokes her anger. He persists in his plan; appears cool and unconcerned at her abuse; and thus urges her to vent the rage and vehemence of her emotion in rude invectives and imprecations.

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his
death! &c.

All this is general; but, before the vehemence of her wrath can be entirely removed, she must bring home to her fancy every aggravating circumstance, and must ascertain the particular wrongs she has suffered. After this operation of her mind, and that she has expressed the consequent feelings, she has no longer any topics or food for anger, and the passions will, of course, subside. Richard, for this purpose, pretends to justify or extenuate his offences; and thus, by advancing into view, instead of concealing, his enormities, he overcomes the resentment of Lady Anne. To this effect also his assumed appearance of candour will readily contribute.

Glo. Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman!
Of those supposed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself, &c.

Anne. Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? Then God grant me too
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed, &c.

Here also we may observe his application of those flatteries, which, if they cannot take effect in the present moment, otherwise than to give higher provocation; yet, when her wrath subsides, their recollection will operate in a different tendency, and assist in working upon that vanity by which he will compass his design.

It was not alone sufficient to provoke her anger and resentment to the utmost, in order that they might immediately subside; but, by alleging plausible reasons for change of sentiment, to assist them in their decline. Though Lady Anne possesses no decided, determined virtue, yet her moral nature, unimproved as it appears, would discern impropriety in her suddenly acquiescing in the views of Richard, would suggest scruples, and produce hesitation. Now, in order to prevent the effect of these, it was necessary to aid the mind in finding subterfuge or excuse, and thus assist her in the easy business of imposing upon herself. Her seducer, accordingly, endeavours to gloss his conduct, and represents his actions as less criminal than she at first apprehended.

Glo. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall to something of a slower method;
Is not the cause of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accursed effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect, &c.

In these lines, besides a confirmation of the foregoing remark, and an illustration of Richard's persevering flattery, there are two circumstances that mark great delicacy and fineness of painting in Shakspeare's execution of this excellent scene. The resentment of Lady Anne is so far exhausted, that her conversation, instead of impetuous, continued invective, assuming the more patient and mitigated form of dialogue, is not so expressive of violent passion, as it denotes the desire of victory in a smart dispute, and becomes merely "a keen encounter of wits." The other thing to be observed is, that Richard, instead of specifying her husband and father-in-law in terms denoting these relations, falls in with the subsiding state of her affections towards them; and, using expressions of great indifference, speaks to her of "those Plantagenets, Henry and Edward."

Lady Anne having listened to the conversation of Richard, after the first transport of her wrath, occasioned by the death of the Plantagenets, showed, that the real force of the passion had suffered abatement; and, by listening to his exculpation, it seems entirely subdued. In all this, the art of the poet is eminent, and the skill he ascribes to Richard profound. Though the crafty seducer attempts to justify his conduct to Lady Anne, he does not seek to convince her understanding, for she had no understanding worth the pains of convincing, but to afford her some pretence and opportunity of giving vent to her emotion. When this effect is produced, he proceeds to substitute some regard for himself in its place. As we have already observed he has been taking measures for this purpose in every thing he has said; and, by soothing expressions of adulation, during the course of her anger, he was gradually preparing her mind for the more pleasing, but not less powerful, dominion of vanity. In the foregoing lines and what follows, he ventures a declaration of the passion he pretends to entertain for her: yet he does this indirectly, as suggested by the progress of their argument, and as a reason for those parts of his conduct that seem so heinous:

Your beauty was the cause of that effect:
Your beauty, that doth haunt me in my sleep, &c.

Richard was well aware that a declaration of love from him would, of course, renew her indignation. He accordingly manages her mind in such a manner as to correct the violence of her anger, by suggesting the idea of his passion; when he first mentions it, in terms more playful than serious; and, afterwards, when he announces it more seriously, by an indirect and seeming accidental declaration. Still, however, with all these precautions to introduce the thought in a familiar and easy manner, he is aware of her displeasure. Here, therefore, as in the former part of the scene, he must depend on his command of temper, and on the same means of artfully irritating her emotion till it entirely subsides. Accordingly, persisting in his adulation, he incenses her anger to its utmost extreme: and, finally, by varying the attitude of his flatteries, by assuming an humble

liant address, he subdues her soul to the
ı of guilty vanity.—In the close of the
we may trace distinctly the decline of
ion. It follows the same course as the
she expresses at the beginning of the
She is at first violent; becomes more
her passion subsides; yet, some ideas
iety wandering across her mind, she
ı effort to recal her resentment: the ef-
eble; it amounts to no more than to
contempt in her aspect; it is baffled by
titude of adulation; and, by a pretended
appeal to her compassion, she is totally
ıed.

gh the whole of this scene, our abhor-
ur disgust and contempt, excited by
falsehood, meanness, and insignificance
, are so counterbalanced by the feelings
e on the view of ability, self-possession,
ge of character, and the masterly display
n nature, as that, instead of impairing,
her contribute force to the general sen-
f pleasure. The conduct of Richard to-
character of more determined virtue,
re stubborn passions, would have been
towards Lady Anne it was natural,
nded with that success which it was cal-
to obtain.

* * *

] Tuesday, Dec. 28, 1779.

THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

redecessor, the Spectator, used to be con-
n cases of difficulty. I know not if you,
IRROR, set up on the same footing. I am
d, however, to try; and although you
refuse to prescribe, I shall at least have
sfaction of communicating my distress.

between the age of a young man, and
e ladies call an old bachelor, not many
der forty, of no inconsiderable family,
ı opulent fortune. I was educated like
her young heirs, that is, very indifferent-
y teachers, it is true, were eminent in
fferent branches. My father obliged me
regular attendance to their instructions;
ther part of the family seemed to think
traint I was kept in too severe. The
dge of this encouraged my want of atten-
the time, though the recollection has, of
ven me much regret. I succeeded to my
at the age of eighteen, and engaged deep-
ose pursuits which are stigmatized with
ne of vices, by those who are unable to
hem. *Having* run on in the usual ca-
became tired with the sameness and insipidity of the scenes in which I had so often been a spectator, or an actor. I began to look on my conduct as bordering on the contemptible, and wished to change it for something more rational and respectable. I wished to change it while I had a sound constitution, which I owed to nature, and an unimpaired fortune, which I owed to a spirit of independence, instilled by a worthy father, from whose counsels and example I ought never to have departed. The good effects of these, if not wholly obliterated, have at least been long obscured by intemperance and dissipation.

A man who, from being idle and dissipated, becomes sober and regular in his conduct, is immediately marked out for marriage by his former companions. Mine certainly thought of it for me long before I did so for myself. Many of my relations seemed to entertain the same opinion. They had long wished me to marry, to prevent a considerable part of my fortune from going to a worthless and distant relation; and showed so much satisfaction at my supposed resolution, that I adopted it in earnest.

You, who set up for an instructor, are, I presume, better acquainted with the world than to imagine that I would first turn my views to those young ladies with whom I was most intimately acquainted, and in whose society I had passed a considerable part of my time. The giddy and frivolous pursuits in which I saw them constantly engaged, left no room for that domestic tenderness which I looked for in a wife. The gloss of fashion might suffice for the transient intercourse of gayety; but some more intrinsic excellence was necessary to fix an attachment for life.

I resolved, therefore, to pay my addresses only to young ladies who had received a less public education; and with that view I had determined to cultivate an acquaintance in those families that were most remarkable for their prudence and moderation. I now began to look upon it as not one of the least misfortunes attending a young man in the fashionable world, that he is, in some degree, excluded from the opportunity of forming connections with the best and most virtuous of the other sex at an early period of life, while the warm feelings of benevolence remain unblunted by those artificial manners, the consequences of which to society go near to overbalance the advantages arising from the refinements that produce them.

In the course of my researches I became acquainted with Nerissa, an only daughter, who had been educated under the eye of a mother famed for her prudence and economy. She was at this time about twenty; though not a perfect beauty, she was agreeable, with an air of simplicity that is always engaging. Her conversation was sensible, and her ease of manner, and the facility with which she expressed herself astonished me, in one who had so little intercourse with the world; but Nerissa's conversation furnished not one generous sentiment. The tear of compassion never started in her eye at a tale of sorrow; nor did the glow of pleasure ever sparkle in her countenance at the success of merit. In the society in which I had lived, self-gratification seemed to be the study of every individual, without giving the least attention to the pleasure and enjoyment of others. It was only the outward conduct of Nerissa that was different; her disposition was the same; and, as I had resolved to be attentive to the happiness of a wife, I wished not to choose one who would be regardless of that of a husband. We were not suited to each other; the only objects of Nerissa were rank and fortune; she has since attained her wishes, having been lately married to a title and a settlement.

I next became acquainted in the house of Sir George Edwin, a man of very moderate fortune, who had lived some years in town for the education of his family. With Sir George I had but little intercourse, though he too was a man of the world; but he moved in an inferior sphere, his pleasures being chiefly confined to the bottle. He had three daughters, of whom I had that sort of acquaintance one necessarily acquires in a narrow country like this, by meeting frequently at places of public resort, as well as at private entertainments; but, as they were always attended by their mother Lady Edwin, a grave matron, she never permitted them to engage in those familiar parties, amongst whom, or at the tavern, I generally passed my evenings.

The Miss Edwins were justly esteemed handsome; their manners were easy, not elegant; their conversation was, for the most part, confined to the occurrences of the day, and never went farther than observations on the last ball or the last dinner. These they were so eager to communicate, that they commonly spoke all at once, each of them afraid, no doubt, lest her sister should have the merit of her important discoveries. The only object of the mother seemed to be to get her girls well married. For this purpose she had trusted entirely to the external accomplishments of their persons, and those little arts which experienced matrons know well how to use, to entrap the amorous and unwary. I hope she will succeed; the Miss Edwins appear to be good sort of girls, and will, I have no doubt, make excellent wives to some honest country squire, or some plodding man of business, who has no other idea of a wife than as a breeder, or a housekeeper. Lady Edwin says she is an excellent economist, and her daughters have had the benefit of her example.

In the house of Sir George Edwin I first heard of Cordelia, and not much to her advantage. This, for censure will often defeat [illegible] purpose, gave me a strong desire to be acquainted with her. I soon learnt that she was an only daughter; that she was now in her twenty-second year; that her father died when she was a child, leaving her a handsome fortune, which, being placed in the hands of a relation in the mercantile line, was so much impaired by his failure, that her mother found it necessary to cut short her plan of a fashionable and expensive education, and to take the chief care of her daughter's instruction upon herself. They had lived together in a decent retirement for five or six years, except a few months which they passed in town every winter, with the only one of their opulent relations who received them with the same affection as in their prosperity. Cordelia and her mother were upon one of these annual visits when I was introduced to her. I will not pretend to describe the sensations I then felt, nor "the mind-illumined face" that produced them; from that moment I was unhappy but in her company, and found in her conversation that elegance of mind, that cheerful sweetness and sensibility of temper, which was diffused upon her countenance. I rejoiced at that rank and fortune of which I was possessed, as giving me the power of making Cordelia happy, and of raising her to a station less unworthy her distinguished merit and accomplishments. The lady with whom she lived gave me every opportunity I could wish of cultivating a more intimate acquaintance, and showing the sincerity of my attachment; nor did her mother seem averse to the connection, though there was, at times, an anxious solicitude in her countenance at those approaches to the familiarity which I had been accustomed to indulge, both in manner and conversation, among my female acquaintance; a habit which the sincerity of my passion for Cordelia could not, at all times, repress. Cordelia herself always received me with affability; and though I could not pretend to discover any partiality in my favour, I attributed this to her compliance with the cautious prudence of a mother, which would be removed by an open declaration of my attachment, and a proposal of marriage in form.

Desirous to interest the mother in my favour, I made my first application to her, convinced that she could not hesitate to approve of a match which was so favourable in point of fortune. Contrary to my hopes, she at once referred me to her daughter, with an observation, in which there was more truth than politeness: "That being the person principally interested, she was the first to be applied to." Having endeavoured to make an apology for this part of my conduct, of which a better notion of female delicacy than was to be acquired among my former companions had taught me the impropriety, I was shown into Cordelia's dressing-room; where,

short pause, I entered on the purpose of
t, and made offer of myself and fortune,
l the ardour which the strength and sin-
f my passion inspired, and with all the
n that was due to her beauty and accom-
nts. She heard me, not without emo-
nd, as she seemed unable to give an im-
answer, I interpreted her silence fa-
y; and, seizing her hand, pressed my
h all the earnestness of which I was
She soon recovered her tranquillity,
hdrawing her hand, answered with her
naffected modesty, but with a firmness I
er before observed, "That she was ob-
me for my favourable opinion; but as
ctions were not in our power, and as the
f life to which I had been accustomed
le suited to her inclinations, or to create
pect for the sex which she hoped to find
sband, it was impossible I could ever be
In vain did I join with her in blaming
conduct; in vain did I assure her of the
purpose I had formed to alter my mode
that I had actually done so; that as all
hes were centred in a union with her,
ld be the future business of my life to
e her happiness. She remained inflexi-
e doubted not, she said, the sincerity of
entions; but her resolution was taken;
repeatedly assured me that her motives
unalterable. Some of the family coming
tired in a state of mind which I shall not
t to describe.

incident, Mr. Mirror, has made me
to myself, into my past conduct, and into
ors or misfortunes, call them by what
you please, which have been the chief
of my present anxiety and uneasiness.
was the heir of an opulent fortune was
t of mine; neither can I be answerable
ving succeeded to it at the early age of
n, when the passions were contending
tification, when the means were in my
and novelty heightened the enjoyment.
cieties I frequented were composed of the
mes of the kingdom, both for rank and
; our knowledge of men was not con-
the narrow circle of our own country;
e acquainted with the faces of the prin-
tentates of Europe, and with those of
f their ministers; we could discourse of
nd painting in the language of a con-
r, and re-echo the opinions we had heard
most celebrated singers of Florence,
and Rome. Was I to blame for accom-
ng myself to the established manners of
ntry, in that rank of life to which I be-
Even the attention that was paid to my
n, before the death of an excellent
has been a source of misfortune; it can
from the impressions I then received,
acquired a confused idea of a conduct more becoming a being who found himself capable of reasoning and reflection. This idea often obtruded itself in the hours of languor and inactivity, and sometimes even embittered the cup of enjoyment. Restrained, for a time, by those habits which remain after the passions that produced them are extinguished, I at last found means to break the charm, and to form plans of rational and domestic enjoyment. Disappointed in these, I feel the most poignant regret that I was not born a younger brother, and compelled to seek that distinction from merit which I enjoyed from fortune; or that my father had not allowed me to remain equally ignorant and uncultivated as the generality of my companions, whose affections centre in themselves, whose ambition consists in frequenting the *best* company, and whose knowledge is confined to the kitchen or the gaming-table. Displeased with myself, disgusted with the world, and rejected by Cordelia, I am preparing to sink at once into retirement and oblivion. What my occupations are to be I know not; an hundred schemes have been formed and rejected. If it be in your power to suggest any thing I can steadily adhere to, and which will make me less contemptible in my own eyes, you will do good to one; but if you can exhibit in your Mirror a preventive to the errors by which I have been undone, you may do good to thousands.

I am, &c.

H. Lorenzo.

No. 68.] Saturday, Jan 1, 1780.

I can make speeches in the senate too, Nacky.
Otway's Venice Preserved

One morning, during my late visit to Mr. Umphraville, as that gentleman, his sister, and I, were sitting at breakfast, my old friend John came in, and delivered a sealed card to his master. After putting on his spectacles, and reading it with attention, "Ay," said Umphraville, "this is one of your modern improvements. I remember the time when one neighbour could have gone to dine with another without any fuss or ceremony; but now, forsooth, you must announce your intention so many days before; and, by-and-by, I suppose, the intercourse between two country gentlemen will be carried on with the same stiffness of ceremonial that prevails among your little German princes. Sister, you must prepare a feast on Thursday; Colonel Plum says he intends to have the honour of waiting on us." "Brother," replied Miss Umphraville, "you know we don't deal in giving feasts; but if Colonel Plum can dine on a plain dinner, without his foreign dishes and French sauces, I can promise him a bit of good mutton, and hearty welcome."

On the day appointed, Colonel Plum arrived, and along with him the gay, the sprightly Sir Bobby Button, who had posted down to the country to enjoy two days' shooting at Colonel Plum's, where he arrived just as that gentleman was setting out for Mr. Umphraville's. Sir Bobby, always easy, and who in every society is the same, protested against the Colonel's putting off his visit, and declared he would be happy to attend him.

Though I had but little knowledge of Sir Bobby, I was perfectly acquainted with his character; but to Umphraville he was altogether unknown, and I promised myself some amusement from the contrast of two persons so opposite in sentiments, in manner, and in opinions. When he was presented, I observed Umphraville somewhat struck with his dress and figure; in both which, it must be owned, he resembled a monkey of a larger size. Sir Bobby, however, did not allow him much time to contemplate his external appearance; for he immediately, without any preparation or apology, began to attack the old gentleman on the bad taste of his house, and of every thing about it. "Why the devil," said he, "don't you enlarge your windows, and cut down those damned hedges and trees that spoil your lawn so miserably? If you would allow me, I would undertake, in a week's time, to give you a clever place. This is, for all the world, just such a *chateau* as my friend Lord ——— (you know Lord ———, the finest fellow on earth) succeeded to last year by the death of an uncle, a queer old prig, who had lived locked up in his castle for half a century:—he died damned rich though; and as soon as Lord ——— knew for certain that his breath was out, he and I went down to take possession; and in a strange condition, to be sure, we found things; but, in less than a month, we turned all *topsy-turvy*, and it is now in the way of being as fine a place as any in England."—To this Umphraville made no answer; and indeed the baronet was so fond of hearing himself talk, and chattered away at such a rate, that he neither seemed to desire nor to expect an answer.

On Miss Umphraville's coming in, he addressed himself to her; and after displaying his dress, and explaining some particulars with regard to it, he began to entertain her with an account of the gallantries in which he had been engaged the preceding winter in London. He talked as if no woman could resist his persuasive address and elegant figure—as if London were one great seraglio, and he himself the mighty master of it.—This topic he was so fond of, that he enlarged upon it after Miss Umphraville had retired, and used a *grossiereté* of expression in his descriptions, which, of late, has been very much affected by our fine gentlemen; but which shocked Umphraville, to whom it was altogether new, and who has ever entertained the highest veneration for the sex.

To put an end to this conversation, Colonel Plum, who seemed to be tired of it, as we were, mentioned the very singular situation this country was in when the combined fleets of France and Spain lay off Plymouth; and took occasion to observe, that, if our fleet should be vanquished, if our *wooden walls* should fail us, he was afraid our country, thus laid open to the invasion of those hostile powers, could not easily resist their force. Umphraville entertained a very different opinion. He said that a naval force might perhaps be necessary to maintain and defend an extensive foreign commerce; but he did not see how it was at all connected with the internal defence of a state, or why a nation might not be respectable both at home and abroad, without any great fleet. "Were the English," said he, "indebted to their *wooden walls* for the victory of Cressy, of Poictiers, and of Agincourt? Was it by a naval force that the great Gustavus was enabled to take so decisive a part in the affairs of Europe, and to render the power of Sweden so respectable? Is it by ships that the brave Swiss have defended their liberties for so many ages? What fleets did our own country possess, while she boldly maintained her independence for so many centuries, against the constant and unremitted attacks of England? Did we possess a single ship of force, when the gallant Bruce almost annihilated the power of England on the field of Bannockburn? Believe me, gentlemen," continued he, "it is not an easy matter to subdue a free people fighting for their country. In such a cause every man would stand forth. Old as I am, I would not hesitate a moment to draw my sword against our foes, should they ever be desperate enough to make an attempt on these islands." "You may, if you please," said Sir Bobby (who seemed to be awed for a time into silence, by the elevated tone Umphraville had assumed): "but I'll be cursed if I would. Damn it, what does it signify if the French were to conquer us? I don't think we could lose much by it; and, in some respects, we should gain. We should drink better Burgundy; and we should have clothes fit for a gentleman to wear, without running the risk of their being seized by these damned locusts of custom-house officers. I should not like, though, to lose my seat in the house. If the French leave us that, they may come again when they please for me."—Umphraville, who had not the most distant conception of his being in parliament, asked Sir Bobby gravely, what *seat*, what *house*, he meant? "Why, damn it, our house, the House of Commons to be sure;—there is no living out of parliament now; it is the *ton* for a gentleman to be in it, and it is the pleasantest thing in the world.

There are Jack ———, Dick ———, Lord ———, and I are always together. At first, we used to tire confoundedly of their late nights and long debates; but now the minister is so obliging as to tell us when he thinks the question will be put, and away we go to dinner, to the opera, or somewhere, and contrive to return just in time to vote, or, as Lord ——— calls it, to be in at the death."

Hitherto Umphraville's countenance had discovered no emotion but that of contempt; now he could not conceal his astonishment and indignation. Recollecting himself, however, he asked the baronet, if he never thought of his constituents, and of the purposes for which they sent him to parliament?—" As to that," said he, " there is no man so attentive to his constituents as I am. I spend some months among them every summer, where I keep open house for the savages, and make love to their wives and daughters. Besides, I am always making presents to the women of some little fashionable trinket. The last time I came from London, I brought down a parcel of *spring garters*, that cost me thirty shillings a pair, by Gad; which I distributed among them, taking care, at the same time, to tell each of them, that nothing showed a fine ankle to such advantage as a spring garter."

In the evening, after our visitors had left us, I found Umphraville sitting in his elbow-chair, in a graver mood than usual. " I am thinking, my friend," said he, " of the strange times we live in. You know I am not much of a politician; and, living retired as I do, abstracted from the world, I have little access to be acquainted with the springs that move the wheels of government, or the causes of national prosperity or adversity. For some time past, however, I have been endeavouring, in vain, to investigate the latent sources of the sudden and almost instantaneous decline of our empire, unexampled, I believe, in the history of nations. The scene you have this day witnessed has given me more light on that subject than any thing I have yet met with. If such men are to conduct and regulate the great affairs of state, are we to wonder at our want of success? If our senate is to be filled with beings, mean as they are worthless, alike destitute of public virtue and private honour, we may cease to be surprised at any calamity that befals us. Of such creatures, I presume, the Roman senate was composed, when, by the groundless jealousy of an emperor (Gallienus, if I mistake not,) the senators were prohibited from holding any military employment; and they considered the exemption as a favour, not as an affront: so lost were they to every principle of honour, so void of every generous and manly feeling. But what astonishes me most is, that in times like these, when the empire is shook to its foundation, the people should be so infatuated as to trust their best, their dearest rights in such hands. Had the Congress been composed of Bobby Buttons, would America ever have made such a stand against us?"

How long this philippic might have lasted I cannot say, had not Miss Umphraville come in and put an end to it, by challenging me to play a game at backgammon.

E.

No. 69.] Tuesday, Jan. 4, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

I am a pretty constant reader of your publications; by what means, you shall know before I have finished this letter. Among other papers of your publishing, I have read one marked No. 65, written by a lady, who subscribes herself S. M. That lady is pleased to complain of her situation, and to represent herself as unfortunate. I cannot think she has the least title to do so. She was received and entertained by a kind brother; but, forsooth, she took it into her head to quarrel with him because he married, and seemed to like his wife better than her, and to be displeased with the lady, because she appeared to have more vanity than she ought to have had. Pray, what right had she to find fault with those who so hospitably entertained her? Or, how did she show superior sense by thus quarrelling with her bread and butter?—I am, Sir, the younger brother of Sir George Fielding. I live comfortably and contentedly in his house; and yet, I could lay a wager, were Madam S. M. in my situation, she would be fretful and discontented: but I shall appeal to you, Sir, if she would have any reason for her discontent.

My father, Sir Robert, sent me, when a young man, to the university; but, as I had no taste for study, I spent most of my time at the billiard-table, at cards, in hunting, playing at golf, or in public diversions. I was more gaily dressed than any of my companions, and I united many of the qualities of a beau and a buck.—During the vacation, I resided at my father's house; and the elegant and expensive manner in which he lived increased my turn for pleasure and amusement.

I was in my twentieth year when my father, who had supplied me liberally with money, died, leaving me the small patrimony of one thousand pounds. Fifty pounds a year could not support the expense of one who had been accustomed to spend four times that sum. In this situation it was thought necessary that I should do something for myself. Amidst the various schemes that were proposed, it was determined that I should become a merchant. My brother, Sir George, generously discharged all the debts I had contracted; for, notwithstanding my father's liberality while he was living, I had contracted several; and I was bound apprentice to an eminent trader. He was a sober, industrious, thriving man; but I soon found it impossible to accommodate myself to his frugal and economical ideas; and my inclination for amusement, which he used to call dissipation and idleness, could not give way to his habits of industry and attention.

Accordingly, before the term of my apprenticeship was elapsed, my master wrote to Sir George, informing him that I had taken up with bad company; that I had neglected my business; that I had not profited by his instructions; and recommending to him to try me in something else, and, in all events, to remove me to some other place.

After a good deal of deliberation, it was resolved to try to set me up as a farmer; and I entered upon the management of a considerable farm. But in this business I found I did not succeed any better than in my former. Notwithstanding the good instructions I received at a club of very honest fellows, at which we met every week to talk about farming and improvements, somehow or other, my crops never paid for the expense of raising them: and in a few years I found that I had improved away every shilling of my capital. Sir George then proposed to me that I should quit all thoughts of business, and take up my residence in his house: I cheerfully accepted his proposal, and have lived with him for fourteen years past.

In his house I find every thing provided for me, and I am perfectly contented, having nothing to care for. Sir George, who is beloved and respected by all the neighbourhood, has frequently crowds of company who resort to his house; but, as he does not drink himself, whenever the company wish to drink a little more than usual, he deputes me to act his part as landlord. In that capacity I do dot fail to push about the bottle; and I find myself in a situation perfectly to my wish. As I am a good shot, I spend great part of my time in shooting; and Mr. Joseph, for that is the name I go by, is made a welcome guest at all the gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood; the more so, as I seldom make a visit without carrying along with me some of the game I have killed. I never fail to make one at all the sports in the neighbourhood. At a village wedding I am a considerable personage; and there is not a country-girl who does not think it an honour to dance with Mr. Joseph. When Lady Fielding makes a visit, I generally attend her in the absence of Sir George. The only part of my employment which I find disagreeable is, that sometimes, in the winter-evenings, I am set a-reading to my lady; and, among other publications, I have read over to her most of the MIRRORS. My lady likes them exceedingly; so do I too, but not for the same reason that she does; I like them,—because they are short. In the course of this employment, I read S. M.'s letter, and have already given you my reasons for being much dissatisfied with what she writes.

I can make no doubt, that, were she in my situation, she would think she had much reason to be unhappy. She would, perhaps, complain that her brother was so rich, and she so poor; she would say, that it was an employment below her to act as toastmaster to her brother's drunken company; that it was despicable to be known only by the name of Mr. Joseph; that she could not but consider herself as in a contemptible situation, being unfit for any employment, or to act any higher part than that of a sportsman, a dancer at a country-wedding, or an humble attendant on my Lady Fielding. But I am of a very different opinion. I certainly neither have the fortune, nor do I meet with the same respect that my brother Sir George does;—but what does that signify?—I eat, drink, and am merry, enjoy good health and good spirits; and I have neither the trouble of managing a great estate, nor am I obliged to be circumspect in my conduct, in order that I may act up, as I hear my brother and some of his friends express it, to a certain dignity of character. In a word, I am happy enough, and I think Madam S. M. might have been so too, if she had had a mind.

I am, &c.

JOSEPH FIELDING.

The situation which is described in the above letter is not, I believe, altogether an uncommon one. I should be very unwilling to make Mr. Joseph displeased with it; on the contrary, I think his cheerfulness and good-humour are to be envied. At the same time, without expressing those sentiments which, I doubt not, will occur to many of my readers upon the perusal of his letter, I cannot but observe, that I have sometimes felt regret, that, in certain circumstances, a more equal distribution of fortune were not made among the children of some great landed proprietors, or that care were not taken to moderate their education to that style of life in which their circumstances are likely to place them. A young man, who is left a small patrimony, ought not surely to be accustomed to habits of extravagance and dissipation, but ought to be early inured to economy, and be qualified for some business. Without this (though accident may sometimes conduct such young men to fortune or to eminence), there must be always great danger of their proving unfit for any

luable purpose in life, of their deserving no
gher appellation than that of Mr. Joseph.
A.

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o. 70.] Saturday, Jan. 8, 1780.

Ingentes Dominos, et claræ nomina famæ,
Illustrique graves nobilitate domos,
Devita. Seneca.

Nobles, and men of towering fame,
And families of rank and riches proud,
Avoid.

an excursion I made some months ago to the
nty of ——, I paid a visit to Antonio, an old
uaintance of my father's, whom I had known
m my infancy. He had been exceedingly
entive to me when a boy; and, as he was
mething of a sportsman, my guardians often
rmitted me to accompany him to the field,
here, as indeed on every occasion, he treated
with the ease and freedom of a companion
d an equal. This behaviour, so different from
at to which boys are generally accustomed,
hile it flattered my self-importance, gave me
much favour and affection for Antonio, that
never saw him afterwards, without feeling
se agreeable sensations, which accompany the
ollection of that happy period of life, when we
h the pleasures of the moment, equally re-
rdless of what is past or to come.

I had not heard of Antonio for many months.
hen I arrived at the village where he lived, I
tened to his house without any previous in-
ry. The countenance of the servant made
suspect all was not well; and when I enter-
his apartment, I found him in the last stage
a dropsy. The sensations that crowded on
mind at the squalid and death-like appear-
e of the good old man, so different from those
which I was prepared to indulge, had almost
rcome me; but the growing emotion was
cked by the countenance with which he be-
d it. No sooner was I seated, than, taking
hand, "What a change," said he, with a
k of melancholy composure, "is here, since
last saw me!—I was two years older than
r father; had he been alive, he would have
n seventy-four next Christmas."

he particulars of the conversation, though
y have made a lasting impression on my mind,
ld be uninteresting to many of my readers;
as the life of Antonio will afford an import-
lesson to the younger part of them, I give the
owing short account of it, as the subject of
and the subsequent paper.

he father of Antonio was one of the first men
ually in Scotland, who had been bred to the
ession of a merchant; in which he was so successful, that about the beginning of this century he had acquired the sum of twenty thousand pounds, which was, at that time, reckoned no inconsiderable fortune. He had two children who survived him; Antonio, and a daughter, Leonora, who was several years younger than her brother. As the father had received a liberal education, he was attentive to bestow the same benefit upon his son; but, being equally sensible of the advantages of industry, he was, at the same time, determined that he should be educated to some profession or employment, though he did not restrain him in his choice. Antonio, on his part, seconded his father's views. His genius was inferior to none of his contemporaries; allowing for some little excesses, which the liveliness and pliancy of his disposition engaged him in, he exceeded them all in the assiduity of his application; and, as his manners were at the same time mild and spirited, he was both beloved and respected by his companions.

Being arrived at an age which made it necessary to regulate his studies by the profession he was to follow, he made choice of that of physic, which, including the different branches of science usually connected with it, may be said to embrace the whole study of nature: to these he applied rather as a philosopher than as one who intended to be a practitioner in the art; he was, nevertheless, preparing to take his degree, when the death of his father left him, at the age of twenty, possessed of a handsome fortune.

Antonio continued his studies for some time with his usual assiduity; but, finding his income more than sufficient for his wants, he gave up all thoughts of engaging in practice. His house became the rendezvous of his former school-companions, many of them the sons of the first families in the kingdom, who were now entering into life (I speak of a period above fifty years ago), and who found themselves flattered by those engaging manners in the man, which had attached them to the boy.

In consequence of these connections, Antonio found himself engaged in a line of life to which he had been little accustomed; but, as he had mixed the study of polite literature with science, and was master of the exercises of dancing, fencing, and riding, he soon acquired that ease in his address and conversation, which marks the gentleman, while it hides the man of learning from a common observer. His good-nature and benevolence, proceeding from an enlarged and liberal mind, prevented him from viewing, with too severe an eye, the occasional excesses of some of his companions; an elegant taste, and a sound understanding, prevented him from engaging in them too deeply.

Antonio's time was now mostly spent among the great. He made long and frequent visits at their seats in the country; he joined them in excursions from time to time to the different courts on the continent; and when he was not abroad he resided almost constantly in London, or the neighbourhood; so that he became, in a great measure, a stranger in his own country.

Among the companions of Antonio were two sons of the Earl of W———, who were particularly attached to him. Their father was not more envied by the ambitious for the distinguished rank he held in the councils of his sovereign, than by the wise and moderate for being father to two of the most promising young men of the age. They had been acquainted with Antonio from their infancy. They had grown up at the same schools, and studied under the same masters. After an absence of three years, they happened to meet at Venice, where Antonio had the good fortune to render them essential service, in extricating them from difficulties in which the impetuosity of the best conditioned young men will sometimes involve them, especially in a foreign country. They returned together to Britain. Their father, who knew their former connection with Antonio, and had heard of their recent obligation to him, expressed his sense of it in very flattering terms, and earnestly wished for an opportunity to reward it.

I have seen few men who were proof against the attention of ministers. Though it does not always gratify, it seldom fails to excite three of the most powerful passions, vanity, ambition, and avarice. Antonio, I am afraid, did not form an exception to the rule. Though naturally an economist, his mode of life had considerably impaired his fortune. He knew this; but he knew not exactly to what extent. He received gentle remonstrances on the subject from some of his relations in Scotland, who remembered his virtues. In the letters of his sister Leonora (who still retained that effection and attachment to her brother which his attention to her, both before and after her father's death, had impressed upon her mind), he perceived an anxiety, for which he could not otherwise account than from her apprehensions about the situation of his affairs. The patronage of the Earl of W——— presented itself as a remedy. To him, therefore, he determined to apply. The intimacy in which he lived with his sons, the friendly manner in which the earl himself always behaved to him, made this appear an easy matter to Antonio; but he was unaccustomed to ask favours even from the great. His spirit rose at the consciousness of their having become necessary; and he sunk in his own esteem in being reduced to use the language of solicitation for something like a pecuniary favour. After several fruitless attempts, he could bring himself no farther than to give a distant hint to his companions, the sons of the earl. It was sufficient to them; and, at the next interview with their father, Antonio received the most friendly assurances of being soon provided for in some way suited to his taste and disposition.

Elated with these hopes, he returned, after a ten year's absence, to visit his friends in Scotland, and to examine into the situation of his affairs. Of the 20,000*l.* left by his father, there was little more than 10,000*l.* remaining; and the half of that sum belonged to his sister Leonora. The knowledge of this made no great impression on his mind, as he was certain of being amply provided for: meanwhile, he thought it his duty to put his sister's fortune in safety; and, by his whole behaviour to her during a nine months' residence in Scotland, he confirmed that love and affection which his more early conduct had justly merited.

U.

No. 71.] Tuesday, Jan. 11, 1780.

Antonio returned to London about the breaking out of the Spanish war in 1739. The parties in the state ran high; the minister was attacked on all sides, in a language somewhat more decent than what is in use among the patriots of the present day, though it was not, on that account, less poignant and severe. Antonio's patron, the Earl of W———, took part with the minister, and both he and his sons, who were by this time in parliament, seemed so much occupied with the affairs of the public, that Antonio was unwilling to disturb them with any private application for himself, until the ferment was somewhat subsided. In the meantime, he continued his usual mode of life; and though he could not help observing that many of the great men with whom he had been accustomed to converse on the most easy and familiar terms began to treat him with a forbidding ceremony, more disgusting to a mind of sensibility than downright insolence; still the consciousness of his situation prevented him from renouncing a society in which the secret admonitions of his heart frequently told him he could not continue, without forfeiting the strongest support of virtue and honour, a proper respect for himself.

Sir Robert Walpole was at last obliged to resign, and along with him a few of his friends who were most obnoxious to the leaders of the successful party. The Earl of W——— was not of the number; he still preserved his place in the cabinet; and the new and the old ministers having adjusted their different pretensions, a calm tranquillity succeeded, as the less powerful and disappointed patriots, rendered suspicious by the defection of their principal leaders, could not at once connect themselves into a formidable opposition.

Antonio thought this a proper time to renew his application. That delicacy which made him formerly shrink at the idea of asking a pecuniary favour was now no more; his growing necessities, and the habits of submission they produced, had blunted the fine feelings of independence, and he could now, though unnoticed, dance attendance at the levees of the great, like one who had never felt himself their equal. Fortunately there soon happened a vacancy in an office in the department of the Earl of W——, which was every way suited to Antonio. He modestly reminded the earl of his former promises; and, having made the first application, his request was instantly granted. At that moment Lord C——, who was supposed to be prime minister, arrived, to ask the office for the son of a butcher in Kent, who was returning officer in a borough where there was a contested election. The Earl of W—— told the minister that he had just now promised it to that gentleman, pointing to Antonio. The minister had frequently seen Antonio, and was not unacquainted with his character—congratulated him with much seeming cordiality; and, turning to the Earl of W——, paid him many compliments on his bestowing the office upon one of so distinguished merit: "That consideration," added he, "can compensate for the disappointment I feel in not having obtained it for the person I mentioned to your lordship." Antonio was too well acquainted with the language of the court not to understand the tendency of all this. The Earl of W—— immediately observed, that to oblige his lordship, he had no doubt Antonio would readily give up the promise. This was instantly done; and these two noble persons vied with each other in their offers of service; he was given to understand, that the first opportunity should be taken to provide for him in a manner exceeding his wishes.

Though Antonio was not, upon the whole, very well pleased with this incident, he endeavoured to comfort himself with reflecting, that he had now acquired a right of going directly to the minister, which was so much the more agreeable, as he plainly perceived that the sons of the Earl of W——, though they still behaved to him with more ease and attention than many others of his former companions, would, like the rest, soon be estranged from him. At school, at college, on their travels, and even for some time after their return, their pursuits were the same. Whether it was instruction or entertainment, they were mutually assisting to each other, and they found Antonio to be in every thing their equal, perhaps in some things their superior. The scene was now changed. In the midst of their family and relations, possessed of the adventitious, though dazzling qualities of rank and fortune, the real merit of Antonio was hardly perceived. They now found him to be in some things their inferior. This alone would have, in time, put an end to their intimacy, unless, like many others, he would have contented himself with acting the part of *an humble attendant.* Having once opened to their views the career of ambition, and the prospect of rising in the state, they estimated their friendships by the extent of their political influence. Virtue and merit were now out of the question, or were at best but secondary considerations. Former services, compared to the objects in which they were now engaged, sunk to nothing; at the same time, a consciousness of duty led them to behave civilly to a man they had once esteemed, and who had done nothing to forfeit their good opinion. Perhaps, even if applied to in a fortunate moment, when impelled by a sudden emanation of half-extinguished virtue, they might have exerted themselves to serve him; but these exertions would not have been of long continuance; they would soon have been smothered by cold political prudence.

After two years' solicitation, during which his patrons sometimes cajoled him with promises, and, at others, hardly deigned to take notice of his request, Antonio gave up all hopes of success. His fortune was now totally gone. His friends in Scotland had frequently informed him of this; but he continued to solicit and to receive small sums of money from time to time, which he was in hopes of being soon able to repay. These hopes being extinguished, he could not ask for more. He had also contracted several debts to the different tradesmen he employed. He frankly told them his situation; but they remembered the liberality of his conduct and behaviour in the days of his prosperity, and would not use the barbarous right of imprisonment to increase his calamities,

The accumulated distress to which Antonio was now exposed was more than he could bear. After combating some time with the agitation of his mind, he was seized with a slow fever, attended with a delirium, which made it necessary to acquaint his friends. His sister Leonora hastened to his relief. At the end of some weeks his health was so far re-established, that she ventured to propose his undertaking a journey to Scotland; to which he at last consented, but not without reluctance.

He learned, by degrees, that the money he received for the last two years he resided in London had come from Leonora; that she had paid all his debts there, and with the small remains of her fortune had purchased an annuity of a hundred and fifty pounds for his and her own life. In a short time, they retired to a village in the county of ——, not far from my father's residence, who had been an early acquaintance of Antonio's. My father joined his endeavours to those of Leonora to recover him from that depression of spirits into which his misfortunes, and the reflection on his past conduct, had thrown him. They at last succeeded, and saw him, with pleasure, regain those mild and engaging manners which they had formerly admired. But his spirit and vivacity could not be restored. He seemed to engage in the usual pastimes and occupations of a country life rather with patience than satisfaction, and to *suffer* society as a duty which he owed to a sister who had preserved him, and to those friends who showed so much solicitude for his happiness, rather than to *enjoy* it as a source of pleasure and entertainment to himself. If ever he was animated, it was in the company of a few young men who looked up to him for instruction. He entertained them, not with murmurings against the world, or complaints of the injustice or depravity of mankind. His pictures of society were flattering and agreeable, as giving the most extensive scope for the exercise of the active virtues. "My young friends," he was wont to say, "carry with you into the world a spirit of independence, and a proper respect for yourselves. These are the guardians of virtue. No man can trust to others for his support, or forfeit his own good opinion with impunity. Extravagant desires and ill-founded hopes pave the way for disappointment, and dispose us to cover our own errors with the unjust accusation of others. Society is supported by a reciprocation of good offices; and, though virtue and humanity will give, justice cannot demand, a favour, without a recompense. Warm and generous friendships are sometimes, nay, I hope, often found in the world; but, in those changes and vicissitudes of life which open new views, and form new connections, the old are apt to be weakened or forgotten. Family and domestic friendships," would he add with a sigh, "will generally be found the most lasting and sincere; but here, my friends, you will think me prejudiced; you all know my obligations to Leonora."

Antonio and Leonora are now no more; he died a few days after my last visit. His sister he had buried about a twelvemonth before; and I have often heard him mention, with a kind of melancholy satisfaction, that, to her other distresses, there had not been added the regret of being left behind him.

U.

No. 72.] SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1780.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.

And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim. DRYDEN.

THE consideration of death has been always made use of, by the moralist and the divine, as a powerful incentive to virtue and to piety. From the uncertainty of life, they have endeavoured to sink the estimation of its pleasures, and, if they could not strip the seductions of vice of their present enjoyment, at least to load them with the fear of their end.

Voluptuaries, on the other hand, have from a similar reflection, endeavoured to enhance the value, and persuade to the enjoyment, of temporal delights. They have advised us to pluck the roses which would otherwise soon wither of themselves, to seize the moments which we could not long command, and, since time was unavoidably fleeting, to crown its flight with joy.

Of neither of these persuasives, whether of the moral or the licentious, the severe or the gay, have the effects been great. Life must necessarily consist of active scenes, which exclude from its general tenor the leisure of meditation, and the influence of thought. The schemes of the busy will not be checked by the uncertainty of their event, nor the amusements of the dissipated be either controlled or endeared by the shortness of their duration. Even the cell of the anchorite, and the cloister of the monk, have their business and their pleasures; for study may become business, and abstraction pleasure, when they engage the mind, and occupy the time. A man may even enjoy the present, and forget the future, at the very moment in which he is writing of the insignificancy of the former, and the importance of the latter.

It were easy to show the wisdom and benignity of Providence, Providence ever wise and benign, in this particular of our constitution; but it would be trite to repeat arguments too obvious not to have been often observed, and too just not to have been always allowed.

But, though neither the situation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity or death a constant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may surely sometimes, not unseasonably, press upon our imagination; even exclusive of their moral or religious use. There is a sympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only "better," but more delightful, "to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting."

Perhaps I felt it so, when, but a few days since, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a father who doted on her, of a family by whom she was adored: I think I would not have exchanged my feelings at the time for all the mirth which gayety could inspire, or all the pleasure which luxury could bestow.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural disposition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used; and they had been attended with that success which they commonly meet with, when not prevented by mistaken fondness or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration; none ever felt it less: with all the charms of beauty, and the polish of education, the plainest were not less affected, nor the most ignorant less assuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited. The fall of the more important personages is commonly distant from our observation; but even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compassion is weakened. The eminently great, or the extensively useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. But the death of one, who, like Maria, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father and the childhood of her sisters, presents to us a little view of family affliction, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On scenes of public sorrow and national regret we gaze as upon those gallery pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration: domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw Maria was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay, where she fixed all eyes by the gracefulness of her motions, and the native dignity of her mien; yet so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalship of beauty, or the envy of homeliness. From that scene the transition was so violent to the hearse and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my senses; I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of Maria as living still.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child; the silent suffering composure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants, whose grief was light, and capable of tears; these gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I should see her no more. There was a flow of sorrow with which I suffered myself to be borne along with a melancholy kind of indulgence; but when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his Maria in the earth, its sound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity!

It was but for a moment.—He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to stop the assistants who were throwing the earth into it; then, suddenly recollecting himself, clasped his hands together, threw up his eyes to heaven; and then first I saw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It spoke a lesson of faith, and piety, and resignation. I went away sorrowful, but my sorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; cast on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity; on the next, a look of humbleness and hope!

Such, I am persuaded, will commonly be the effect of scenes like that I have described on minds neither frigid nor unthinking; for of feelings like these the gloom of the ascetic is as little susceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of mind, which society alone can give, though its vices often destroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy which makes sorrow pleasant, and affliction useful.

It is not from a melancholy of this sort that men are prompted to the cold unfruitful virtues of monkish solitude. These are often the effects rather of passion secluded than repressed, rather of temptation avoided than overcome. The crucifix and the rosary, the death's head and the bones, if custom has not made them indifferent, will rather chill desire than excite virtue; but, amidst the warmth of social affection, and of social sympathy, the heart will feel the weakness, and enjoy the duties, of humanity.

Perhaps it will be said, that such situations, and such reflections as the foregoing, will only affect minds already too tender, and be disregarded by those who need the lessons they impart. But this, I apprehend, is to allow too much to the force of habit, and the resistance of prejudice. I will not pretend to assert, that rooted principles, and long-established conduct, are suddenly to be changed by the effects of situation, or the eloquence of sentiment; but if it be granted that such change ever took place, who shall determine by what imperceptible motive, or accidental impression, it was first begun? And, even if the influence of such a call to thought can only smother, in its birth, one allurement to evil, or confirm one wavering purpose to virtue, I shall not have unjustly commended that occasional indulgence of pensiveness and sorrow, which will thus be rendered not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements, of life.

Z.

No. 73.] TUESDAY, JAN. 18, 1780.

THE essay contained in this and the following number was some time ago received from a gentleman of distinguished name in the literary world.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

In the course of his various inquiries into human nature, your illustrious kinsman, the SPECTATOR, did not overlook DREAMING; on which he has given us many ingenious and useful observations. Having all my life been a great dreamer of dreams, I also have made some remarks upon that mysterious phenomenon, which, I flatter myself, may be acceptable to the author of the MIRROR, as I believe some of them are new, and not unworthy of notice.

I shall not take up much of your time with the opinions of the ancients in regard to the immediate cause of dreaming. Epicurus fancied, that an infinite multitude of subtle images, some flowing from bodies, some formed of their own accord, and others made up of different things variously combined, were continually moving up and down in the air about us; and that these images, being of extreme fineness, penetrate our bodies; and, striking upon the mind, give rise to that mode of perception which we call imagination; and to which he refers the origin both of our waking thoughts and of our dreams. Aristotle seems to think, that every object of outward sense makes upon the human soul, or upon some other part of our frame, a certain impression, which remains for some time after the object that made it is gone, and which, being afterwards recognised by the mind in sleep, gives rise to those visions that then present themselves. These opinions, if one were to examine them, would be found either to amount to nothing that can be understood, or to ascribe to human thought a sort of material nature, which is perfectly inconceivable.

Neither shall I trouble you with enumerating five different species of dreams acknowledged by some of the ancients, and particularly described by Macrobius. Dreams are, indeed, of different sorts and characters; but I see no reason why they may not be divided into five hundred classes, as well as into five. My own remarks I shall set down without method, and in the order in which they occur to me.

Though some of our dreams are exceedingly wild and extravagant, others are more regular, and more like real life. When the mind is at ease, and the body in health, we are apt to dream of our ordinary business. The passions, too, which occupy the mind when awake, and the objects and causes of those passions, are apt to recur in sleep, though, for the most part, under some disguise; accompanied with painful circumstances when we are in trouble, and with more pleasing ideas when we are happy. To this the poets attend; and, in describing the dreams of their heroes and heroines, are careful to give them a resemblance to their real fortune. Dido, when forsaken by Æneas, dreams that she is going a long journey alone, and seeking her Tyrians in a desert land;

——— longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam, *Tyriosque* desertâ quærere terrâ.

Thus uniting, as it were, in one image the two passions that engrossed her through the day, love to her people, and a sense of her forlorn condition. Eloisa, separated for ever from her friend, dreams of being again happy in his company: but, the next moment, says she,

——— Methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's wo
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps;
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.

On these occasions, the poet will not describe a dream exactly like the real circumstances of the dreamer; he makes it only a sort of dark allegorical similitude; and this we approve of, because we know that it is according to nature. For a reason to be given in the sequel, it will appear to be mercifully ordered by Providence, that our dreams should thus differ from our waking thoughts: and, from what we know of the influence of our passions upon the general tenor of our thinking, we need not wonder that there should be, notwithstanding, some analogy between them. It is this mixture of resemblance and diversity that makes some of our dreams allegorical. But, when that happens, an attentive observer, who is free from superstition, will find that they allude not to what is future, but to what is present or past, unless where we have been anticipating some future event; in which case our dreams may possibly resemble our conjectures. Now, if our conjectures be right, and if our dreams resemble them, it may happen that there shall be a likeness between a certain dream and a future occurrence; but in this there is nothing more supernatural than that I should dream to-night of what I have been employed in to-day; for this is nothing more than a particular train of thoughts impressed upon us in sleep, by a certain previous train of thought into which reason and experience led us when awake. For example: When I see a man dissipating his fortune by debauchery, I may, with reason, apprehend that disease and poverty will soon overtake him. If this conjecture trouble me in the daytime, it may also recur in sleep, accompanied with some visionary circumstances; and I shall dream, perhaps, that I see him in rags and misery. Suppose this really to happen soon after, what opinion am I to entertain concerning my dream? Surely I have no more reason to consider it as prophetical, than I have to look upon the conjecture which gave rise to it as the effect of inspiration.

Some of our dreams bear little or no resemblance to any thing that ever before occurred to our senses, or fancy. But this is not common, except in bad health. It holds true in general, that dreams are an imitation, though often a very extravagant one, of reality.

There are people who observe, that one particular dream frequently returns upon them. Socrates, in the Phædo of Plato, tells his friend, that he had all his life been haunted with a vision of this kind, in which one seemed to say to him, that he ought to study music. If this repetition of dreams be the effect of habit, which is not unlikely, we may from it learn the expediency of concealing such as are disagreeable, and banishing them from our thoughts as soon as we can. Indeed, it is a vulgar observation, that they who never speak of dreams are not often troubled with them.

Intemperance of every kind, in eating or drinking, in sleep or watching, in rest or exercise, tends to make dreams disagreeable; and, therefore, one end of dreaming may be to recommend sobriety and moderation. For the time we may employ in sleep bears a great proportion to the whole of human life; and, if there be any expedient for rendering that portion of our time agreeable, it is surely worth while to put it in practice. Habits of virtue and soberness, the repression of turbulent desires and the indulgence of pious, social, and cheerful dispositions, are, for the most part, effectual in giving that lightness to the animal spirits, and that calm temperature to the blood, which promote thoughts pleasurable through the day, and sweet slumber and easy dreams by night.

The ancients thought that morning dreams come nearest the truth. In the morning, no doubt, the perspiration and digestion continued through the night will make the stomach, and the whole frame of the body, more composed and cool than when we go to sleep; and hence, perhaps, it is not absurd to say, that dreams may be more regular then, and more like real life. But if we have passed the earlier hours of the morning without sleep, and fall a dozing about the time we usually rise, our dreams are seldom agreeable, and our slumber is rather stupifying than salutary; whence we may perhaps infer, that it is the intention of Nature that we should rise early, and at a stated hour.

As agreeable thoughts accompany good health; as violent passions, and even frenzy, are the attendants of certain diseases; as dulness and confusion of thought may be occasioned by a loaded stomach; and as the swallowing of much strong liquor produces a temporary madness;—as our thoughts, I say, when we are awake, are so much determined by our bodily habit, it is no wonder that they should be still more liable to such influence when we are asleep. Accordingly, certain dreams do, for the most part, accompany certain positions and states of the body. When our breathing is in any degree interrupted, by our head falling awry, by the bed-clothes pressing on our mouth or nostrils, or by any internal disorder, we are apt to dream of going, with great uneasiness, through narrow passages, where we are in danger of suffocation. When the state of the stomach and bowels occasions any convulsive motion in the jaws, a thing not uncommon in sleep, and which frequently produces a strong compression and grinding of the teeth, we are apt to dream that the teeth are loose, or falling out, or that our mouth is full of pins, or of something very disagreeable. In cold weather too, when by any accident we throw aside the bed-clothes, we sometimes dream of going naked. Of all these facts I have often had experience; and, if the thing could be accurately attended to, I make no doubt but many of our dreams might be accounted for in the same manner; and therefore, when we have an uncommon dream, we ought not to look forward with apprehension, as if it were to be the forerunner of calamity; but rather backward, to see whether we can discover its cause, and whether, from such a discovery, we may not learn something that may be profitable to our health.

In some constitutions, certain dreams do generally go before, or accompany the beginnings of certain diseases. When, for example, there is any tendency to fever, we are apt to dream of performing, with great labour, some work, we know not precisely what, in which we never make any progress. This imagination will occur in sleep, even while one has no means of observing, when awake, any symptom that could lead one to suspect one's health to be in danger; and, when it does occur, may it not give warning to make some change in the ordinary regimen, to eat or drink less than usual, or have recourse to some of those other methods whereby acute distempers are prevented? In general, when one is haunted more than usual with disagreeable dreams, it may, I think, be taken as a sign that something is wrong in the constitution; and therefore that temperance, fasting, or exercise, may be requisite to avert the impending evil. And these are remedies which one may have recourse to; and in regard to which one may venture to make a few experiments, in almost any circumstances. Agreeable dreams I would take for the signs of health, and accordingly consider them as good, and not evil.

If you approve of these remarks, you shall have more on the same subject, in a few days, from

Yours, &c.

INSOMNIOSUS.

No. 74. Saturday, Jan. 22, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

In my last I hinted that dreams may be useful as physical admonitions. What if I should go a step farther, and say that they may be serviceable as means of our moral improvement? I will not affirm, however, as some have done, that by them we may make a more accurate discovery of our temper and ruling passions, than by observing what passes in our minds when awake: for, in sleep, we are very incompetent judges of ourselves, and of every thing else; and one will dream of committing crimes with little remorse, which, if awake, one could not think of without horror. But as many of our passions are inflamed or allayed by the temperature of the body, this, I think, may be said with truth, that, by attending to what passes in sleep, we may sometimes discern what passions are predominant, and, consequently, receive some useful cautions for the regulation of them. A man dreams, for example, that he is in a violent anger, and that he strikes a blow which knocks a person down, and kills him. He awakes in horror at the thought of what he has done, and of the punishment he thinks he has reason to apprehend; and while, after a moment's recollection, he rejoices to find that it is but a dream, he will also be inclinable to form resolutions against violent anger, lest it should, one time or other, hurry him on to a real perpetration of a like nature. If we ever derive this advantage from a dream, we cannot pronounce it useless. And this, or a similar advantage, may sometimes be derived from dreaming. For why may we not, in this way, reap improvement from a fiction of our own fancy, as well as from a novel, or a fable of Æsop?

One of the finest moral tales I ever read is an account of a dream in the Tatler, which, though it has every appearance of a real dream, comprehends a moral so sublime and so interesting, that I question whether any man who attends to it can ever forget it; and if he remembers, whether he can ever cease to be the better for it. Addison is the author of the paper; and I shall give the story in his own elegant words.

"I was once," says the Tatler, "in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows: When I was a youth, in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate. We were, in a calm evening, diverting ourselves, on the top of a cliff, with a prospect of the sea; and trifling away the time in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love. In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her; when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious an height, upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion than for me to express it. I said to myself, It is not in the power of Heaven to relieve me—when I awaked, equally transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an affliction which, the very moment before, appeared to be altogether inextricable.'

What fable of Æsop, nay of Homer, or of Virgil, conveys so fine a moral? Yet most people have, if I mistake not, met with such deliverances by means of a dream. And such a deliverance will every good man meet with at last, when he is taken away from the evils of life, and awakes in the regions of everlasting light and peace; looking back upon the world, and all its troubles, with a surprise and a satisfaction, similar in kind, though incomparably higher in degree, to that which we now feel, when we escape from a terrifying dream, and open our eyes upon the sweet serenity of a summer morning. Let us not despise instruction, how mean soever the vehicle may be that brings it. Even if it be a dream, let us learn to profit by it. For, whether asleep or awake, we are equally the care of Providence; and neither a dream, nor a waking thought, can occur to us without the permission of him in whom we live and move, and have our being.

Some men dream more and others less; and some, perhaps, though these are few, none at all. This cannot be fully accounted for from the different degrees of health which different men enjoy, nor from their different ways of life; though these, and the like peculiarities, may no doubt have some influence. Persons who think much, and take little bodily exercise, will, perhaps, be found to be the greatest dreamers; especially if their imagination be active, and their nervous system very sensible; which last is too common an infirmity among men of learning. The sleep of the labouring man is sweet and sound; and his dreams he rarely remembers: for the faculties of his mind are not much employed, his nerves are strong, and the sphere of his imagination narrow. As nature does nothing in vain, is it not probable that, to the constitutions of some people, dreaming may be more necessary, as a mental recreation, than to those of others? To meditate continually on one set of objects is detrimental to health, and even to reason; and, when one is oppressed with low spirits, which often proceed from this very cause, the physician never fails to recommend amusements, company, travelling, sea-voyages, and other expedients, for leading the mind out of its old gloomy track, refreshing it with new ideas, and forcing it to exert itself with unusual energy, and in a new direction.

Go, soft enthusiast, quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd.
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to the eye, and shifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines,
Or, more adventurous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot, and raging through the sky
The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul;
And in the hardy camp, and toilsome march,
Forget all softer and less manly cares.
ARMSTRONG.

Men, therefore, who think more than others, may have more need than others have of that amusement and variety which is produced by dreaming. Certain it is, that dreams are often a relief to those who are in perplexity, or who have long been ruminating upon disagreeable objects, or upon any one set of ideas which they cannot easily get rid of. Nor is it necessary in order to effect this, that a dream should in itself be pleasing. Scenes of difficulty, and even of danger, are, as we have seen, recommended to the patient oppressed with melancholy; and if a dream shall only give a new impulse, even for a short time, to the minds of those persons of whom I now speak, it may do them an important service, however disagreeable in itself. Seldom, indeed, are they happy in their dreams whose faculties are worn out with much thinking.

Dreams depend, in part, on the state of the air. That which has power over the passions may reasonably be presumed to have power over the thoughts of men. For the thoughts that occur to a mind actuated by any passion are always congenial to that passion, and tend to encourage it. Now most people know by experience how effectual, in producing joy and hope, are pure skies and sunshine, and that a long continuance of dark weather brings on solicitude and melancholy. This is particularly the case with those persons whose nervous system has been weakened by a sedentary life and much thinking, and they, as I hinted formerly, are most subject to troublesome dreams. If the external air can affect the motions of so heavy a substance as mercury, in the tube of the barometer, we need not wonder that it should affect those finer liquids that circulate through the human body. And if our passions and thoughts, when we are awake, may be variously modified by the consistency, defect, or redundance of these liquids, and by the state of the tubes through which they circulate, need we wonder that the same thing should happen in sleep, when our ideas, disengaged from the control of reason, may be supposed to be more obsequious to material impulse? When the air is loaded with gross vapour, dreams are generally disagreeable to persons of a delicate constitution.

If, then, our thoughts in sleep may receive form and colour from so many circumstances; from the general state of our health, from the present state of the stomach and fluids, from the temperature of the air, from the position of external objects in contact with our body, and from the tenor of our thoughts through the day;* shall we be surprised at the variety of our dreams? and when any uncommon or disagreeable dream occurs, is it not more rational to refer it to one or other of these causes, than to terrify ourselves with a foolish conceit that it is supernatural, and betokens calamity? How often, during the day, do thoughts arise, which we cannot account for, as uncommon, perhaps, and incongruous as those which compose our dreams! Once, after riding thirty miles in a very high wind, I remember to have passed a night of dreams that were, beyond description, terrible; insomuch, that I at last found it expedient to keep myself awake, that I might no more be tormented with them. Had I been superstitious, I should have thought that some disaster was impending. But it occurred to me, that the tempestuous weather I had encountered the preceding day might be the occasion of all those horrors; and I have since, in some medical author, met with a remark to justify the conjecture. A very slight cause may check that insensible perspiration which is so necessary to health; and when this happens, we cannot expect that our dreams should be so easy as at other times. Let no one, then, be alarmed at an uncommon dream. It is probably nothing more than a symptom of a trifling bodily disorder; and if so, it has nothing more to do with futurity, nor is one whit more supernatural, than a cut finger, or a pang of the tooth-ache.

Concerning the opinion, which some have entertained, of our dreams being suggested by invisible beings, I shall only say that I think it very improbable. For first, I see no reason for believing that the Deity would employ "millions of spiritual creatures" in such an office as that of suggesting our ordinary dreams. Secondly, I cannot conceive how these creatures should be affected, in such an operation, by the external air, or by the state of our health, which are known to have great influence on our thoughts, both in sleep and when we are awake. And, thirdly, from what we know of the rapidity of our fancy when awake, we need not suppose any foreign impulse necessary to produce the various appearances of dreaming; as the soul seems to possess in herself powers sufficient for that purpose. Madness, melancholy, and many other diseases, give an extravagance to the thoughts of waking men, equal, or even superior, to what happens in sleep. If the agency of unseen beings is not supposed to produce the first, why should we have recourse to it in order to account for the last? But it is urged that, in sleep, the soul is passive, and it is haunted by visions, which she would gladly get rid of if she could. And it may be urged in answer, for it is no less true, that persons afflicted with anxiety and melancholy too often find, to their sad experience, that their soul is almost equally passive when they are awake; for that they are, even then, haunted with the most tormenting thoughts, from which all their powers of reason, all the exertions of their will, and all the exhortations of their friends, cannot effectually relieve them.

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* See Number 73.

To conclude: Providence certainly superintends the affairs of men; and often, we know not how often, interposes for our preservation. It would, therefore, be presumptuous to affirm, that supernatural cautions, in regard to futurity, are never communicated in dreams. The design of these remarks is not to contradict any authentic experience, or historical fact, but only to show that dreams may proceed from a variety of causes that have nothing supernatural in them; and that, though we are not much acquainted with the nature of this wonderful mode of perception, we know enough of it to see that it is not useless or superfluous, but may, on the contrary, answer some purposes of great importance to our welfare both in soul and body.

I am yours, &c.

Insomniosus.

No. 75.] Tuesday, Jan. 23, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

I remark that you meddle not with the high matters of politics. For this you must answer to yourself, being that you are able to write printed papers. I am a member of eighty-five societies, all zealous for the liberty of the press, in consistency with, and in conformity to, our establishment; and so I think that you are at liberty to write of those things only whereof you have understanding; and if so be that, by reason of your silence, you abuse, or, as one may say, vilipend the liberty of the press, judge you yourself; as for me I say nothing.

But, although you give us no news yourself, perhaps you have something to say with the gentlemen who make the news; and if so, I hope that you will recommend it to them so to write, as that they may be understood of men who are not book-learned.

They, being book-learned gentlemen, write in divers tongues, whereby we poor simple men are at a loss, and Europe may be overthrown by compacts and associations, or ever we can understand the danger.

Not many days ago, I read in the news that some good men put up an advertisement on a statue, with this superscription, *pro patria mori*, and that the superscription rejoiced all honest hearts. I inquired of our *deacon*, who received the rudiments of his education at the grammar school of Lesmahagoe, what was the meaning of the words? And he made answer, that the words were Latin, and that he thought they would be found in the Latin dictionary; the which having got, I, on searching, discovered that *pro* signified "for the sake of," and that *patria* signified "a man's native country," and that *mori* signified "foolish and silly persons."

Wherefore, by joining together the words, I conjectured, moreover, that the interpretation of *pro patria mori* was "foolish or silly persons for the sake of their native country," or that "they who act for their native country are foolish and silly persons."

Now, Sir, if so be that this is so, I moreover conjecture, that the honest men who put up the advertisement, and they who rejoiced thereat, were deceived through ignorance of the Latin tongue, and that to them there was no cause of rejoicing.

Of that tongue I think no good; it is reported amongst us that the mass is written in it, the which I renounce, and also abominate, &c. I am, Sir, your honour's, to serve you at command,

Timothy Shuttleworth.

P.S. Weaving performed in all its branches at reasonable rates; also, cloth taken in for the Dalquharn bleachfield.

My worthy correspondent Mr. Shuttleworth, in the after-part of his letter, intrusts me with his sentiments concerning some very momentous subjects; but I should not deserve the honour of his friendship, were I to impart to the public what has been communicated to me in confidence.

Not knowing his direction, and not having been favoured with a cypher from him, I can only say, that "*n. p.* had no more influence in the matter of the *c. p.* and the *p. b.* than th—m—n of th—m—n; and of this Mr. Shuttleworth may rest assured."

With respect to the Latin words, which have been the innocent cause of so much uneasiness to him, they are taken from a Roman poet, but no Roman Catholic: in metre accommodated to the course of my friend's studies, they signify,

That for our father's land to die, it is a comely thing.

As, indeed, I meddle not with the high matters of politics, I shall only add, that it is to be hoped that there are very few who consult Shuttleworth's Dictionary.

Since I have been desired to advise the *authors* of newspapers to write intelligibly, I must say something on that subject, lest my silence should be construed into an acknowledgment of any little credit with those gentlemen. Of their skill in the learned languages, I pretend not to give any opinion. Thus much, however, I may be allowed to say without offence, that they are the historians of the vulgar; that, in our country, the persons who pass under the name of the vulgar are not unconcerned spectators of national events; and, "that what relates to all, ought to be understood of all."

A man may write in the native language of his readers, and yet be unintelligible. For example, when contrary propositions are positively asserted, when paragraphs encounter with paragraphs, and "jostle in the dark," what must be the state of him who sits down to spell the newspapers with the determined resolution of believing whatever he sees in print?

There is a pleasure in giving good advice, and therefore I must take this opportunity of going a little beyond my friend's commission.

A witty statesman, of the days of our fathers, observed, "that *John Bull* was always in the garret, or in the cellar." John's *own* sister *Margaret*, although not quite so delicate in her sensations, has much of the family disposition. If the wind sets in to the east, then we are a betrayed, and abandoned, and lost people; but on the wind coming round to the west, what nation so glorious and well-governed as ours! Our perfidious enemies shall know what it is to rouse the *lion*, to annoy the *thistle*, or to put the *harp* out of tune.

Such being the disposition of readers apt to be depressed or elevated on every occasion, or on no occasion, the writers of newspapers ought to be cautious as well in slackening as in overbracing the nerves of their customers; and the only method I can recommend for attaining this happy medium is, "that they report nothing but what they believe to be true;" or, if that be to require too much of flesh and blood, "that they report nothing which they believe to be fictitious."

"The Britannia, Captain George Manly commander, is totally lost on the coast of Barbary; every soul on board perished."

On board the Britannia there was the only son of a widow, whose single fund of subsistence depended on that pittance of his wages which her dutiful child allotted to her. In the same ship there was a sober and industrious young man, who had quitted his wife a few months after marriage, that he might provide for a young creature whom he hoped to see in its mother's arms at his return.

"It is confidently reported, that six or seven men of the crew of the Britannia got safely to shore, and that they were made slaves, unless, as is to be feared, they were murdered by the natives." Here there is a gleam of miserable and dubious hope darting on the minds of those who had relations on board the Britannia.

"The Britannia is safely arrived at Port Mahon; so that the report of her having been lost is without foundation."—The inference is most logical.

In the very next paragraph it is said, "We have the pleasure of informing the public, that a capital figure-dancer will soon make his appearance on the stage."

Are not such things to be found in the newspapers of every week; and is it not a cruel sporting with the sensibilities of human nature, thus to wring the souls of parents and wives, of the aged and the helpless, and that merely to fill up the columns of a newspaper?

It is of high national importance that the very earliest notice should be given of the next appearance of a figure-dancer; but surely there was no necessity of saying any thing of the Britannia, in whose welfare the fate of so many little families were involved, until it should have been certainly known whether she was wrecked, or had safely arrived in port.

Of late years there has a practice crept in, of making the newspapers not only the vehicle of public intelligence, but also of the misfortunes, real or imaginary, of private families. For example, "We hear that Mrs. Gadabout was lately detected in an illicit commerce with her husband's postilion, and that a process of divorce will be brought," &c.

Invention immediately busies itself in accounting for this incident. After the first ceremonies of surprise and deep regret, the education of the lady is scrutinized; it was too strict, or it was too loose: the character of the husband is laid before the inquest of gossips: he was morose and sullen, or he had set an example of extravagance and libertinism, which *poor* Mrs. Gababout inconsiderately followed. Then some one, more expert in tracing effects to the cause, recollects having heard, that something of a like nature befel the family many years ago; and that the grand-aunt of Mrs. Gadabout's father, if common fame lie not, stept aside with the Duke of Buckingham, when he attended Charles II. into Scotland.

In this state of uncertainty things remain for a week or two, when fresh intelligence is communicated to the public. "The report of Mrs. Gadabout's affair is premature.—The former article was copied from another paper. We hope that all concerned will accept of this apology." Doubtless a most satisfying apology to all concerned!

The writers of newspapers are the historians of the day, but I see no cause why they should be the historians of the lie of the day.

No. 76.] SATURDAY, JAN. 29, 1780.

REFINEMENT and delicacy of mind are not more observable in our serious occupations, than in the style of our amusements. Of those who possess them, the most vacant hours will generally be informed by taste, or enlivened by imagination; but with men destitute of that sentiment which they inspire, pleasure will commonly degenerate into grossness, conviviality into intemperance, and mirth into riot.

Mr. Melfort is one of my friend Mr. Umphraville's early acquaintance, who continues to reside in this city, and of whom he still retains some resemblance.

That gentleman, in his youth, had applied to the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar; but having soon after succeeded to a tolerable fortune, he derives no other benefit from his profession than an apology for residing part of the year in town, and such a general acquaintance there, as enables him to spend his time in that society which is suited to his disposition. He is often, indeed, to be seen in court; but he comes there only as he does to the coffee-house, to inquire after the news of the day, or to form a party for some of those dinners which he usually gives. In my friend's last visit to town, he met with this gentleman, and came under an engagement to dine with him. I was asked to be of the party, and attended him accordingly.

The company was a large one. Besides Mrs. Melfort and her two daughters, there were three other young ladies who appeared to be intimate in the family. The male part of the company was still more numerous. It consisted, beside our landlord, Mr. Umphraville, and myself, of two lawyers, a physician, a jolly-looking man, in the uniform of a sea-officer, and a gentleman advanced in life, who had somewhat of the air and manner of a foreigner, and I afterwards learned, had left this country at an early age, and lived chiefly abroad ever since.

Mr. Umphraville, who was seated next Mrs. Melfort, seemed not less pleased with the conversation than with the manners of that lady, who is indeed perfectly well-bred and accomplished; and the stranger, whose name was Melville, appeared equally to relish the spirit which distinguished the discourse of Mr. Umphraville. I had early observed him to mark my old friend, as a member of the company not the least worthy of his attention.

The dinner was succeeded by a round of toasts, during which the ladies received scarce any other mark of attention from the company, Mr. Umphraville, Mr. Melville, and myself, excepted, than that of Mr. Melfort's calling for their toasts, which he always distinguished, by desiring us to fill a bumper.

Immediately after this ceremony was ended, they withdrew; a circumstance which seemed nowise disagreeable to the company they left, the greatest part of whom had hitherto sat mute, and plainly felt the presence of the ladies a restraint on the freedom and jollity of conversation.

They had no sooner retired, than Mr. Melfort, raising himself in his chair, announced a bumper to the ladies who had left us; an order which was readily complied with, and seemed to spread an air of satisfaction around the table. The sea-captain said, he was glad the frigates had sheered off; "and now," added he, "if you please, Mr. Melfort, as the signal is given, we may clear the decks and form the line of battle."

The captain's joke was applauded with a loud laugh; during which honest Umphraville, whose face is no hypocrite, cast to my side of the table a look of displeasure and contempt, which I was at no loss to interpret. Meantime the servants removed one half of the table, that we might sit sociably, as Mr. Melfort termed it, round the other, which was immediately furnished with a set of fresh glasses, and cleared of every incumbrance that might retard the circulation of the bottle.

Our friends, who had been so silent during the presence of the ladies, now began to take their revenge, and enlarge their share of the conversation in proportion to the number of bumpers they swallowed; they vied with each other in the number of their stories and their jokes; all of which seemed to be equally relished: and not the less so, that they now became somewhat loose and licentious.

Mr. Melville had at first endeavoured, though in a very easy and polite manner, to give somewhat of a more refined turn to the conversation; but his endeavours, though supported by a good deal of wit and vivacity, could not long withstand the general disposition of the company. He now found himself as little able to relish their merriment as Mr. Umphraville, next whom he was seated; and they had begun to enter into conversation of a very different kind, when Umphraville received a slap on the shoulder from one of the company, who at the same time reminded him that he was *hunted*.

My friend was at first startled with a familiarity to which he was little accustomed; having recovered his composure, however, he thanked the gentleman, though with an air rather formal and reserved, for his attention, and drank off his bumper. But having, it seems, left a little more than was proper in the bottom of his glass, he was saluted with a call of "*No heeltaps!*" from another corner of the table. This enigmatical advice being explained to him, he complied with it also, saying, however, with his natural firmness of tone and manner, "That it was his rule to fill and drink his glass when and how he pleased; and that, as he had already gone greater lengths than usual, Mr. Melfort must excuse him if he did not now depart from it."

I saw that Mr. Umphraville was now heartily tired of the company, and was not sorry when a little after this incident both he and Mr. Melville withdrew. Having remained long enough to witness some jocular remarks to which this gave occasion, I followed them to the drawing-room, where I found they were much more agreeably employed in drinking coffee with Mrs. Melfort, while one of her daughters obliged my old friend by playing some Scots airs upon the harpsichord, which the other accompanied with a voice equally sweet and expressive.

The conversation which succeeded was supported in an easy agreeable manner, by Mr. Melville and the ladies, with that mixture of serious remark which made it not unpleasing to Mr. Umphraville; nor did he suffer in their opinion by the part he occasionally took in it. The silent approbation of his countenance during the performance of the young ladies, and the observations which it gave him an opportunity of making on the character of our native music, had already made the old gentleman a favourite; nor were the rest of the company displeased with the turn of his sentiments, when he complained that the drawing-rooms, where, in his younger days, the ladies and gentlemen were accustomed to the company of each other, were now almost totally deserted; and that, as far as he could observe, amidst the boasted refinement of modern manners, the gentlemen paid less attention to the ladies, both in public places and in private society, than they had done fifty years ago.

After some time passed in this manner, the noise of laughter and of vociferation on the stairs announced the approach of Mr. Melfort and his company. The physician, and one of the lawyers, were indeed the only members of it who had chosen to attend him to the drawing-room; both of whom were prodigiously flustered; and yet, to my astonishment, they contrived to put a decent face upon it, and fell into fewer improprieties than could have been expected. A drawing-room, however, was not their element; and, after swallowing a little coffee, they withdrew, leaving honest Melfort fast asleep in a corner of the settee.

Mr. Umphraville and I took our leave. We were scarce out of the house when he exclaimed,

> "*O rus! quando ego te aspiciam?*"

And, after a little pause, "Good God!" said he, "Charles, can such scenes be common at poor Melfort's? To what a degree must he have lost all respect for himself and all taste for true happiness, who, for such society as we have this day witnessed, can forego the agreeable conversation of his own family, or who can allow the elegance of their amusements to be disturbed by the intrusion of his loose and riotous companions?"

I represented to my friend that he saw the matter in too strong a light. I observed that the excess on this occasion had probably been greater than usual; Mr. Melfort was nowise singular in the manner of entertaining his friends; that, in this country, the general opinion justified the observation of the poet, "*Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum;*" that wine was supposed necessary to remove the natural reserve of our manner, and give a proper degree of ease and spirit to our conversation. As to the appearance of Melfort and his friends in the drawing-room, I observed, that a little habit made the occasional intrusion of a drunken company be considered as a sort of interlude, which ladies could bear without uneasiness; and, at any rate, as it was an equal chance that their future husbands would give such dinners, and receive such guests, as their father did, it might not be improper to accustom them, in their earlier days, to a species of conversation and behaviour which they must afterwards be obliged to endure.

"Ay," says he, "Charles, this is your way; the follies of mankind are familiar to you, and you are always ready to find an apology for them; but I, who, for many years, have only heard of them, cannot be supposed to bear their defects with as much patience. I am sick of this town of yours; and, though I could have as much pleasure as any man in witnessing such elegant manners, and partaking in such agreeable conversation, as we saw and enjoyed during a part of this evening; if I must purchase it by sharing in the intemperance, the noise, and the folly which succeeded it, should you wonder if I long to return to my books and my solitude?" K.

No. 77.] Tuesday, Feb. 1, 1780.

All impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy. Shakspeare.

Amidst the variety of objects around us, philosophers have frequently been employed in pointing out and distinguishing those which are the sources of pleasure, and those which are productive of pain; they have endeavoured also to investigate the causes and the qualities in the different objects by which their effects are produced. I suspect that, in many cases, we must be obliged to have recourse to the original constitution of our frame, and that the most penetrating philosophical inquiries can often go no farther than to say, *Thus Nature has made us.*

But whatever may be the original sources of our pleasure and pain, it is certain that there are various circumstances which may be pointed out, as adding to, or diminishing, both the one and the other; circumstances by which the warmth of expectation may be heightened or allayed, and the pangs of disappointment increased or mitigated.

It is a common observation, the justice of which, I believe, will not be disputed, that every passion increases according to the difficulty there is in its gratification. When once a desire for a certain object is raised, every opposition which occurs to the attainment of it, provided it be not such as cuts off all hopes of succeeding, and every perplexity and embarrassment thrown in the way, when the mind is engaged in the pursuit, inflames the desire; the object becomes heightened and exaggerated in our ideas, the mind grows more attached to it, and the expectation of enjoyment from the possession is increased.

To account for this appearance in our nature, it may be observed, that nothing is so apt to make an object figure in the imagination, as to have our attention long and earnestly fixed upon it. This makes it appear in stronger and more lively colours. If it be an object of desire, it appears more and more calculated to give pleasure; if an object of aversion, it appears more and more calculated to produce pain. Every time we view it, there is an addition made to the impression we have received. The sensations it has already given us still continue, and the passion it has created receives additional force. If the object be pleasant, the mind dwells upon its good, if disagreeable, upon its bad qualities: it broods over them, it amplifies, it exaggerates them.

Now, no circumstance is so much calculated to fix the attention upon any particular object, as those difficulties which arise in our pursuit of it. The mind, unwilling to be overcome, cannot think of submitting to a defeat, or of giving up those expectations of enjoyment which it has formed. Every little opposition, therefore, that is met with, every obstruction thrown in the way, calls forth a fresh consideration of the object. We take a view of it in its every form, to try if we can get the better of those difficulties, and remove those obstructions. The object itself, meanwhile, gains complete possession of the soul. It swells and heightens in our imagination, and is no longer seen as it is by other men, nor as it would be by the same person, were other objects allowed to have place in his mind, or to divide his attention.

From this circumstance in our nature, that fixing our attention upon any one object, or set of objects, is apt to increase or heighten them in our imagination, a variety of remarks might be made, tending to illustrate the history of the human heart. It is owing to this circumstance, that a general lover seldom forms an attachment to any particular object. It is from the same cause that the gentleman, who follows no particular profession, seldom exaggerates the advantages of any one. It is the merchant, who limits his views solely to commerce, that sees [illegible] too strong a light the advantages of trade; it [illegible] the man of learning, who is shut up within the walls of a college, that exaggerates the advantages of literature; it is the scholar, who confines himself to one branch of science, that is the complete pedant. The moral philosopher wonders how any man can be occupied by the dry, unpleasant study of the mathematics, while the curious fabric of the human mind remains unexplored. The mathematician is equally surprised that any man should compare the certainty of mathematical evidence to the vague inquiries of the moral philosopher. The geometrician, who by the intreaty of his friends was prevailed with to read the Cid of Corneille, wondered that any body should admire a thing in which nothing was proved. And the learned Budæus, when he was writing his treatise concerning the Roman *as*, being interrupted by [illegible] maid-servant, who told him the house was [illegible] fire, bade her go tell his wife, for that he [illegible] not mind family-matters. "What a pity is [illegible]" says a learned foreign professor, in writing [illegible] his correspondent in this country, "what a p[illegible] is it, that the illustrious Dr. Franklin, [illegible] discoverer of electricity, and the author of [illegible] many inventions in the sciences, should des[illegible] from the sublime heights of philosophy, to [illegible] ploy his time and study in directing the tri[illegible] and unimportant contentions of nations!"

It would far exceed the bounds of this p[illegible] to exhaust this subject, or to take notice of [illegible] different remarks which may be drawn from [illegible] either with regard to human sentiments [illegible] conduct, or in relation to the fine arts*. I [illegible] therefore confine myself to one other observation, on a point which has been treated of by Mr. Addison, in the 40th number of the Spectator, where he justifies, against the ruling opinion at that time, the practice of those writers of tragedy, who disregard what are called the rules of poetical justice. To his defence of that practice, I think we may add one argument, which seems to have escaped him, drawn from the effect of the opposition above-mentioned, to heighten our passion for a particular object.

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* See Elements of Criticism.

There is implanted in the mind of every man a desire that virtue should be followed by reward, and vice by punishment. But this desire, like every other, gathers new strength by opposition, and rises upon resistance. When, therefore, a virtuous man, amidst all his virtue, is represented as unhappy, that anxiety which we feel for his happiness becomes so much the greater; the more undeserved calamities he meets with, the higher is that principle raised, by which we desire that he should attain an adequate reward: the more he is environed and perplexed with difficulties, the more earnestly do we wish that he may be delivered from them all; and, even when he is cut off by premature death, we follow his memory with the greater admiration; and our respect and reverence for his conduct are increased so much the more, as all our prayers for his happiness in this life are disappointed.

On the other hand, with regard to the vicious, nothing excites so strongly our indignation against vice, or our desire that it should be punished, as our beholding the vicious successful, and, in the midst of his crimes, enjoying prosperity. Were we always to see the vicious man meeting with a proper punishment for his guilt, wretched and unhappy, our eagerness for his punishment would subside, and our hatred against him would be converted into pity; his guilt would be forgotten, and his misfortunes only would affect us. Before the trial of an atrocious criminal, the unanimous voice of the public is, that he should be led out to punishment. Suppose him condemned, how altered is that voice! His fate is now universally pitied and deplored; and did not the safety of thousands depend on his suffering, hardly, in any case, should we see the laws of justice finally put in execution.

There can be no good reason, therefore, for observing the rules of what is called poetical justice. The effect which a departure from these rules produces affords the highest possible testimony in favour of virtue. It shows that, where virtue meets with calamities and disappointments, this, instead of lessening it in our estimation, only attaches us so much the more warmly to its interests; and that, where vice is successful, instead of creating a feeling in its favour, this only increases our indignation against it. Were virtue always fortunate, were vice always unprosperous, that principle would be enfeebled, by which we desire the reward of the one, and the punishment of the other.

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No. 78.] SATURDAY, FEB. 5, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

THE praises of friendship, and descriptions of the happiness arising from it, I remember to have met with in almost every book and poem since first I could read. I was never much addicted to reading: and, in this instance, I think, I have little reason to put confidence in authors. How it may be in their experience I know not; but in mine, this same virtue of friendship has tended very little to my happiness; on the contrary, Sir, when I tell you my situation, you will find that I am almost ruined by my friends.

From my earliest days I was reckoned one of the best-natured fellows in the world; and, at school, though I must confess I did not acquire so much learning as many of my companions; yet, even there, I was remarkable for the acquisition of friends. Even there, too, I acquired them at some expense; I was flogged, I dare say, a hundred times, for the faults of others, but was too generous ever to *peach;* my companions were generous fellows too; but it always happened, I don't know how, that my generosity was on the losing side of the adventure.

I had not been above three years at college, when the death of an uncle put me in possession of a very considerable estate. As I was not violently inclined towards literature, I soon took the opportunity which this presented me, of leaving the university, and entering upon the world. I put myself under the tuition of one of my companions, who generally spent the vacations, and indeed some of the terms too, in London; and took up my residence in that city. There I needed not that propensity which I have told you I always possessed, to acquire a multitude of friends; I found myself surrounded by them in every tavern and coffee-house about town. But I soon experienced, that though the commodity was plenty, the price was high. Besides a considerable mortgage on my estate, of which one of my best friends contrived to possess himself, I was obliged to expose my life in a couple of duels, and had very near lost it by disease, in that course of friendship which I underwent in the metropolis. All this was more a social sacrifice to others than a gratification to myself. Naturally rather of a sober disposition, I found more frequently disgust than pleasure amidst those scenes of dissipation in which I was engaged. I was often obliged to roar out a *catch* expressive of our happiness, at the head of a long table in a tavern, though I would almost have exchanged my place for the bench of a galley-slave; and to bellow for a bumper, when I would as soon have swallowed the bitterest drug in the shop of my apothecary.

From this sort of bondage I contrived to emancipate myself by matrimony. I married the sister of one of my friends, a girl good-natured and thoughtless like myself, with whom I soon after retired into the country, and set out upon what we thought a sober, well-regulated plan. The situation was so distant, as to be quite out of the reach of my former town companions; provisions were cheap, and servants faithful: in short, every thing so circumstanced, that we made no doubt of living considerably within our income. Our manner of life, however, was to be as happy as prudent. By the improvement of my estate, I was to be equally amused and enriched; my skill in sportsmanship (for I had acquired that science to great perfection at the university) was to procure vigour to my constitution, and dainties to my table; and, against the long nights of winter, we were provided with an excellent neighbourhood.

The last-mentioned article is the only one which we have found come entirely up to our expectations. My talent for friend-making has indeed extended the limits of neighbourhood a good deal farther than the word is commonly understood to reach. The parish which is not a small one,—the county which is proportionally extensive, comes all within the denomination of neighbourhood with us; and my neighbour Goostry, who pays me an annual sporting visit of several weeks, lives at least fifty miles off.

Some of those neighbours, who always become friends at my house, have endeavoured to pay me for their entertainment with their advice as to the cultivation of my farm, or the management of my estate; but I have generally found their counsel, like other friendly exertions, put me out of pocket in the end. Their theories of agriculture failed in my practice of them; and the ingenious men they recommended to me for tenants seldom paid their rent by their ingenuity. One gentleman, in particular, was so much penetrated by my kindness and hospitality, that he generously communicated to me a project he had formed, which he showed me to be infallible, for acquiring a great fortune in a very short time, and offered me an equal share in the profits, upon my advancing the sum of five hundred pounds, to enable him to put his plan more speedily into execution. But, about a twelvemonth after, I was informed that his project had miscarried, and that my five hundred pounds were lost in the wreck of it. This gentleman is almost the only one of my friends, who, after having been once at my house, does not choose to frequent it again.

My wife is not a whit less happy in acquiring friends than myself. Besides all her relations, of whom (for I chose a woman of family) she has a very great number, every lady she meets at visits, at church, or at the yearly races in our country-town, is so instantaneously charmed with her manners and conversation, that she finds it impossible to leave our part of the country without doing herself the pleasure of waiting on Mrs. Hearty at her own house. Mrs. Hearty's friends are kind enough to give advice too, as well as mine. After such visits, I generally find some improvement in the furniture of my house, the dress of my wife, or the livery of my servants.

The attentions of our friends are sometimes carried farther than mere words or visits of compliment; yet, even then, unfortunately, their favours are just so many taxes upon us. When I receive a present of a delicate salmon, or a nice haunch of venison, it is but a signal for all my good neighbours to come and eat at my expense; and some time ago, when a nephew of my wife, settled abroad, sent me an hogshead of excellent claret, it cost me, in entertainments for the honour of the liquor, what might have purchased a tun from the wine-merchant.

After so many instances in which my friendships were hurtful to my fortune, I wished to hit on the way to making some of them beneficial to it. For this purpose, my wife and I have, for a good while past, been employed in looking out for some snug office, or reversion, to which my interest with several powerful friends might recommend me. But, somehow or other, our expectations have been always disappointed; not from any want of inclination in our friends to serve us, as we have been repeatedly assured, but from various unforeseen accidents, to which expectations of that sort are particularly liable. In the course of these solicitations, I was led to engage in the political interests of a gentleman, on whose influence I built the strongest hopes of success in my own schemes; and I flattered myself, that, from the friendly footing on which I stood with my neighbours, I might be of considerable service to him. This indeed, he is extremely ready to acknowledge, though he has never yet found an opportunity of returning the favour; but, in the meantime, it kept my table open to all his friends, as well as my own, and cost me, besides, a head-ache twice a week during the whole period of the canvass.

In short, Mr. Mirror, I find I can afford to keep myself in friends no longer. I mean to give them warning of this my resolution as speedily as possible. Be so good, therefore, as inform such of them as read your paper, that I have shut my gates, locked my cellar, turned off my cook, disposed of my dogs, forgot my acquaintance, and am resolved henceforward, let people say of me what they will, to be no one's friend but my own.

I am, &c.

I. John Hearty.

No. 79.] Tuesday, Feb. 8, 1780.

> —— *Tanto major famæ sitis est quam virtutis.*
> Juvenal, Sat. 10.
>
> People do not so much desire to be virtuous as to be thought so.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

There is, perhaps, no character in the world more frequent than that of your negatively good men; people who strictly conform to the laws of decency and good order in society, whose conduct is squared to the rules of honesty and morality, and yet who never did one virtuous or laudable action from the day of their birth. Men of this sort seem to consider life as a journey through a barbarous country, occupied by savages, and overspread with dangers in every quarter. Their only wish is to steer the safest course, to escape any hidden snares of precipices, and to avoid exasperating the enemy; but to win them by offices of kindness, or attach them by real services, they consider as a fruitless waste of time, a needless expense, and often a dangerous experiment.

It is not a little surprising, that these good sort of men should, by the decency of their exterior deportment, so far impose upon the world, as to glide on with ease and safety, to arrive often at riches and eminence, and, from being free of the censure of every species of open vice, to obtain, not unfrequently, the respect which is due to virtue.

You, Mr. Mirror, like some other rigid moralists, seem, from the general strain of your writings, to require something more towards the formation of a good man than the mere absence of evil, or the mere livery of goodness. It must be allowed, however, that by a scrupulous observance of certain rules of decorum, and a timely use of the language and dialect of virtue, the exterior and visible part of the character is to be attained, which for most of the useful purposes of life seems to be quite sufficient. But as there are still a *few who* go a little deeper, and are scrupulous *enough* to require a purity of heart as well as *of manners*, it is a pity that those sincere good people should lose all recompense for the sacrifice they make of many comfortable gratifications, while they see the rewards of virtue as certainly attained at a much smaller expense.

From my concern for the few I have mentioned, I have been considering whether it were not possible to devise some means of unmasking those of the former character, some standard by which the two classes might be compared, or statical balance which should show the difference of weight and solidity of such objects as have a similar appearance. I think, Sir, I have been successful, and shall now propose to you my plan.

Imprimis, I lay it down as a rule, that men shall not be judged of by the actions they perform, but by such as they do not perform. Now, Sir, as those useful chronicles of facts, called newspapers, have hitherto been only the records of what men have been daily a-doing, I propose to publish a newspaper of a different kind, which shall contain the daily intelligence of all such things as are not done.

For the benefit of such as choose to encourage my undertaking, I send you a specimen of the work, which I can safely promise, and hereby engage, shall contain more in quantity than any other periodical register whatever.

"Saturday last, being the festival of Christmas, a day which the late worthy Sir Thomas W—— used to commemorate by giving a warm dinner to all the poor of the parish, the same was celebrated by his son, the present Sir Thomas, with no solemnity whatever."

"Yesterday George B——, Esq. who by the death of an uncle, succeeded lately to an estate of 4000*l.* per annum, gave no answer to five charity-letters from the natural children of his deceased relation, and their mother, who works hard for their maintenance."

"In the course of last week four poor people died in the streets—owing to the great inclemency of the season."

"On Friday the 24th ult. the Duke of —— visited the royal infirmary of this city, and, after perusing the list of contributions to that humane and useful foundation, was pleased to give a——pinch of snuff to the gentleman that stood next him."

"It was confidently reported some days ago that C—— W——, Esq. had paid his father's debts; but this, we are assured, is without foundation."

"In the action lately brought by E. L. a pauper, against her son in-law Lord ——, for an alimony, several eminent counsel being applied to in behalf of the plaintiff, refused to take any concern in so shameful a prosecution."

"W. P. Esq. who lately sustained a considerable loss by play, has not, as was asserted, sold his hunters and pack of harriers. He has only dismissed his chaplain, and cut off the allowance of some superannuated domestics, on whom his father bestowed annual pensions."

"Whereas it has been reported, that R. V. Esq. who sometime ago made a composition with his creditors of five shillings in the pound, has of late given several entertainments of three courses, we are desired to inform the public, from the best authority, viz. his butler, that the said gentleman never gives more than two courses and a dessert."

"Last night, between the hours of nine and ten, a fire broke out in the kitchen of R. H. Esq.; which, after burning with some violence, for two hours, was happily extinguished. It did no farther damage than the consuming of about 20lb. of coals. It is surprising how very few such accidents have happened of late years."

Such, Mr. Mirror, is the nature of the paper which I propose shall daily give intelligence of whatever is omitted to be done in this city and its environs. Besides the recommendation of novelty, its general usefulness must be so apparent, that I can have very little doubt of its extensive circulation.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
Integer.

I have been favoured, by an ingenious correspondent, with the following observations on pastoral poetry.

No species of poetry has given occasion to more observation and criticism than what is called pastoral; though I am still inclined to suspect that the nature of this composition has not, after all, been properly ascertained. The critics have prescribed a great number of rules upon that subject, but without attempting to point out any principle in nature upon which they are founded; expecting, perhaps, that, like receipts, they should be implicitly followed upon the mere authority of the persons by whom they are delivered. Thus we are informed that an eclogue, or pastoral, is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or of one considered under that character; and that those who have introduced reapers, or fishermen, into this sort of composition, have acted improperly. Although an eclogue, however, ought to represent the manners of a shepherd, we are told that those manners should be painted, not as they are found in nature, but according to an ideal standard of perfection in what is called the golden age, where mankind live a life of simplicity untainted by vice, and maintain a serenity and tranquillity of mind undisturbed by avarice or ambition. In short, the actions of a shepherd, exhibited in this sort of writing, ought to have little resemblance to such as exist at present among that class of people, or probably ever did exist in any period of the world.

Is there not something mighty whimsical and arbitrary in these critical tenets? May we not be permitted to ask why a species of poetry should be appropriated to one particular profession or occupation, in contradistinction to all others? What is there in the life of a shepherd to distinguish it from that of the other inhabitants of a country, and to mark the peculiar style and character of those verses which are employed in describing it?

A pastoral ought, in my opinion, to be distinguished from any other poem, not so much by the class of people whom it proposes to exhibit, as by the kind of sentiments which it is designed to express. Love and friendship give rise to sentiments which are apt to engross the whole imagination, and to have an extensive influence upon the disposition and temper. The sensibility and delicacy produced in a mind where these affections are prevalent, is liable to be disgusted with the ordinary commerce of society, to feel an aversion to the cares and bustle of an active life, and a high relish for the ease and indolent enjoyments connected with rural retirement.

And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks the sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the bustling hurry of resort,
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

As these dispositions and sentiments have a peculiar tone and character, that poetry in which they are expressed is with propriety considered as distinct from every other; being obviously different from that which is employed in describing great and heroic actions, or from that which is intended to call forth sympathy by scenes of distress, or from that which is calculated to excite laughter by exhibiting objects of folly and ridicule.

In a poem expressive of tender sentiments, it seems necessary that the scene should be laid at a distance from places of business and public resort, and should be filled with a description of rural objects and amusements. Shepherds, therefore, being the earliest inhabitants of the country, enjoying ease and happiness, were naturally pitched upon as the only persons who could, with probability, be represented in compositions of this nature. Hence it seems to have arisen, that the readers of such poems, and even critics, attending more to the sensible objects that were exhibited than to the end which the poet had in view, have considered that as primary which was merely an accidental circumstance; and have regarded the employment of tending flocks as essential in the persons represented. It is in consequence of this that the name of *pastoral* is now commonly appropriated to that sort of composition which has been substituted in place of Eclogues, Idyllia, Sylvæ, and several others used by ancient authors. No reason, however, occurs for adhering to those early ideas in the present state of the world, where the situation of things is totally changed. Many people at present may, with probability, be supposed to live in the country, whose situation in life has no connection with that of shepherds, and yet whose character is equally suitable to the sentiments which ought to prevail in that species of writing.

It may even be doubted whether the representation of sentiments belonging to the real inhabitants of the country, who are strangers to all refinement, or those entertained by a person of an elegant and cultivated mind, who, from choice, retires into the country, with a view of enjoying those pleasures which it affords, is calculated to produce a more interesting picture. If the former is recommended by its *naiveté*, and simplicity, it may be expected that the latter should have the preference in point of beauty and variety.

Two of the greatest poets of antiquity have described the pleasures of a country life in these two different aspects. The former view is exhibited, with great propriety and elegance, in one of the most beautiful poems of Horace:

Quod si pudica mulier in partem juvans
Domum, atque dulces liberos ,
(Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
Pernicis uxor Appuli)
Sacrum vetustis extruat lignis focum
Lassi sub adventum viri :
Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus
Distenta siccet ubera ;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio
Dapes inemptas apparet.
Epod. 2.

But if a chaste and virtuous wife
Assist him in the tender care,
Of sun-burnt charms, but honest fame
(Such as the Sabine or Apulian dame);
Fatigued when homeward he returns,
The sacred fire with cheerful lustre burns ;
Or if she milk her swelling kine,
Or in their folds his happy flock confine ;
While unbought dainties crown the feast,
And luscious wines from this year's vintage prest.
Francis.

The more elevated Virgil has given a picture of the latter kind no less delightful, in that passage at the end of the second book of the Georgics, beginning,

O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint
Agricolas.———

O happy, if he knew his happy state,
The swain.———

The enlargement of the field of pastoral poetry, which is here suggested, would surely be of advantage, considering how much the common topics of that species of writing are already exhausted. We are become weary of the ordinary sentiments of shepherds, which have been so often repeated, and which have usually nothing but the variety of expression to recommend them. The greater part of the productions which have appeared under the name of pastorals are, accordingly, so insipid, as to have excited little attention, which is the more remarkable, because the subjects which they treat of naturally interest the affections, and are easily painted in such delusive colours as tend to soothe the imagination by romantic dreams of happiness.

Mr. de Fontenelle has attempted to write pastorals, upon the extensive plan above-mentioned; but, though this author writes with great elegance in prose, his poetical talents seem rather below mediocrity; so that it is not likely he will be regarded, by succeeding poets, as a model for imitation.

No. 80.] Saturday, Feb. 12, 1780.

——— *Ex fumo dare lucem*
Cogitat ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.
Hor.

—Rises from a cloud of smoke to light
And pours his specious miracles to sight.
Francis.

Authors have been divided into two classes, the instructive and the entertaining ; to which has been added a third, who mix, according to Horace, the "utile dulci," and are, in his opinion, entitled to the highest degree of applause.

Readers complain, that in none of these departments is there, in modern writing, much pretension to originality. In science, they say, so much has been already discovered, that all a modern writer has left is, to explain and enforce the systems of our predecessors ; and, in literature, our fathers have so exhausted the acuteness of reasoning, the flashes of wit, the luxuriance of description, and the invention of incident, that an author now-a-days can only give new form, not matter, to his argument; a new turn, not thought, to his epigram; new attitudes, not object, to his picture ; new language, not situation, to his story.

However true this complaint may be in the main, there is one class of writers to whom the charge of triteness does, I apprehend, very little apply. They are generally of the first species mentioned above, who publish useful information to mankind ; yet, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, their information is often as new as if they had written in the infancy of art and of science, when every field was open to the researches of industry, and the invention of genius. The writers I allude to are the authors of those little essays which appear in the learned world under the title of ADVERTISEMENTS.

The necessary and ornamental arts of life are equally the objects of the class of authors whom I describe. In both, I will venture to assert, that the novelty of their productions is equal to their usefulness.

It was formerly imagined, that disease was an evil which mankind had inherited as a punishment for the lapse of their progenitor. Milton has given, in his Paradise Lost, a catalogue of some of those tormenting maladies which were to be felt by the race of fallen Adam.—— So has Dr. Dominiceti, in an advertisement, which is now lying before me; but, with the most extraordinary force of original discovery, has informed us, that, in his treatment of those disorders, there is no evil, no pain, but, on the contrary, much pleasure, and even luxury. "I engage," says the doctor, "with *pleasure* and even *luxury*, to the patient, to increase or diminish the vital heat, and the circulatory, secretory, and excretory functions; to soften and relax the too hard and dry muscular and nervous fibres, and contracted ligaments; and to harden and make compact, and give the proper tone and elasticity to the too moist and flabby muscular and nervous fibres, and relaxed sinews, and provide and establish an equilibrium between the fluids and vessels; to sweeten acrid, corrosive, and saline humours; and to cure the dropsy, asthma, consumptions, colic, gravel, rheumatism, palsy, pleurisy, and fevers, stone and gout, scurvy and leprosy; to mollify and destroy inveterate callosities, to deterge and cure obstinate ulcers, &c.

"These are not the representations of a quack's bill; I detest the arts of quackery as much as any man living. I deal not in nostrums, or mysteries, or magic, or expedient to captivate:

> "Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere mundo."

If he who invented one new pleasure was formerly thought entitled to imperial munificence, what reward does the doctor deserve, who has added as many luxuries to the list, as there are diseases in the catalogue of nosology. Scotland, though not remarkable in this department of literature, has the honour of producing an author, who, in an advertisement, published not long ago, has added to the stores of natural history the following very curious facts with regard to the properties of air and heat. Mr. Fair, mason, opposite to the White Hart Inn, Grass-market, Edinburgh, thus delivers himself on the subject of pneumatics: "Air and smoke," says he, "are two elastic fluids, capable of being condensed and expanded. Heat, or the fire in the grate, expands the air. Being expanded, it becomes lighter. And as it is in nature for light matter to swim to the top of heavier, it rises up the vent, carrying the smoke along with it. This is the principle by which fire burns, and smoke ascends. Now, that the particles of air may be brought above the fire, that they may be heated to expand and carry off the smoke, should be the chief care of a mason in finishing off the fire places. On the contrary, it is the cause of smoke.

"The other cause of smoke is the wind. Wind is a current of the air always rushing into voids. At the same time it goes forward, by the law of gravity, it has a tendency to press downwards. Now, when it blows over any one object higher than the chimney-top, gravity brings it downward, pressing the smoke before it."

It will be observed, that, like many other great theorists, Mr. Fair uses a language in some places a little obscure; and that, in others, as where he mentions the tendency of wind to press downwards, his expression borders on the jocular; a liberty in which some of the greatest philosophers have frequently indulged.

These discoveries, however new and astonishing, are not supernatural. But I have just now read an advertisement, which carries its information beyond the bounds of space and time; and though the modesty of its author allows that she has borrowed something from the Eastern Magi, may fairly be deemed an original. "Mrs. Corbyn, at No. 41, Stanhope-street, Clare-market, London, by the genuine rules of the real astronomical arcana, for which the wise men of the East were so noted, undertakes to answer all legal astrological questions, in a most surprising manner. Continues to give the most amazing accounts of persons by sea and land. Gives attendance at the warehouse every day from ten in the morning to eight at night." The wise men of the East and some other astrologers might perhaps retail some predictions; but the idea of a *warehouse* of prophecy was, I am persuaded, reserved for Mrs. Corbyn of Clare-market.

In the ornamental department of science, has there been any thing, since the days of Medea, that could so effectually give beauty to homeliness, or restore youth to age, as the Circassian wash, or the Venetian flower-water? or has the cunning of art ever rivalled the productions of nature more successfully than in the "elastic cushion and spring curls, which," says the advertisement, "are as natural and becoming, nay, by many thought more so, than the natural hair itself?"

Nor is the merit of those gentlemen much inferior where they apply arts already discovered, to purposes which their inventors never dreamed of. Socrates was said to have brought down philosophy from Heaven to dwell with men. I think the same eulogium may be fairly bestowed on the very ingenious artist, who has informed us in an advertisement, "That he makes *leather breeches* by the rules of *trigonometry*."

Having thus done justice to the merit of those authors in point of substance, I proceed to show their excellence in the composition and style of their productions. Amidst a variety of instances, I shall make choice of one, merely because it strikes my view in last night's Public Advertiser. It is the production of a very voluminous writer in this department, Mr. Norton, of Golden-square.

"E. S. Gent. of Tenterden in Kent, was long afflicted with an inveterate scorbutic disorder. It first broke out in hot pimples and dry scales all over his face; then appeared in great blotches on various parts of his body, and œdematous swellings in his legs, which terminated in dreadful excoriations and fœtid ulcers. All this was attended with a total loss of appetite, and, at last, with such extreme languor and debility, that the poor gentleman was utterly despaired of by several of the most eminent of the faculty who attended him; till, at last, by the providential discovery in the newspapers of the efficacy of Maredant's drops, by taking a few bottles of them, all the above terrible symptoms began gradually to disappear, his appetite returned, his complexion regained its pristine bloom, his skin became as smooth as that of a new-born babe, and his flesh recovered the soundness and elasticity of the most vigorous habit. He has ever since been perfectly stout, hale, and active, and has had three children born to him, all thriving and healthy."

This may be considered as a sort of tragicomic recital, and if examined by the rules of Aristotle, will be found to contain all the requisites of the best dramatic composition. Here is a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning, the breaking out of Mr. S's disorder; the middle, the progress of the disease; the end, its perfect cure. Here too, in some sort, is the Αγνωρισις, and here evidently the Περιπετεια, the two great beauties of a perfect drama; the Αγνωρισις, the providential discovery of Maredant's drops; the Περιπετεια, the change of situation from pimples and scales to a blooming complexion, from blotches and ulcers to smoothness of skin and soundness of flesh, from extreme debility and languor to being the father of healthy children.

Nor is this class of writers less remarkable for adaptation of style than for correctness of composition. The advertisement above recited of Dr. Dominiceti, and the daily performances of Messrs. Christie and Ansell, show to what elevation they can raise it, when the subject requires elevation. On the other hand, where shall we find more truly characteristic simplicity than in the following notice from a gentleman-tailor? "Wanted by a single gentleman-tailor, a servant maid, to act as house-keeper and cook, where a girl is kept to attend and wait upon the master. None need apply who will pretend to manage the kitchen fire without his directions, as he understands the management of coal-fires, which few servants in this town do. As he commonly dines out of a Sunday, he expects his servants to go to church, instead of cooking dainties to themselves, such as shoulders of veal stuffed, &c.; as, though he is a single man, he is very well instructed by a neighbour how to manage his family.—Apply next door to the steps, Panton-square."

Other writers, often equally poor and proud, may perhaps object to the class of authors whom I commemorate, that they write not from the love of science, or the desire of fame, but from motives merely interested and selfish. But a little acquaintance with many of their productions will effectually remove this reproach. Is it not benevolence alone that forces Mr. Speediman, in spite of his natural modesty, to address the public in an advertisement? "Mr. Speediman would be unjust to the public if he any longer delayed acquainting them of the virtues of his (stomach pills.)" Are there not daily advertisements of sales "far below prime cost," which continue for several years to the evident advantage of the public, and loss of the advertiser? And does not Mr. Molesworth press adventurers in the lottery to purchase his tickets and shares, though he knows, by certain calculation, that they are to be drawn prizes?

To such men, may not the above-quoted motto of the illustrious Dr. Dominiceti be most deservedly applied?

> "Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere mundo;"

which, however, as malice is always ready to detract from merit, I heard a wicked wag of my acquaintance translate t'other day to a company of ladies, That the doctor's fumigations "were to make himself live, and to kill all the world beside."

Z.

No. 81.] Tuesday, Feb. 15, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

Some time ago you inserted in your paper a letter from a lady who subscribed herself S. M., giving an account of the hardships she has suffered as the daughter of a man of fortune, educated in the midst of affluence, and then left to the support of a very slender provision. I own the situation to be a hard one; but it may, perhaps, afford her some consolation to be told, that there are others, seemingly enviable, which are yet as distressful, that derive their distresses from circumstances exactly the reverse of those in which Miss S. M. is placed.

I lost my father, a gentleman of considerable fortune, at an age so early, that his death has scarce left any traces on my mind. I can only recollect that there was something of bustle, as well as of sorrow, all over the house; that my coloured sash was changed for a black one; and that I was not allowed to drink papa's health after dinner, which, before, I had been taught regularly to do. Soon after, I can remember my mamma being sick, and that there was a little brother born, who was much more attended to than I. As we grew up, I can remember his getting finer playthings, and being oftener the subject of discourse among our visiters; and that sometimes, when there were little quarrels in the nursery, Billy's maid would tell mine, that miss must wait till her betters were served.

A superiority to which I was so early accustomed, it gave me little uneasiness to bear. The vivacity natural to children, which in me was supported by uninterrupted good health, left me no leisure to complain of a preference, by which, though my brother was distinguished, he was seldom or never made happier. The notice, indeed, to which his birthright entitled him, was often more a hardship than a privilege. He was frequently kept in the drawing-room with mamma, when he would have much rather been with me in the garden; he was made to repeat his lesson to the company, that they might admire his parts and his progress, while I was suffered to be playing blindman's-buff below stairs; he was set at dinner with the old folks, helped to light things that would not hurt him, obliged to drink toast and water, and to behave himself like a gentleman, while I was allowed to devour apple-dumpling, gulp down small-beer, and play monkey-tricks at the side-table.

That care, however, which watched his health, was not repaid with success; he was always more delicate, and more subject to little disorders, than I; and at last, after completing his seventh year, was seized with a fever, which, in a few days, put an end to his life, and transferred to me the inheritance of my ancestors.

After the first transports of my mother's grief were subsided, she began to apply herself to the care of her surviving child. I was now become inheritress of her anxiety, as well as of my father's fortune; a remarkable change was made in every department of my education, my company, and my amusements. Instead of going along with a set of other girls of my own age to a class for learning French, and a public writing-school, teachers were brought into the house to instruct me privately; and though I still went to a dancing-school three days in the week to practise the lessons which I received from an eminent master at home, yet I was always attended by my mother, my governess, or somebody, by whose side I was stuck up before and after the dance, to the great vexation of myself, and the ridicule of my former companions. Of companions, indeed, I was now altogether deprived. I was too considerable a person to associate with those in whose sports and amusements I had formerly been so happy to share: if at any time I ventured to mention a wish for their society, I was immediately checked by an observation of my mamma, that she believed they were very good girls, but not fit company for me.

To prevent the solitude in which my superiority would have thus placed me, a little girl, an orphan niece of my mother's maid, was taken into the house, whose office it was to attend me during all my hours of study or amusement, to hold the pincushion while my maid was dressing me, to get lessons along with me, and be chid if I neglected them; to play games at draughts, which she was never to win, and to lift the shuttlecock, which I commonly let fall; in short, she was to serve me for the practice of all that insolence which the precepts of others had taught me I had a right to assume. I feel, at this moment, Mr. Mirror, the most sincere compunction for the hardships which this poor girl suffered while she was with me; hardships from which, at last, she freed herself, by running off with a recruiting serjeant; yet I was taught, at the time, to call her subsistence a bounty, and to account myself generous when I bestowed any trifle beyond it.

While my mind was thus encouraged in perversion, the culture of my body was little less preposterous. The freedom and exercise which formerly bestowed health and vigour, I now exchanged for the constraints of fashion, and the laziness of pride. Every shackle of dress which the daughters of any great man were understood to wear I was immediately provided with, because I could afford it as well as they. I was never allowed the use of my limbs, because I could *afford a coach;* and, when attacked by the slightest disorder, immediate recourse was had to the physician, because I could *afford a fee.* The consequence was natural; I lost all my former spirits, as well as my former bloom; and when I first put on the womanly garb, I was a fine lady complete, with cheeks as pale and nerves as weak as the finest.

I was now arrived at a period when attention and anxiety were to be pointed almost solely to one object, the disposal of my person marriage. With regard to this event, I was equally the slave of my mother's hopes and fears. I was dressed and re-dressed, squeezed and pinched, that I might catch a fine gentleman who had lately returned from his travels. I was often hurried several miles in the dark to a ball at our county-town, to display myself to a lord, who was to be of the party there; I was walked over hedge and ditch, in order to captivate a country-'squire of a very large estate in our neighbourhood; and I was once obliged to hazard my neck, that I might go out a hunting with a duke. On the other hand, I was in perfect durance when any improper man had been seen to look at me. I was forced to leave the parish-church, upon information received of a young gentleman having bribed the beadle with a shilling to admit him into the next pew; my dancing master was changed, because his wife died while he was attending me; and my drawing master, an old bachelor of threescore, was dismissed, because he happened to put his hand on mine in showing me how to manage my crayons. The only poor man with whom I was allowed to associate was the clergyman of our parish, a very old gentleman of the most irreproachable character. To this indulgence, however, I was more indebted than my mother was aware, or I had any reason to hope. Possessed of excellent sense and great learning, the good man was at pains to teach me the use of the first, and the value of the latter. By his assistance, my mind, which before had always been either uncultivated or misled, was informed with knowledge more useful than the extent of my fortune, or the privileges of my birth. He showed me the folly of pride, and the meanness of insolence; he taught me the respect due to merit, the tenderness to poverty, the reverence to misfortune; from him I first learned the dignity of condescension, the pleasures of civility, the luxury of beneficence. He died, alas! before I could receive the full benefit of his instructions, before he was able to eradicate the effects of early perversion and habitual indulgence; and left me rather in a condition to feel the weakness of my mind, than to recover its strength.

My mother did not long survive him. I had been forced to see the errors of her judgment, though I could never doubt the warmth of her affection. I was unfortunate enough to lose her assistance, when her assistance would have been more useful, and her indulgence less prejudicial. In the management of my fortune, which has now devolved on me, I am perplexed with business which I do not understand, and harassed by applications which I know not how to answer. I am sometimes puzzled with schemes for improving my estate, sometimes frightened with dangers that threaten to diminish it; I am vexed with the complaints of poor tenants, and plagued with the litigiousness of rich ones. I never open a letter from my steward in the country without uneasiness; and a visit from my agent in town is to me like that of a bailiff. Amidst all these difficulties, I have no relation whom I can trust, and no friend to whom I can lean; the interest which people have in deceiving me deprives me of confidence in advice, or pleasure in approbation. In short, it is my singular misfortune to possess wealth with all the embarrassment of poverty, and power with all the dependence of meanness.

I am, &c.

OLIVIA.

V.

No. 82.] SATURDAY, FEB. 19, 1780.

The paper of to-day was received from an unknown hand several weeks ago. The publication of it may, perhaps, appear rather unseasonable after the last Gazette. There is still, however, much truth in my correspondent's observations, who, I dare say, will not regret that Sir George Rodney's success has somewhat lessened their force.

FOR THE MIRROR.

Romulus et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti.
HOR. Ep.

Rome's founder, Leda's twins, the god of wine,
By human virtues raised to power divine.
FRANCIS.

Men, who either possess a natural softness of temper, or who have been unfortunate in the world from accident or imprudence, or perhaps think they have been so from over-rating their own deserts, are apt to ascribe to human nature a variety of vices and imperfections. They consider these as the chief ingredients of the composition of mankind, and that their virtues and good qualities are only exceptions from the general rule, like accidental strokes of genius, or colouring in the works of a painter, whose performances, on the whole, are coarse and irregular.

Nothing can be more groundless and unjust than this accusation. I am convinced that, upon a thorough examination, though we might discover many vicious and profligate individuals, we should find, in general, that human nature is virtuous and well-disposed, and little merits the abuse that peevish or unfortunate men are inclined to bestow upon it.

One charge, much insisted upon against mankind, is public ingratitude. With what justice or truth this is urged, we may judge, by examining the behaviour of men from the earliest period to the present times; and, in doing so, I flatter myself we shall be able to discover that the reverse is true, and that a strong spirit of gratitude has appeared on all occasions where it was due, though in different ages and countries it has been expressed in a different manner.

In Egypt and ancient Greece, the tribute paid by the public voice to the benefactors of mankind was to consider them as objects of divine worship, and for that purpose to enroll them among the gods. Such was Ceres, for the invention of corn; Bacchus, for the discovery of wine; and a variety of others, with whom every school-boy is acquainted. If a man of superior strength and valour happened to repel an invader, destroy a monster, or perform any notable deed of public service, he was revered while living, and after his death his memory was respected, and a species of inferior worship was paid to him, as a hero, or a demi-god.

In later times, in the Grecian states, the general who fought a successful battle, or destroyed an enemy's fleet, had statues erected to him by the public voice, and at the expense of the public. The Romans did not think of honouring their active or fortunate commanders with statues; but they had their triumphs and ovations bestowed by the public, and supported by the voluntary applause and attendance of a grateful populace.

I should be extremely sorry if the moderns yielded in the article of public gratitude either to the Greeks or Romans. I shall not enter upon the practice or manners of other European nations; but I can venture to assert, with some degree of confidence, that the people of Great Britain possess a degree of public gratitude unexampled in any other age or country.

In making this assertion, I do not allude to public monuments, hereditary pensions, or thanks of parliament, which, though of a public, and seemingly of a general nature, may nevertheless proceed from a very limited cause. I allude to that universal effusion of honest gratitude which the good people of England frequently bestow on successful commanders, by putting up their pictures as *signs* for their taverns and alehouses, and frequenting these more than any other, till the reputation of the original begins to be obscured by the rising glory of some new favourite.

I must, at the same time, observe, that great statesmen have seldom experienced this mark of public applause. The late Mr. Pitt was, indeed, an exception from the remark; but he was, in fact, a minister of war only, and never meddled with finance. A first lord of the treasury, let him be as wise as Ximenes, and as moderate as Fleury, cannot expect to be revered on the sign-post of an ale-house; every article of consumpt there has felt the weight of his hand; and whether the company get drunk in wine or punch, or enjoy the cool collations of tea and coffee, still the reckoning recalls ideas that lead to execrations on the whole system of finance and taxation, from the department of the first minister to the walk of the lowest exciseman; and, by an easy transition, the dislike of the system and the offices passes, in some degree, to the persons of those who fill them.

But as the same cause of unmerited obloquy does not exist with respect to our admirals and generals, they have been often and much the objects of this species of public gratitude. It is needless to go far back. In the year 1789, Admiral Vernon took Portobello, with six ships only. The public gratitude to him was boundless.—He was sung in ballads.—At the ensuing general election in 1741, he was returned from three different corporations; but, above all, his portrait filled every sign-post; and he may be figuratively said to have sold the ale, beer, porter, and purl of England for six years.

Towards the close of that period, the Admiral's favour began to fade apace with the colours of his uniform; and the battle of Culloden was total annihilation to him. When the news of that victory reached England, a new object presented itself to the public favour; and the honest Admiral, in every sign-post, made way for the more portly figure of the glorious Duke of Cumberland.

The Duke kept possession of the sign-posts a long time. In the beginning of last war, our admiral in the Mediterranean, and our generals in North America, did nothing that could tend, in the least degree, to move his royal highness from his place; but the doubtful battle of Hamellan, followed by the unfortunate convention of Stade, and the rising glories of the King of Prussia, obliterated the glorious Duke of Cumberland as effectually as his royal highness and the battle of Culloden had effaced the figure, the memory, and the renown of Admiral Vernon.

The Duke was so totally displaced by his Prussian Majesty, that I have some doubts whether he met with fair play. One circumstance, indeed, was much against him; his figure being marked by a hat with the Kevenhuller cock, a military uniform, and a fierce look, a very slight touch of the painter converted him into the King of Prussia; but what crowned the success of his Prussian Majesty, was the title bestowed upon him by the brothers of the brush, "The glorious Protestant Hero;" words which added splendour to every sign-post, and which no British subject could read without peculiar sensations of veneration and of thirst.

For two years the glorious Protestant Hero was unrivalled; but the French being beat [illegible] Minden upon the first of August 1759, by [illegible] army under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, the King of Prussia began to give place a little to two popular favourites who started at the same time, I mean Prince Ferdinand and the Marquis of Granby. Prince Ferdinand was supported altogether by his good conduct at Minden, and his high reputation over Europe as a general;—the Marquis of Granby behaved with spirit and personal courage every where; but his success in the sign-posts of England was much owing to a comparison generally made between him and another British general of higher rank, but who was supposed not to have behaved so well. Perhaps, too, he was a good deal indebted to another circumstance, to wit, the *baldness* of his head.

The next who figured in the sign-post way was the celebrated John Wilkes, Esq.—This public honour conferred on him was also an effusion of gratitude; for he was supposed to have written the earl of Bute, who was both a Scotsman and a favourite, out of power, and to have resisted and explained the illegality of general warrants. Besides, he fought a bloodless duel with E. Talbot, and was shot in the cause of liberty by Mr. Martin of the treasury. All these were great weights in the scale of popularity; and, though Mr. Wilkes never attained the glory either of Admiral Vernon or the Duke of Cumberland, yet his visage has filled many a sign-post, and much ale and gin has been sold under his auspices.

These are the last whom the people of Great Britain have thought worthy of being so honoured; and though the thing itself may seem ludicrous, yet the tale has a moral, by no means flattering to the well-wishers of this country. We have been now for five years employed in attempting to reduce our rebellious colonies; we have been two years at war with France, and one with Spain; many troops have been raised, many millions have been expended; expeditions without number have been planned and supported, and the most powerful fleets have been fitted out that the coasts and dock-yards of England ever beheld; yet, during this long period, with so many opportunities, and so much force, we have not an admiral whose head would sell a single can of flip, nor a general whose full length would procure custom for an additional pot of porter.

That this expression of public gratitude may be sometimes misplaced, I will by no means deny; but still this tribute paid by the people is more likely than any other circumstance to be a sure proof of real merit. The sovereign may be misinformed as to the deservings of those whom he is pleased to honour; and although, in the present reign, no substantial mark of unmerited favour has been conferred, yet every body remembers the late General Blakeney, who gave up Minorca, made a lord for defending it, merely to support a sinking administration. What reliance can be had on the thanks of parliament, as a proof of public merit, may be learned from the answer of a gallant sea officer (not an admiral,) who, upon being told that the House of Commons meant to give him thanks for his intrepid and successful conduct on the coast of France, swore, if they did, he would instantly resign his commission.

Perhaps at that time some recent instance of party injustice and partiality had brought the thanks of parliament into disrepute; but, be that as it may, I shall never think our affairs, either by sea or land, in a prosperous condition, till I see the sign-posts of England filled with fresh figures of generals and admirals. When that happens, it will be a sure proof that our affairs have taken a favourable turn, and that some of our commanders have, at last, acted in a manner suitable to the troops and treasure with which, from the beginning of this war, they have all been so liberally supplied.

No. 83.] TUESDAY, FEB. 22, 1780.

IN a paper published at Edinburgh, it would be improper to enter into any comparison of the writers of this country with those on the other side of the Tweed: but, whatever be the comparative rank of Scottish and English authors, it must surely be allowed, that, of late, there have been writers in this country, upon different subjects, who are possessed of very considerable merit. In one species of writing, however, in works and compositions of humour, there can be no sort of doubt that the English stand perfectly unrivalled by their northern neighbours. The English excel in comedy; several of their romances are replete with the most humorous representations of life and character, and many of their other works are full of excellent ridicule. But, in Scotland, we have hardly any book which aims at humour, and of the very few which do, still fewer have any degree of merit. Though we have tragedies written by Scots authors, we have no comedy, excepting Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd; and though we have tender novels, we have none of humour, excepting those of Smollett, who, from his long residence in England, can hardly be said to have acquired in this country his talent for writing; nor can we, for the same reason, lay a perfect claim to Arbuthnot, who is still a more illustrious exception to my general remark. There must be something in the national genius of the two people which makes this remarkable difference in their writings, though it may be difficult to discover from what cause it arises.

I am inclined to suspect that there is something in the situation and present government of Scotland, which may, in part, account for this difference in the genius of the two countries. Scotland, before the union of the two kingdoms, was a separate state, with a parliament and constitution of its own. Now the seat of government is removed, and its constitution is involved in that of England. At the time the two nations came to be so intimately connected, its great men were less affluent than those of England, its agriculture was little advanced, and its manufactures were in their infancy. A Scotsman was, therefore, in this situation, obliged to exert every nerve, that he might be able to hold his place.

If preferment, or offices in public life, were his object, he was obliged to remove from home to a city, which, though now the metropolis of the united kingdoms, had formerly been to him a sort of foreign capital. If wealth was the object of his pursuit, he could only acquire it at home by great industry and perseverance; and if he found he could not easily succeed in his own country, he repaired to other countries, where he expected to be able to amass a fortune. Hence it has been remarked, that there are more natives of Scotland to be found abroad than of any other country.

People in this situation are not apt to indulge themselves in humour; and few humorous characters will appear. It is only in countries where men wanton in the extravagancies of wealth that some are led to indulge a particular vein of character, and that others are induced to delineate and express it in writing. Besides, where men are in a situation which makes it necessary for them to push their way in the world, more particularly if they are obliged to do so among strangers, though this may give them a firmness and a resoluteness in their conduct, it will naturally produce a modest caution and reserve in their deportment, which must chill every approach to humour. Hence, though the Scots are allowed to be brave and undaunted in dangerous situations, yet bashfulness, reserve, and even timidity of manner, unless when they are called forth to action, are justly considered as making part of their character. Men of this disposition are not apt to have humour; it is the open, the careless, the indifferent, and the forward, who indulge in it; it is the man who does not think of interest, and who sets himself above attending to the proprieties of conduct. But he who has objects of interest in view, who attends with circumspection to his conduct, and finds it necessary to do so, is generally grave and silent, and seldom makes any attempt at humour.

These circumstances may have had a considerable influence upon the genius and temper of the people in Scotland; and if they have given a particular formation to the genius of the people in general, they would naturally have a similar effect upon its authors; the genius of an author commonly takes its direction from that of his countrymen.

To these causes, arising from the present situation and government of our country, may be added another circumstance, that of there being no court or seat of the monarch in Scotland. It is only where the court is, that the standard of manners can be fixed; and, of consequence, it is only in the neighbourhood of the court that a deviation from that standard can be exactly ascertained, or a departure from it be easily made the object of ridicule. Where there is no court, it becomes of little importance what dress the people wear, what hours they observe, what language they express themselves in, or what is their general deportment. Men living at a distance from the court become also unacquainted with the rules of fashion which it establishes, and are unable to mark or point them out. But the great subject for wit and ludicrous representation arises from men's having a thorough knowledge of what is the fashionable standard of manners, and being able to seize upon, and hold out a departure from it, in a humorous point of view. In Scotland, therefore, which, since the removal of the court, has become, in a certain degree, a provincial country, there being no fixed standard of manners within the country itself, one great source of ridicule is cut off, and an author is not led to attempt humorous composition; or, if he does, has little chance of succeeding.

There is another particular which may have had a very considerable effect upon the genius of the Scots writers, and that is, the nature of the language in which they write. The old Scottish dialect is now banished from our books, and the English is substituted in its place. But though our books be written in English, our conversation is in Scotch. Of our language it may be said, as we are told of the wit of Sir Hudibras, that we have a suit for holidays and another for working days. The Scottish dialect is our ordinary suit; the English is used only on solemn occasions. When a Scotsman, therefore, writes, he does it generally in trammels. His own native original language, which he hears spoken around him, he does not make use of; but he expresses himself in a language in some respects foreign to him, and which he has acquired by study and observation. When a celebrated Scottish writer, after the publication of his History of Scotland, was first introduced to Lord Chesterfield, his lordship, with that happy talent of compliment for which he was so remarkable, addressed him at parting, in these words: "I am happy, Sir, to have met with you—happy to have passed a day with you,—and extremely happy to find that you speak Scotch.—It would be too much were you to speak, as well as write our language better than we do ourselves."

This circumstance of a Scottish author not writing his own natural dialect must have a considerable influence upon the nature of his literary productions. When he is employed in any grave dignified composition, when he writes history, politics, or poetry, the pains he must take to write, in a manner different from that in which he speaks, will not much affect his productions; the language of such compositions is, in every case, raised above that of common life; and, therefore, the deviation which a Scottish author is obliged to make from the common language of the country can be of little prejudice to him. But if a writer is to descend to common and ludicrous pictures of life; if, in short, he is to deal in humorous composition, his language must be, as nearly as possible, that of common life, that of the bulk of the people; but a Scotsman, who wishes to write English, cannot easily do this. He neither speaks the English dialect, nor is it spoken by those around him: any knowledge he has acquired of the language is got from books, not from conversation. Hence Scottish authors may have been prevented from attempting to write books of humour; and, when they have tried it, we may be able, in some measure, to account for their failure.

In confirmation of these remarks, it may be observed, that almost the only works of humour which we have in this country are in the Scottish dialect, and most of them were written before the union of the kingdoms, when the Scotch was the written, as well as the spoken, language of the country. The Gentle Shepherd, which is full of natural and ludicrous representations of low life, is written in broad Scotch. Many of our ancient Scottish ballads are full of humour. If there have been lately any publications of humour in this country, written in good English, they have been mostly of the graver sort, called irony. In this species of writing, where the author himself never appears to laugh, a more dignified composition is admissible; and, in that case, the disadvantage of writing in a language different from that in which the author speaks, or those around him converse, is not so sensibly felt.

A.

No. 84.] Saturday, Feb. 26, 1780.

Clamant periisse pudorem
Cuncti pene patres.

Hor.

The Senate would pronounce me lost to shame.

Francis.

To dispute the right of fashion to enlarge, to vary, or to change the ideas, both of man and woman kind, were a want of good breeding, of which the author of a periodical paper, who throws himself, as it were, from day to day, on the protection of the polite world, cannot be supposed capable. I pay, therefore, very little regard to the observations of some antiquated correspondents, who pretend to set up what they call the invariable notion of things, against the opinions and practice of people of condition. At the same time, I must observe, that, as there is a college in physic, and a faculty (as it is called in Scotland) in law; so, in fashion, there is a select body, who enjoy many privileges and immunities, to which pretenders, or inferior practitioners in the art, are by no means entitled. There is a certain grace in the rudeness, and wit in the folly of a person of fashion, to which one of a lower rank, has no manner of pretension.

I am afraid that our city (talking like a man who has travelled) is but a sort of mimic metropolis, and cannot fairly pretend to the same licence of making a fool of itself, as London or Paris. The circle, therefore, taking them in the gross, of our fashionable people here, have seldom ventured on the same beautiful irregularity, in dress, in behaviour, or in manners, that is frequently practised by the leaders of the *ton* in the capitals of France or England.

With individuals the same rule of subordination is to be observed, which, however, persons of extraordinary parts, of genius above their condition, are sometimes apt to overlook. I perceive, in the pit of the play-house, some young men, who have got fuddled in punch, as noisy and as witty as the gentlemen in the boxes, who have been drinking Burgundy: and others, who have come sober from the counter, or the writing-desk, give almost as little attention to the play as the men of 3000*l.* a year. ——My old school-acquaintance, Jack Wou'dbe, t'other morning, had a neckcloth as dirty as a lord's, and picked his teeth after dinner for a quarter of an hour, by the assistance of the little mirror in the lid of his toothpick case. I take the first opportunity of giving him a friendly hint, that this practice is elegant only in a man who has made the tour of Europe.

Nature and fashion are two opposite powers, that have long been at variance with one another. The first is allowed to preside over the bulk of the people known by the denomination of the vulgar; the last is peculiar to the higher orders of the state, and by her honours they have a title to be distinguished. Attention to interesting scenes, civility to those we ought to oblige, and propriety in public behaviour, belong to Nature, and are therefore the property of the people. It is a direct infringement on the rights of fashion, if the inferior members of the community shall laugh where they should cry, be noisy where they should be silent, rude where they should be civil, or dirty where they should be cleanly. These are the badges of greatness, and, like certain coats armorial, are only to be borne by illustrious personages.

These are matters in which, I think, I may venture to interpose my advice or animadversion. But as to some more delicate subjects, I am very doubtful whether they come within the limits of my jurisdiction, or how far it would be prudent in me to exercise it, if they did. I mean this as a general apology for not inserting a variety of letters from unknown correspondents, giving me information of certain irregularities in the manners and deportment of the fashionable world, which they desire may be taken immediate notice of in the Mirror. One who writes under the signature of Rusticus, tells me that painting is now become so common a practice among our fine ladies, that he has oftener than once been introduced to a lady in the morning, from whom, till he informed himself of her name, he was surprised to receive a courtesy at the play or the concert. Another, who subscribes himself Modestus, desires me to imitate the example of the Tatler, by animadverting, not on the large, but the small size of the petticoat, which, he says, has so shrunk up this winter, that there is more of the *ankle* seen than he can find countenance to look at.

To the first of these correspondents I must answer, that I think the ladies (whose number I am inclined to believe is small), who choose to dress their faces in *rouge* or *carmine*, are exempted from all censure; they certainly do it to please themselves, as they know how much it is detested by the men. Or, perhaps, they are of that icy order of females, who have made vows of perpetual celibacy, and thus varnish over their beauty, as *virtuosi* do certain delicate natural productions, which are meant to be looked at, but never to be touched. As to the complaint of Modestus, I can only account for the present shortness of the petticoat, from the attention of the ladies being so much engrossed about their heads, as to leave them no leisure to take care of the other extremity; as generals, who are anxious to cover one part of their works, are apt to leave an opposite quarter defenceless.

But the most serious complaint I have received is a letter subscribed Censor, arraigning, with true Juvenalian severity, the conduct of a certain club, which, in the words of my correspondent, "continues in defiance of decency and good manners, to insult the public in large characters, in the front of every newspaper in town." This, he adds, "moves my indignation the more, when I consider that several of its principal members are arrived at a period of life which should teach decorum, at least, if it does not extinguish vice."

In answer to this angry correspondent, I will tell him the following story: Some years ago, I happened to be in York at the time of the assizes. Dining one day in a tavern with some gentlemen of that city and its neighbourhood, we were violently disturbed by the noise of somebody below, who hooted and hallooed, smacked his whip, and made his servants sound their French horns; in short, rehearsed, during the whole time of our dinner, all "the glorious tumult of the chase." Some of the company, after several ineffectual messages by the waiter, began to be angry, and to think of a very serious remonstrance with the sportsman below. But an elderly person, who sat opposite to me, pacified their resentment: "I know the gentleman who disturbs you," said he; "his head-piece was never one of the best; but now, poor man! I believe we must let him alone—Since he is past running down the fox in the field, he must e'en be allowed to hunt him in the parlour."

I.

No. 85.] Tuesday, Feb. 29, 1780.

Possum oblivisci qui fuerim? Non sentire qui sim?
Quo caream honore? Qua gloria? Quibus liberis?
Quibus fortunis? Cic. ad Att.

Can I forget what I once was? Can I be insensible to what I now am?—to the respect—the reputation—the children—and the fortunes I have left behind me?

A periodical publication, such as the Mirror, is, from its nature, confined chiefly to prose compositions. My illustrious predecessor, the Spectator, has, however, sometimes inserted a little poem among his other essays; and his example has been imitated by most of his successors. Perhaps it may be from this cause, that among the variety of communications I have lately received, many of them consist of poetical compositions. I must observe in general to these correspondents, that, though the insertion of a poem now and then may not be altogether improper for a work of this kind, yet it is not every poetical composition that is fit for it. A poem may be possessed of very considerable merit, and may be entitled to applause, when published in a poetical collection, though from its subject, its length, or the manner in which it is written, it may not be suited to the Mirror. I hope my poetical correspondents, therefore, will receive this as an apology for their poems not being inserted, and will by no means consider their exclusion as proceeding from their being thought destitute of merit.

Among the poetical presents I have received, there is, however, one, which seems very well suited to a work of this kind. The gentleman from whom I received it says, he has been informed that it was founded on the following inscription (probably written from real feeling,) on the window of an inn, situated in the Highlands of Scotland:

'Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wandering is the greatest wo;
On all their weary ways wait Care and Pain,
And Pine and Penury, a meagre train,
A wretched *Exile* to his country send,
Look worn with griefs, and long without a friend.'

This poem contains a description of the situation of a Scotch gentleman who had been obliged to leave his country for rebellion against our present happy government. It points out the fatal consequences of such treasonable attempts, and represents the distress of the person described, in a very interesting and pathetic manner.

THE EXILE:

AN ELEGY.

WHERE, midst the ruins of a fallen state,
The once-famed Tiber rolls his scanty wave,
Where half a column now derides the great,
Where half a statue yet records the brave;

With trembling steps an *Exile* wander'd near,
In Scottish weeds his shrivell'd limbs array'd;
His furrow'd cheek was cross'd with many a tear,
And frequent sighs his wounded soul betray'd.

Oh! wretch! he cried, that like some troubled ghost
Art doom'd to wander round this world of wo,
While mem'ry speaks of joy for ever lost,
Of peace! of comfort! thou hast ceased to know!

These are the scenes, with fancied charms endow'd,
Where happier Britons, casting pearls away,
The fools of sound, of empty trifles proud,
Far from the land of bliss and freedom stray.

Would that, for yonder dome, these eyes could see
The wither'd oak that crowns my native hill!
These urns let ruin waste; but give to me
The tuft that trembles o'er its lonely rill.

O sacred haunts! and is the hillock green
That saw our infant-sports beguile the day?
Still are our seats of fairy fashion seen?
Or is my little throne of moss away?

Had but Ambition, in this tortured breast,
Ne'er sought to rule beyond the humble plain,
Where mild Dependence holds the vassal bless'd,
Where faith and friendship fix the chieftain's reign:

Thus had I lived the life my fathers led;
Their name, their family had not ceased to be;
And thou, Monimia! on thy earthly bed!—
My name, my family, what were these to thee!—

Three little moons had seen our growing love,
Since first Monimia join'd her hand to mine;
Three little moons had seen us bless'd above
All that enthusiast could e'er divine.

Urged by the brave, by fancied glory warm'd,
In treason honest, if 'twas treason here:
For rights supposed, my native band I arm'd,
And join'd the standard Charles had dared to rear.

Fated we fought, my gallant vassals fell,
But saved their master in the bloody strife;
Their coward master, who could live to tell
He saw them fall, yet tamely suffer'd life.

Let me not think;—but, ah! the thought will rise,
Still in my whirling brain its horrors dwell,
When pale and trembling, with uplifted eyes,
Monimia faintly breathed—a last farewell!

"They come," said she; "fly, fly these ruthless foes,
And save a life, in which Monimia lives;
Believe me, Henry, light are all her woes,
Except what Henry's dreaded purpose gives!

"And wouldst thou die, and leave me thus forlorn,
And blast a life the most inhuman spare?
Oh! live in pity to the babe unborn
That stirs within me to assist my prayer!"

What could I do! Contending passions strove,
And press'd my bosom with alternate weight,
Unyielding honour, soft persuasive love—
I fled and left her—left her to her fate!

Fast came the ruffian band; no melting charm,
That e'er to suffering beauty Nature gave,
The ruthless rage of party can disarm;
Thy tears, Monimia, wanted power to save!

She, and the remnant of her weeping train,
Whose faithful love still link'd them to her side,
Torn from their dwelling, trode the desert plain,
No hut to shelter, and no hand to guide.

Thick drove its snow before the wintry wind,
And midnight darkness wrapp'd the heath they past,
Save one sad gleam, that, blazing far behind,
The ancient mansion of my fathers cast.

Calmly she saw the smouldering ruins glare;
"'Tis past, all-righteous God! 'Tis past!" she cried;
"But for my Henry hear my latest prayer!"—
Big was her bursting heart;—she groan'd and died!

Still, in my dreams, I see her form confess'd,
Sailing, in robes of light, the troubled sky!—
And soon, she whispers, shall my Henry rest—
And, dimly smiling, points my place to die!

I hear that voice, I see that pale hand wave;
I come once more to view my native shore;
Stretch'd on Monimia's long-neglected grave
To clasp the sod, and feel my woes no more!

Z.

No. 86.] Saturday, March 4, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

Many inestimable medicines, as well for preserving health as for curing diseases, are overlooked by our modern practitioners. An attempt to revive some of those obsolete remedies, though it may appear better suited to a medical performance, yet does not seem altogether foreign to the Mirror; since a sound mind, according to the well-known apophthegm, is in natural alliance with a sound body, the same publication which is calculated for the improvement of the one, may not improperly be made subservient to the health of the other.

I. The first that I shall mention is of sovereign efficacy in restoring debilitated stomachs to their proper tone. It renders the body vigorous, and it prolongs the days of man even unto extreme old age. Of it Tulpius, an eminent physician of Amsterdam, treats in his Observationes Medicinales.

In some languages it is called *cha*, in others, *tzai*; but with us it has received the appellation of *tea*.

II. There is another simple of a singular kind: according to the great traveller Pietro della Valle, it is cooling in summer, and warm in winter, without, however, changing its qualities.

It expelled a gout, of thirty years standing, from the toes of the Reverend Alexander d'Albertus, a bare-footed friar of Marseilles, aged seventy.

For a long time Madame de Lausun could not walk without the aid of a crutch; and no wonder; for the good lady "had numbered the frosts of fourscore and two winters." She was seized with what my author calls a *tertian quartan* ague, which, undoubtedly, is a very bad thing, though I do not find it in my dictionary: but she tried father Alexander's remedy; her youth was renewed, as one might say [*comme rejeunie*], and she threw away her crutch.

The wife of M. Morin, physician at Grenoble, was reduced to the last extremity by a confirmed *phthisic*, of no less than sixteen years endurance: at length the doctor found out a method of laying the disease that had so obstinately haunted his bed. By way of experiment he administered the remedy to his *chére moitie* (dear half), which is French for a wife. She recovered of her phthisic, and afterwards, by using the same remedy, of another disease with a horrible Greek name, a *peripneumony*.

I might add many and various effects of this medicine still more wonderful. That of the public speaker, who was seized with a fit of modesty is most remarkable. By taking a single dose, he felt himself restored to his wonted composure of mind; and he declared that he could, with ease, have spoken out another hour.

For this and other authenticated cures, the inquisitive reader is referred to the treatise of Philip Sylvester du Tour, concerning the virtues of *coffee*.

III. There is a certain weed, "which, taken a while after meat, helps digestion; it voids rheum, &c. A little of it, being steeped over night in a little white wine, is a vomit that never fails in its operation. It cannot endure a spider, or a flea, or such like vermin: it is good to fortify and preserve the sight, being let in round about the balls of the eyes once a week, and frees them from all rheums, driving them back by way of repercussion: taken into the stomach it will heal and cleanse it; for my Lord Sunderland, president of York, taking it downwards into his stomach, it cured him of an imposthume, which had been of a long time engendering out of a bruise he had received at foot-ball; and so preserved his life for many years."

These are the words of Howel, in his letters, where he enlarges on the praise of *tobacco*.

IV. But there is still another medicine of astonishing virtues, which have been circumstantially related by Matthiolus, an Italian physician of the sixteenth century: it is "a liquid which, when skilfully prepared, proves a powerful antiseptic" (an opposer of corruption) "to every thing steeped in it; and so, by removing all tendency to corruption, it is a comforter and a restorative, and preserves and prolongs the lives of those who use it. It not only cherishes the natural heat, and preserves it in its full vigour, but it likewise renovates, as it were, and vivifies the animal spirits, gives an agreeable warmth to the stomach, sharpens the apprehension and understanding, clears the eye-sight, and repairs the memory: it is more peculiarly beneficial to those who are of too cold a temperament, and who are subject to crudities of the stomach and other disorders proceeding from cold affections. It therefore affords a sovereign relief to all who are tormented with pains in the stomach or bowels, proceeding from wind or indigestion; as also to those who are subject to giddiness, the falling sickness, a relaxation of the nervous system, inveterate melancholy, hypochondriacal disorders, palpitations of the heart, tremors, and fainting fits."

Matthiolus subjoins the method of using this medicine:

"Once a day a table-spoonful of *aquavitæ* distilled from the best wine." But, with all deference to his authority, aquavitæ, distilled even from the best wine, is not superior in any of its virtues to our great staple, whisky: for, from the researches of our own patriotic philosophers, these two conclusions may be deduced; 1st, That whisky is a liquor pleasant to the taste; and, 2dly, That it is a wholesome spirit.

V. I shall conclude with a receipt which might have been considered as of general importance in the seventeenth century, and may prove of no less importance in the nineteenth.

Bartholomeus Carrichters, in his Secret, b. 2. c. 12. published a recipe which is mightily commended by Hector Schlands, in an epistle to his learned friend Gregorius Horstius; see Horstii Epist. Medic. i. § 7. 1612. "Dog's grease, well dissolved and cleansed, 4 ounces. Bear's grease, 8 ounces. Capon's grease, 24 ounces. Three trunks of the misletoe of hazel, while green; cut it in pieces, and pound it small, till it becomes moist: bruise it together, and mix all in a phial. After you have exposed it to the sun for nine weeks, you shall extract a green ointment, wherewith if you anoint the bodies of the bewitched, especially the parts most affected, and the joints, they will certainly be cured."

This recipe was tried with amazing success in the case of a young girl, whose condition was truly deplorable; for she vomited feathers, bundles of straw, and a row of pins stuck in blue paper, as fresh and new as any in the pedlar's stall, pieces of glass windows, and nails of a cart-wheel; as may be seen in "The wonderful and true Relation of the bewitching a young Girl in Ireland, 1669," by Daniel Higgs.

It is with the utmost diffidence that I give my own sentiments in the Materia Medica, especially on a subject which has been expressly treated by such men as Dr. Bartholomeus Carrichters, and Dr. Hector Schlands. May I then be permitted humbly to propose this query, Is there not some reason to conjecture, that the recipe, so effectual in the case of bewitching, would answer equally well in the case of chilblains?

I am, &c.

Antiquarius.

No. 87.] Tuesday, March 7, 1780.

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Bacon.

There is in the mind of man a fund of superstition, which, in all nations, in all ages, and in all religions, has been attended with effects powerful and extraordinary. In this respect, no one people seem entitled to boast of any superiority over the rest of mankind. All seem, at one time or other, to have been alike the slaves of a weak, a childish, or a gloomy superstition. When we behold the Romans, wise and great as they were, regulating their conduct, in their most important affairs, by the accidental flight of birds; or, when threatened by some national calamity, creating a dictator for the sole purpose of driving a nail into a door, in order to avert the impending judgment of Heaven; we are apt, according to the humour we are in, to smile at the folly, or to lament the weakness of human nature.

A little reflection, however, is sufficient to show, that, with all our advantages, we ourselves are, in this particular, equally weak and absurd. The modern citizen of Rome, who thinks he can appease an offended Deity, by creeping on his knees up the steps of St. Peter's so many times a day; or the pious Neapolitan, who imagines that carrying forth the relics of St. Januarius is sufficient to stop an eruption of mount Vesuvius; are equal objects of pity with the good Roman, who devoutly assisted at driving the nail into the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

It is amusing to observe the conduct of our first reformers in this particular. Their penetration led them to discover the gross errors and manifold superstitions of the church of Rome, and their spirit and strength of mind, aided by fortunate circumstances, enabled them to set themselves free from those shackles in which Europe had been held for so many ages. But no sooner had they done so, than they and their followers adopted another mode of superstition, in the place of that which it had cost them so much pains to pull down. To masses, and crucifixes, and images, were substituted a precise severity of manner and long sermons, and a certain mode of sanctifying the Sabbath, which were inculcated as constituting the sum of virtue, and as comprehending the whole duty of a Christian. So ingenious are men in finding out something to put in the place of true piety and virtue!—Neither is this confined to one religion or to one sect. To the same cause will be attributed the broad brim and plain coat of the Quaker, the ablutions of the Gentoo, the pilgrimages of the Mahometan, the severe fasts observed in the Greek church, with numberless other instances that might be mentioned.

There is a species of superstition, which, perhaps, might be traced back to a similar origin, that often lays strong hold of the imagination, and fills the mind with terrors and apprehensions, which reason and philosophy have not power to eradicate, when once they have fairly got hold of us. Of this sort is the dread of apparitions, of spirits, and of witches. Mr. Addison, in an excellent paper in the Spectator, has shown the folly of those apprehensions, and has cautioned parents to be particularly careful to preserve their children from those little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they grow up. He justly observes, that next to a clear judgment and a good conscience, a sound imagination is the greatest blessing of life. Perhaps it might be going too far to attribute to this essay of Mr. Addison the reformation so strongly recommended by him. It is, however, certain, that all these apprehensions, formerly productive of so much real uneasiness, are now, in a great measure, unknown. We have so far succeeded in *plucking the old woman out of our hearts;* and we no longer see a brave soldier afraid to walk through a dark passage, or an intrepid sailor shrink with horror at the thought of passing the night in a solitary apartment.

There is, however, another weakness somewhat akin to this, that I am afraid still prevails among us, which my fondness for children, and the pleasure I find in prattling with them, give me frequent opportunities of observing. I mean a custom of terrifying children, and filling their young minds with gloomy apprehensions of death. This is one of the most common methods employed by ignorant nursery-maids, and foolish parents, to frighten infants into obedience. But nothing can be more absurd, or attended with more pernicious consequences. Were a person of a timid frame of mind under a necessity of crossing the ocean, would it be the part of a friend to magnify the danger, and to amuse him, all the way to the port where he was to embark, with accounts of storms and tempests, and with a fearful picture of the many and various hazards to which he must be exposed on the voyage?

A wise parent, attentive to the future happiness of his children, ought to follow a very different rule of conduct. From their earliest infancy, he ought to make the idea of death familiar to them; he ought to accustom them to look upon it, not only without fear, but with the same indifference as on any other unavoidable occurrence to which they are daily exposed. By this means they will, as they advance in life, be led to consider it as a friend rather than an enemy; they will perceive that, but for death, this world would be a prison more dreadful than any the most cruel tyrant ever invented; they will look forward to it as the only period to the cares of this life,—as a happy passage to that better world, where only they can expect a complete reward for a faithful discharge of their duty in this.

However absurd a dread of witches and apparitions may be, the consequences attending it are not so bad as those that flow from the fear of death. The one, it is true, fills the mind with many disagreeable apprehensions, and causes many uneasy moments; but the other unfits a man for discharging his duty in society, and too often exposes him to infamy and disgrace. Courage is a quality that depends, in some measure, on the constitution of the body; and it has been observed, that the same individual is not, at all times, and upon all occasions, equally brave. I cannot help being of opinion, however, that if a boy, from his earliest infancy, were taught to view death in a just light, he would imperceptibly acquire a strength of mind that would enable him to face danger, and to do his duty on all occasions, without being obliged to summon up his resolution, and to call reason to his aid, upon every trying emergence.

I have heard it said, that, if men were accustomed to despise death, they would be apt, through a sort of fool-hardiness, to throw away their lives on every slight occasion or idle quarrel. But, for my own part, I entertain a very different opinion: that fool-hardiness is seldom to be met with in a man of a calm, firm, determined mind, who knows how to estimate the true value of life. In general, it proceeds from a secret consciousness, that leads a man to put too high a value on the quality of courage, and to indulge his vanity by a display of it; as we often see men most desirous to be thought to possess those virtues and those talents, to which, in reality, they have the least pretensions.

I was much pleased with a conversation I had on this subject, on a visit I lately paid to Lady ———, the wife of my much valued friend General ———, who is now abroad fighting the battles of his country. I found her in her dressing-room, surrounded by a group of the most lovely children. After they retired, she began to complain, that, with all the attention a parent could bestow, it was often impossible to prevent children from receiving bad and improper impressions from servants and attendants. "It was but just now," said she, "your favourite, little Charles, told his brother, that if he was a bad boy, he would be put into a black box, carried to the churchyard, thrown into a hole, and covered over with earth." After some observations on the bad tendency of representing death in frightful colours, she said she had often been disposed to think the poets to blame in this particular, who, by dwelling on all the circumstances attending our dissolution, and presenting them to the imagination in strong and lively colours, often leave an impression which reason is not able entirely to wear off. She instanced the well-known lines of Shakspeare:

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the dilated spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,

That age, ache, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise,
To what we fear of death.

"It is impossible," said she, "to read those lines without being affected by them. Yet, were I to judge from my own feelings, I should think the sentiments unjust. If to me," continued she, stealing a glance at the picture of my friend, while an involuntary tear half started in her eye, "if to me there be any thing terrible in death, it proceeds from the thoughts of what I should leave, not from the dread of what I should meet with."

M.

No. 88.] Saturday, March 11, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

My father was a farmer in a tolerably reputable situation. I was his eldest son; and, at the age of six years, I was sent to the parish-school, to be taught reading and writing. My father naturally made inquiries concerning my progress, and the schoolmaster gave him the most flattering accounts. After I had spent the usual time in learning to read and write, my master said it would be a pity to cut short a boy of my genius, and advised my father to allow me to remain a year or two longer at his school, that I might get a little Latin. This flattered my father's vanity, as it put his son in a situation to appear somewhat above that of the children of the neighbouring farmers. I was allowed to sit on the same bench at school with our landlord's son, and I had sometimes the honour to be whipped for his faults. In studying Latin I spent three years. The account which my father received of my progress in that language led him to follow my teacher's suggestion, to give me a little Greek. Having gone thus far, the transition was easy; it would be a pity, said our sanguine advisers, to lose all the knowledge I had got; with my application and my genius, if I prosecuted my studies, I might become a very learned and a very great man. If I studied divinity (which was proposed), I might, in time, preach in the pulpit of the very parish in which my father lived; nay, I might rise to be a Professor in the University, or become Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

I was accordingly entered a student in the University. My father considered my fortune as now made; and my expectations were not inferior to his. But I soon found my situation at the University a very hard and uneasy one. My father had been able to supply me tolerably with necessaries at the parish-school; but to do this at the University, situated in a great and expensive town, was above his power. I was obliged to walk about, therefore, with a shabby coat, and with an empty purse. I could not attend all the lectures I wished, for want of money to purchase admission, or to procure the necessary books. I now likewise found, that far from being more knowing than my college companions, as my country schoolmaster flattered me would be the case, most of them knew more than I did; they had been better taught, and had profited accordingly. Poverty, want of books, of friends, and of the other conveniences of life, were not circumstances very well suited for the study of the beauties of Homer and Virgil, nor for making a progress in the abstract sciences; but with all these difficulties, I gave such close and intense application, that I was able to pick up a good deal of learning, and my diligence drew the attention of some of the professors. By their interest I was recommended to Mr. M———, a gentleman of considerable fortune, who resided in the town where the university is situated, to be tutor to his children; and accordingly he was pleased to engage me at the salary of 20*l.* a-year, with the additional advantage of living in his house. I now thought the world was all before me; and every thing seemed to flatter me with present happiness and future exaltation. Out of my salary I hoped to afford to be better dressed, to buy more books, and to attend more lectures. I expected, from the knowledge I had acquired, to be able to make a figure in the company which resorted to Mr. M.'s. I doubted not that they would single me out as a prodigy of learning and genius; that, by their favour, I might be recommended to some lucrative or honourable place; or, at least, that I should, by Mr. M.'s interest, be settled as a minister in some church, after having pleasantly spent a year or two in his family in attending to my pupils, from whose progress and improvement I expected equal pleasure and reputation. How these hopes have been answered, I proceed to inform you.

When I entered into Mr. M.'s family, I found it was expected that I should not only attend to the studies of the eldest son, a lad of about fourteen, but that I was likewise to take care of all the younger children, consisting of no fewer than six. Some of these were to be taught to read; others who were too young for that, I was to look after, and walk out with them when they went abroad, to keep them out of harm's way, to prevent them from falling into a ditch, or being run down by a carriage. This I saw must occupy my whole time; and every thought of reading for my own improvement was to be laid aside. But though, in this manner, a temporary stop was to be put to my learning, I still flattered myself I should make it up by the improvement and knowledge of the world I should acquire from the society and conversation at Mr. M.'s. But this expectation was as vain as the former. When there were strangers of distinction at the house, I was not allowed to sit at table, but was placed in a corner of the room with the younger children, where my province was to attend to what they ate, and to cut their meat for them. When the family were alone, or the guests were such as Mr. M. did not think necessary to treat with much ceremony, I was permitted to sit at table; but I soon found, even when this was the case, that I was not permitted to talk there. Seldom, indeed, was there any conversation which was worth joining in; but when any occurred in which I ventured to join, what I said was received in such a manner, that I was obliged to resolve to be silent. If I threw in an observation which started a doubt of the justice of any thing that was said, I was considered as an impertinent conceited fellow, who had no right to express his doubts; If I endeavoured to support any opinion, I saw I was deemed officious and troublesome. Mr. M. who, to the credit the world justly gave him for a great fortune, wished also to add the reputation, though without any pretensions, of learning, was afraid, when I opened my mouth, lest people should think that his son's tutor was more knowing than he; and, therefore, took care always to contradict me flatly, and with an air of superiority; and, sometimes, even made a joke on that awkwardness of manner, which it was impossible one in my situation could have escaped. You may judge what effect this treatment must have upon one who can relish the beauties of the classics, and has read many of the most eminent French and English authors. Poor, helpless, and dependent as I am, something within tells me, that I am superior—but I have no title to be proud.

For some time, the only pleasant moments which I had in Mr. M.'s family were those employed in reading with my eldest pupil. But this continued a very short time. The young gentleman soon began to despise one, whom he saw his father and his father's friends treat with so much disrespect; and instead of following my directions, took care to do the very reverse of whatever I desired him. I perceived also he made me the subject of jest with his companions. In vain did I endeavour to represent this in the gentlest manner to Mr. M. I was the worse used for my complaints; he ascribed his son's little progress to my remissness; not to any fault in the boy, who, I soon found, had much more influence with his father, in regard to his education, than I had.

Such, Mr. MIRROR, is my situation with the upper members of the family. With those of an inferior rank, it is not a whit more agreeable. John, the footman, receives a salary nearly equal to mine, and he wears a better coat. He, therefore, looks upon himself as a finer gentleman than me; and, as I am but little respected by those whom he considers as his betters, he does not think himself bound to respect me at all. At dinner, he seldom hears when I call; and, when he does, I often get fish-sauce to my pudding, and pepper instead of sugar to my pancakes. Nor is John to be blamed for this; for he sees his master give me port or punch, while he and his guests drink claret. For some time, indeed, after I came to reside in the family, I received much complaisance from Mrs. Deborah Hitchcock, the house-keeper. Mrs. Deborah is now considerably past her fortieth year; in her person thick and squabby, with a mouth a little awry, and eyes a little asquint. Mrs. Deborah frequently sends her compliments, and asks me to drink tea with her, or invites me to evening entertainments with her gossiping companions. She is sometimes also so kind as to visit me in my own apartment,—says, she wonders I do not tire when alone; that she and I, from our situation in the family, should be companions to each other; and she has several times hinted, that by her long residence in Mr. M.'s, she has acquired a sum which might be of use to a young man like me.

Thus, Sir, I have given you a view of my situation in Mr. M.'s family for more than two years past that I have resided in it. My pupil is doing no good under my care. I am not respected in the family; the servants insult me; and my farther progress in learning is stopped. I have often resolved to give up my place; but what will become of me if I do? Others will not enter into my motives; they will attribute my conduct to folly or ill temper; and I shall be thrown upon the wide world without a friend, without money, and with a mind ill calculated to struggle with poverty and misfortunes. It has occurred to me, that if you print this letter, and Mr. M. chance to see it, it may produce some change in my situation; or, if it has no other effect, it may at least serve as a justification of my conduct in leaving his family.

I am, &c.

K. B.

The case of Mr. K. B. may perhaps be exaggerated; but I suspect his situation is not altogether uncommon. Indeed I have been often surprised to see men of excellent sense in every other particular, and fond of their children, so inattentive to those who have the care of them. It should not, methinks, require much reflection to convince them, that there is a good deal of respect due to those on whom so important a trust as the education of their children is devolved; it should require but little observation to satisfy them, that, unless the parents regard the tutor, it is impossible the children can; that, unless the instructor be honoured, his precepts will be contemned. Even independent of these considerations, something is due to a young man of education and of learning, who, though his situation may make it necessary for him to receive a salary for his labours, may, from that learning which he has received, and that taste which it has given him, have a mind as independent as the wealthiest, and as delicate as the highest born.

But, while I venture to suggest those hints to such gentlemen as may be in a situation to afford tutors for their children, I would recommend the perusal of Mr. B.'s letter to persons in that condition from which he has sprung. I have of late remarked with regret, in this country, a disposition in many, who, from their station and circumstances, ought to have been bred farmers or manufacturers, to become scholars and men of learned professions. Let such persons and their parents be assured, that though there may be a few singular instances to the contrary, there is no pursuit which requires a competency, in point of fortune, more than that of a man of learning. A young man who has not enough to make him easy, and to bear the expense requisite for carrying on his education, can hardly be expected to rise to any eminence. The meanness of his situation will humble and depress him, and render him unfit for any thing elegant or great; or, if this should not be the case, there is much danger of his becoming a prey to anxiety and chagrin, and perhaps passing a neglected and a miserable life. K. B. seems to have suffered much; he may still have much to suffer; had he followed his father's profession, he might have been both happy and useful.

A.

No. 89.] Tuesday, March 14, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

I was lately one of a pretty numerous company of both sexes, when a lady then going to be married was the subject of conversation, and was mentioned by a gentleman present as a very accomplished woman, to which the company in general assented. One lady remarked, she had often heard that phrase made use of, without being able precisely to understand what was meant by it; that she doubted not it was bestowed with propriety on Miss ——; but, as she was not of her acquaintance, she wished to know, whether, when one was said to be an accomplished woman, we were to understand such accomplishments as music, dancing, French, &c. which a boarding school affords; or those higher attainments which the mind is supposed to acquire by reading and reflection? "Reading and reflection!" repeated, with an ironical sneer, a very fine gentleman, who sat opposite to her; "I wonder how any one can fill girls' heads with such ridiculous nonsense. I am sure I never saw a woman's learning have any other effect than to make her conceited of herself, and a plague to her neighbours. Were I to enter the *shackles*, I have too much regard to my own ease to choose a lady of *reflection;* and had I any daughters, I should probably have plague enough with them, without their being *readers*." Another lady, without taking the smallest notice of what the gentleman had said, observed, that she did not wonder young ladies were discouraged from taking much pains in improving their minds, as whatever a girl's understanding or mental accomplishments might be, they were universally neglected, at least by the gentlemen; and the company of any fool, provided she was handsome, preferred to theirs.—But, as this lady was rather homely, I durst not rely on her opinion.—An elderly gentleman then said, he did not see that reading could do a woman any harm, provided they confined themselves to books fit for them, and did not meddle with subjects they could not understand—such as religion and politics. As to the first, he said, that if a woman went regularly to church, said her prayers, read her Bible, and did as she was bid, he thought it all that was necessary; and as for politics, it was a subject far beyond the reach of any female capacity. This gentleman had a little before given a very circumstantial (and I am sure I thought a very tiresome) account of the method of making votes for the next general election, to which the company seemed to pay very little attention; and if that was what he meant by politics, he was certainly in the right; for I acknowledge I did not understand one word of it; nor did any of the ladies present, as I afterwards found, comprehend it more than myself.

A young gentleman, who, from his correct manner of speaking, I suppose practised the law, and who had hitherto listened with great attention, then took upon him to be our sex's advocate, and was proceeding to show (in a very sensible manner, as I thought) the little danger that was to be feared, and the great advantage that might be reaped, from a young lady's appropriating a considerable part of her time to reading, provided her studies were properly directed; when the arrival of some ceremonious visitors put an end to the conversation, and the company sat down to cards. When I came home, I could not help reflecting, with a good deal of uneasiness, on what I had heard. For if there is really no such thing as mental accomplishments rendering a young lady more amiable, or if reading is to be of no real service to us, I have certainly employed a great part of my past life to very little purpose. I was brought up in the country, where reading was not only my greatest amusement, but I was always told, that by that, and making proper reflections on what I read, I should become contented with myself, and be beloved and respected by all who knew me; and by these improvements alone could hope to equal my sister, who is a great deal handsomer than I, but who could seldom be persuaded to open a book.

But the conversation above-mentioned, which happened very soon after I came to town, has raised many doubts in my mind as to the real importance of my former studies. I have mentioned my uneasiness to several of my female companions, who are all (especially such as are not handsome) very much interested in it, and would be very happy to see a MIRROR on this subject, though they were much surprised at my courage in proposing to write to you; which, indeed, I never could have done had I been able to find any other way to communicate my distress.

If you think this letter worthy your attention, I entreat you to give us, as soon as possible, your opinion as to what sort of accomplishments a young lady ought to be most anxious to acquire, and whether there is not some real advantage to be derived from reading; for I would fain think the young gentleman was in the right; though I am sorry I have never seen him since, to hear what he had farther to say on the subject.

But if, on the contrary, you convince me, that I either cannot, or need not, aim at any mental accomplishments, I shall lay by my book, and proceed to finish some ornamental pieces of work, which have hitherto advanced very slowly, as I was always more solicitous to improve my mind than to adorn my person.

I am, Sir,
Your constant reader and admirer,
EMILIA.

It were hard, indeed, if the word *accomplishment*, when applied to a woman, excluded the idea of such mental embellishments as Emilia seems particularly to have studied. In the author of the MIRROR, she has chosen a partial umpire; for he will fairly own, that he addresses many of his papers chiefly to the ladies, and feels a high degree of pleasure when he is told that any one of them has been lucky enough to interest or to please the fair part of his readers. Such a paper he sets down as one *à bonnes fortunes*, and grows vain upon it accordingly.

It must, however, be confessed, on the other hand, that the lesser order of accomplishments mentioned by Emilia, are very necessary attendants on that higher sort, which reading and reflection confer.

They are necessary even to the men; for without them learning grows pedantry, and wit becomes rudeness. But in women a certain softness of address and grace of manner are so indispensable, that no talents or acquirements can possibly please without them. To give that softness, to confer that grace, reading and reflection will not suffice alone; to impart them in the highest degree, no other accomplishments will suffice, without reading and reflection. Emilia's harpsichord will settle the matter. Let us take treble for the first sort of accomplishments, and bass for the latter; strike with the right hand—'tis music, but without strength; with the left—'tis harsh, and wants softness; touch it with both hands, and the instrument is quite as it should be.

It is not from the possession of knowledge, but from the display of it, that a woman ceases to be feminine. To lecture with authority, to argue with violence, to dispute with obstinacy, are qualifications purely masculine. It were too much to say that to be in the right is a male quality; but to feel one's self in the right, or rather to show that feeling, is not delicately female. The musical department will furnish us with another illustration. Emilia has heard of that sort of singing below the full powers of the performer's voice, which the Italians call singing *sotto-voce*; now, let a woman's understanding be ever so strong, let her mind be ever so accomplished, it should always be delivered *sotto-voce*.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I am just going to commence business as a milliner, and am resolved to bestow more than common pains in furnishing out as elegant a shop-list as possible; being of opinion that much of the employment a shop-keeper gets is owing to the attraction of a happy-fancied sign, advertisement, or shop-bill. In executing this intention I have met with several difficulties; and therefore am induced to trouble you for a solution of them. A friend of mine, whom I consulted (because, as he was often reading, I imagined him to be a wise and learned man), advised me to look into a book called Johnson's Dictionary, which, he said, would spell, explain, and describe to me, any thing I was at a loss about. Accordingly, after some difficulty, I procured a sight of this book from a relation, who was acquainted with a bookseller. But as this same Johnson explains his words in a foreign language, I am as much at a loss as ever; because I am totally ignorant what language it is, and, therefore, cannot judge whether what he says be such a description of my commodities as will bring me customers. Upon my looking, for instance, at his explanation of *net-work*, I find it to be, "any thing reticulated or decussated, with interstices betwixt the intersections." Now, Mr. Mirror, I beg the favour of you to tell me what language this is. You certainly can easily do it, when you have obtained such a character in town for wisdom and learning. If it should be French, be so good as translate it to me; and if it proves to be such a description as I think suits the net-work I have on hand, I shall most gladly insert it in my bill. But if it should turn out to be Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or Dutch, or any other heathen language, I would not meddle with it for all the world; for no person then would come near my shop. I am advised by all my friends to put as much French into my bills and advertisements as possible; and, indeed, I believe the advice is good; for I have a relation, a *perruquier*, as he calls himself, who has told me, that he believed he owed almost all his business (and a great deal he had) to an advertisement in the newspapers interlarded with French words. It began thus, for I copied it letter for letter: "*Perruques au dernier gout* made to fit the head *avec une air bien degagé*, to be had," &c. This wigmaker informed me, that there was scarcely a young beau in town who wore a wig that could resist his advertisement.

I should beg pardon for the freedom I am using, in thus taking up your time about a matter which must appear so trifling to you; but if you are a benevolent man (and such I have heard you are), it will readily occur to you, that, though my request appears of a trivial nature, yet it treats of an affair of very great consequence to me. This consideration has emboldened me to apply to you; and, if you take the trouble to give your assistance on this occasion, I promise you to take in your Mirror to my shop for the amusement of my customers; though, upon second thoughts, I am doubtful whether it may not rather hurt my business. A mirror is as necessary to a milliner's shop as the goods that are in it; but then it must be a mirror for the body. Now yours is one for the mind; and my best customers, in all probability, will consist of a set of ladies who seldom or never look into their minds at all; for those ladies, Mr. Mirror, who decorate their persons in the highest extravagance of the fashion, and who, of consequence, are the best customers to the milliners, are generally such, I am told, as have their minds worst dressed and least ornamented. Besides, the ladies generally find something in the bodily mirror which pleases them; but your mental looking-glass is one of such just reflection, that, if my ladies should view themselves in it, I am afraid they would be so dissatisfied and displeased with seeing their minds so unadorned as they really are, that they would go away in very bad humour, and without laying out a sixpence in ornaments for their persons.

I must, therefore, before I venture upon this step, consider farther of it, and have the opinion of my friends on the matter. I have a good mind, Sir, to consult yourself upon it. I think so highly of you, that I scruple not to abide by your determination. Be so good, therefore, as to tell me in your answer whether you think I ought to take in your Mirror to lie on my counter.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble servant,
Letitia Lappet.

Q.

No. 90.] Saturday, March 18, 1780.

> *Verum etiam amicum qui intuetur tanquam exemplar aliquod intuetur sui. Quocirca et absentes adsunt et egentes abundant, et imbecilles valent, et, quod difficilius dictu est, mortui vivunt tantus eos honos, memoria, desiderium prosequitur amicorum. Ex quo illorum beata mors videtur, horum vita laudabilis.*
> Cicero.

Friendship may be said to double one's existence and personality. By its potent influence exiles are brought home, the poor clothed with abundance, the weak supplied with preternatural vigour:—what is yet more wonderful, the dead are recalled to life—so much are they honoured, so much is their memory cherished, so fondly do the wishes of their friends follow them. On death it confers blessedness; on life the most brilliant lustre.

"Life," says Sir William Temple, "is like wine; who would drink it pure, must not draw it to the dregs." Such, I confess, has ever been my opinion, although, in reckoning up the good things of this world, long life is commonly estimated as one of its chief blessings.

I am ready to allow, that an old man, looking back on a well-spent life, in which he finds nothing to regret, and nothing to be ashamed of, and waiting with dignity for that event which is to put a period to his existence, is one of the most venerable and respectable of all objects. The idea that he is soon to quit the busy scenes of life throws a tenderness around him, similar to that we feel in bidding adieu to a friend who is to leave us for a long time.

There is, however, something wonderfully unpleasant in the decay of the powers of mind and body, the necessary consequence of extreme old age. To those around them, particularly to those with whom they are more nearly connected, the imbecility which almost always attends persons in a very advanced period of life affords one of the most affecting spectacles that can well be conceived. It is a situation truly interesting; and, while it teaches us to make every allowance for the weakness of age, it disposes us, by every attention, by every mark of observance, to smooth the steps of the aged, and to remove, as much as possible, those clouds that hang on the evening of life.

It must, at the same time, be admitted, that there are men who live to a very great age in the full possession of their faculties, and, what is still more, with all the affections of the mind alive and unabated. Yet, even where this is the case, I cannot, for my part, consider long life as an object much to be desired.

There is one circumstance, which with me is alone sufficient to decide the question. If there be any thing that can compensate the unavoidable evils with which this life is attended, and the numberless calamities to which mankind are subject, it is the pleasure arising from the society of those we love and esteem. Friendship is the cordial of life. But every one who arrives at extreme old age must make his account with surviving the greater part, perhaps the whole, of his friends. He must see them fall from him by degrees, while he is left alone, single and unsupported, like a leafless trunk, exposed to every storm, and shrinking from every blast.

I have been led to these reflections by a loss I lately sustained in the sudden and unlooked-for death of a friend, to whom, from my earliest youth, I had been attached by every tie of the most tender affection. Such was the confidence that subsisted between us, that in his bosom I was wont to repose every thought of my mind, and every weakness of my heart. In framing him, nature seemed to have thrown together a variety of opposite qualities, which, happily tempering each other, formed one of the most engaging characters I have ever known. An elevation of mind, a manly firmness, a Castilian sense of honour, accompanied with a bewitching sweetness, proceeding from the most delicate attention to the situation and the feelings of others. In his manners simple and unassuming; in the company of strangers modest to a degree of bashfulness; yet possessing a fund of knowledge, and an extent of ability, which might have adorned the most exalted station. But it was in the social circle of his friends that he appeared to the highest advantage; there the native benignity of his soul diffused, as it were, a kindly influence on all around him, while his conversation never failed at once to amuse and to instruct.

Not many months ago I paid him a visit at his seat in a remote part of the kingdom. I found him engaged in embellishing a place of which I have often heard him talk with rapture, and the beauties of which I found his partiality had not exaggerated. He showed me all the improvements he had made, and pointed out those he meant to make. He told me all his schemes and all his projects. And while I live, I must ever retain a warm remembrance of the pleasure I then enjoyed in his society.

The day I meant to set out on my return he was seized with a slight indisposition, which he seemed to think somewhat serious; and, indeed, if he had a weakness, it consisted in rather too great anxiety with regard to his health. I remained with him till he thought himself almost perfectly recovered; and, in order to avoid the unpleasant ceremony of taking leave, I resolved to steal away early in the morning, before any of the family should be astir. About day-break I got up, and let myself out. At the door I found an old and favourite dog of my friend's, who immediately came and fawned upon me. He walked with me through the park. At the gate he stopped, and looked up wishfully in my face; and, though I do not well know how to account for it, I felt, at that moment when I parted with the faithful animal, a degree of tenderness, joined with a melancholy so pleasing, that I had no inclination to check it. In that frame of mind I walked on (for I had ordered my horses to wait me at the first stage) till I reached the summit of a hill, which I knew commanded the last view I should have of the habitation of my friend. I turned to look back on the delightful scene. As I looked, the idea of the owner came full into my mind; and, while I contemplated his many virtues and numberless amiable qualities, a suggestion arose, if he should be cut off, what an irreparable loss it would be to his family, to his friends, and to society. In vain I endeavoured to combat this melancholy foreboding, by reflecting on the uncommon vigour of his constitution, and the fair prospect it afforded of his enjoying many days. The impression still recurred, and it was some considerable time before I had strength of mind sufficient to conquer it.

I had not been long at home when I received accounts of his being attacked by a violent distemper, and in a few days after I learned that it had put an end to his life.

This blow, for a time, unmanned me quite. Even now, the chief consolation I find is in the society of a few chosen friends. Should they also be torn from me, the world would to me be as a desert; and, though I should still endeavour to discharge my duty in that station which Providence has assigned me in life, I should never cease to look forward, not without impatience, to those peaceful mansions where the weary are at rest, and where only we can hope to meet again with those from whom we have been parted by the inexorable hand of death.

R.

No. 91.] Tuesday, March 21, 1780.

Non quia, Mæcenas, Lydorum quidquid Etruscos
Incoluit fines, nemo generosior est te ;
Nec quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus,
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitarint,
Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco
Ignotos. Hor.

Though, since the Lydians fill'd the Tuscan coasts,
Nor richer blood than yours Etruria boasts ;
Though your great ancestors have armies led,
You don't, as many do, with scorn upbraid,
The man of birth unknown.— Francis.

In estimating the conduct of men, we naturally take into account, not only the merit or blame of their actions, abstractedly considered, but also that portion of either which those actions derive from the situation of the persons performing them. Besides the great moral laws by which every man is bound, particular ranks and circumstances have their peculiar obligations; and he who attains elevation of place, or extent of fortune, increases not only the pleasures he has to enjoy, but the duties he has to perform. This, however, moralists have always complained, is apt to be forgotten ; the great are ever ready to exercise power, and the rich to purchase pleasure; but the first are not always mindful of benignity, nor the latter of beneficence.

In the lighter duties of life the same rule takes place, and is, in the same manner, but little attended to. In these, indeed, it is more liable to be disregarded from an idea of its unimportance. Yet, to the little and the poor, the behaviour of the great or the rich is often as essential as their conduct. There may be tyranny and injustice in the one as well as in the other; nay, I have known many men who could forgive the oppression of the powerful, and the encroachments of the wealthy, in more material instances, who never could pardon the haughtiness of their demeanour, and the fastidiousness of their air.

It is strange, methinks, that the desire of depressing the humble, and overawing the modest, should be so common as it is among those on whom birth or station has conferred superiority. One might wonder how it should ever happen, that people should prefer being feared to being loved, to spread around them the chilness of unsocial grandeur, rather than the warmth of reciprocal attachment. Yet, from the pride of folly, or of education, we find this is often the case; there is scarce any one who cannot recollect instances of persons who seem to have exchanged all the pleasures of society, all intercourse of the affections, for the cold pre-eminence of state and place.

But, in the ideas of their power, it is proper to inform such persons, they are frequently mistaken. It must be on a mind very contemptible indeed, that mere greatness can have the effects they are apt to ascribe to it. They cannot blast with a frown or elevate with a smile, from rank or station alone, without some other qualities attending them. 'Tis with rank and station, as an acquaintance of mine, somewhat of a coxcomb, though a better thing from nature, observed to me of dress: "Every man," said he, looking at himself in a mirror, "every man can put on a fine coat; but it is not every man who can wear one."

It is by no means so easy to do the honours of a high station as many who attain high stations are apt to imagine. The importance of a man to himself is a feeling common to all; to settle with propriety the claims of others, as well as of ourselves, requires no inconsiderable degree of discernment; and the jealousy of inferior stations in this matter will criticise with the utmost nicety the determinations of their superiors. In proportion as the great claim respect or adulation, the spirit of those beneath them will commonly refuse it. We see daily examples of men, who go on arrogating dignity, and procuring contempt; who meet with slights where they demand respect, and are refused even the attention to which they are entitled, because they would impose attention rather than receive it.

But it is not always by haughtiness of demeanour that people show themselves most haughty. There is a claim of superiority, amidst the condescension of some men, infinitely more disgusting than the distant dignity of ordinary pride. Somebody has called the part which the inferiors of such people play "holding the lower end of familiarity." Orgilius keeps a pack of these end-holders constantly about him. He calls them by their names, as he does his hounds; they open at his jests, follow the scent of every observation he makes, and run down every character he attacks. For all this he rewards them exactly as he does his favourite dogs, by allowing them to dirty his parlour, and feed at his table; and, like the master of many a pack, he is despised by all his neighbours who have understanding, and hated by all those who want it.

Nothing is more difficult than the art of a patron; the power of patronising is but one ingredient in its composition. A patron must be able to read mankind, and to conciliate their affections; he must be so deserving of praise as to be independent of it; yet receive it as if he had no claim, and give it value where it is just, by resisting adulation. He must have that dignity of demeanour which may keep his place in the circle; yet that gentleness which may not overpower the most timid, or overawe the meanest. If he patronises the arts, he must know and feel them; yet he must speak to the learned as a learner, and often submit the correctness of his taste to the errors of genius. With so many qualifications requisite for a patron, it is not wonderful that so few should arise; or that the bunglers whom we see attempt the part shonld so frequently make enemies by offices of friendship, and purchase a lampoon at the price of a panegyric.

There is a sort of female patronage, of which I cannot forbear taking notice, though it be somewhat out of place here. It is considered as of little importance, though I am apt to believe its consequences are sometimes of a very serious nature. In some great houses, my lady, as well as my lord, has a train of followers, who contend for that honour which her intimacy is held to confer, and emulate those manners which her rank and fashion are supposed to sanctify. Let the humanity of such a patroness lead her to beware lest her patronage be fatal to her favourites. If the glare of grandeur, or the luxuries of wealth, deprive them of the relish of sober enjoyments; if the ease of fashionable behaviour seduce them from the simplicity of purer manners; they will have dearly purchased the friendship which they court, or the notice which they envy. Let such noble persons consider, that, to the young ladies they are pleased to call their friends, those sober pleasures, those untainted manners, are to be the support of celibacy, the dower of marriage, the comfort and happiness of a future life. It were cruel, indeed, if by any infringement of those manners, any contempt for those pleasures (too easily copied by their inferiors), they should render the little transient distinctions which they bestow in kindness a source of lasting misery to those who receive them.

To the behaviour of the rich, the above observations may apply; wealth, in a commercial country like ours, conferring, in a great measure, the dignity of title or of birth. There are, however, some particular errors, into which the possessors of suddenly acquired fortunes are apt to fall, that defeat the ends at which they aim, that disgust where they meant to dazzle, and only create envy where they wish to excite admiration. When Lucullus, at a dinner to which he has invited half a dozen of his old acquaintance, shows his sideboard loaded with plate, and brings in seven or eight laced servants to wait at table, I do not reckon the dinner given but sold. I am expected to pay my reckoning as much as in a tavern; only here I am to give my admiration, and there my money; and it is certain that many men, and some very narrow ones too, will sooner part with the last than with the former. I have sometimes seen a high-spirited poor man at Lucullus's table affronted by the production of Burgundy, and refuse Champagne, because it had the borachio of our landlord's fourscore thousand pounds on't. This was honest, and Lucullus had not much title to complain; but he knows not how often his Burgundy and Champagne are drank by fellows who tell all the world, next day, of their former dinners with him at a shilling ordinary, with sixpennyworth of punch, by way of regale, upon holidays.

There is an obligation to complacency, I had almost said humility of manners, which the acquisition of wealth or station lays on every man, though it has often, especially on weak minds, a directly opposite effect. A certain degree of inattention, or even rudeness, which from an equal we may easily pardon, from a superior becomes a serious injury. When my school companion Marcus was a plain fellow like myself, I could have waited for him half an hour after the time of appointment, and laughed at his want of an apology when we met. But now that he has become a great man, I count the minutes of my attendance with impatience; and, when he swaggers up to his elbow-chair without an acknowledgment, I hate him for that arrogance which I think he assumes, and almost hate myself for bearing it as I do. The truth is, Marcus was born in the rank, but without the sensibilities, of a gentleman; a want, which no office in the state, no patent of dignity can ever supply. If the term were rightly understood, I might confine my admonitions on the subject of this paper to three words, "Be a gentleman." The feelings of this character, which in point of manners is the most respectable of any, will be as immediately hurt by the idea of giving uneasiness by his own behaviour, as of suffering uneasiness from the behaviour of another.

V.

No. 92.] SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1780.

LOOKING from the window of a house where I was visiting some mornings ago, I observed on the opposite side of the street a sign-post, ornamented with some little busts and bronzes, indicating a person to live there, by trade a *figure-maker*. On remarking to a gentleman who stood near me, that this was a profession I did not recollect having heard of before, my friend, who has a knack of drawing observations from trifles, and, I must confess, is a little inclined to take things on their weak side, replied, with a sarcastic smile, that it was one of the most common in life. While he spoke, a smart young man, who has lately set up a very showy equipage, passed by in his carriage at a brisk trot, and bowed to me, who have the honour of a slight acquaintance with him, with that air of civil consequence which puts one in mind of the notice a man thinks himself entitled to. "That young gentleman," said my friend, "is a figure-maker, and the chariot he drives in is his sign-post. You might trace the brethren of this trade through every street, square, and house in town. Figure-making is common to all ranks, ages, tempers, and situations: there are rich and poor, extravagant and narrow, wise and foolish, witty and ridiculous, eloquent and silent, beautiful and ugly figure-makers. In short, there is scarce any body such a cipher from Nature, as not to form some pretensions to making a figure in spite of her.

"The young man who bowed to you is an extravagant figure maker, more remarkable from being successor to a narrow one. I knew his father well, and have often visited him in the course of money-transactions, at his office, as it was called, in the garret-story of a dark airless house, where he sat, like the genius of lucre, brooding in his hole, over the wealth his parsimony had acquired him. The very ink with which he wrote was adulterated with water, and he delayed mending his pen till the characters it formed were almost illegible. Yet he too had great part of his enjoyment from the opinion of others, and was not insensible to the pleasures of figure-making. I have often seen him, in his thread-bare brown coat, stop on the street to wait the passing of some of his well-dressed debtors, that he might have the pleasure of insulting them with the intimacy to which their situations entitled him; and I once knew him actually lend a large sum, on terms less advantageous than it was his custom to insist upon, merely because it was a peer who wanted to borrow, and that he had applied in vain to two right honourable relations of immense fortune.

"His son has just the same desire of showing his wealth that the father had; but he takes a very different method of displaying it. Both, however, display, not enjoy, their wealth, and draw equal satisfaction from the consequence derived from it in the opinion of others. The father kept guineas in his coffers which he never used; the son changes, indeed, the species of property, but has just as little the power of using it. He keeps horses in his stable, mistresses in lodgings, and servants in livery, to no better purpose than his father did guineas. He gives dinners, at which he eats made dishes that he detests, and drinks Champagne and Burgundy, instead of his old beverage of port and punch, till he is sick, because they are the dishes and drink of great and rich men. The son's situation has the advantage of brilliancy, but the father's was more likely to be permanent: he was daily growing richer, with the aspect of poverty; his son is daily growing poorer, with the appearance of wealth.

"It is impossible to enumerate the pranks which the sudden acquisition of riches, joined to this desire of figure-making, sets people a-playing. There is nothing so absurd or extravagant, which riches, in the hands of a weak man, will not tempt him to commit, from the mere idea of enjoying his money in the way of exhibition. Nay, this will happen to persons of whose sense and discretion the world had formerly a high opinion, even where that opinion was a just one; for wealth often makes fools where it does not find them."—My friend, happening to cast his eye towards me at the moment, discovered a smile on my countenance: "You are thinking now," said he, "that you and I could endure being left twenty or thirty thousand pounds notwithstanding the truth of my observation."—"It would spoil your lecture," I replied; "but you may go on in the meantime."—He took the pinch of snuff which my remark had stopped in its progress towards his nose, and went on.

"From this motive of figure-making," continued he, turning to the ladies of the company, "Beauty puts on her airs, and Wit labours for a bon mot, till the first becomes ugly, and the latter tiresome. You may have frequently observed Betsy Ogle, in a company of her ordinary acquaintance, look charmingly, because she did not care how she looked, till the appearance of a gentleman, with a fine coat or a title, has set her a tossing her head, rolling her eyes, biting her lips, twisting her neck, and bringing her whole figure to bear upon him, till the expression of her countenance became perfect folly, and her attitudes downright distortion. In the same way our friend Ned Glib (who has more wit than any man I know, could he but learn the economy of it), when some happy strokes of humour have given him credit with himself and the company, will set out at full tilt, mimicking, carricaturing, punning, and story-telling, till every body present wishes him dumb, and looks grave in proportion as he laughs.

"That wit and beauty should be desirous of making a figure is not to be wondered at, admiration being the very province they contend for. That folly and ugliness should thrust themselves forward to public notice might be matter of surprise, did we not recollect that their owners most probably think themselves witty and handsome. In these, indeed, as in many other instances, it unfortunately happens, that people are strangely bent upon making a figure in those very departments where they have least chance of succeeding.

"But there is a species of animal, several of whom must have fallen under the notice of every body present, which it is difficult to class either among the witty or the foolish, the clever or the dull, the wise or the mad, who, of all others, have the greatest propensity to figure-making. Nature seems to have made them up in haste, and to have put the different ingredients, above referred to, into their composition at random. They are more common in such a place as this than in a more extensive sphere; like some vermin, that breed in ponds and rivulets, which a larger stream or lake would destroy. Our circle is just large enough to give their talents room, and small enough to be affected by their exertion. Here, therefore, there is never wanting a junto of them of both sexes, who are liked or hated, admired or despised, who make people laugh, or set them asleep, according to the fashion of the time, or the humour of their audience, but who have always the satisfaction of talking themselves, and of being talked of by others. With us, indeed, a very moderate degree of genius is sufficient for this purpose; in small societies, folks are set agape by small circumstances. I have known a lady here contrive to make a figure for half the winter on the strength of a plume of feathers, or the trimming of a petticoat, and a gentleman make shift to be thought a fine fellow, only by outdoing every body else in the thickness of his queue, or the height of his foretop.

"But people will not only make themselves fools; I have known instances of their becoming knaves, or at least boasting of their being so, from this desire of figure-making. You shall hear a fellow, who has once got the character of being a sharp man, tell things of himself, for which, if they had been true, he deserved to be hanged, merely because his line of figure-making lies in trick and chicane; hence, too, proceed all those histories of their own profligacy and vice, which some young men of spirit are perpetually relating, who are willing to record themselves villains, rather than not be recorded at all.

"In the arts, as well as the characters of men, this same propensity is productive of strange disorders. Hence proceed the bombast of poetry, the tumour of prose, the garish light of some paintings, the unnatural *chiaro scuro* of others; hence, in music, the absurd mixture of discordant movements and the squeak of high-strained cadences; in short, all those sins against nature and simplicity, which artists of inferior merit are glad to practise, in order to extort the notice of the public, and to make a figure by surprise and singularity."

The accidental interruption of a new visiter now stopped the current of my friend's discourse; he had, indeed, begun to tire most of the company, who were not all disposed to listen quite so long as he seemed inclined to speak. In truth, he had forgot that the very reproof he meant to give his neighbours applied pretty strongly to himself, and that though he might suppose he was lecturing from the desire of reformation, he was, in reality, haranguing in the spirit of figure-making.

I.

No. 93.] Tuesday, March 28, 1780.

Parva leves capiunt animos. Ovid.

Trifles are important to little minds.

That life consists, in a great measure, of trifling occurrences, and little occupations, there needs no uncommon sagacity or attention to discover. Notwithstanding the importance we are apt to ascribe to the employments and the time, even of the greatest and most illustrious, were we to trace such persons to the end of their labours and the close of their pursuits, we should frequently discover that trifles were the solace of the one, and the purpose of the other. Public business and political arrangement are often only the constrained employments to which accident or education has devoted their hours, while their willing moments are destined, perhaps, to light amusements and to careless mirth.

It is not then surprising that trifles should form the chief gratification of ordinary men, on whom the public has no claim, and individuals have little dependence. But, of those trifles, the nature will commonly mark the man, as much as circumstances of greater importance. A mind capable of high exertion or delicate sentiment will stoop with a certain consciousness of its descent, that will not allow it to wanton into absurdity, or sink into grossness. There is, in short, a difference, which sense and feeling will not easily forget, between the little and the mean, the simple and the rude, the playful and the foolish.

But the surest mark of a weak mind is an affectation of importance amidst the enjoyment of trifles, a bustle of serious business amidst the most insignificant concerns. The bringing forward of little things to the rank of great ones is the true burlesque in character as well as in style; yet such characters are not uncommon, even among men who have acquired some estimation in the world. In this particular the world is easily deceived; dulness may often ape sublimity, and arrogate importance, where brighter talents would have drawn but little regard; as objects are magnified by mists, and made awful by darkness.

Of a character of this sort I received, some time ago, the following sketch from a young lady, who sometimes honours me with her correspondence, whose vivacity can give interest to trifles, and entertainment to absurdity.

Dear Sir,

You made me promise, on leaving town, that I would write to you whenever the country afforded any thing worth writing about. The country, at present, merely as country, presents no landscape, but one undistinguished tract of snow; vegetation is locked up in frost, and we are locked up within doors, but something might be traced within doors, had I a good pencil for the purpose.—Mine host, of whom you have heard a good deal, is no bad subject: suppose I make him sit for his picture.

Believe me, he is not quite the sensible intelligent man we were told he was.—So much the better, I like oddities—even now and then in town; still better in the country; but in frost and snow, and all the dreary confinement of winter,—Oh! your battledore and shuttlecock are a joke to them.

You remember a long while ago (so long that I have forgot every part of the book but the name,) we read Nature Displayed together. You then told me of a certain Mr. Leuwenhock, I think you called him, whose microscope showed the circulation of frog's blood, the scales of the scales of fishes, the bristles of mites, and every other tiny thing in the world. Now, my worthy landlord, Mr. G. R. has always such a glass as Leuwenhock's in his noddle; every little thing is so great to him, and he does little things, and talks of little things, with an air of such importance!—but I hate definitions; pictures are ten times better; and now for a few sketches of my winter-quarters, and of the good man under whose government I live.

I discovered, on my first entry into his house, that every thing was in exact order, and every place inviolably appropriated to its respective use. The gentlemen were to put their hats and sticks in one corner, and the ladies their clogs in another. The very day of my arrival, I heard the family apothecary get a severe rebuke for violating the chastity of the clog-corner with his rattan. I have hitherto escaped much censure on this score: luckily I have attracted the regard of Mr. R.'s youngest sister, a grave, considerate, orderly young lady. I don't know how it is, but I have often got in favour with these grave ladies—God knows, I little deserve it.—Miss Sophia R. therefore keeps me right in many important particulars, or covers my deviations with some apology; or, if all won't do, I laugh, as is my way; Mr. R. calls me Rattle-skull; says he shall bring me into order by and by, and there's an end on't.

By that attention to trifles, for which, from his earliest days, he was remarkable, Mr. R. made himself commodious to some persons of considerable influence, and procured many advantages to which neither from birth nor fortune he was anywise entitled. He travelled in company with a gentleman of very high rank and distinguished abilities, by whose means he procured an introduction to many eminent men in foreign countries; and when he returned from abroad, was often in the society of the eminent men of our own. But his brain, poor man! was like a gauze searce, it admitted nothing of any magnitude: amidst great men and great things, it took in only the dust that fell from them.

He was reading in the newspapers, the other morning, of the marriage of the Honourable Miss W—— to Sir H. S——. "Ah!" said he, "to think how time passes! I remember her grandfather, Lord W——, well; a great man, a very great man. We met at Naples, and afterwards went to Parma together. I gave him the genuine receipt for the Parmesan cheese, which I went purposely to procure, while he was examining some statues and ancient manuscripts. We were ever afterwards on the most friendly footing imaginable. I was with him a few mornings before the marriage of Lord C. W——, this very Miss W——'s father. I remember it well;—it was at breakfast;—I often breakfasted with him before he went to the house;—he always eat buttered muffins; but when I was there he used to order dry toast; I always eat dry toast.—The bride was with us; I was intimately acquainted with her too; she let me into the whole secret of the courtship. Her father's principal inducement to the match,—it was a long affair,—the B—— estate was to be settled on the young folks at the marriage; no, not all—part of the B—— estate, with the manor in Lincolnshire.—But, as I was saying, we were at breakfast at Lord W——'s. His son and the bride were by; Lord C. had velvet breeches, and gold clocks to his stockings; the question was, whether this was proper? I put it to the bride; I made her blush, I warrant you;—she was a fine woman, a prodigious fine woman; she always used my wash-ball: I wrote out the receipt for her; it was given me at Vienna by Count O——; a very great man, Count O——, and knew more of the affairs of the empire than any man in Germany.—From him I first learned with certainty, that the Dutchess of Lorraine's two fore-teeth were false ones. I remember he had an old gray monkey.—Sister Mary, you have heard me tell the story of Count O——'s monkey."—But here it pleased Heaven that William called his master out of the room, and saved us from the count and his old gray monkey.

The superficial knowledge of great men, and accidental acquaintance with some of the vocables of state business, has given him a consequential sort of phraseology, which he applies, with all the gravity in the world, to the most trifling occurrences. When he orders the chaise for his eldest sister, himself, and me, the white ped for Sophy, and the old roan mare for her attendant, he calls it "regulating the order of the procession." When he gives out the wine from the cellar, and the groceries from the store-room (for he does both in person), he tells us he has been "granting the supplies;" the acceptance or offer of a visit he lays before "a committee of the whole house;" and for the killing of the fat ox this Christmas, he called the gentlemen three successive mornings to "a grand council of war."

It were well if all this were only matter of amusement; but some of us find it a source of very serious distress. Your managing men are commonly plagues; but Mr. R. manages so much to a hair's-breadth, that he is a downright torment to the other members of his family. It was but yesterday we had the honour of a ceremonious visit from some great folks, as we think them, who came lately from your town to eat their mince-pies in the country. After a wonderful ringing of bells, calling of servants, and trampling upon the stairs all the morning, Mr. R. came down to the drawing-room at a quarter before three, with all his usual *fiddle-faddlation*, but, as I thought, in very good humour. He had on his great company wig, and his round set shoe-buckles. The servants had their liveries new white-balled, and the best china was set out, with the large silver salvers, and the embossed porter cups on the side-board. The covers were stripped from the worked chair bottoms, and his grandmother's little diced carpet was taken off the roller, and laid like a patch on the middle of the floor, the naked part of which was all shining with bees'-wax. The company came at their hour; the beef was roasted to a turn; dinner went on with all imaginable good order and stupidity; supper was equally regular and sleepy; in short, every thing seemed quite as it should be: yet, next morning, I perceived foul weather in all the faces of the family; Mr. R. and his sister scarce spoke to one another, and he talked, all the time of breakfast, of female carelessness and inattention. Miss Sophia explained it to me when we were left alone. "Oh! do you know," said she, "a sad affair happened last night; my brother and sister had such a *tiff!* You must understand, before the company arrived yesterday, he had, as usual, adjusted the ceremonial of their different apartments; but he discovered, on attending them to their rooms at night, that my sister had put the gilt-china bottle and basin into the calico bed-chamber, and the ordinary blue and white into the pink-damask."—It is lucky this man is no guardian of mine; were he to watch me as he does his sisters, and see all the odds and ends about me—But what has he to do to be a guardian? Yet Nature, perhaps, meant him for something, if fortune had allowed it; he might have been excellently employed in a pin-shop, in *sticking the rows in a pin-paper.*

I fancy you have quite enough of my landlord. You used to say I was the best of your philosophers, your Democritus in petticoats. If I have an inch of philosophy about me, it is without my knowledge, I assure you; you are welcome to it, however, such as it is. Other folks may give you what I have heard you call the great views of Nature and Life; it is enough for me if I can enrich your collection with a paper of *insects.*

Yours, most truly,
C. F.

V.

No 94.] SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1780.

Among the other privileges of an anonymous periodical author is that of writing letters in praise of himself, which he is now and then obliged to insert on account of their merit, however offensive they may be to his modesty. This sort of correspondence, which I suppose is a very pleasant one, I have not ventured to indulge in. The correspondents whom I have personated always talk of themselves instead of the MIRROR; and, on the other hand, several of the papers I have received are written in the person of the author, a character in which it were improper to praise him, and which, when assumed, gives, perhaps, no great inclination to do it. Of this last sort is the first of two communications, to which I devote the paper of today; the second, containing one of the very few compliments which the MIRROR has exhibited of itself, is a genuine letter from London, written by a gentleman in the very situation, the feelings of which he so naturally describes.

In my first paper I took occasion to mention a few particulars of my situation and character, and my object in this publication. My design has been to afford an agreeable and innocent amusement; and by laying before my readers those characters I was acquainted with, and which presented themselves before me, I had some hopes, though I should not reclaim the completely vicious, that I might be able to guard the young and inexperienced, to alarm the inconsiderate, to confirm the wavering, and to point out, even to the worthy, some of those errors and imperfections, from which, perhaps, the finest minds are in the greatest danger of suffering.

How far I have been able to afford any amusement, I will not take upon me to say; but I am sorry to find, that many of the characters which I have presented to the public, with a view to point out men's errors and defects, have

nsidered as proper objects of imitation,
t some of my readers have so far mis-
he purpose I had in presenting such
ırs, as to be flattered by thinking that
ves bear some resemblance to them.

ı I made my readers acquainted with
nd Mr. Fleetwood, I never meant to re-
ad that excessive delicacy and false re-
ıt which often prevents him from being
on the contrary, my intention was to
ıt the danger of that excessive refine-
nd to guard such of my readers as should
sed to indulge in it against its fatal con-
s, and yet I know a gentleman who
esirous of being thought possessed of
and refinement, that, the other day, I
a very much pleased when one of his
told him he was a very Fleetwood.
for him, I knew him to be possessed of
od's good qualities without his imper-
I cannot say so much for his ac-
ıce C. D.; he is a peevish discontented
, quick in his temper, jealous of his
and dissatisfied with every thing about
Ie has of late taken it into his head to
ı of taste, though he has not the least
ons to the character; and while he in-
is own peevishness and chagrin, he flat-
self with the thought that he is a Fleet-
nd apologises for his bad temper, by
t the effect of his delicacy and refine-
mind. Though I confess my partiality
twood's good qualities, yet, had I not
C. D., I could hardly have thought that
would have been vain of his imperfec-
who was not possessed of any of his

I introduced Mr. Umphraville to my
I never meant to recommend that se-
from the world, and that abstraction
duties of life, which, with all the dig-
mind he is possessed of, have given oc-
o his little oddities, and disqualified him
active purpose; and yet Tom Meadows,
e up the profession of the law, because
too idle to attend to it, and who has
ld his commission in the army, because
d not undergo the fatigues of a foreign
n, has thought proper to justify his
by appealing to Mr. Umphraville's
; and pretends to say, that he, forsooth,
much pride of mind to occupy himself
ing the rules of law to the uninterest-
utes of individuals, or to be engaged in
in a review, or lining the streets at a
m.

's letter, in my 51st Number, describes
gerous effects of giving too much cul-
d too many accomplishments, and of
too much the mind of a young girl,
to struggle with the difficulties of life,
ot placed in such a situation as makes her independent of the world. It represents, in a very feeling manner, the delicate distress which these circumstances had occasioned. I have lately, however, received a letter from a correspondent, who, from her language and expressions, seems to be a great reader in the circulating library. She says she has lately spent much of her time in studying the *belles lettres*; that, of all things, she would wish to be learned and accomplished;—that she regrets that her father did not educate her better;—that of all the persons she ever read of, she would wish to be like my correspondent H. B.; that she envies her affliction, for "that affliction makes part of her dream of happiness."

The letter published in my 78th Number gives an excellent description of the bad effects of that too great easiness of temper which leads a man into folly and extravagance, and makes him be ruined by having too many friends. My neighbour, Will Littlebit, whose heart is so contracted as not to be susceptible of the sentiment of friendship, and who, far from being in danger of being preyed upon by his friends, never admits a guest within his house, says, that the 78th is the only good paper he has seen in the MIRROR, and that the last paragraph in particular should be printed in letters of gold, to serve as a lesson of imitation for all the young men of the age.

The particulars above-mentioned have taught me how difficult is the attempt to instruct or reform—There is no virtue which is not nearly connected with some vice; there is no imperfection which does not bear a near resemblance to some excellency.—And mankind, fond of indulging their favourite passions and inclinations, instead of distinguishing, endeavour to confound their vices with their virtues; instead of separating the bad from the good grain, they bind all up together, and hug themselves in the belief of holding only what is valuable.

P.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR, *London, March* 13, 1780.

I am, though at this distance, one of your constant readers, and mark with pleasure not only the general good tendency of your papers, but perceive also that you draw your pictures of human nature from the only pure fountain, Nature herself.

You must know I am a native of Edinburgh, where I passed my youth, and received my education; but have been long settled in this place. Some years ago, I was impelled by a very natural desire to revisit my native country, and I now sit down to communicate to you the sensations I felt upon that occasion.

On my arrival in Edinburgh, I will own that what first struck me was the total change of faces. Very few were left whom I knew when a boy, and those so altered in their appearance, so much the shadows only of what they once were, as could not fail to excite many serious reflections. Hardly a single house did I find inhabited by the same persons I left in it; but every where a new race, new manners, and new modes of living. In short, I found myself, in almost every sense of the word, an utter stranger. Even the improvements that had been made during my long absence displeased me. The corn-fields on the south side of the town were quite covered with substantial houses; Barefoot's-Parks, where I have had many a retired and pleasant walk, converted into a splendid city; and in the old town, many ruinous buildings, the scenes of some of my youthful amusements, now rebuilt with equal solidity and elegance.

Nor were these my only grievances. The removal of the Cross, of the Netherbow-port, and of many other incumbrances; in short, every alteration, though evidently for the better, that had taken place since my departure, more or less displeased me. You will more easily account than I can, how it comes to pass that the human mind should be so much set against all innovations of what nature soever. This may, perhaps, insensibly arise from the picture they exhibit of the mutability of every object before us, and a tacit intimation that we ourselves are composed of the same changeable materials, and must soon quit the scene.

I will acknowledge, however, that I had the satisfaction to find many places that did not hurt me by any alteration or improvement. Your wynds and closes were nearly in the state I left them; and where, in some parts of the streets, you have got new pavements, the good people who live at the sides of them take care that there shall be no innovation in point of cleanliness. Your Theatre and Concert-hall are new buildings; but your Assembly-room, where people of the highest fashion resort, is just as paltry as ever. But as they dance there for the benefit of the poor, I shall forbear any farther remarks on it.—"Charity covereth a multitude of sins."

The High-school *, and its environs, I found unaltered, though the yards appeared to me to be much diminished in their extent. The College, too, remained the same plain, mean, unadorned building it was half a century ago, and seemed to me, after having seen the splendid palaces of Oxford and Cambridge, more homely than ever. Though, perhaps, in literature, as in religion, *Sister Peg* confines herself to substance, without much regard to ornament; yet, methinks, it is rather a reproach to the capital of our country, that, amidst all its improvements, this university, so much celebrated over Europe for the ability of its professors, and the success with which every branch of science is there cultivated, should present to the eye of a stranger a set of buildings so inconvenient as well as mean. The present period is, perhaps, not very favourable to expensive public designs; but I would have your readers, among whom, I hope, are included all the men of fortune and taste in the kingdom, think of the College, as soon as the pressure of the times will admit. As an individual, from that regard to the honour of the land of my nativity, which, I hope, will never be extinguished, I shall willingly and liberally contribute, whenever this necessary work is determined upon.

I will not tire you with my various observations during several excursions I made into different parts of the country; because some of them might, to your readers, appear too trite, and others, perhaps, too trivial. But I cannot omit telling you, that the spirit of industry, so conspicuous in the various manufactures set on foot of late years, and in the improved face of the country, gave birth to many pleasing sensations which are not easily described. Yet I was not much better pleased with some of the fine buildings of the country than with those of the town. In many places I could not help regretting the Gothic grandeur of ancient castles, displaced by modern showy edifices. Some of their owners, I fancy, are of my mind; for I was informed that their fathers used to reside at the mansions in their former state nine months in the year; but that the present possessors of those elegant houses are scarcely seen there at all. Nor could I refrain, as I passed along, from dropping a tear over the ruins of our religious houses; which, however they might have been perverted from the original purposes of their erection, I could not help considering as splendid monuments of the piety of our ancestors. Some of them I saw that had still more tender ties upon my mind. I remembered having played when a boy, under arches, which time had since mouldered away, with companions, the echo of whose voices was still fresh in my memory, though they, alas! as well as those arches, were now crumbled into dust!

Were I to go on, I find I should be in danger of growing too serious. Recalling to remembrance days long past, and the juvenile society of those who are now no more, is an awful operation of the human mind; and while it speaks loudly of the truth of St. Paul's observation, that "the fashion of this world passeth away," imperceptibly leads to a train of thinking that might be here out of place, though it is neither unpleasing nor unsuitable to the character of a rational being, who hath been taught and accustomed to consider himself as an immortal part of the creation.

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* This school, I understand, has been since rebuilt.

I am, &c.

No. 95.] Saturday, April 4, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

As you have, by several of your publications, given proof that you do not think the occurrences of a domestic life unworthy your attention, I shall, without farther preface, address you on a subject full as deserving of it as any yet offered to your consideration. It is now above four years since I became the wife of a gentleman, my equal in rank and fortune; and what was more material, of a disposition and turn of mind every way suitable to mine. His estate lies at a considerable distance from the capital; but as it is situated in an agreeable neighbourhood, and as we have both a taste for reading, and Mr. B. is not averse to rural employments, we spent our time as happily as possible till about half a year ago, that my ill stars directed me to renew my acquaintance with a young lady who had been my companion at school, and who now came on a visit to a relation who lived at no great distance from our house.

Before I proceed in my story, I must beg a candid consideration of it. From the introduction to the disagreeable part of it, you will be apt to imagine that I am one of those self-tormenters justly ridiculed by the ingenious author of the Jealous Wife. No such thing, Mr. Mirror; my husband's attention to other women never gave me the slightest uneasiness. Convinced of his attachment, satisfied with his treatment of me, I never expected him to be blind to the charms of a beautiful woman, or insensible of the merit of an agreeable one; nor had I the mistaken policy of many wives, of never suffering a tolerable female to enter my doors, or of courting the intimacy of some tall elderly maiden, that I might gain by the comparison. No, Sir; I depended wholly upon my unremitting attention to please Mr. B. for the continuance of his attachment. Nor can I in the least reproach myself with giving cause for the abatement I too plainly perceive in it. But to return to my story. I was pleased at seeing my old school-fellow: we had been parted many years, and I found the wild lively romp improved into an elegant woman. She still, however, retained a good deal of the heedless manner that marked her childish days; and, though she has an excellent understanding, she never seemed to make use of it in the regulation of her conduct or behaviour. She expressed herself much pleased at finding me so happily settled: Mr. B. appeared to her a most amiable man, and my children (particularly my little Bess) she said were angels. Her attention to them, I own, endeared me to her very much; though indeed, Mr. Mirror, no one can help loving them, for they are charming children. Her good-humoured playful ways made the little creatures dote on her. At my return from walking, I have frequently found her on her knees on the floor, building card-houses for their entertainment. Mr. B. has observed to me, on those occasions, how amiable it was in a young admired woman, who spent her life in the usual round of folly and dissipation, to preserve such natural and right feelings. He generally concluded his observations with saying, that he believed she would make a most excellent wife. I for a long time agreed with him in opinion, and used to tell her before his face the fine things Mr. B. said of her. She received them in a rattling good-humoured way, insisting that her conduct in the married state would depend on her husband's: for she declared that she did not find in herself that exalted turn of mind to love virtue for its own sake, and she believed she would make but an indifferent wife to half the men in the world. Such conversation generally produced an argument between her and Mr. B. which, as it was carried on with spirit and temper, had no other effect than making them still more pleased with one another. If she found the argument growing serious, she would call over the children, and, putting them on their father's knee, desire them to kiss him into good humour, which never failed having the effect; or if she said a flippant thing to him, with which he seemed half offended, she used to take his hand, and smile so sweetly in his face, it was impossible for him to continue displeased with her; and generally a kiss, and a game at billiards, sealed their reconciliation. I own to you, I began not to relish her behaviour; yet it seemed so unpremeditated, and so perfectly corresponding with her general character, that I did not know how to make her sensible of the impropriety of it. I even doubted my own judgment of the matter. I had, for some time, lived so much out of the gay world, that I did not know but Maria's very great freedom of manner might be the fashionable behaviour of the people she had been accustomed to see: if so, how was she to blame? or why should I be uneasy, knowing her to be a woman of honour, surely incapable of so base an action as endeavouring to alienate my husband's affections from me? By such reasoning I strove to quell the first emotions (jealous, if you will have them so) that rose in my breast. But, alas, Mr. Mirror, to what purpose! I have every hour fresh cause of uneasiness. About a week ago I went suddenly into the parlour, and found Maria sitting on Mr. B.'s knee, her head leaning on his shoulder: he looked a little out of countenance; but she was not in the least distressed at my appearance, but asked me with her usual good-humour, what made me look so grave? then, slapping Mr. B. gently on the cheek, said, "It is your fault, you harsh thing you! when I knew her formerly, she used to be all life and spirits." He answered (coldly I thought) that it was his wish ever to see me in spirits, and that he was sorry he was not so happy as to hit on a method to make me so. I turned my head aside, to hide the starting tear. Maria, as if guessing at my emotion, put her arm about my neck, and, drawing round my averted face, said, in a loud whisper, "My dear Mrs. B., how can you indulge such weakness?" Mr. B. snatched up his hat, and left the room; I heard the word "childish," as he shut the door. I remember the time when he could not bear the least cloud on my looks, without tenderly inquiring the cause; but now he seems often to forget that I am present, while Maria engrosses his whole attention. I have been for some days deprived of his company, and have spent the time in reflecting seriously on my situation. The more I consider it, the more it appears to me of a particular and distressing nature. I have at last determined to request your opinion of it, and, through the channel of your paper, to give Maria a hint, that to keep clear of the grossness of vice is not sufficient for the delicacy of the female character; and that the woman who, by an alluring and refined coquetry, engages the thoughts and interests the feelings of a married man, is a more dangerous, and perhaps not a less criminal companion, than the avowed wanton, who excites a short-lived passion, soon extinguished by remorse, and, if I may be allowed the expression, fully compensated for by the returning tenderness of the repenting husband.

I am, &c.

E. B.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Mr. Mirror,

I married, for love, a most charming woman, who has made me the happy father of two very fine children: I have a thousand a-year estate, and enjoy a most perfect state of health; yet a very slight and contemptible cause was near destroying all those fair prospects of happiness, by interrupting the harmony of a union founded on mutual liking, and cemented by mutual esteem. In your observations on the female world, you have suffered to escape your notice a dangerous and most destructive race, whose hearts, hardened by vanity, are equally impenetrable to the shafts of love, and insensible of the charms of friendship; yet the business of their lives is to excite passion they never mean to gratify, and sentiments they are incapable of returning. My dear Mrs. B., unfortunately for us both, some months ago renewed an intimacy, formed in her childish days, with one of those females. To Maria I was introduced as the husband of her friend; as such I was received by her without reserve, and soon treated with the most flattering distinction. Maria possesses all those powers of allurement which men for ever condemn, and can never withstand: she can assume every shape that is fitted to captivate the senses, or delight the imagination, and can vary her appearance at pleasure. So consummate is her art, that one could not, for an instant, suspect her of any design in her behaviour; and even at this moment, that an accident has laid open her whole character to me, I should not answer for my resolution were she to enter the room, and smilingly take my hand, as was her frequent custom, with such a mixture of sweetness and tenderness in her looks!—I almost fear I should be weak enough to forget that my opinion of her is founded on the clearest proofs of her dissembling arts, and stand before her self-condemned, as the defamer of innocence and undesigning simplicity.

Luckily I am out of her reach: I left my own house immediately upon the discovery I made of the fair hypocrite's real disposition. I mean to send for my dear Mrs. B. and with her pay a visit to the capital, and there use all my efforts to make her amends for any uneasiness my foolish infatuation may have given her; but first I wished to make this public acknowledgment of it; and, as Maria deserves no mercy, I shall show her none, except concealing her family name.

For five months, Mr. Mirror, the Proteus-like animal had found out a thousand different ways to charm me. Was I in spirits, she was all life and good-humour; when in a graver mood, I found her all sense and seriousness. If what I had been reading excited in me a tender and not unpleasing melancholy, the sympathetic tear stood ready in her eye. A few days since, upon my reading to her the story of La Roche, so beautifully told in your papers, she wept leaning upon my shoulder: and I own to you, Mr. Mirror, as her tears fell upon the finest bosom nature ever formed, while her white hand lightly pressed upon my arm, I thought I had never beheld so interesting an object. Mrs. B. came suddenly into the room; her grave cold manner was at the moment disagreeably contrasted to Maria's animated feelings. For the first time since our marriage, I thought I saw a change in Mrs. B.'s temper, and that she was not the very amiable woman I took her for. She took amiss something I said, and I left the room in disgust. I strolled down a shady walk that [illegible] round part of my improvements: at the end of it I found Maria seated on the grass, with on of my little girls on her lap. She rose at my approach, and, desiring the child to walk before us, took me under the arm, and, in the gentlest terms, expostulated with me on the abruptness of my manner. She had, she said, after a vain attempt to soothe her, left Mrs. B. in tears. She acknowledged I had not given her very serious cause of uneasiness, but that a man of my sense should make allowance for the trifling blemishes of a very good woman; adding, with a smile, "My dear Mr B. we are none of us angels."—I was puppy enough to be ready to exclaim, "Upon my soul you are one."—I contented myself with saying, "Whoever you marry, Maria, will have no reason to complain of your temper." She blushed, drew out her handkerchief to cover her face with it, as if to conceal her emotions, but gave me such a look from below it!—A servant appeared to tell us that dinner waited, and we went into the house together.

In the afternoon one of my little girls came into the parlour, where I was sitting alone: "See what I found in the walk, papa!" said she, holding out a paper. I took it from the child, and, seeing it was Maria's hand, was about to go up stairs to restore it to its owner, when my own name, written in large characters, struck my eye. My good manners were overpowered by the immediate impulse of my curiosity; I opened the paper, and read what follows; it was part of an unfinished letter to a friend in town.

"You ask what havoc I have made among the beaux at ———? Alas! my dear Bell, you know but little of my situation when you talk of beaux; not a creature one would allow to pick up one's fan within ten miles of us. Having nothing upon my hands, I have struck up a sort of sentimental Platonic flirtation with a Mr. B. who lives within a small distance of our house. I knew his wife at school, and she was one of the first who visited me upon my arrival here. Her violent praises of her beloved gave me a sort of desire to see him; and, I own, I found him tolerable enough in his appearance, and by no means deficient in understanding, but vain of his slight pretensions to talents, and very fond of being thought profound. At the first glance I saw into him, and could now twist him round my finger. It is very diverting to observe by what foolish principles your men, who think themselves very wise, are governed. Flatter this man's vanity, and you might lead him round the world. Now I know you will treat me, in return for my frankness, with a lecture upon coquetry, married men, impro- ty, and so forth. Take my advice, my dear l, and save yourself the trouble; it would be o no purpose. A coquette I am, and a co- te I will remain to the last day of the exis- e of my powers of pleasing."

The paper was there at an end. It raised in me the strongest indignation and contempt for the writer. And I felt so ashamed of my folly, that I determined not to see my dear Mrs. B. until I had made some atonement, by sending you an account of my errors and repentance.

I am, &c.

J. B.

No. 96.] Saturday, April 8, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

I am neither ugly, nor old, nor poor, nor neglected; I have a clear conscience; nor have I suffered any calamity by the inconstancy of lovers, or the death of relations. I am not unhappy. The world would laugh at me if I should say I were unhappy. But I am not happy. I will tell you my case: I confide in your feelings; for you seem to understand, what few people understand, that a person may be in easy circumstances, have a clear conscience, and enjoy sufficient reputation, and yet be—no, I will not say miserable,—but not happy.

I am the only daughter of an eminent merchant. My father made his own fortune; and a very good fortune he has made of it. He married my mother before his situation was so comfortable as it is at present. They are neither of them niggardly. Having wherewithal to live, not only with ease, but with some degree of splendour, they choose, as they say, to enjoy the fruit of their labours. Accordingly, we live in an elegant house, have a handsome carriage, keep a good number of servants, and see a great deal of company. You will easily conceive, however, that the show attending my father's present system of living, and the manners suited to his present condition, do not just agree with his former habits. But this does not signify much. He is a good-natured worthy man; and they must be very captious indeed, who will not suffer his merits to conceal his defects.

With regard to myself, my parents, having no other daughter, and intending to give me a genteel portion, were determined I should have a good education. "For," said my father, "a young woman of fortune, and of an agreeable appearance, must go into company. You and I, Bridget," addressing himself to my mother, "set out in life in a different manner. But Mary must have education."

So they sent me to a famous boarding-school; and, in so far as my improvement was concerned, they spared no expense.—Sir, I speak to you without reserve; and I hope you will not think me too vain, if I tell you, that my education was no difficult matter. I understand music, and had little difficulty in acquiring the French and Italian languages. Indeed the worthy person who had the charge of my education was well calculated to promote my improvement. She was a woman of family, of fine education, exquisite taste, great goodness of heart, and had shown spirit enough, on the decline of her father's fortune, rather than live a dependent on her relations, to procure an independent, and now she has rendered it a respectable, livelihood for herself. In a word, Sir, I am what they call tolerably accomplished; and you will think it strange, and I think it strange myself, that this should be the source of my uneasiness.

It is now some time since I returned to my father's house. When I came home, I was received with rapture. My father and mother adored me. They would refuse me nothing. They strove to prevent my wishes.—Good people! may Heaven grant them peace of mind, and long life to enjoy the fortune they so justly deserve!—But why, Sir, did they make me, as they term it, so very accomplished? They have made me a different creature from themselves. I am apt to fancy myself of a higher order.—Forgive my presumption; and I am sure you will forgive me, when I tell you, I really wish myself lower. Indeed, Sir, and it grieves me to the soul, I am sometimes impatient of my parents, but I will not dwell upon this.

I told you we see a great deal of company; and all the people we see are disposed to admire me. "Mighty well," you will say: "give a young woman admiration, and what more can she wish for?"—Sir, I wish they loved me more, and admired me less. I am made to sing, and to play on the harpsichord; and, to oblige my father, am sometimes constrained to repeat verses; and all this to people who understand no music, and know no other poetry than the Psalms of David in metre. Indeed, till I became better acquainted with them, I found that even in our conversation there was a mutual misapprehension; and that they were sometimes as unintelligible to me as I was to them. I was not at all surprised to hear them call some of our acquaintance *good* men; but, when I heard them call our neighbour John Staytape a *great* man, I could not help asking what discovery he had made in arts or science, or what eminent service he had rendered his country? I was told in return, that within these few years he had *realized* a *plum*. This phrase was also new to me; I wished to have known something about the nature of such *realization*. Choosing, however, to ask but one question at a time, I said nothing; and soon learned, that, whatever services Mr. Staytape might do his country, he had hitherto made no great discovery in arts or sciences.

I confess, indeed, that one time I fancied they might have some little notion of books; and when I heard them speak about *underwriters*, I thought it might perhaps be some ludicrous term for the *minor poets*.

So when they spoke about *policies*, I fancied they were using the Scotch word for improvements in gardening; and ventured to say something in favour of *clumps*: "Clumps," said a gentleman, who is a frequent visiter at our house, "she is to be laden with Norway fir." I found they were speaking about the good ship Rebecca.

A grave-looking man who sat near me one day at dinner said a good deal about the *fall*, and of events that should have happened before and after the *fall*. As he also spoke about Providence, and Salem and Ebenezer; and as great deference was shown to every thing that he said, and being, as I told you, a grave-looking man in a black coat, I was not sure but he might be some learned theologian; and imagined he was speaking about Oriental antiquities, and the *fall of Adam*. But I was soon undeceived. The gentleman had lived for some time in Virginia; by Providence he meant the town of that name in Rhode-island; and by the *fall* he meant, not the fall of our first parents, for concerning them he had not the least idea, but, as I suppose, the fall of the leaf; for the word is used, it seems, in the American dialect, for autumn.

In this situation, Sir, what shall I do? By my boasted education, I have only unlearned the language, and lost the manners, of that society in which I am to live.——If you can put me on any method of bringing my friends up to me, or of letting myself down to them, you will much oblige,

Yours, &c.

MARY MUSLIN.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

As you are very successful in delineating the manners of modern times, it might add, perhaps, to the effect of your pictures, if you sometimes gave a view of former manners. The contrast would be agreeable; and, if I may use the expression, would give a certain relief to your other delineations. I offer you a small sketch of an incident, supposed to have happened in the times of our forefathers. I flatter myself you have no objection to it on account of its being in verse. It is merely an outline; yet, I hope, it is so marked, as that concomitant circumstances, though not expressed, may readily be conceived.

MONTANUS.

THE MARRIAGE OF EVAL.

I.

Loud from Jura's rocky shore,
Heard ye the tumultuous roar?
Sudden from the bridal feast,
By impetuous ire possess'd,
Fury flashing in their eyes,
Kinsmen against kinsmen rise:
And, issuing to the fatal field,
Bend the bow, the falchion wield.——
From her eyry, with dismay,
The tow'ring eagle soars away,
The wild deer from their close retreat
Start with terror and amaze,
Down on the furious conflict gaze,
Then to deep forests bend their nimble feet.

II.

Ah! that reckless speech should fire
Kinsmen with inhuman ire!—
Goaded by vindictive rage,
Lo! the martial clans engage.
Now the feather'd arrows sing,
Now the bossy targets ring;
With rav'ning swords the sudden foes
Now in fierce encounter close.
Lo! the blade horrific gleams;
And now the purple torrent streams:
The torrent streams from Eval's side,
Tinging with his flowing gore
The white foam on the sea-beat shore.——
Ah! who will succour his afflicted bride?

III.

Lo! she flies with headlong speed!
"Bloody, bloody was the deed!"
Wild with piteous wail, she cries,
Tresses torn and streaming eyes;
"Lift, O! gently lift his head;
Lay him on the bridal bed;
My kinsmen!—cruel kinsmen ye!
These your kindliest deeds to me!—
Yes, the clay-cold bed prepare,
The willing bride and bridegroom there
Will tarry; will for ever dwell.—
Now, inhuman men, depart:
Go, triumph in my broken heart!"
She said, she sigh'd, a breathless corse she fell.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

I am one of a family of young ladies who read your paper, with which we have been hitherto tolerably well pleased, though we could wish it were not quite so grave, and had a little more love in it. But we have found out, of ate, that it is none of your own, but mostly borrowed from other people. A cousin of ours, who is himself a fine scholar, and has a great acquaintance among the critics, showed us many different instances of this. Your first paper, he told us, was copied from the first paper of the Spectator; and, upon looking into both, we found them exactly the same, all about the author and the work from beginning to end. Your Umphraville, he said, was just Sir Roger de Coverley; which we perfectly agreed in, except that my sister Betty observed, Umphraville wanted the Widow, which all of us think the very best part of Sir Roger. Your Bobby Button, he assured us, was borrowed from No. 18 of the True Patriot, published by Mr. Fielding, who wrote Tom Jones; and there, indeed, we found there was a story of a young gentleman, who liked French wine better than his country, just like Sir Bobby. No. 72, which we thought a very sweet paper, he informed us was taken from the Night Thoughts; and, indeed, though we don't understand Latin, we saw plainly that the mottos were the same to a T. All this, however, we might have overlooked, had not a gentleman, who called here this morning, who used formerly to be a great advocate for the Mirror, confessed to us, that our cousin's intelligence was literally true; and, more than all that, he told us, that your very last number was to be found, every word of it, in Johnson's Dictionary.

We send you, therefore, notice, Sir, that unless you can contrive to give us something new for the future, we shall be obliged to countermand our subscription for the Mirror. We can have a reading of a fresh novel every morning for the money, with a *spick* and *span* new story in it, such as none of us ever read or heard of in all our lives before.

Yours, &c.
Evelina.

V.

No. 97.] Tuesday, April 11, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR

Sir,

Your correspondent K. B. has well described the calamitous condition of a private tutor, without money or friends. Perhaps it will afford him some consolation to hear of one who needlessly entangled himself in difficulties of a like nature.

My father bred me to the study of letters, and, at his death, left me in possession of a fortune, not sufficient to check my industry in the pursuit of knowledge, but more than sufficient to secure me from servile dependence.

Through the interest of his friends, I obtained an honourable and lucrative office; but there were certain arrangements to be made, which delayed my admission to it for a twelvemonth. While I was considering in what way I might best fill up this interval of life, an acquaintance of mine requested, as a particular favour, that I would bestow the year which I could call mine in reading with the only son of the rich Mr. Flint. The conditions offered were uncommonly advantageous, and such as indeed flattered the vanity of a young man.

For understanding my story, it is fit that you should be informed of the characters of that family, into which I was received with so many marks of favour and distinction.

Rowland Flint, Esq. was born of poor but honest parents; they made a hard shift to have him instructed in reading, and even in writing and arithmetic; and then they left him to find his way through the world as he best could. The young man, like a philosopher, carried about with him all that was truly his own, his quill and his ink-holder; he attached himself to one of the subordinate departments of the law, in which his drudgery was great and the profits scanty. After having toiled for many years in this humble, contented, and happy vocation, he was suddenly raised to opulence by the death of an uncle.

This uncle went abroad at a very early period of life, with the fixed resolution of acquiring a competency, and then of enjoying it at home. But that competency, which filled up the measure of the ambition of a bare Scotch lad, proved far short of the desires of an eminent foreign merchant. He imperceptibly became, "in easy circumstances, well in the world, of great credit, a man to be relied on, and to be advised with, and even one superior to all shocks, calls, and runs."

While engaged in making his fortune, he thought it needless to inquire after his poor relations whom he could not assist; and, after he made his fortune, he thought it equally needless, as he was to see them so soon in Scotland. Yet a multitude of unforeseen obstacles retarded his return; some new mortgage was to be settled, some company concerns to be wound up, or some bottomry accompt to be adjusted; and thus year glided along after year, till at length death surprised him at the age of threescore and ten.

Busied in making money, he had never bestowed a thought on providing an heir to it: that he left to the impartial determination of the laws of his country; and, dying intestate, he was succeeded by his nephew, Rowland Flint.

This gentleman, on his becoming rich, discovered himself to be eminently skilled in the science of law, the study, as he boasted, of his earlier years; and this knowledge engaged him in three or four lawsuits, which the court uniformly determined against him with costs.

But of every other science he honestly avowed his want of knowledge; and he did not even pretend to understand painting or politics; but he had a mighty veneration for literature and its professors, and he was resolved to make his son a great scholar, although it should stand him in ten thousand pounds sterling.

My pupil is in his fifteenth year. They had taken him from school before it was discovered that his proficiency in literature did not qualify him for college; and it became my task to bring him forward, that is, to teach him what he ought to have known already.

The youth is of a docile disposition, and of moderate talents; his memory good, and his application such as is generally to be found among those who, having no particular incentives to study, perform their tasks merely as tasks.

I have little to say concerning his mother: her mind was wholly absorbed in the contemplation of her husband's riches, and in the care of her son's health and her own. Baron Bielfield, an eminent German author, observes, that, in our island, there is a disease called *le-catch-cold*, of which the natives are exceedingly apprehensive. Mrs. Flint lived under the perpetual terror of that disease.

Being thus rendered incapable of the active duties of house-keeping, she committed them to her brother, Captain Winterbottom, who, as he was wont to say, "could bear a hand at any thing." But his chief excellence lay in the conduct of the stew-pan and the nation. He had long commanded a vessel in the Baltic trade; and it having been once employed as a transport in the service of government, he affected to wear a cockade, and wished to have it understood that he belonged to the navy. The captain had dealt occasionally in borough-politics, belonged to several respectable clubs in London, and was one of the original members of the Robinhood society.

The last of the family that I shall mention is Miss Juliana Winterbottom, a maiden sister of Mrs. Flint. Her original name was Judith; but, when she arrived at the years of discretion, she changed it to Juliana, as being more genteel.

Many years ago, Lady ——— was advised to pass a winter at Nice, for recovery of her health, worn out by the vigils and dissipation of a London winter; and she easily prevailed on Miss Juliana to go as her companion. The heat of the climate, and the cold blasts from the Alps, soon completed what the corrupted air of good company, and the damps from the Thames, had begun, and Lady ——— lived not to *re-fee* her British physicians.

Miss Juliana, on her return home, passed by the castle of Fernay, and got a peep of M. de Voltaire, in his furred cap and night-gown. At Paris, she chanced to be in company with Count Buffon, for half an hour; and she actually purchased a volume of music, written by the great Rousseau himself. Having thus become acquainted with the foreign literati, she commenced a sort of literati in her own person. She frequently advances those opinions in history, morals, and physics, which, as she imagines, are to be found in the writings of the French philosophers. But, whether through the habits of education, or through conscious ignorance, it must be confessed that she dogmatises with diffidence, and is a very stammerer in infidelity.

Having seen Paris, and having picked up a good many French words in the course of her travels, she thinks that she is authorised, and, in some sort, obliged to speak French. Nothing can be more grotesque than her travelled language. When she left Scotland, "her speech," to use a phrase of Lord Bacon, "was in the full dialect of her nation." At Nice she conversed with English and Irish: and by imitating the language of each, she has, in her pronunciation, completed the union of the three kingdoms. But still her own country-language predominates; for, during her residence abroad, she had an opportunity of preserving, and even of improving it by daily conferences with the house-maid, who was born and educated in the county of Banff.

In pronouncing French, she blends the tone of all those dialects: and her phraseology is as singular as her pronunciation; for she faithfully translates every word from her own mother-tongue. An example of this presents itself, which I shall never forget. One day, addressing her discourse to me, she said, "*Je doute pas que vous avez* perusé *les ouvraiges di Mongseer le Counte de Bouffon; que un charmang creature! il met philosophes et* divins *par les oreilles.*" That is, "I doubt not that you have read the works of Count Bouffon; what a charming creature! he sets philosophers and divines by the ears." I answered her, that I had never read the works of that renowned author, but that I had read the Principia of Sir Isaac Newton. "Why, indeed," replied she, "Sir Isaac may have been a man of better principles, but *asheurement*, the theories of the count are wittier."

It is a happy circumstance that Miss Winterbottom did not make the grand tour. Had she visited Italy, she would have proved as great an adept in statuary and in painting, as she is at present in philosophy. But Miss Winterbottom cannot, in conscience, talk of her having visited Italy, while her travels were limited to the borders of Piedmont.

I never heard her mention Italy but once, and then she got no great encouragement to proceed in her remarks. At dinner she said, "I remember, that, in Italy, they have something very like our veal, which they call *vitello.*" "Well, sister Juddy," cried Captain Winterbottom, "and why should they not? for if *vitello* means *veal* in their *lingo,* what else would you have the poor devils call it?"

It was resolved to postpone my lessons for a while, "that," as Mr. Flint expressed it, "I might come to know the ways of the house first."

Miss Juliana constantly teased me with questions about my plan for her nephew's education. To puzzle her a little, I said, that, some weeks hence, I proposed to teach him to make nonsense verses. "*Misericorde,*" cried she, "*nonsense verses!* Is that part of the *ettiquaitte?*"

"Let the boy alone," added Captain Winterbottom, "when he is old enough to be in love, he will make *nonsense verses,* I war'nt you, without any help of yours; ay, although it should be on mamma's dairy-maid." Mr. Flint laughed aloud, and Mrs. Flint said gently, "Oh fy, brother!"

Perceiving that, on this encouragement, the captain was about to be more witty, I recalled the conversation to nonsense verses, endeavoured to explain their nature, and observed that their main use was to instruct one in the quantity of syllables.

"Quantity of syllables," exclaimed the captain, "there is a modern education for you! Boys have their heads lumbered with great quantities of Latin syllables and words, when they should be taught to understand things, to speak their own language rough and round, and so cut a figure in parliament. I remember Will. Fitzdriver; but he is gone! Honest Will. knew no tongue except a little of his own, and yet he would talk to you for an hour, and you would have thought that he had scarcely entered on the subject at all. He never valued any of your outlandish *lingos,* not he!"

I said, that, if my pupil were of an age to go into parliament, I should be apt to advise him to follow the precepts of Pythagoras, and be silent for seven years. "He must have been a sure card, that Mr. Pythagoras," observed the captain, "and I do suppose that he lived up to his own precepts, for I never heard of any speaker of that name, no, not even in committees. People, to be sure, may hold their tongues, and have a slice of the great pudding; but this is not a time for your dumb senators. No, we must have bold well-spoken men, to tell poor Britannia that she is beggared and bleeding, and expiring, ay, and dead too, for aught that some folks care." He rounded this pathetic period with one of his best oaths.

"Were all men to make speeches," said I, "what time would there be left for doing business?" "Business," cried the captain, "is not oratory business? and why cannot they set it watch and watch, as we do at sea?"

Mrs. Flint expressed her hope that I would not load her poor boy's memory, by making him get a deal by heart.

"When I first got the multiplication-table by heart," said Mr. Flint, who generally falls in the rear of conversation, "It was a plaguy troublesome job; but now that I am master of it, I don't perceive that it loads my memory at all."

"Learned men have remarked," said Miss Juliana, "that it is not the getting by heart that is censurable, but the getting by rote, as one does one's catechism."

"There she goes, the travelled lady," cried the captain; "she must always have a fling at her catechism."

"Mr. Winterbottom," replied Miss Juliana with exceeding dignity, "you wrong me much; I am sure that I should be the last woman alive to say any thing, especially in mixed companies, to the disparagement of the religion of the state, which I have always considered as the great lying [*lien*] of society."

"You have always considered religion as great lying! and who taught you that, sister Juddy? your godfathers and your godmothers! No, sure."

Here I was laid under the necessity of interposing, and of assuring Captain Winterbottom that he mistook his sister, and that she had inadvertently used a French word to express her own idea, "that religion was the great tie of society." Perhaps I prevaricated a little in my office of interpreter.

"Well, well," said the captain, "if her tongue was tied, society would be no loser."

To divert the storm which seemed gathering, I spoke of my purpose to explain the tenth satire of Juvenal, a poem, for method, composition, and animated language, universally admired.

"What does that Juvenal write about?" said Miss Juliana: "I am not acquainted with his works: was he a member of the French academy?"—"Perhaps," replied I, smiling, "he would be no favourite with you, Miss Juliana; he has been very severe upon the Roman ladies."

"Ay, they were papists," said Captain Winterbottom, "and they are all wh——." "Give me leave to tell you," cried Miss Juliana, in a higher key, "when I was abroad, I had the honour of being known to several ladies of the Roman persuasion, and they were persons of the strictest virtue."

"I suppose you asked them whether they were wh——, and they said they were not. Poor sister Juddy! It is true, I never was in the gallies at Nice, as you have been; but I have touched at Marseilles, and have laid close off the mole of Genoa, and that is farther than ever you travelled; and I say they are all wh——."

How this wonderful controversy would have ended, I know not; but happily we were called to coffee, which separated the combatants.

I was now pretty well acquainted with the ways of a house, in which ignorance, self-conceit, and illiberality of sentiment and manners, had fixed their residence. It was agreed, that on the Monday following I should begin my lessons. Appearances, I must acknowledge, were not very favourable. My pupil had been generally present at the conversations of which I have given you a specimen, and, indeed, they were not such as could either enlarge his mind, or improve his understanding. I flattered myself, however, that he would be left to prosecute his studies under my direction, and that every new acquisition in knowledge would increase his love for letters.

In what way our studies were conducted will best appear from a faithful journal of the progress which we made during the first week. But of this hereafter. Meanwhile,

I am, Sir, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

No. 98.] SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I NOW send you a faithful narrative of the progress of our studies in Mr. Flint's family, from Monday morning to Saturday at bed-time, carefully distinguishing the proficiency made in each day.

MONDAY.

Mrs. Flint had previously informed me, that her son's constitution did not agree with much study before breakfast, and that, whenever he read on an empty stomach, he was apt to be disturbed with uneasy yawnings; we therefore resolved that he should have a short lesson only at eight in the morning.

After waiting in the parlour till within a quarter of nine, I heard from Mrs. Flint, that her son had been observed to turn himself twice or thrice during the night, and that he seemed to be threatened with a sort of stuffing and wheezing: and that by way of prevention, she judged it best to give him a little senna, and confine him to his chamber for a few hours; but that, in the evening, we might prosecute our studies without farther interruption.

Accordingly, at six, my pupil and I prepared to read the tenth satire of Juvenal. After having explained to him the general scope and method of the satirist, I began

> *Omnibus in terris quæ sunt a Gadibus usque*
> *Auroram et Gangem.*

At that moment I heard a gentle tap at the door, and then entered Miss Juliana and her sister, with Mr. Flint and the captain, a little behind, and walking on tip-toe. "You must pardon our *femelle curiosité*," said Miss Juliana, "we come to see Jemmy take his first lesson from you. What have you got here? I fancy, from my knowledge of French, that I could pick out the meaning of some part of it. Oh! I understand; there is *aurorum*, does not that mean break of day?

> *'Que l' aurore*
> *Nous trove encore.'*

I learned it in a French *chansong a boar.*" "What is that *boar song?*" demanded Captain Winterbottom, "is it a hunting one?" "Oh fy, no," said Miss Juliana, "it is a drinking song." "And who taught you drinking songs, sister Juddy; did you learn them from your outlandish ladies of honour?" A tremendous assault on the knocker announced the approach of a person of quality.——"The Countess of ——." On this joyful news the ladies hurried to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Flint presently returned. "I must make an apology," said she, "for thus interrupting the course of my son's studies; but the countess has made a flying visit to tell me, that there is a meeting of young people at her house this evening, and that there will be a dance and a little supper, and she insists to have Jemmy of the party; but I would not engage for any thing, without asking your leave, as you have the whole charge of his education. There will be many rich folks, and many fine folks; and there will be Miss Punaise, the great heiress; she has a vast improveable estate, hard by the borough of Ayno, and who can tell——." The good woman was busy in weaving the web of futurities, when I reminded her that her son had taken medicine that morning, and that, possibly, he might catch cold. At another time, the mention of catch cold would have awakened all her feelings, but, at present, Mrs. Flint was elevated beyond the region of alarms. "Never fear," said she, "we are going to a close warm house, without a breath of air in it. Come away, Jemmy, and put on a pair of white silk stockings, as fast as you can; the Countess waits us."

TUESDAY.

My pupil had been kept out of bed so much beyond his usual hour, that he did not make his appearance till after breakfast. "Cheer up, my boy," cried Mrs. Flint, "you look as if you had been dreaming all night of your partner, Miss Punaise: come, let us take an airing, and refresh ourselves after the fatigues of the ball. These late sittings don't answer with my old bones. You see, Mr. ——, that I have been as good as my word, and that Jemmy, poor man, has caught no cold. You shall go along with us in our airing; there is room for you in Mr. Flint's carriage and six, and you may talk over your lessons by the way; for you will find the carriage quite easy." Nothing, indeed, could be more admirably calculated to elude every jolt: and there wanted only solitude and independence to make it resemble a down bed. "We must, first of all, shut out the common enemy, the east wind," said Mrs. Flint, pulling up the glasses. The weather was warm, and Mrs. Flint grew eloquent on the fund of knowledge she had acquired the night before. She gave me the catalogue and character of the company: she dwelt most on her son's looks and dancing. "A gentleman at the countess's, who said he was lately come from Paris, told me, Jemmy was vastly like the Count de Provence, the King of France's brother, particularly in the minuet; but, remember, Jemmy, that to be a great scholar is a much finer thing than to be a great dancer. I am sure, Mr. ——, that my boy will profit by your instructions: he has a charming memory, and he will take in his learning as fast as you can give it him; and I am sure that is saying a great deal; for, from all that I can discover, Mr. Flint could not have bestowed his money better."—She was going on; but, alas! flattery vibrated faintly on my ear: we had got above pine-apple heat, and I became sick and oppressed. I asked leave to get out, and walk home, as I felt myself not well. "Oh, to be sure," said she; "I have known people sick in carriages for want of practice; don't be alarmed, Mr. ——: but here, Jemmy, do you wrap this handkerchief about your neck, before the coach-door is opened."

I walked home in great spirits, animated by every gale around me, and I forgot for a while that I was not my own master.

In the evening, my pupil came to me dressed out and powdered: "Mamma," said he, sheepishly, "has made me engage to drink tea with Miss Punaise, my last night's partner. I don't much like her neither; for she is pitted with the small-pox, has a yellow skin, and a bleared eye; and, besides, she dances out of time.—There was a miss with black hair."—Not inclining to become his confidante, I said, "Master Flint, all engagements that can be kept with honour, must be kept; and, therefore, you must go." "Nay," said he, "there is not any must in the matter; for, I believe, the miss with the black hair lives with their Miss Punaise. However, I can do a double task to-morrow; and my aunt is wont to say, that a young man ought not to be always at his books." He seemed to have treasured up this precious apophthegm in his memory.

WEDNESDAY.

My pupil was punctual to his hour. But we had hardly seated ourselves, when Captain Winterbottom arrived. "No lessons to-day," roared he; "This is my lady's wedding-day, and therefore we keep holiday, and come for to be merry. Why, you young dog, if it had not been for this day, you would either have not been at all, or have been a bastard." It was, indeed, a day of festivity and riot.

THURSDAY.

All the servants having dutifully got drunk over night, my pupil was not called, and so he overslept himself. He came down to the parlour about eleven, and we resumed the fatal first line of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal. "The French master is here," said a servant. I begged that he might return in about an hour; but I soon learned that that was impossible, without deranging the system of education in all parts of the city. "It is no great matter for an hour," said Miss Juliana, "you have always my nephew at your command; but poor Signor Bergamesco is much hurried, and his time is not his own." "Signor Bergamesco," cried I; "is your French master an Italian?" "Yes," said she, "of a noble family in the dominions of the *Dog* of Venice, but a younger brother, with a small patrimony, which he unfortunately consumed *en travaillant par l'Europe*. It was a fancy of my own; I thought that, after the signor had taught my nephew French, he might teach him Italian also; for you know that it is a great loss to change preceptors, and that young men who have not seen much of the world are shy with strangers."

The task imposed on my pupil by S. Bergamesco occupied all his leisure till dinner-time; but I thought that I should have the absolute command of the evening. I was beginning to read *Omnibus in terris*, when a servant said, "Here is the French master." "What!" cried I, "can S. Bergamesco, who is so much hurried, afford to give two lessons in one day to the same scholar?" "It is another French master whom they had got for me," said my pupil. I applied to Miss Juliana for the explanation of this phenomenon. "It was none of my advising," said she, "but my brother knew Mr. O'Callachan, when linguist to Commodore Firebrace, and he wished to throw a good job in the poor fellow's way; these were his very words; and so Mr. O'Callachan came to be employed: but, indeed, after recollection, I thought it would answer well enough, as both masters taught by the same grammar, and both of them read *Telemac*."

The linguist of Commodore Firebrace had just taken his leave when a smart young fellow burst into the room, with an air of much hurry and importance. "What!" cried I, "more French masters?" "Don't be alarmed," said Mrs. Flint, who accompanied him: "it is only the friseur, who comes to put my boy's hair in papers. Pray don't ask me why, for it is a great secret, but you shall know it all to-morrow."

FRIDAY.

"You must know," said Mrs. Flint at breakfast, "that I am assured that Jemmy is very like the Count de Provence, the King of France's own brother. Now Jemmy is sitting for his picture to Martin; and I thought it would be right to get the friseur, whom you saw last night (he is just arrived from Paris), to dress his hair like the Count de Provence, that Mr. Martin might make the resemblance more complete. Jemmy has been under his hands since seven o'clock.——Oh, here he comes!" "Is it not charming?" exclaimed Miss Juliana. "I wish Miss Punaise saw you," added the happy mother. My pupil, lost in the labyrinth of cross curls, seemed to look about for himself. "What a powdered sheep's head have we got here!" cried Captain Winterbottom.——We all went to Mr. Martin's to assist him in drawing Jemmy's picture. On our return, Mrs. Flint discovered that her son had got an inflammation in his right eye by looking steadfastly on the painter. She ordered a poultice of bread and milk, and put him to bed; so there was no more talk of "*Omnibus in terris*" for that evening.

SATURDAY.

My pupil came down to breakfast in a complete suit of black, with weepers, and a long mourning cravat. The Count de Provence's curls were all demolished, and there remained not a vestige of powder on his hair. "Bless me," cried I, "what is the matter?"—"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Flint; "a relation of mine is to be interred at twelve, and Jemmy has got a burial letter. We ought to acknowledge our friends on such melancholy occasions. I mean to send Jemmy with the coach and six. It will teach him how to behave himself in public places."

At dinner, my pupil expressed a vehement desire to go to the play. "There is to be Harlequin Highlander, and the blowing up of the St. Domingo man of war," said he; "it will be vastly comical and curious." "Why, Jemmy," said Mrs. Flint, "since this is Saturday, I suppose your tutor will have no objection; but be sure to put on your great-coat, and to take a chair in coming home." "I thought," said I, "that we might have made some progress at our books this evening."——"Books on Saturday afternoon!" cried the whole company; "it was never heard of."—I yielded to conviction; for, indeed, it would have been very unreasonable to expect that he, who had spent the whole week in idleness, should begin to apply himself to his studies on the evening of Saturday.

I am, Sir, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

No. 99.] Tuesday, April 18, 1780.

Juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum, mærore gravi, deducit et angit.
Hor.

Transports to rage, dilates the heart with mirth,
Wrings the sad soul, and bends it down to earth.
Francis.

Criticism, like every thing else, is subject to the prejudices of our education, or of our country. National prejudice, indeed, is, of all deviations from justice, the most common, and the most allowable; it is a near, though perhaps an illegitimate relation of that patriotism, which has been ranked amongst the first virtues of characters the most eminent and illustrious. To authors, however, of a rank so elevated as to aspire to universal fame, the partiality of their countrymen has been sometimes prejudicial; in proportion as they have unreasonably applauded, the critics of other countries, from a very common sort of feeling, have unreasonably censured; and there are few great writers, whom prejudice on either side may not, from a partial view of their works, find some ground for estimating at a rate much above or much below the standard of justice.

No author, perhaps, ever existed, of whom opinion has been so various as Shakspeare. Endowed with all the sublimity, and subject to all the irregularities, of genius, his advocates have room for unbounded praise, and their opponents for frequent blame. His departure from all the common rules which criticism, somewhat arbitrarily perhaps, has imposed, leave no legal code by which the decision can be regulated; and in the feelings of different readers, the same passage may appear simple or mean, natural or preposterous, may excite admiration, or create disgust.

But it is not, I apprehend, from particular passages or incidents that Shakspeare is to be judged. Though his admirers frequently contend for beauty in the most distorted of the former, and probability in the most unaccountable of the latter; yet it must be owned, that, in both, there are often gross defects which criticism cannot justify, though the situation of the poet, and the time in which he wrote, may easily excuse. But we are to look for the superiority of Shakspeare in the astonishing and almost supernatural powers of his invention, his absolute command over the passions, and his wonderful knowledge of nature. Of the structure of his stories, or the probability of his incidents, he is frequently careless; these he took at random from the legendary tale or the extravagant romance; but his intimate acquaintance with the human mind seldom or never forsakes him; and amidst the most fantastic and improbable situations, the persons of his drama speak in the language of the heart, and in the style of their characters.

Of all the characters of Shakspeare, that of Hamlet has been generally thought the most difficult to be reduced to any fixed or settled principle. With the strongest purposes of revenge, he is irresolute and inactive; amidst the gloom of the deepest melancholy, he is gay and jocular; and while he is described as a passionate lover, he seems indifferent about the object of his affections. It may be worth while to inquire whether any leading idea can be found, upon which these apparent contradictions may be reconciled, and a character so pleasing in the closet, and so much applauded on the stage, rendered as unambiguous in the general as it is striking in detail? I will venture to lay before my readers some observations on this subject, though with the diffidence due to a question of which the public has doubted, and much abler critics have already written.

The basis of Hamlet's character seems to be an extreme sensibility of mind, apt to be strongly impressed by its situation, and overpowered by the feelings which that situation excites. Naturally of the most virtuous and most amiable dispositions, the circumstances in which he was placed unhinged those principles of action, which, in another situation, would have delighted mankind, and made himself happy. That kind of distress which he suffered was, beyond all others, calculated to produce this effect. His misfortunes were not the misfortunes of accident, which, though they may overwhelm at first, the mind will soon call up reflections to alleviate, and hopes to cheer; they were such as reflection only serves to irritate, such as rankle in the soul's tenderest part, her sense of virtue and feelings of natural affection; they arose from an uncle's villany, a mother's guilt, a father's murder!—Yet, amidst the gloom of melancholy and the agitation of passion, in which his calamities involve him, there are occasional breakings-out of a mind richly endowed by nature and cultivated by education. We perceive gentleness in his demeanour, wit in his conversation, taste in his amusements, and wisdom in his reflections.

That Hamlet's character, thus formed by nature and thus modelled by situation, is often variable and uncertain, I am not disposed to deny. I will content myself with the supposition, that this is the very character which Shakspeare meant to allot him. Finding such a character in real life, of a person endowed with feelings so delicate as to border on weakness, with sensibility too exquisite to allow of determined action, he has placed it where it could be best exhibited, in scenes of wonder, of terror, and of indignation, where its varying emotions might be most strongly marked amidst the workings of imagination and the war of the passions.

This is the very management of the character by which, above all others, we could be interested in its behalf. Had Shakspeare made Hamlet pursue his vengeance with a steady determined purpose, had he led him through difficulties arising from accidental causes, and not from the doubts and hesitation of his own mind, the anxiety of the spectator might have been highly raised; but it would have been anxiety for the event, not for the person. As it is, we feel not only the virtues, but the weaknesses of Hamlet, as our own; we see a man who, in other circumstances, would have exercised all the moral and social virtues, one whom nature had formed to be

> " Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
> Th' observed of all observers,"

placed in a situation in which even the amiable qualities of his mind serve but to aggravate his distress, and to perplex his conduct. Our compassion for the first, and our anxiety for the latter, are excited in the strongest manner; and hence arises that indescribable charm in Hamlet, which attracts every reader and every spectator, which the more perfect characters of other tragedies never dispose us to feel.

The Orestes of the Greek poet, who, at his first appearance, lays down a plan of vengeance which he resolutely pursues, interests us for the accomplishment of his purpose; but of him, we think only as the instrument of that justice which we wish to overtake the murderers of Agamemnon. We feel with Orestes (or rather with Sophocles, for in such passages we always hear the poet in his hero), that " it is fit that such gross infringements of the moral law should be punished with death, in order to render wickedness less frequent;" but when Horatio exclaims on the death of his friend,

> " Now crack'd a noble heart!"

we forget the murder of the king, the villany of Claudius, the guilt of Gertrude; our recollection dwells only on the memory of that " sweet prince," the delicacy of whose feelings a milder planet should have ruled, whose gentle virtues should have bloomed through a life of felicity and usefulness.

Hamlet, from the very opening of the piece, is delineated as one under the dominion of melancholy, whose spirits were overborne by his feelings. Grief for his father's death, and displeasure at his mother's marriage, prey on his mind; and he seems, with the weakness natural to such a disposition, to yield to their control. He does not attempt to resist or combat these impressions, but is willing to fly from the contest, though it were into the grave.

> " Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt," &c.

Even after his father's ghost has informed him of his murder, and commissioned him to avenge it, we find him complaining of that situation in which his fate had placed him:

> " The time is out of joint; oh! cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!"

And afterwards, in the perplexity of his condition, meditating on the expediency of suicide:

> " To be, or not to be, that is the question."

The account he gives of his own feelings to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, which is evidently spoken in earnest, though somewhat covered with the mist of his affected distraction, is exactly descriptive of a mind full of that weariness of life which is characteristic of low spirits: " This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory," &c. And, indeed, he expressly delineates his own character as of the kind above-mentioned, when, hesitating on the evidence of his uncle's villany, he says,

> " The spirit that I have seen
> May be the devil, and the devil hath power
> T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
> *Out of my weakness and my melancholy,*
> Abuses me to damn me."

This doubt of the grounds on which our purpose is founded is as often the effect, as the cause, of irresolution, which first hesitates, and then seeks out an excuse for its hesitation.

It may, perhaps, be doing Shakspeare no injustice to suppose, that he sometimes began a play, without having fixed in his mind, in any determined manner, the plan or conduct of his piece. The character of some principal person of the drama might strike his imagination strongly in the opening scenes; as he went on, this character would continue to impress itself on the conduct as well as the discourse of that person, and, it is possible, might affect the situations and incidents, especially in those romantic or legendary subjects, where history did not confine him to certain unchangeable events. In the story of Amleth, the son of Horwendil, told by Saxo-Grammaticus, from which the tragedy of Hamlet is taken, the young prince who is to revenge the death of his father, murdered by his uncle Fengo, counterfeits madness that he may be allowed to remain about the court in safety and without suspicion. He never forgets his purposed vengeance, and acts with much more cunning towards its accomplishment than the Hamlet of Shakspeare. But Shakspeare, wishing to elevate the hero of his tragedy, and at the same time to interest the audience in his behalf, throws around him, from the beginning, the majesty of melancholy along with that sort of weakness and irresolution which freqently attends it. The incident of the Ghost, which is entirely the poet's own, and not to be found in the Danish legend, not only produces the happiest stage effect, but is also of the greatest advantage in unfolding that character which is stamped on the young prince at the opening of the play. In the communications of such a visionary being there is an uncertain kind of belief, and a dark unlimited horror, which are aptly suited to display the wavering purpose and varied emotions of a mind endowed with a delicacy of feeling that often shakes its fortitude, with sensibility that overpowers its strength.

Z.

No. 100.] Saturday, April 22, 1780.

The view of Hamlet's character, exhibited in my last number, may, perhaps, serve to explain a difficulty which has always occurred both to the reader and the spectator, on perceiving his madness, at one time, put on the appearance, not of fiction, but of reality; a difficulty by which some have been induced to suppose the distraction of the prince a strange unaccountable mixture throughout, of real insanity and counterfeit disorder.

The distraction of Hamlet, however, is clearly affected throughout the whole play, always subject to the control of his reason, and subservient to the accomplishment of his designs. At the grave of Ophelia, indeed, it exhibits some temporary marks of a real disorder. His mind, subject from nature to all the weakness of sensibility, agitated by the incidental misfortune of Ophelia's death, amidst the dark and permanent impression of his revenge, is thrown for a while off its poise, and, in the paroxysm of the moment, breaks forth into that extravagant rhapsody which he utters to Laertes.

Counterfeited madness, in a person of the character I have ascribed to Hamlet, could not be so uniformly kept up, as not to allow the reigning impressions of his mind to show themselves in the midst of his affected extravagance. It turned chiefly on his love to Ophelia, which he meant to hold forth as its great subject; but it frequently glanced on the wickedness of his uncle, his knowledge of which it was certainly his business to conceal.

In two of Shakspeare's tragedies are introduced, at the same time, instances of counterfeit madness, and of real distraction. In both plays the same distinction is observed, and the false discriminated from the true by similar appearances. Lear's imagination constantly runs on the ingratitude of his daughters, and the resignation of his crown; and Ophelia, after she has wasted the first ebullience of her distraction in some wild and incoherent sentences, fixes on the death of her father for the subject of her song:

> " They bore him bare-faced on the bier——
> And will he not come again ?
> And will he not come again ?" &c.

But Edgar puts on a semblance as opposite as may be to his real situation and his ruling thoughts. He never ventures on any expression bordering on the subjects of a father's cruelty, or a son's misfortune. Hamlet, in the same manner, were he as firm in mind as Edgar, would never hint any thing in his affected disorder that might lead to a suspicion of his having discovered the villany of his uncle; but his feeling, too powerful for his prudence, often breaks through that disguise which it seems to have been his original, and ought to have continued his invariable, purpose to maintain, till an opportunity should present itself of accomplishing the revenge which he meditated.

Of the reality of Hamlet's love doubts have also been suggested. But if that delicacy of feeling, approaching to weakness, for which I contend, be allowed him, the affected abuse, which he suffers at last to grow into scurrility, of his mistress, will, I think, be found not inconsistent with the truth of his affection for her. Feeling its real force, and beginning to play the madman on that ground, he would naturally go as far from the reality as possible. Had he not loved her at all, or slightly loved her, he might have kept up some appearance of passion amidst his feigned insanity; but really loving her, he would have been hurt by such a resemblance in the counterfeit. We can bear a downright caricature of our friend much easier than an unfavourable likeness.

It must be allowed, however, that the momentous scenes in which he is afterwards engaged, seems to have smothered, if not extinguished, the feelings of his love. His total forgetfulness of Ophelia so soon after her death cannot easily be justified. It is vain, indeed, to attempt justifying Shakspeare in such particulars. " Time," says Dr. Johnson, " toiled after him in vain." He seems often to forget its rights, as well in the progress of the passions, as in the business of the stage. That change of feeling and of resolution which time only can effect, he brings forth within the limits of a single scene. Whether love is to be excited, or resentment allayed, guilt to be made penitent, or sorrow cheerful, the effect is frequently produced in a space hardly sufficient for words to express it.

It has been remarked, that our great poet was not so happy in the delineation of love as of the other passions. Were it not treason against the majesty of Shakspeare one might observe, that, though he looked with a sort of instinctive perception into the recesses of nature, yet it was impossible for him to possess a knowledge of the refinements of delicacy, or to catch in his pictures the nicer shades of polished manners; and, without this knowlege, love can seldom be introduced on the stage, but with a degree of coarseness which will offend an audience of good taste. This observation is not meant to extend to Shakspeare's tragic scenes: in situations of deep distress or violent emotion, the manners are lost in the passions; but if we examine his lovers in the lighter scenes of ordinary life, we shall generally find them trespassing against the rules of decorum, and the feelings of delicacy.

That gayety and playfulness of deportment and of conversation which Hamlet sometimes not only assumes, but seems actually disposed to, is, I apprehend, no contradiction to the general tone of melancholy in his character. That sort of melancholy which is the most genuine, as well as the most amiable of any, neither arising from natural sourness of temper, nor prompted by accidental chagrin, but the effect of delicate sensibility, impressed with a sense of sorrow, or a feeling of its own weakness, will, I believe, often be found indulging itself in a sportfulness of external behaviour, amidst the pressure of a sad, or even the anguish of a broken heart. Slighter emotions affect our ordinary discourse; but deep distress, sitting in the secret gloom of the soul, casts not its regard on the common occurrences of life, but suffers them to trick themselves out in the usual garb of indifference, or of gayety, according to the fashion of the society around it, or the situation in which they chance to arise. The melancholy man feels in himself (if I may be allowed the expression) a sort of double person; one which, covered with the darkness of its imagination, looks not forth into the world, nor takes any concern in vulgar objects or frivolous pursuits; another, which he lends, as it were, to ordinary men, which can accommodate itself to their tempers and manners, and indulge, without feeling any degradation from the indulgence, a smile with the cheerful, and a laugh with the giddy.

The conversation of Hamlet with the Gravedigger seems to me to be perfectly accounted for under this supposition; and, instead of feeling it counteract the tragic effect of the story, I never see him in that scene without receiving, from his transient jests with the clown before him, an idea of the deepest melancholy being rooted at his heart. The light point of view in which he places serious and important things marks the power of that great impression which swallows up every thing else in his mind, which makes Cæsar and Alexander so indifferent to him, that he can trace their remains in the plaster of a cottage, or the stopper of a beer-barrel. It is from the same turn of mind, which, from the elevation of its sorrow, looks down on the bustle of ambition, and the pride of fame, that he breaks forth into the reflection, in the fourth act, on the expedition of Fortinbras.

It is with regret, as well as deference, that I accuse the judgment of Mr. Garrick, or the taste of his audience; but I cannot help thinking, that the exclusion of the scene of the Gravedigger, in his alteration of the tragedy of Hamlet, was not only a needless, but an unnatural violence done to the work of his favourite poet.

Shakspeare's genius attended him in all his extravagancies. In the licence he took of departing from the regularity of the drama, or in his ignorance of those critical rules which might have restrained him within it, there is this advantage, that it gives him an opportunity of delineating the passions and affections of the human mind, as they exist in reality, with all the various colourings which they receive in the mixed scenes of life; not as they are accommodated by the hands of more artificial poets, to one great undivided impression, or an uninterrupted chain of congenial events. It seems therefore preposterous to endeavour to regularize his plays, at the expense of depriving them of this peculiar excellence, especially as the alteration can only produce a very partial and limited improvement, and can never bring his pieces to the standard of criticism, or the form of the Aristotelian drama. Within the bounds of a pleasure-garden, we may be allowed to smooth our terraces and trim our hedge-rows; but it were equally absurd as impracticable, to apply the minute labours of the roller and the pruning-knife to the nobler irregularity of trackless mountains and impenetrable forests.

Z.

No. 101.] Tuesday, April 25, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

In books, whether moral or amusing, there are no passages more captivating both to the writer and the reader than those delicate strokes of sentimental morality, which refer our actions to the determination of feeling. In these the poet, the novel writer, and the essayist, have always delighted; you are not, therefore, singular, for having dedicated so much of the Mirror to sentiment and sensibility. I imagine, however, Sir, there is much danger in pushing these qualities too far: the rules of our conduct should be founded on a basis more solid, if they are to guide us through the various situations of life; but the young enthusiast of sentiment and feeling is apt to despise those lessons of vulgar virtue and prudence, which would confine the movements of a soul formed to regulate itself by finer impulses. I speak from experience, Mr. Mirror; with what justice you shall judge, when you have heard the little family-history I am going to relate.

My niece, Emilia ——, was left to my care by a brother whom I dearly loved, when she was a girl of about ten years old. The beauty of her countenance, and the elegance of her figure, had already attracted universal notice; as her mind opened, it was found not less worthy of admiration. To the sweetest natural disposition she united uncommon powers both of genius and of understanding; these I spared no pains to cultivate and improve; and I think I so far succeeded, that, in her eighteenth year, Emilia was inferior to few women of her age, either in personal attractions or in accomplishments of the mind. My fond hopes (for she was no daughter to me, Mr. Mirror) looked now for the reward of my labour, and I pictured her future life as full of happiness as of virtue.

One feature of her mind was strongly predominant; a certain delicacy and fineness of feeling which she had inherited from nature, and which her earliest reading had tended to encourage and increase. To this standard she was apt to bring both her own actions and the actions of others; and allowed more to its effects, both in praise and blame, than was consistent with either justice or expediency. I sometimes endeavoured gently to combat these notions. She was not always logical, but she was always eloquent in their defence; and I found her more confirmed on their side, the more I obliged her to be their advocate. I preferred, therefore, being silent on the subject, trusting that a little more experience and knowledge of the world would necessarily weaken their influence.

At her age, and with her feelings, it is necessary to have a friend: Emilia had found one at a very early period. Harriet S—— was the daughter of a neighbour of my brother's, a few years older than my niece. Several branches of their education the two young ladies had received together; in these the superiority lay much on the side of Emilia. Harriet was nowise remarkable for fineness of genius or quickness of parts; but though her acquirements were moderate, she knew how to manage them to advantage; and there was often a certain avowal of her inferiority, which conciliated affection the more, as it did not claim admiration. Her manners were soft and winning, like those of Emilia, her sentiments as delicate and exalted; there seemed, however, less of nature in both.

Emilia's attachment to this young lady I found every day increase, till, at last, it so totally engrossed her as rather to displease me. When together, their attention was confined almost entirely to each other; or what politeness forced them to bestow upon others, they considered as a tax which it was fair to elude as much as possible. The *world*, a term which they applied indiscriminately to almost every one but themselves, they seemed to feel as much pride as happiness in being secluded from; and its laws of prudence and propriety they held the invention of cold and selfish minds, insensible of the delights of feeling, of sentiment, and of friendship. These ideas were, I believe, much strengthened by a correspondence that occupied most of the hours (not many indeed) in which they were separated. Against this I ventured to remonstrate in a jocular manner with Emilia; she answered me in a strain so serious, as convinced me of the danger of so romantic an attachment. Our discourse on the subject grew insensibly warm: Emilia at last burst into tears; and I apologized for having, I knew not how, offended her. From that day forth, though I continued her adviser, I found I had ceased to be her friend.

That office was now Harriet's alone; the tie only wanted some difficulty to rivet it closer, some secret to be intrusted with, some distress to alleviate. Of this an opportunity soon after presented itself. Harriet became enamoured of a young gentleman of the name of Marlow, an officer of dragoons, who had come to the country on a visit to her brother, with whom he had been acquainted at college. As she inherited several thousand pounds, independent of her expectations from her father, such a match was a very favourable one for a young man who possessed no revenue but his commission. But, for that very reason, the consent of the young lady's relations was not to be looked for. After some time, therefore, of secret and ardent attachment, of which my niece was the confidante, the young folks married without it, and trusted to the common relentings of parental affection, to forgive a fault which could not be remitted. But the father of Harriet remained quite inexorable; nor was his resentment softened even by her husband's leaving the army; a step which, it was hoped, might have mitigated his anger, as he had often declared it principally to arise from his daughter's marrying a soldier.

After some fruitless attempts to reinstate themselves in the old gentleman's affections, they took up their residence in a provincial town, in a distant part of the kingdom; where, as Harriet described their situation to Emilia, they found every wish gratified in the increasing tenderness of one another. Emilia, soon after, went to see them in their new abode; her description of their happiness, on her return, was warm to a degree of rapture. Her visit was repeated on occasion of Harriet's lying-in of her first child. This incident was a new source of delight to Emilia's friends, and of pleasure to her in their society. Harriet, whose recovery was slow, easily prevailed on her to stay till it was completed. She became a member of the family, and it was not without much regret, on both sides, that she left, at the end of six months, a house from which, as she told me, the world was secluded, where sentiment regulated the conduct, and happiness rewarded it. All this while I was not without alarm, and could not conceal my uneasiness from Emilia; I represented the situation in which her friend stood, whom prudent people must consider as having, at least, made a bold step, if not a blameable one.—I was answered rather angrily, by a warm remonstrance against the inhumanity of parents, the unfeelingness of age, and the injustice of the world.

That happiness, which my niece had described as the inmate of Harriet's family, was not of long duration. Her husband, tired of the inactive scene into which his marriage had cast him, grew first discontented at home, and then sought for that pleasure abroad which his own house could not afford him. His wife felt this change warmly, and could not restrain herself from expressing her feelings. Her complaints grew into reproaches, and riveted her husband's dislike to her society, and his relish for the society of others. Emilia was, as usual, the confidante of her friend's distress; it was now increased to a lingering illness, which had succeeded the birth of a second girl. After informing me of those disagreeable circumstances in which her Harriet was situated, Emilia told me she had formed the resolution of participating, at least, if she could not alleviate, her friend's distress, by going directly to reside in her house. Though I had now lost the affections of my niece, she had not yet forced me into indifference for her. Against this proposal I remonstrated in the strongest manner. You will easily guess my arguments; but Emilia would not allow them any force. In vain I urged the ties of duty, of prudence, and of character. They only produced an eulogium on generosity, on friendship, and on sentiment. I could not so far command my temper as to forbear some observations, which my niece interpreted into reflections upon her Harriet. She grew warm on the subject; my affection for her would not suffer me to be cool. At last, in the enthusiasm of her friendship, she told me I had cancelled every bond of relationship between us; that she would instantly leave my house, and return to it no more. She left it accordingly, and set out for Harriet's that very evening.

There, as I learned, she found that lady in a situation truly deplorable; her health declined, her husband cruel, and the fortune she had brought him wasted among his companions at the tavern and the gaming-table. The last calamity the fortune of Emilia enabled her to relieve; but the two first she could not cure, and her friend was fast sinking under them. She was at last seized with a disorder which her weak frame was unable to resist, and which, her physicians informed Emilia, would soon put a period to her life. This intelligence she communicated to her husband in a manner suited to wring his heart for the treatment he had given his wife. In effect, Marlow was touched with that remorse which the consequences of profligate folly will sometimes produce in men more weak than wicked. He too had been in use to talk of feeling and of sentiment. He was willing to be impelled by the passions, though not restrained by the principles of virtue, and to taste the pleasures of vice, while he thought he abhorred its depravity. His conversion was now as violent as sudden. Emilia believed it sincere, because confidence was natural to her, and the effects of sudden emotion her favourite system. By her means a thorough re-union took place between Mr. and Mrs. Marlow; and the short while the latter survived was passed in that luxury of reconcilement, which more than reinstates the injurer in our affection. Harriet died in the arms of her husband; and by a solemn adjuration, left to Emilia the comfort of him, and the care of her children.

There is in the communion of sorrow one of the strongest of all connections; and the charge which Emilia had received from her dying friend of her daughters necessarily produced the freest and most frequent intercourse with their father. Debts, which his former course of life had obliged him to contract, he was unable to pay; and the demands of his creditors were the more peremptory, as, by the death of his wife, the hopes of any pecuniary assistance from her father were cut off. In the extremity of this distress, he communicated it to Emilia. Her generosity relieved him from the embarrassment, and gave him that farther tie which is formed by the gratitude of those we oblige. Meanwhile, from the exertions of that generosity, she suffered considerable inconvenience. The world was loud, and sometimes scurrilous, in its censure of her conduct. I tried once more, by a letter written with all the art I was master of, to recal her from the labyrinth in which this false sort of virtue had involved her. My endeavours were vain. I found that sentiment, like religion, had its superstition, and its mantyrdom. Every hardship she suffered she accounted a trial, every censure she endured she considered as a testimony of her virtue. At last my poor deluded niece was so entangled in the toils which her own imagination, and the art of Marlow, had spread for her, that she gave to the dying charge of Harriet the romantic interpretation of becoming the wife of her widower, and the mother of her children. My heart bleeds, Mr. Mirror, while I foresee the consequences. She will be wretched, with feelings ill accommodated to her wretchedness. Her sensibility will aggravate that ruin to which it has led her, and the world will not even afford their pity to distresses, which the prudent may blame, and the selfish may deride.

Let me warn at least where I cannot remedy. Tell your readers this story, Sir. Tell them, there are bounds beyond which virtuous feelings cease to be virtue; that the decisions of sentiment are subject to the control of prudence, and the ties of friendship subordinate to the obligations of duty.

I am, &c.

Leontius.

No. 102.] Saturday, April 29, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

You have already observed how difficult it is to reduce the science of manners to general denominations, and have shown how liable to misapplication are some of the terms which are used in it. To your instances of men of fashion and good company, you will give me leave to add another, of which, I think, the perversion is neither less common nor less dangerous: I mean the term applied to a certain species of character, which we distinguish by the appellation of a man of spirit.

Lord Chesterfield says somewhere, that, to speak and act with spirit, is to speak rudely and act foolishly; and his lordship's definition is frequently right. At the same time *spirit* may be, and certainly is, often applied to that line of conduct and sentiment that deserves it: a person of virtue, dignity, and prudence, is, with much propriety, denominated a "*man of spirit;*" but, by the abuse I complain of, "man of spirit" is, for the most part, very differently applied.

In the various departments of business, the term *spirit* is frequently applied to unprofitable projects and visionary speculations. Let a man be bold enough to risk his own fortune, and the fortunes of other people, upon schemes brilliant but improbable; let him go on, sanguine, amidst repeated losses, and dreaming of wealth till he wakes in bankruptcy; and it is ten to one that, after he fails, the world will give a sort of fame to his folly, and hold him up to future trust and patronage, under the title of an unfortunate man of spirit.

But these are not the most glaring instances of the monstrous perversion of this character; the airy adventurer, or the magnificent but ruined projector, may both be men of spirit, though it is not spirit, but want of judgment, and visionary impetuosity, that have procured them the character. They may, however, possess that dignity and independence of mind in which alone true spirit consists, and may have been ruined by whim and want of foresight, not want of spirit. But there is one set of men on whom the appellation is bestowed, whose conduct, for the most part, is in every article the reverse of dignity or spirit, and perfectly inconsistent with it.

The men I mean are those who, by a train of intemperance and profusion, run out their fortunes, and reduce themselves to misery.—Such men are common, and will be so, while vice, folly, and want of foresight, prevail among mankind.—They have been frequently ridiculed and exposed by the ablest pens: and it is not the character itself that falls under my observation; it is the unaccountable absurdity of bestowing upon such characters the appellation of "men of spirit;" which they uniformly acquire, whether the fortune they have squandered is new, or has been handed down to them through a long line of ancestors.

The misapplication of the term is so completely ridiculous as to be beneath contempt, were it not for the mischief that I am convinced has been occasioned by it. Youths entering on the stage of life are catched with the engaging appellation, "a man of spirit;" they become ambitious of acquiring that epithet, and perceiving it to be most generally bestowed on such men as I have described, they look up to them as patterns of life and manners, and begin to ape them at an age which thinks only of enjoyment, and despises consequences; nay, if they should look forward, and view the "man of spirit" reduced, by his own profusion, to the most abject state of servile dependence, it does not mend the matter. In the voice of the world he is "a man of spirit" still.—It is said that the easy engaging manners of Captain Macheath have induced many young men to go on the highway. I am convinced the character of "a man of spirit" tempts many a young man to enter on a course of intemperance and prodigality, that most frequently ends in desperate circumstances and a broken constitution.

This perversion is the more provoking, that of all human characters, the intemperate prodigal is, in every feature and every stage, the most diametrically opposite to a man of spirit.—True spirit is founded on a love and desire of independence, and the two are so blended together, that it is impossible, even in idea, to separate them. But the intemperate prodigal is the most dependent of all human beings.—He depends on others for amusement and company; and however fashionable he may be in the beginning, his decline in the article of companions is certain and rapid. In the course of his profusion, he becomes dependent on others for the means of supporting it; and when his race of prodigality is run, he suffers a miserable dependence for the support even of that wretched life to which it has reduced him. After all, the world calls him a "man of spirit," when he is really in a state of servile indigence, with a broken constitution, without spirit, and without the power of exerting it; with the additional reflection of having himself been the cause of his distresses.

Nor is it only in the affirmative use of the term that I have to complain of its perversion; the same injustice takes place when it is applied in the negative. Calling an intemperate and ruined prodigal a "*man of spirit*" may proceed sometimes from pity; but when you hear a man of moderation and virtue, especially if he happen also to be opulent, blamed as "wanting spirit," the accusation is generally the child of detraction and malignity. I do not apply my observation to the avaricious and niggardly, to men whose purses are shut against their friends, and whose doors are barred against every body; such men certainly want spirit, and are, for the most part, defective in every virtue; but I am afraid that it often happens that a person, benevolent to his friends, hospitable to the deserving, kind to his servants, and indulgent to his children, is blamed as "wanting spirit," for no reason but because he is proof against the absurdities of fashion and vanity, because he guards against the tricks of the designing, despises the opinions and disapprobation of the foolish, and persists in that train of moderate economy, which he knows is best suited to his fortune and rational views.

Instead of wanting "spirit," such a character is the true idea of "a man of spirit." In every part of his manners and conduct, he passes through life with a uniform steadiness and dignity. His moderation secures his independence, and his attention supplies the means of hospitality and benevolence. While the prodigal is running his feverous and distempered course, the man of moderation and virtue proceeds in a train of quiet contentment and respectable industry; and, at the end of their race, when the prodigal, with a shattered constitution, without fortune, and without friends, is in absolute want, or, at best, become the mean flatterer of some insolent minion of wealth or power; the man of moderation and virtue, feeling his independence without pride, is happy in himself, useful to his family and friends, and beneficent to mankind, contributing perhaps, from charity, not respect, his assistance to that very decayed prodigal who had frequently characterized him as a man of no spirit.

But it was not my purpose to delineate at length the character of a real "man of spirit."—I proposed only to explode a very absurd and mischievous abuse of an epithet that too generally prevails. I shall therefore conclude, with assuring those who are ambitious of being "men of spirit," by putting on the life and manners of an intemperate prodigal, that, though they may attain the character, and even preserve it after their fortunes are spent, and their constitutions broken, yet they will be "men of spirit" only nominally, and in the mouths of the world; in reality, and in their hearts, they will be the meanest as well as the most unhappy of mankind, lingering out a useless and contemptible life, on which intemperance has entailed disease, and extravagance and profusion inflicted poverty and dependence.

I am, &c.
MODERATUS.

My correspondent has confined his observations to one half of the world, and remarked the abuse of the term spirit when applied to the men only. Might he not have extended his remarks a little farther, and traced the application of the phrase to the conduct and behaviour of the other sex? Perhaps, indeed, the character is not so universally in repute as to come within the line of Moderatus's complaint; but the thing is more in vogue than it seems to have been at any period of which my predecessors, who are a sort of chroniclers of manners and fashions, have preserved the history.

In London, to which place we are always to look for the "glass of fashion," the ladies, not satisfied with showing their spirit in the bold look, the masculine air, and the manly garb, have made inroads into a province from which they were formerly considered as absolutely excluded; I mean that of public oratory. Half a dozen societies have started up this winter, in which female speakers exercise their powers of elocution before numerous audiences, and canvass all manner of subjects with the freedom and spirit of the boldest male orators. We, in Edinburgh, have not yet attempted to rival the polite people of the metropolis in this respect; some of our ladies, however, do all they can to put us on a footing with them. There is seldom a crowded play, or a full concert, at which some of our public speakers do not exert themselves with a most laudable spirit to drown the declamation of the stage, or the music of the orchestra.

Nor is the ambition of those spirited ladies satisfied with speaking in public, and carrying ıttention of the audience from the voice ctor, or the tones of the musician. The eye, as well as ear, is to be coml; and, in the side-box of the theatre, or ınt-bench of tho concert-room, there is ıch a collection of beauty, animated with h spirit of exhibition, that it is impossible ıle part of the company should look at ıe, or think of the music. One of my ssors has mentioned the art which the f his day used in the unfurling of their as to display certain little Cupids and s which lurked in their folds. Had he ne of our ladies in the attitudes which spirit has taught them to assume—such ıgs and unfoldings—his Venuses and were mere ice and snow to them.

ut justice to those ladies to remark, that t of their behaviour seems calculated to show their accomplishment in fashfreedom of manner, without any motive terested or selfish kind. They are conwith the reputation of ease and spirit, procuring much indulgence from the licence from the other. I have someowever, been inclined to think that there gree of unfairness in this, and to doubt y was entitled thus to hang out false and to be in reality innocent and harmılle she was quite a different sort of in appearance. I could not help allowıe justice in the complaint of a girl, overheard some weeks ago, in the pasn the upper boxes, thus addressing her on: "Did you observe that pert, gigıked thing in the stage box! There's ın in the house she cares a farthing for; she has the assurance to look like one

* * *

.] TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1780.

THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

y earliest infancy I have been remarkaood-humour, and a gentle, complying, ve disposition; qualities, which, I am iherit of my father, the late Mr. Paul ın eminent linen-draper. Though I oon recover any disappointment or conn I meet with, yet so tender is my rethe feelings of others, that I am led r constitutionally, and almost against m, to comply with their requests, humı in their foibles, and acquiesce in their I cannot bear, Mr. MIRROR, it hurts me more than you can imagine, to disappoint the hopes or withstand the solicitation of any human being whatever. There is a sturdy, idle, impudent, merry-looking dog of a sailor, with a wooden leg, stationed at the corner of the street where I live, who, I do believe, has established himself as a pensioner upon me for life, by the earnestness of his tones, and his constant prayers to Heaven for blessings on my goodness. Often and often have I been engaged in midnight riots, though fond of peace and good neighbourhood; and frequently, though I abhor wine, have I been betrayed into intoxication, from a want of power to resist the hospitable importunity of my landlord pressing me to fill a bumper.

From this I would not have you imagine that I am devoid of resolution, or a will o[illegible] own. On the contrary, I do assure you that, upon extraordinary occasions, and when it is necessary, I can resist and resent too. Nay, my wife (if you will believe her) frequently complains of my obstinacy and perverseness; and declares, that of all the men she ever knew, Simon Softly (for that is my name) is the least sensible of indulgence. However, Sir, as for my wife, considering that I married her, not so much from any personal regard, as in order to please her worthy family, who had served me, though I dare say without any expectation of reward, I thank God I lead a pretty tolerable sort of life with her. Upon the whole, Sir, this disposition of mine has always appeared to me more amiable as well as convenient than that named firm and decisive, which, I confess to you, I suspect is at the bottom nothing else but conceit and ill-humour. Upon one occasion in my life, however (I think it is the very first), which I am going to lay before you, I must own that it has given me a good deal of serious disturbance.

About six months ago I succeeded by the death of an uncle, to a land estate of 100*l.* a year, which, unfortunately, lies contiguous to that of the greatest proprietor in the country. Along with it I inherited a law-suit, kept alive by various means ever since the year thirty-three. The subject of it was a fourth part of the estate, which, though it had long been possessed by my predecessors, as part of the farm of Oxentown, Sir Ralph Holdencourt, our adversary and neighbour above-mentioned, contended must belong to him, as included in his charters of the barony of Acredale.—But, before I go on, I must make you acquainted with Sir Ralph. He is descended from one of the oldest and most choleric families in the kingdom. The stem of it, as appears from the tree drawn by the hand of his great grandfather, Sir Eustace, was a Norman baron, who came over with the Conqueror. One of his posterity intermarried with a Welsh heiress; they were driven out of England for some act of rebellion, and since their settlement in the north, their blood has been further heightened by alliance with the family of a Scots peer and a Highland chieftain. Their jealous pride, and the suddenness of their passion, have all along borne ample testimony to the purity of their lineage. Sir Eustace himself fought four duels, and was twice run through the body. In Sir Ralph's veins, this spirit, though somewhat mitigated by his father's marriage with one who, as it is whispered, had once served him in the capacity of dairy-maid, is far from being extinct. In his youth he experienced the vengeance of the law, for beating a merchant of the same surname, who, without just title, claimed kindred with him, and assumed the arms of his family. I hav[illegible]ard too, that he himself was once soundly peppered by a gentleman of small fortune, whose gun Sir Ralph had attempted to seize upon his own ground, under pretence of his being unqualified to carry one. Though now old, he is still noted for his tenacious adherence to all his pretensions, the ceremonious politeness with which he receives the great gentry, and his supercilious treatment of all those who are not entitled to that name.—— But to go on with my story. Soon after my succession, being on a visit to another neighbour, Mr. B., I found him with his wife, preparing to depart, in great form, for the seat of my adversary, to whom they are annually in use of paying their respects. Being ignorant of my situation, they pressed me much to accompany them; and I, desirous to please them, Sir, and not knowing how to excuse myself, at the same time thinking it unreasonable that I should be at enmity with a man whom I did not know, merely because we were at law together, was prevailed on to comply.

In a long avenue of lofty elms, terminated at one end by a large iron gate, at the top of which the family arms are worked, and at the other by the mansion-house, a large old-fashioned building, with a moat and turrets, we overtook the knight himself returning from a ride. He seemed to be about sixty, but retained a robust make and florid complexion. He was seated on a superb saddle with holsters, and a housing of fur: he rode a long-tailed horse, which had once been grey, but had now become white with age; and was attended, at a due distance, by a sedate elderly looking servant, in an ample livery surtout, mounted on a black dock-tailed coach-nag. No sooner had he perceived us than he pushed on at a gallop, that he might be ready to present himself upon the platform of a large outer stone stair, to pay his compliments upon our arrival. I was introduced to him as his new neighbour, Mr. Softly; but the moment the name reached his ears, the blood rushed into his face, and eyeing me with a look of indignation, he turned upon his heel, and left me. At this I was a good deal nettled (for I do not want spirit), and wished to retire; but, perceiving that my horse had been led into the stable, and that I must pass through a crowd of servants, who were laughing at my reception, I thought it might be just as good to go on, and so followed them into the great hall. This was a large room, wainscoted with oak, and decorated with some portraits, a map of the estate, a tree of the family descent, beside a spear and a cross-bow, which had been borne, I suppose, by some of the knight's progenitors. Here we were received by Miss Primrose Holdencourt, his sister, a maiden lady of fifty-five, who, ever since the death of his wife, has done the honours of his table. To her I made a profound bow, of which she took no notice, unless by bridling up her head, and tossing a look of disdain at me.

Our present company, besides the persons already mentioned, consisted of the knight's agent or attorney, and the parson of the parish. The two latter, who, for some reason or other, had all along kept standing together by one of the windows near the door, were banished, upon the appearance of dinner, to a by-table in a corner of the room, where I likewise, finding no place unoccupied at the other table, was obliged to take my seat. But, for this disgrace, I was soon comforted by the good-humour and facetiousness of the attorney (who seemed to take a liking for me) as well as by some excellent ale, in which we both, along with the parson, participated pretty liberally. We had no communication with the other table, unless by an overture of mine towards a reconciliation with Miss Primrose, by drinking her health, which met with a very ungracious reception. We had, however, no great cause to envy their conversation, as it consisted chiefly of some annotations by her upon the table-linen, in which the heads of the twelve apostles, and some worthies of the family were woven; besides a history from the knight, of some exploits performed by the latter. Dinner being removed, and the ladies retiring along with it, the other table was naturally compelled to a union with ours; which, however, did not take place without strong marks of repugnance on the part of the knight. These became still more and more manifest, as the liquor elevated his pride: he pushed the bottle past me, neglected to require my toast, and every now and then eyed me over his shoulder, with a look of the utmost jealousy and aversion. I did not value the looks of him or any other man a farthing; so I kept my seat manfully. In a short time, my friend Mr. B. having, for some purpose or other, left the room, the attorney, with an appearance of great candour and cordiality, inquired of me whether that unhappy contest relative to the farm of Oxentown were drawing to an issue? "Nothing that depends on my will for that purpose shall be wanting," answered I. "You allow then," immediately interposed the knight, "that the lands of Harrow-field make part of my barony of Acredale: you are at last become sensible of the justice of my claims." "I am glad of it, heartily glad of it," rejoined the attorney; "but, indeed, it is impossible to doubt of it, for"—and here he began a long dissertation, so full of law-terms and bad Latin, that I did not understand a word on't, which he finished with, "From all which, it is *luce clarius*, that the lands belong to Sir Ralph." "Most assuredly," echoed the parson. "And when, my dear Sir, do you mean to renounce your claim?" resumed the attorney. "All this, Mr. Mirror, passed with so much rapidity, that I had no time for recollection or reply. Nothing could be farther from my intention than totally to surrender my claim; an amicable accommodation was all that I meant to hint at. But what could I do, Mr. Mirror? My friend, who might have supported me, had left the room: I had no answer ready to the attorney's argument; the whole company concurred in regarding my claims as groundless; my meaning had been misunderstood, and an explanation, besides exposing me to their resentment (but that I did not value a straw), would have subjected me to the suspicion of insincerity and loose dealing. Still, however, I was loth thus to play away so considerable a part of my inheritance. After hesitating a little while, awkward and embarrassed between these opposite motives, I did at last resolve to undeceive them, and had actually begun to meditate an address for that purpose, which, I do believe, I should have delivered, when the attorney, slapping me on the shoulder with one hand, and stretching out the other to me, with an air of the greatest cordiality, cut me short, "What say you, Mr. Softly? fast bind fast find; what say you to finishing the matter immediately?" This proposal being quite unexpected, utterly disconcerted me. Between surprise, embarrassment, and the desire of relieving myself by a decision one way or other, seeing them, at the same time, full of expectation, I hastily, almost without knowing what I did, took him by the hand, and answered, "Sir, with all my heart." In short, Mr. Mirror, paper, pen, and ink were called for, and a deed drawn out, which I instantly executed. The knight, immediately after, coming up to me, shook me by the hand, and commanding a bumper to my health, desired and insisted to see me often at Castle Holden-court.

Being naturally of an easy temper, and seeing that the matter could not be mended, touched at the same time with the satisfaction it had diffused, I soon, in some degree, regained my good-humour. More wine was called for repeatedly; and next morning I found myself at my friend Mr. B.'s house, without knowing how or when I had been transported to it.

Upon serious deliberation, however, and after some conversation upon the subject with my wife, I am really vexed and dispirited with this affair. In making application to you, I have three views; the first merely to disburden my mind by telling the story (I fear it is a dull and tedious one); the second, to learn from any of your readers who is at the bar, whether my facility be a ground for reducing my consent? the third, to warn persons of a similar disposition from going into company with their adversaries in a lawsuit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
Simon Softly.

As I sincerely sympathize with Mr.[illegible]ftly in his distress, I have published this letter for the first purpose mentioned in its conclusion, to disburden his mind of the story. As to the second, I am afraid I can be of little use to him, as a law opinion, delivered through the channel of the Mirror, would be destitute of some of the prerequisites, without which it would be dangerous to rely on it as the ground of legal proceeding. The third, which is a very disinterested motive, is I believe, more charitable in him, than it will be useful to his readers. There is, I fancy, very little occasion for warning people against going into the company of those with whom they are at law, lest they should be surprised into improper concessions; I have generally observed, that being in company with an adversary in a law-suit has a greater tendency to make a man tenacious of his rights, than to dispose him to relinquish them.

Z.

No. 104.] Saturday, May 6, 1780.

It has been remarked, that the country life prevails more in Great Britain than in any civilized nation in Europe. However true this observation may be in the general, there is one set of men among us, to whom, in the present times, it will by no means apply: I mean our great nobles and men of high fortune. It is indeed vain to expect, that persons in that rank of life should be able to withstand the attractions of a court, and the seductions of a luxurious capital.

It is, nevertheless, a melancholy circumstance, in travelling through this island, to find so many noble palaces deserted by their illustrious owners, even in that season of the year when, to every man of taste, the country must afford true pleasure. How mortifying is it to hear a great man tell you, that he cannot afford to live at his country-seat, and to see him, after passing a winter in London, and losing thousands in a week, reduced to the necessity of murdering the summer, by lounging from watering-place to watering-place, or retiring with two or three humble friends to a villa in the environs of London, instead of living with a becoming dignity in the mansion of his ancestors! To such men I would beg leave to recommend the advice of King James I. who, as Lord Bacon tells us, was wont to be very earnest with the country gentlemen to go from London to their country-seats; and sometimes would say to them, "Gentlemen, at London you are like ships in the sea, which show like nothing; but in your country-villages you are like ships in a river, which look like great things."

I do not mean, however, to say, that a great man should live always in the country. The duties of his station, and the rank he holds in society, require that he should pass part of the year in the capital; and, independent of those considerations, I believe it will be allowed, that a man of high rank, who has passed his whole life immured within the walls of his own *chateau*, and constantly surrounded by a circle who look up to him, is, of all mortals, the most insupportable.

Nay, I will go farther: I am disposed to believe, that it is an improper and a hurtful thing, even for a private gentleman of moderate fortune, to retire from the world, and betake himself altogether to a country life.

A remarkable instance of the bad consequences of abandoning society I lately met with in a visit I had occasion to pay to a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted at college, and whose real name I shall conceal under that of Acasto. Soon after he quitted the university, where he had been distinguished by an ardent love of literature, Acasto retired to his estate in the country, which, though not great, was fully sufficient for all his wants. There he had resided ever since; and, either from inclination or indolence, had remained a bachelor. I had not seen him for many years. Time had made some alteration on his figure; but that was little, when compared with the change I found in him in all other respects. In his dress and manners he was indeed completely rusticated; and, by living much alone, he had contracted an indifference to that decorum, and to those little attentions, without which no man can be agreeable in society. The day I arrived at his house I found him sauntering in his garden, waiting a call to dinner, dressed in an old coat, which had once been black, a slouched hat of the same complexion, with a long pole in his hand, and with a beard that did not appear to have felt a razor for many days.

After a hearty welcome, he carried me in to dinner. In his conversation I found as great a change as in his outward appearance and deportment. From living in a narrow circle, he had contracted a peculiarity in his notions, which sometimes amused from its oddity; and, from conversing chiefly with persons rather of an inferior station to himself, he had become as tenacious of his opinions, as if they had been self-evident truths, and as impatient of contradiction, as if to differ from him had been a crime.

From the same causes, the veriest trifle, particularly if it concerned himself, had become to him an object of importance. A country gentleman he considered as the most respectable character in nature; and he talked as if honour, truth, and sincerity, were confined to them alone. Every man who lived in the world, he considered as a villain; and every woman who passed much of her time in town, he made no scruple to say, was no better than she should be. At first, it astonished me to hear a man of his good sense and benevolent dispositions talk of some of the most amiable characters of the age in the most disrespectful terms. When I endeavoured to put him to rights, he at once cut me short, by saying he could have no doubt of the truth of what he advanced, as he had been told such and such a thing by his friend and neighbour Mr. Downright, who scorned to flatter any man, or to tell any thing but the truth.

I soon had an opportunity of judging how far the country gentlemen were entitled to the high character my friend had given them for honour and integrity. The morning after I arrived, my host informed me he was obliged to attend a country meeting, where there was to be business of considerable importance, in which he was deeply interested; and, as he could not stay at home with me, I readily consented to accompany him. He had dressed himself for the occasion; that is, he had shaved his beard, and put on a clean shirt. It remained to determine how we should travel. At first he proposed to go on horseback; but the appearance of a black cloud made him think of the carriage. It then occurred, that taking the carriage would stop the plough; and it was determined we should ride. But, as we were going to mount, the recollection of a cold, attended with some threatenings of a sore throat he had had the week before, made him again resolve upon the carriage. In short, I found that my poor friend, naturally of an undecisive temper, and having no proper object to fill his mind, had accustomed himself to deliberate on every trifle, as if it had been an affair of the greatest consequence. At length we set out in the carriage; but not till repeated instructions were given to John to drive only two miles the first hour, and not more than three, or three and a quarter, afterwards.

On the road we met with some incidents that were amusing enough. In the midst of a serious conversation on the state of the nation, in which Acasto was proposing plans of reformation, and tracing all our present calamities to the prevalence of the mercantile interest in parliament, and the shameful neglect of the country-gentlemen, we happened to pass the house of a cottager, who had laid down a load of coals rather too near the high road; which Acasto no sooner perceived than he stopped the carriage, and calling out the poor man, began to rate him as if he had been guilty of the grossest offence. Not satisfied with ordering the nuisance to be removed, he thought it necessary to represent, in strong colours, all the possible mischiefs that might have ensued from it. "What might have happened," said he, "if my horses had startled, God only knows!—Had we been overturned, my carriage might have been broken, or my horse killed, and even I myself might have been hurt."

This circumstance, trifling as it was, ruffled my friend so much, that it was some time before he could resume the thread of his conversation. Some other incidents of the same kind gave him an opportunity of displaying his attention to the police of the country, and of impressing me with an idea of the obligations he had conferred on his fellow-citizens. At length we arrived at the county-town, and immediately drove to the court-house, where we found a very numerous meeting.

I soon found that the important business which had brought so many gentlemen from their own houses, was to determine whether a bridge should be built at one end of a village or the other! From the course of the argument, if argument it could be called, I plainly perceived, that to the public it was a matter of the most perfect indifference. But, if executed in one way, it would accommodate a gentleman who had acquired a large fortune in the course of trade, and had lately purchased an estate in the neighbourhood, on which he had built an elegant house. Acasto and his friend Mr. Downright strenuously opposed the plan of accommodating this *novus homo*, who had presumed to buy one of the best estates in the county, from the heir of an ancient family, at a higher price than any body else would have given for it. For my own part, I was truly mortified to observe in both parties as much trick and chicane as might, when properly varnished, have done honour to the most finished statesman. In one thing only I discovered that open plainness on which country-gentlemen are so apt to value themselves, and that was in the language in which they addressed each other. There, indeed, they were sufficiently plain; and nowhere did I ever observe a more total neglect of the favourite maxim of Lord Chesterfield, *fortiter in re, suaviter in modo.*

On our way home, Acasto entertained me with the characters of the gentlemen we had seen; but he might have saved himself the trouble; for, by recollecting how they voted, I should immediately have known which of them were honest and sincere, and which mean time-serving sycophants.

I shall not trouble my readers with any reflections on Acasto's character. It is plain, that the little peculiarities which, with all his natural good sense and benevolence, expose him hourly to ridicule or to censure, have been occasioned by his retreat from the world, and by that solitude in which he has lived so long. Seldom, indeed, have I known any one that did not, in some degree, suffer from it; that did not, more or less, become selfish and contracted, conceited, and opinionative. I never see a young heir fluttering about town in the circle of gayety, without feeling an emotion of compassion. In a few years, when he comes to be supplanted in that circle by a younger set, no resource remains for him but a retreat to the country, where he must pass his days either in a state of listless inactivity, or in pursuits unworthy of a rational being. I would, therefore, earnestly recommend it to every parent, to educate the heir of his fortune to some profession; to set before him some object that may fill his mind, may rouse him to action, and may make him at once a happy and respectable member of society.

M.

No. 105.] Tuesday May 9, 1780.

The winter, which, like an untaught visitor, had prolonged its stay with us to a very unreasonable length, has at last given place to vernal breezes and a more indulgent sky; and many of my readers will now leave the business or amusements of the town, for the purer air and less tumultuous enjoyments of the country. As I have, now and then, ventured some observations on the manners and fashions of the former, I could not forbear, from a friendly concern for those whom the season now calls into the latter, to offer a few remarks on certain errors which are more generally prevalent in the country. My last paper was intended for the serious perusal of country-gentlemen. I mean, in this, to make a few lighter observations on some little failings, in point of manners, to which I have seen a propensity in country-gentlemen, country-ladies, and in those who, though of the town, for the greatest part of the year, make their appearance, like the cuckoo (I mean no offence by the comparison), when the trees have put on their leaves, and the meadows their verdure.

In the first place, I would beg of those who migrate from the city, not to carry too much of the town with them into the country. I will allow a lady to exhibit the newest-fashioned cut in her riding-habit, or to astonish a country congregation with the height of her head-dress; and a gentleman, in like manner, to sport, as they term it, a grotesque pattern of a waistcoat, or to set the children agape by the enormous size of his buckles. These are privileges to which gentlemen and ladies may be thought to have entitled themselves by the expense and trouble of a winter's residence in the capital. But there is a provoking, though a civil sort of consequence, such people are apt to assume in conversation, which, I think, goes beyond the just prerogative of township, and is a very unfair encroachment on the natural rights of their friends and relations in the country. They should consider, that though there are certain subjects of *ton* and fashion, on which they may pronounce *ex cathedrâ* (if I may be allowed so pedantic a phrase), yet that, even in the country, the senses of hearing, seeing, tasting, and smelling, may be enjoyed to a certain extent; and that a person may like or dislike a new song, a new lutestring, a French dish, or an Italian perfume, though such person has been unfortunate enough to pass last winter at a hundred miles distance from the metropolis.

On the other hand, it is but fair to inform the ladies and gentlemen of the country, that there is a certain deference which ought to be paid, in those matters, to the enlightened judgment of their friends, who are newly arrived from the seat of information and of knowledge. I have heard a lady in the country, when her cousin from Edinburgh had been very obligingly communicating some extraordinary piece of intelligence, or exhibiting some remarkable piece of dress or finery, cut her short, by saying, with all the coolness in the world, "That is singular enough, but it is nothing to what I have heard from Miss B——, with whom I have corresponded ever since she went to London;" or, "This is very pretty to be sure, but not to be compared to Mrs. C———'s, which she had sent her in a present from Paris." This sort of *brag-playing* in conversation I have sometimes heard carried to a very disagreeable length, which would be in a great measure prevented, if people were not to be allowed credit for what they may have heard, or have been told, but to take consequence only from what they have seen. If we town-people are to be thus out-wondered on report, there is an end of all order and subordination in the matter. To borrow another allusion from the game above mentioned, I think it is but reasonable, that the wonders of persons from town should take the same precedence of the wonders of the people in the country, that natural cards do of makers.

But it is sometimes from the opposite feeling, from too high an idea of the importance of their town visitors, that the good people of the country are apt to fall into improprieties. It is wonderful to see the confusion into which the appearance of the new-fashioned carriage of a gentleman just arrived from town throws the family, especially the female part of it, of his rural neighbour. Such a peeping from windows, such a running backwards and forwards of bareheaded boys and girls, to fetch their master from the field, and their mistress from the wash-house! Then after waiting a long while in the parlour, which the chambermaid has had but time to put half in order, comes the old lady with some awkward apology, followed by a scold to the maid for leaving her rubber or hearth-brush in view of the company. By and by appears the master of the house, with another apology, for appearing before ladies in his farmer's dress. After a long series of common inquiries, a frequent pulling out of watches on the part of the visitors, and two or three messages up stairs from the mistress of the family; down come the young ladies with their caps awry, their long pins but half stuck in, their hair powdered in patches, and their aprons stiff from the folds.—Here follows a second course of the same questions and answers, which being closed by an observation of the late hour from the one side, and some strictures on the shortness of town visits from the other, the company are suffered to depart, who, it is ten to one, laugh all the way home at the good people who were at such pains to make themselves fit, as they thought, to be seen by them. Let these last remember, that there is a style, as it is called, proper to every thing; decency and cleanliness they owe to themselves; an imitation of the fashionable fineries of the town they owe to nobody; most of these, indeed, are quite preposterous in the country: it is only when people get into crowds that they are at liberty to make fools of themselves.

As I have, in the beginning of this paper, desired the city-emigrants not to carry the town into the country, so I must entreat their country friends not to forget that the others have but lately arrived there. Their relish for draining, ditching, hedging, horse-hoeing, liming, and marling, and such other branches of the fine arts as an afternoon's conversation at a gentleman farmer's frequently runs into, has been a good deal blunted by seven months' residence in the region of amusement and dissipation. The like caution will apply to those female orators who occupy the intervals of tea-drinking with dissertations on the cow-house, the dairy, and the poultry-yard.

There are some topics which may be introduced at that season, in which both town and country ladies are qualified to join, though even of them I would recommend a sparing and moderate use; I mean those little lectures on morality, sometimes known by the name of scandal. In these the town ladies, however, have some advantage, as their subjects are often such as may be reckoned fair game, persons of whom the world has a right to talk, and who seem to act as if they wished to be talked of. These notorious offenders against decency and decorum, of which there are always some instances in great towns, may be compared to certain atrocious criminals, whom the law has ordered to be sent, after execution, to Surgeons' Hall: their characters may be dissected at all tea-tables, without any danger of the crime of defamation. But the beauty of a country town or village is rarely so unguarded in her conduct as to give this license to the tongues of her neighbours, who are, therefore, generally obliged to resort to the whispering of little private anecdotes, and family secrets, which I very much doubt if they be legally entitled to do, at least except in cases of great necessity, as on a rainy Sunday, or where the party consists but of two, who can neither play cribbage, piquet, or backgammon.

Somewhat akin to the lovers of detraction are the offence-takers, a species of people I have observed more common in the country than in populous cities. They are deeply versed in the science of precedency, in the etiquette of paying and returning visits, in the ceremonial of drinking healths, and of acknowledging bows and courtesies. I have been astonished to find the circle of my acquaintance so circumscribed as I have sometimes experienced, when I have happened to take up my head-quarters at a gentleman's, who could only accompany me to the houses of one-half of the neighbourhood, having contrived to be totally estranged from the other by neglects of himself, affronts to his wife, squabbles about dancing at annual balls, or toasts at county-meetings after the second bottle.

This disease of offence-taking is particularly epidemic in some places every seventh year, or sometimes it returns a little sooner by royal proclamation. As this summer may probably be the season of its recurring with violence, I take the present opportunity of warning my readers against the company of the infected; and even to these a regimen of temper and good manners may be found a very powerful and salutary alternative. The feelings of an offence-taker are always very disagreeable; and as to the external effects of this mental malady, whether it go off in oblique reflections, or break out into scurrility and abuse, I need not, I fancy, enlarge on the danger of their consequences. To gentlemen concerned in politics and electioneering, I would particularly observe, that the period of their canvass is not the proper time for indulging any such freedoms in conversation or behaviour. When the contest is determined, the losers have some sort of privilege for railing; the successful candidates, as things go now-a-days, should keep all their foul language for that place to which the suffrages of their constituents are to send them.

I.

No. 106.] Saturday, May 13, 1780.

Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.
Hor.

To thee the gods a fair estate
In bounty gave, with art to know
How to enjoy what they bestow.
Francis.

The importance of education to fit men for the world has been universally seen and acknowledged; but I think it has not been always sufficiently attended to, as necessary to fit men for retiring from the world; as qualifying them to act their part with propriety when they retreat from the business of life, and to enjoy themselves when enjoyment becomes their object. There is a certain time of life, when almost every man wishes to escape from the hurry and bustle of the world, and to taste the sweets of retirement and repose; but how few are there, who, when they have arrived at that period which they fixed for this retreat, and have put their designs in execution, meet with that enjoyment which they looked for! Instead of pleasure, they find satiety, weariness, and disgust; time becomes a heavy burden upon them, and in what way they may kill the tedious hours grows, at length, their only object. But had these men received a good education, they would never be at a loss how to fill up their time; rich fields of entertainment would open to them from various sources. Company and conversation would receive a finer relish; books would give perpetual enjoyments; the gay prospects of the country, the romantic scenes which it affords, the adorning and beautifying those scenes, and the culture of all the elegant arts, would make that fortune, which many possess without knowing how to use, the minister of every thing that can afford delight.

I believe it may be true, that neither learning, nor a taste for the elegant arts, is requisite to enable a person engaged in the ordinary business of life to succeed in his profession, and while so engaged, the occupations of that profession will prevent his feeling any vacuity, or suffering any inconvenience from his ignorance and want of refinement. But when such a person has ac-

[illegible] up business, I have [illegible] uncultivated state [illegible] how to enjoy himself or [illegible] becomes a prey to chagrin [illegible] himself up to the coarsest in- [illegible] should he wish to figure as a [illegible] and fashion, he receives but little [illegible] himself, and his attempts are so [illegible] preposterous, as to make him the [illegible] and ridicule to others.

Drexelius was put early to business: his [illegible] learning consisted in being able to read English, to write, and keep accounts. He got [illegible] a very good branch of trade; his attention was unremitted; and his economy was equal to his attention. His labours, far from being a burden upon him, only gave him an excitement of mind, which kept him in an equal and unceasing flow of spirits. By the time he was fifty, Drexelius had acquired a fortune equal to that of the richest of his fellow-citizens. He now began to think seriously of enjoying it. The resolution which he had early formed of retiring to the country when he should have acquired a fortune, and which had supported him during the labours of acquiring it, he now determined to put in practice. He therefore wound up his business, sold off his stock, and purchased an estate in the country. The novelty of the situation, and the flattering thought that he was proprietor of so many acres, supported him for a while. But he soon began to find, that the fields, and woods, and rivers, gave him no sort of pleasure. He could receive no amusement from farming, and books he was unable to enjoy. A volume of the Spectator, recommended to him by the clergyman of the parish, lay half-read upon the chimney-piece; and the prospects which he heard others admire appeared to him not more beautiful than the front of the Exchange, or the pavement of the street on which he used to tread. Tired, therefore, of the country, and weary of every thing, he began to long for the town which he had abandoned, and to become again a frequenter of the 'Change. Accordingly he hired a house in town, and resolved to spend in it the winter months at least. But the town had now also lost its charms, and he found it impossible to recover them. He had no longer business to occupy his mind: when he rose in the morning, he knew not what to do; he had no bargains to settle, and no ships to insure. His acquaintance around him were busy, while he was idle; he found himself alone in the midst of a crowd, an uninterested spectator of what used to employ him. Change of situation, therefore, gave him no relief, for the town was now as dull as the country. The purchase he had made was a dear one; upon his estate, which had cost him more at first than he intended to give for it, he was obliged to build a house, and to make some other improvements, the expense of which, like that of all other buildings and improvements, greatly exceeded what their owner had made his account with. This, however, was little to one of Drexelius's fortune. On former occasions, he had lost more upon one adventure in trade, without being much affected by the loss; but then he had different objects to interest him, and he expected to make up by other adventures what he had lost upon one; now he had nothing else to think of but the daily expenditure. This took possession of his imagination; he thought he saw poverty and ruin before him; and his health began to sink under the vexations of his mind. In vain did his friends represent to him the greatness of his fortune; that the money he was laying out was a trifle to what he possessed; and that, after all his plans were finished, he would still have more than he could spend. It is to no purpose to reason with a diseased imagination; the only thing which can relieve it is a change of objects and a variety of amusements. But this method could not be followed by Drexelius; there was no object to interest him; and his mind was incapable of amusement. His disease, therefore, increased upon him every day. The proprietor of a fine place, possessed of a great fortune, in short, with all the means of pleasure and enjoyment, he was haunted with the demon of poverty, and actually believed, that, if he lived many years, he should die of want.

Clavius was a partner in trade with Drexelius, whose example he followed in the scheme of enjoying a retreat in the country. But his mind was as empty and uneducated as that of Drexelius, equally incapable of amusing itself in solitude, or of receiving pleasure from those enjoyments which a country life is calculated to bestow. He was, however, a man of greater natural spirits, and was not therefore so apt to become a prey to listlessness, or to the effects of gloomy avarice. Company was his resource; and that the hours might not lie heavy upon him, he took care never to be alone. But as he had no talent for conversation, every sort of company was equally welcome to him; and, where conversation was not the object, it became necessary to support the society by some adventitious aid. The bottle, therefore, was had recourse to. This was the employment during the finest summer-evenings; and the morning sun often rose upon the same company on which it had gone down. Men flocked to Clavius's country seat, not to enjoy the charms of the country, but the charms of society, and what they called good fellowship. Thus were Clavius's nights spent in getting intoxicated, and his mornings in sleeping off that intoxication. His constitution was not long able to support this course of life: he died, a few years after he had quitted business, a martyr to that fortune which his wishes had formerly represented as the certain source of felicity.

Pomponius took a different turn from the persons I have mentioned. He was equally ignorant and uneducated as they; but when he had acquired his fortune, as he had heard much of taste, of elegance, and of refinement, he resolved to be a man of taste. The estate he purchased had been the old hereditary possession of a man of considerable rank. Pomponius gave several year's purchase more than its value, that he might be possessed of the demesne of an ancient family, and have the pleasure of adding to his name "Esquire, of ——." When he came to live at this estate, he found the old mansion-house must be pulled down and a new one erected. But instead of trusting to the skill and taste of his architect, the plan must be his own. In this he heaped ornament upon ornament, and pillar upon pillar. The columns are large enough to have supported a Gothic cathedral; the inside is crowded with painted compartments; and every pannel and window is bedaubed with gilding. His fields are laid out in the most absurd taste. A clay-coloured ditch, which he calls a canal, made at an exorbitant expense, runs parallel with the front of his house; at each end is a circular puddle, called a basin, in which is a little bank of rubbish, dignified with the name of island. Not a walk but is stuck full of statues; and temples and grottos appear in every field. In showing you his grounds, he tells you the price of every statue; and every temple is honoured with the amount of what it cost. Not satisfied with being a man of taste out of doors, he pretends to connoisseurship and to literature within. He shows pictures painted, as he thinks, by masters, whose names he has not learned to pronounce. If doubts are started of their originality, Pomponius stops all farther questions by the mention of the sum he paid for them. His library has its statues like his fields; it is furnished with a profusion of bronzes and busts; and the books are as liberally gilded as the rest of his furniture. In talking of them (for he runs all risks to be thought a man of learning) he gets into the most ridiculous blunders. He mistakes a Greek for a Roman author; and to show himself a philosopher, praises a writer, in the belief that he is an infidel, when, in fact, his books are written in defence of religion. The other day, somebody happening to mention the World, he asked if the author, Mr. Fitzadam, was still alive, and if he had written any other book.

Drexelius and Clavius were miserable in the midst of their wealth; Pomponius is ridiculous in the enjoyment of his.

How much is it to be regretted, that these persons had not, in their earlier years, received the benefit of a liberal education! Had their minds been cultivated in their youth, had they then acquired the first principles of elegance and taste, they would have been enabled, after attaining a fortune, to have enjoyed it with propriety and dignity: while they were reaping the fruits of their honest industry and success, they might have been useful to others, and proved ornaments to their country.

S.

No. 107.] Saturday, May 16, 1780.

And love and war take turns like day and night.
Rowe.

In every art and science, practitioners complain how often they are deceived by spacious theories and delusive speculation. Learned men, in the solitude of their studies, are apt to imagine, that nothing which they can reconcile to their own ideas upon paper can fail to be evinced by actual experiment, or to be reduced into easy and constant practice. But those who are to apply the doctrine to the fact too often find, that what was infallible in the brain of the demonstrator, is sadly fallacious in the hands of him who is to execute it.

There is something, however, so delightful in this art of theory-building, that the experience of a thousand disappointments will never be able to extinguish it. Nor, indeed, should any body wish for its extinction, when it is remembered, that the person who builds is delighted with the expectation of success, and that other people are often little less pleased with tracing the disappointment. The last are flattered by seeing the superiority of science thus levelled and brought down; the first solaces himself by imputing the failure to errors in the execution, and shutting his closet-door, returns to fresh theories and new speculation.

In the course of my reading, I have met with two theoretical descriptions, which pleased me so much by the appearance they exhibited of self-satisfaction in the sages who composed them, that I cannot resist the desire of laying them before my readers in this day's paper. The first I found in an obscure author of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, in tracing the progress of certain affections of the mind, thus personifies his ideas of Honourable Love.

"When a young man," says he, "of illustrious descent, rarely gifted by nature in mind and body, the which he hath, through the care of his noble parents and his own special industry, much helped by art, first cometh from the retired haunts of learning into the resort of the world, he is suddenly smitten by the beauty and rare accomplishments of some young damsel, of parentage no less honourable than his own, and of endowments no less precious than those wherewith he himself is graced. He seeketh all opportunities of converse with, and of courtesy towards her; which nevertheless she, out of maiden shyness, whereof her lady-mother hath well instructed her, doth, with a determined stateliness of aspect, most constantly avoid; whereat the young man being grieved in his mind, but nowise damped in his love, he resteth not till by all means he render himself more worthy of her regard, not only by excelling in all gentleman-like exercises, such as dancing, horsemanship, skill in his rapier, and the like, but likewise in all becoming softness of behaviour, and courtly niceness of speech, adding thereunto the study of sweet poesy, wherewith, in curious sonnets, he speaketh the praise of his mistress's manifold perfections. But she, nowise yielding to such flatteries, nor abating the rigour of her looks, he sometimes complaineth of his thraldom in more bitter terms, and for a while, as seeking freedom from this fair tyrant, shunneth her company, and resorteth to that of jovial companions, much given to the sports of the field, and the joys of wine, thinking thereby to efface her image quite from his mind. But after no great space, he groweth uneasy and unquiet, and though stoutly denying all allegiance to that dominion, whereof he hath sworn to be free, he goeth secretly where he can again steal a glance of her lovely face, by one look of which being, as he deemeth, encouraged to better hope, he reneweth his suit with fresh warmth, renouncing his past rebellion as a grievous sin, the which he is to expiate by tenfold increased love. Nevertheless she, willing to show her power, thus marvellously confirmed and increased, demeaneth herself as haughtily as before, and, haply, to punish his late treasonous lapse and falling off, seemeth to cast upon others more soft and favourable looks; whereat our lover, being stung with envy and jealous wrath, doth encounter the chiefest of his rivals with sharp and angry words; which growing into keener and more deadly rage, they agree to decide which is the worthiest by trial of arms; and having met, in some retired place, either on horseback or on foot, attended by their squires, a furious combat ensueth, in which the valour of both shineth out worthy of their noble birth, and of that love wherewith it is more especially inflamed and spurred on. After various turns of fortune, and many wounds on both sides, our lover doth, with difficulty, master his adversary, to whom he showeth no less courtesy in defeat than fierceness in fight. After a time, having recovered of his wounds, at hearing whereof the lady hath showed as much grief and pity as beseemeth a modest maiden to show for man, he appeareth before her, his arm and his cheeks yet pale from loss of blood, and, kneeling at her feet, imploreth forgiveness for past faults, and voweth constancy and love, not shorter than he hath life to feel them, and breath to utter; while she, without speaking a word, doth, by looks and silent blushes, in some sort confess herself propitious to his vows; whereof, having passed a probation of years, one or more, he arriveth at the end of his wishes, and obtaineth her consent to be his wedded wife. Lastly, their noble parents being well satisfied with this union of their blood, the marriage is celebrated with much ceremony and pomp, at the castle of the bride's princely father, whereat there is all manner of good cheer, of dancing, and of minstrelsy for many days."

This theory of ancient love and courtship, instead of simplifying the matter, makes it much more difficult than, in modern practice at least, it is actually found. The lover now-a-days finds but little of that stately pride and maiden shyness above described; nor is he obliged to cultivate poetry to celebrate his mistress, nor to meet any rival attended by his squire, nor to suffer wounds and loss of blood for her sake, nor to go through a probation of years, one or more. All he has to do is, to dance with the lady at a ball, say a few soft things to her in plain prose, then meet her father, attended by his lawyer, go through a probation of deeds and settlements, and so proceed to the bridal ceremony, and to good cheer and jollity for as short or as long a time as he thinks proper.

The second theoretical description, which I shall lay before my readers, is so far different from the first, that it renders a very confused and intricate business, as I have been told it is, perfectly clear and obvious to the meanest capacity. This, however, is by no means owing to any want in the theoretical situation of that incident or bustle which occurs in the real; on the contrary, the events are infinitely more numerous and astonishing in the first than in the latter, though the art of the theorist carries the imagination through them all with wonderful distinctness and regularity. The instance to which I allude is the description of a battle, given by the ingenious Mr. A. Boyer, in his French dictionary, under the word *Battaille*.

DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.

"The two armies being in sight, the cannons roar on each side; and the signal of the fight being given, they both move, and begin the encounter. In the height of danger, the generals show their intrepidity by preserving their cool temper, and by giving their orders without emotion and without hurry. In the close engagement, the officers perform wonders, and show extraordinary valour and judgment; and

ed by their men, who fight like lions,
it the enemy in pieces, kill and overthrow
r meet in their way, break through bat-
, and bear down squadrons. Upon the
f being overpowered by numbers, they
ely sustain the effort of the enemy; and
nerals being informed by their aids-de-
f what passes on that side, cause succours
rch thither with all speed, revive the
of the soldiers by their presence, rally the
battalions, bring them again to the
repulse the enemy, drive them before
regain the ground they had lost, retrieve
ole affair, pursue the enemy close, trample
nder foot or ride over them, entirely dis-
em, put all that resist to the sword; and,
aving sustained continual discharges of
and small shot, and gained an entire and
te victory, cause a retreat to be sounded,
on the field of battle, while the air re-
with the flourishes of trumpets."

above description is contained in an
of Mr. Boyer's learned and useful work,
ecome exceedingly scarce. It is there
n French and English; but I choose to
the translation only, as I mean it for
use of our British commanders, from
practice, at the time of its first publication
the beginning of this century), the de-
n was probably taken. Perhaps, in
te campaigns, our generals had consulted
ictionaries, containing a much less ani-
and decisive definition of a battle, than
ich I have transcribed from the ingeni-
. Boyer.

* * *

8.] Saturday, May 20, 1780.

h, vices! gilded by the rich and gay.
SHENSTONE.

examine impartially that estimate of
e which the higher ranks of society are
orm, we shall probably be surprised to
w little there is in it either of natural
er real satisfaction. Many a fashionable
ary, who has not totally blunted his taste
udgment, will own, in the intervals of
tion, how often he has suffered from the
ity or the pain of his enjoyments; and
it were not for the fear of being laughed
ere sometimes worth while, even on the
f pleasure, to be virtuous.

Edward ——, to whom I had the plea-
f being introduced at Florence, was a
er much beyond that which distinguishes
erality of English travellers of fortune.
ry was known to some of his country-
ho then resided in Italy; from one of
whom, who could now and then talk of something besides pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes profuse, he was observed never to be ridiculous in his expenses; and though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation he always left behind more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the University, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at Marseilles with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea-voyage, leaving Sir Edward to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the valleys of Piedmont, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his servants with scarce any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, before whose door some of his neighbours were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir Edward brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir Edward to sense and life. Venoni possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir Edward, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every possible care by his host and his family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident: but after some days it abated; and in little more than a week he was able to join in the society of Venoni and his daughter.

He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in Venoni's cottage (for his house was but a better sort of cottage,) the night of her birth. "When her mother died," said he, "the signora, whose name, at her desire, we had given the child, took her home to her house; there she was taught many things, of which there is no need here; yet she is not so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her father in his old age; and I hope soon to have her settled near me for life."

But Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louisa better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir Edward had studied with success. Louisa felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praised by Sir Edward; and the family-concerts of Venoni were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of Venoni excelled all the other music of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir Edward's violin was finer than either. But his conversation with Louisa—it was that of a superior order of beings!—science, taste, sentiment!—it was long since Louisa had heard these sounds; amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir Edward, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was always an expression animated and interesting; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louisa's was no less captivating—and Sir Edward had not seen it so long without emotion. During his illness he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it first grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome; and, of consequence, increased his passion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself; he resolved, if he could, to think no more of Louisa; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or the restraints of virtue.

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. "That," said she, "nobody ever heard except my father; I play it sometimes when I am alone, and in low spirits. I don't know how I came to think of it now; yet I have some reason to be sad." Sir Edward pressed to know the cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for her husband. Against this match she had always protested as strongly as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but Venoni was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it.—"To marry, where one cannot love,—to marry such a man, Sir Edward!" ——It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir Edward pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded by swearing, that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal.—Sir Edward improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. Louisa started at that proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as Louisa had represented him, coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But Venoni, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her that he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning Louisa was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with Venoni; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louisa.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accustomed song. Louisa sat down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louisa rose from the ground, and burst into tears. She turned—and beheld Sir Edward. His countenance had much of its former languor; and when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look and seemed unable to speak his feelings. "Are you not well, Sir Edward?" said Louisa, with a voice faint and broken—"I am ill indeed," said he, "but my illness is of the mind. Louisa cannot cure me of that. I am wretched; but I deserve to be so. I have broken every law of hospitality, and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for happiness, and to speak what I wished, though it wounded the heart of my dearest benefactress—but I will make a severe expiation. This moment I leave you, Louisa; I go to be wretched; but you may be happy, happy in your duty to a father, happy, it may be, in the arms of a husband, whom the possession of such a wife may teach refinement and sensibility.—I go to my native country, to hurry through scenes of irksome business or tasteless amusement; that I may, if possible, procure a sort of half-oblivion of that happiness which I have left behind, a listless endurance of that life which I once dreamed might be made delightful with Louisa."

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir Edward's servants appeared with a carriage ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of Louisa, he fastened round his neck, and kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. "This," said he, "if Louisa will accept of it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore her. She may look on it, perhaps, after the original is no more; when this heart shall have forgot to love, and cease to be wretched."

Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. "O Sir Edward!" said she, "What—what would you have me to do?"—He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni.

V.

No. 109.] Tuesday, May 23, 1780.

The virtue of Louisa was vanquished; but her sense of virtue was not overcome. Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of her past, and the thoughts of her present ation. Sir Edward felt strongly the power her beauty and of her grief. His heart was made for that part which, it is probable, he ught it could have performed: it was still ject to remorse, to compassion, and to love. se emotions, perhaps, he might soon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and uncomplaining sorrows of Louisa nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words: sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, Sir Edward carried Louisa to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and, had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendour of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir Edward to blazon with equipage, and show that state which she wished always to hide, and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures; if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt for a while the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's disgrace. Sir Edward was too generous not to think of providing for Venoni. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that Venoni, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refused consolation. Sir Edward's whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir Edward's, the affliction of Louisa gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her a house separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt, which she now considered as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In London, Sir Edward found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; she had married him, because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gayety. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir Edward had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow; and with all the pride of birth and insolence of station, their principles were mean and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of Louisa he found sensibility and truth; hers was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare; she saw the return of virtue in Sir Edward, and felt the friendship which he showed her. Sometimes, when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gayety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her; the colour faded in her cheek; the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir Edward saw those symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, while he sat in a little parlour with Louisa, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a hand-organ, of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. Louisa laid aside her lute and listened: the airs it played were those of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir Edward ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which Louisa had often danced in her infancy; she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without control. Suddenly the musician, changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind.—Louisa started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger.—He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch. It was her father!—She would have sprung to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But nature at last overcame his resentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter.

Sir Edward stood fixed in astonishment and confusion.—"*I come not to upbraid you,*" said Venoni; "I am a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraidings; I am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and to die! When you saw us first, Sir Edward, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our cheerfulness; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has never been heard in Venoni's fields: grief and sickness have almost brought him to the grave; and his neighbours, who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. Yet, methinks, though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy;—else why that dejected look, which, amidst all the grandeur around you, I saw you wear, and those tears which, under all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed?"———— "But she shall shed no more," cried Sir Edward: "you shall be happy, and I shall be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries which I have done thee: forgive me, my Louisa, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. I have seen those high-born females to which my rank might have allied me; I am ashamed of their vices, and sick of their follies. Profligate in their hearts, amidst affected purity they are slaves to pleasure, without the sincerity of passion; and, with the name of honour, are insensible to the feelings of virtue. You, my Louisa!—but I will not call up recollections that might render me less worthy of your future esteem——Continue to love your Edward; but a few hours, and you shall add the title to the affections of a wife; let the care and tenderness of a husband bring back its peace to your mind, and its bloom to your cheek. We will live for a while the wonder and the envy of the fashionable circle here. We will restore your father to his native home; under that roof I shall ever more be happy; happy without allay, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on the cottage of Venoni."

V.

No. 110.] Saturday, May 27, 1780.

Extremum concede laborem. Virg.

Thy sacred succour bring
To crown my labour ('tis the last I sing.)

As, at the close of life, people confess the
and explain the mysteries of their conduct,
deavour to do justice to those with whom
have had dealings, and to die in peace with
the world; so, in the concluding number of a

periodical publication, it is usual to lay aside the assumed name, or fictitious character, to ascribe the different papers to their true authors, and to wind up the whole with a modest appeal to the candour or indulgence of the public.

In the course of these papers, the author has not often ventured to introduce himself, or to give an account of his own situation; in this, therefore, which is to be the last, he has not much to unravel on that score. From the narrowness of the place of its appearance, the Mirror did not admit of much personification of its editor: the little disguise he has used has been rather to conceal what he was, than to give himself out for what he was not.

The idea of publishing a periodical paper in Edinburgh took its rise in a company of gentlemen, whom particular circumstances of connection brought frequently together. Their discourse often turned upon subjects of manners, of taste, and of literature. By one of those accidental resolutions, of which the origin cannot easily be traced, it was determined to put their thoughts into writing, and to read them for the entertainment of each other. Their essays assumed the form, and soon after, some one gave them the name, of a periodical publication: the writers of it were naturally associated; and their meetings increased the importance, as well as the number, of their productions. Cultivating letters in the midst of business, composition was to them an amusement only; that amusement was heightened by the audience which this society afforded; the idea of publication suggested itself as productive of still higher entertainment.

It was not, however, without diffidence, that such a resolution was taken. From that, and several other circumstances, it was thought proper to observe the strictest secresy with regard to the authors; a purpose in which they have been so successful, that, at this moment, the very publisher of the work knows only one of their number, to whom the conduct of it was entrusted.

The assistance received from correspondents has been considerable. To them the Mirror is indebted for the following papers: the 8th, the note from Ignoramus in the 9th, the letter in the 17th, the letter signed Adelus in the 21st, the 22d, the 24th, the 29th (except the short letter at the end), the first letter in the 35th, the 37th, the letter in the 46th, the 50th, the first letter in the 56th, the 59th, 62d, 66th, 73d, 74th, 75th, 79th, 82d, 86th, the first letter in the 89th, the letter in the 94th, the 95th, the 96th (except the letter signed Evelina), the 97th and 98th, the letter in the 102d, and the letter in the 103d. Of some of their correspondents, were they at liberty to disclose them, the names would do credit to the work; of others they are entirely ignorant, and can only return this general acknowledgment for their favours. To many of them they have to apologize for several abridgments, additions, and alterations, which sometimes the composition of the essays themselves, and sometimes the nature of the work in which they were to appear, seemed to render necessary.

The situation of the authors of the Mirror was such as neither to prompt much ambition of literary success, nor to create much dependence on it. Without this advantage, they had scarcely ventured to send abroad into the world a performance, the reception of which was liable to so much uncertainty. They foresaw many difficulties, which a publication like the Mirror, even in hands much abler than theirs, must necessarily encounter.

The state of the times, they were sensible, was very unpropitious to a work of this sort. In a conjuncture so critical as the present, at a period so big with national danger and public solicitude, it was not to be expected that much attention should be paid to speculation or to sentiment, to minute investigation of character, or pictures of private manners. A volume which we can lay aside and resume at pleasure may suffer less materially from the interruption of national concerns; but a single sheet, that measures its daily importance with the vehicles of public intelligence and political disquisition, can hardly fail to be neglected.

But exclusive of this general disadvantage, there were particular circumstances which its authors knew must be unfavourable to the Mirror. That secrecy which they thought it necessary to keep prevented all the aids of patronage and friendship; it even damped those common exertions to which other works are indebted, if not for fame, at least for introduction to the world. We cannot expect to create an interest in those whom we had not ventured to trust; and the claims, even of merit, are often little regarded, if that merit be anonymous and unknown.

The place of its publication was, in several respects, disadvantageous. There is a certain distance at which writings, as well as men, should be placed, in order to command our attention and respect. We do not easily allow a title to instruct or to amuse the public in our neighbour, with whom we have been accustomed to compare our own abilities. Hence the fastidiousness with which, in a place so narrow as Edinburgh, home productions are commonly received, which, if they are grave, are pronounced dull; if pathetic, are called unnatural; if ludicrous, are termed low. In the circle around him, the man of business sees few who should be willing, and the man of genius, few who are able, to be authors; and a work that comes out unsupported by established names is liable alike to the censure of the grave and the sneer of the witty. Even folly herself acquires some merit from being displeased, when name or fashion has not sanctified a work from her displeasure.

This desire of levelling the pride of authorship is in none more prevalent than in those who themselves have written. Of these the unsuccessful have a prescriptive title to criticism; and, though established literary reputation commonly sets men above the necessity of detracting from the merit of other candidates for fame, yet there are not wanting instances of monopolists of public favour, who wish not only to enjoy, but to guide it; and are willing to confine its influence within the pale of their own circle, or their own patronage. General censure is of all things the easiest; from such men it passes unexamined, and its sentence is decisive; nay, even a studied silence will go far to smother a production, which, if they have not the meanness to envy, they want the candour to appreciate with justice.

In point of subject, as well as of reception, the place where it appeared was unfavourable to the MIRROR. Whoever will examine the works of a similar kind that have preceded it will easily perceive for how many topics they were indebted to local characters and temporary follies, to places of public amusement, and circumstances of reigning fashion. But with us, besides the danger of personal application, these are hardly various enough for the subject, or important enough for the dignity of writing. There is a sort of classic privilege in the very names of places in London, which does not extend to those of Edinburgh. The Canongate is almost as long as the Strand, but it will not bear the comparison upon paper; and Blackfriars-wynd can never vie with Drury-lane, in point of sound, however they may rank in the article of chastity. In the department of humour, these circumstances must necessarily have great weight; and for papers of humour the bulk of readers will generally call, because the number is much greater of those who can laugh than of those who can think. To add to the difficulty, people are too proud to laugh upon easy terms with one, of whose title to make them laugh they are not apprized. A joke in writing is like a joke in conversation; much of its wit depends upon the rank of its author.

How far the authors of this paper have been able to overcome these difficulties, it is not for them to determine. Of its merits with the public, the public will judge; as to themselves, they may be allowed to say, that they have found it an amusement of an elegant, and they are inclined to believe, of a useful kind. They imagine, that by tracing the manners and sentiments of others, they have performed a sort of exercise which may have some tendency to cultivate and refine their own; and in that society which was formed by this publication, they have drawn somewhat closer the ties of a friendship, which they flatter themselves they may long enjoy, with a recollection not unpleasing, of the literary adventure by which it was strengthened and improved.

The disadvantages attending their publication they have not enumerated, by way of plea for favour, or apology for faults. They will give their volumes as they gave their papers to the world, not meanly dependent on its favour, nor coldly indifferent to it. There is no idea, perhaps, more pleasing to an ingenious mind, than that the sentences which it dictates in silence and obscurity, may give pleasure and entertainment to those by whom the writer has never been seen, to whom even his name is unknown. There is something peculiarly interesting in the hope of this intercourse of sentiment, this invisible sort of friendship, with the virtuous and the good; and the visionary warmth of an author may be allowed to extend it to distant places, and to future times. If in this hope the authors of the MIRROR may indulge, they trust that, whatever may be thought of the execution, the motive of their publication will do them no dishonour; that, if they have failed in wit, they have been faultless in sentiment; and that, if they shall not be allowed the praise of genius, they have, at least, not forfeited the commendation of virtue.

Z.

THE END.

GLASGOW:
ANDREW & JOHN M. DUNCAN,
Printers to the University.

THE

LOUNGER:

A Periodical Paper,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH,

IN THE YEARS

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BY THE AUTHORS OF THE MIRROR.

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THE LOUNGER.

SATURDAY, FEB. 5, 1785.

J'y goûté avec plaisir
es peu connus d'un innocent loisir:
ccupé sans avoir rien à faire.
DESTOUCHES.

ttle known, I sing,
n guileless leisure spring;—
hough still employed.

perhaps so difficult as to find out
per for the idle; and, though it may
doxical, yet I believe none have so
of it as they. The man who is pro-
mployed, in whatever department,
the track which habit has marked
, at peace with his own thoughts
rld; but he whom every passing
roaches with doing nothing, must
relief to very useless or very un-
pations. He will often be dissipat-
musement, and intemperate with-
, merely because dissipation is pre-
cancy, and intemperance to listless-

owever a kind of men, whom acci-
own out of the business of life, and
erament, if not virtue, keeps out of
on of it, who hold a station of less
nd more dignified indolence, whom
of their own thoughts renders in-
f vulgar society, and the vigour and
hose imagination free from the ne-
esorting to frivolous or censurable
. Among the first sort, the transi-
from the yawn of inanity to the
and intemperance; but persons of
escription, idle in conduct, but of
, as they seldom experience the un-
the one, seldom incur the blame of

the freedom from dissipation ex-
riter of the present paper thinks he
may lay claim to the last of those characters. It were needless, and indeed improper, to trouble his readers with the history of those incidents in his life which have thrown him out of the number of the professionally busy; some untoward circumstances in point of fortune, and some feelings, perhaps blameable from their nicety, drew him, at an early period of life, out from among the bustle of mankind; but without the misanthropy that arises from disgust, or the despondency that is sometimes the consequence of disappointment.

Those incidents, however, did not abridge, but perhaps rather increased, the extent of his society. Within the pale of a particular profession, a man's companions and associates are chiefly limited to some particular class with which that profession is connected. But he who is an idler without unsocial dispositions finds occasional companions in all characters and professions, who are neither estranged from him by the jealousy of rivalship, nor kept at a distance by the opposite nature of their pursuits and occupations.

The busy, it must be owned, are apt to treat such a man with more kindness than deference. This it was not long before I experienced: but of a temper not easily offended, I only smiled at perceiving it; and it rather soothed my indolence, than provoked my spleen, when I found that I had acquired a denomination more innocent than respectable. I was called a Lounger by all my acquaintance, and much the greater part of my friends agreed to the appellation. If at any time I felt the undignified sound of the name, yet I took credit with myself, on the other hand, for not deserving it. It flattered a secret pride to be somewhat more than the world thought me.

Of generic names, indeed, people are not always very scrupulous in the application, and therefore I could easily pardon those who ranked me under the class of men which the title of Lounger distinguishes. He whose walks are pointed neither to the resorts of the merchant, the lawyer, the soldier, or the churchman, it may fairly be supposed has no motive for them at all; and the first of any of those professions who crosses him in his way will accuse him of being a Lounger. He will still more seem to deserve that name, if he frequents their places of meeting without having any business congenial to those places.

The same superiority will be assumed by the professedly idle, as by the professionally busy. In the haunts of amusement and of pleasure, the man who does not warmly worship the deity of the place will be accounted a supernumerary by his votaries. At balls and card-parties I have as frequently heard myself called a Lounger, as on 'Change or in courts of law.

Abroad, for I was prevailed on by a friend to accompany him for some time on his travels, I was not just called a Lounger, the French and Italian languages not possessing an exactly synonymous term, and those which approach nearest to it not being respectful enough to be applied to a stranger. Both nations indeed are idle with so much activity, and contrive to do nothing, and to say nothing, with so much interest in their looks, and so much movement in their gestures, that it is no wonder the word should not find a place in their vocabulary: but they too marked some traces of my character; though, as is their custom, they tacked a compliment to their draught of it. "*Monsieur,*" said the Abbé ——, at a petit souper of Madame de V——'s, at Paris, "*Monsieur est quelquefois Rêveur, mais toujours-interessant, toujours aimable!*"

On all those occasions, however, I was not quite so idle as those around me imagined. Like Alfred in the Danish camp, I harped for them, but observed for myself; and, like him too, enjoyed my observation the more that it was secret and unsuspected. If this resemblance should convey some idea of treachery, of advantage over those with whom I associated, let it be known, at least, that in the use of it I was perfectly inoffensive. The Lounger is one of the best natured characters in the world, even in the sense which I allow the term to apply to myself. 'Tis the player who frets, and scolds, and is angry: the looker-on sees more errors in the play; but he applies them only to the theory of the game, and thinks but little of the party who commits them.

As a Lounger, I had from my earliest age been fond of books, and sometimes ventured to write when I was tired of reading. A Lounger of the sort I could wish to be thought is one who, even amidst a certain intercourse with mankind, preserves a constant intimacy with himself; it is not therefore to be wondered at, *if he should* sometimes, if I may be allowed the *expression, correspond* with himself, and write down, if he can write at all, what he wishes this favourite companion more particularly to remark. Exactly of this sort are the notes and memorandums I have sometimes been tempted to make: transcripts of what I have felt or thought, or little records of what I have heard or read, set down without any other arrangement than what the disposition of the time might prompt. These little papers formed a kind of new society, which I could command at any time, without stirring from my fire-side. It was, of all sorts of company, the most fitted for a Lounger; company in which he could be unaccommodating without offence, and inattentive without incivility.

The idea of giving those trifles to the world in the form of periodical essays, is an effect beyond the usual force of my character. Unknown, however, as a man, and new as an author, the Lounger risks but little either in censure or in praise. There is a censure, indeed, and a suffrage, which no man can escape, to which one of his disposition is peculiarly liable, I mean that of his own mind. He trusts his publication will be such as to risk nothing on this ground; it is the only promise which he will venture on its behalf. It may be gay without wit, and grave without depth, when its author is disposed to gayety or to thought; but while it endeavours to afford some little amusement by the one, or some little instruction by the other, it will at least be harmless in both.

Z.

No. 2.] Saturday, Feb. 12, 1785.

The precepts of the moralist and philosopher are generally directed to guide their disciples in the great and important concerns of life, to incite to the practice of cardinal virtues, and to deter from the commission of enormous crimes: the advices of wisdom and experience point out the road to success and to honour in stations of public consequence, or in nice and important circumstances of private duty.

In the earlier periods of society, a very simple code of morality and of rectitude was all that was necessary. To control the violence of the stronger passions, to prescribe the rules of distributive justice, and to inculcate the duties of active humanity, was the proper and essential province of the instructor, as well as of the legislator. At first, indeed, these two characters would be nearly the same; legislation embracing all that was required of morality, and morality having no range beyond that of the laws. And even when man advanced to a certain point, where the doctrine of morals went beyond the legal rules of conduct; yet that would contain incentives to the exertion only of principal and leading virtues, in certain modes and situations, which the law could not foresee, and for which it could not provide.

In a state of society so advanced as ours (for it is needless to trouble my reader with the intermediate gradations), every one will see the necessity of a nicer and more refined system of morality. The family of the social virtues, like the genealogical tree of an extensive ancestry, spreads with the advancing cultivation of mankind, till it is branched out into a numerous list of collateral duties, many of which it needs an acute discernment to trace up to their source; and some acknowledge their connection, without being able to unravel their pedigree.

The study of those lesser branches of duty and of excellence is called the science of manners; but our language has no word to distinguish the teacher of it. As moralist is applied to the teacher of the more important obligations, so mannerist should have been the denomination of him who inculcates the lesser, had not that word been already appropriated to a very different meaning.

But however the professors of the art may be distinguished, its importance will not be denied. It is seldom that in more essential points of duty men of a certain class are deficient. In most particulars the obligations of morality are aided by the ties of honour, and the fear of punishment enforced by the dread of shame. But in the smaller offices of social life, men may be wanting in their duty, without incurring either punishment or obloquy. The decalogue (if the phrase may be allowed) of manners, the laws of civility, of gentleness, of taste, and of feeling, are not precisely set down, and cannot easily be punished in the breach, or rewarded in the observance; and yet their observance forms, amidst the refinements of modern society, an important part of our own happiness, and of that regard we owe to the happiness of others. To practise them is somewhat difficult; to teach them is still more so: yet 'tis an art which, though difficult, does not always obtain the honours of difficulty. The pictures which it exhibits must be drawn in those middle tints which it requires a nice pencil to hit; and yet when attained they acquire but a small portion of that applause which stronger colouring and deeper shades are calculated to procure. It is not easy to define that right which our neighbour possesses to general complacency, or to little attentions; nor to mark with precision that injury we do, those wounds we inflict, by a contrary behaviour; and yet the favour in the first, and the wrong in the latter case, is often as strongly felt as in the serious exertions of kindness or malevolence. I have known a friend acquired for life by a trifling civility in a crowded theatre; and a lasting enmity created by a boisterous laugh, or a mutilated bow.

Amidst weighty business, indeed, and momentous concerns, such things do not easily find place. But the number of those who are within their reach more than compensates for the consequence of the few who are beyond it. 'Tis but a very small proportion of men who can move in the sphere of government or of greatness; but scarce any body is exempted from performing a part in the relations of ordinary life. Even of the first class, the reward they hope for their labours consists often in the opportunity of coming down with advantage to the region of the latter; like the hero of a pageant, who looks forward to the hour when he shall undo his trappings, and enjoy, in his plain apparel, the tale of the day at his family fire-side.

A periodical paper, though it may sometimes lift its voice against a neglect of the greater moralities, yet has for its peculiar province the correction and reform of any breach of the lesser. For that purpose it is perhaps better calculated than more laboured and more extended compositions, from its diurnal or weekly appearance. The greater virtues are always the same; but many of the lesser duties of social intercourse receive much of their complexion from the daily fluctuating circumstances of custom and of fashion. But the creed of custom is not always that of right; and it is the privilege of such a work, as well as one of its chief uses, to attack the entrenchments of fashion, whenever she is at war with modesty or virtue.

Of this study of manners the Lounger had early discovered the use and the necessity. He who seldom quits the walk of a particular science or occupation has a determined object in his view, the pursuit of which leaves little time for scattering attentions around him, and always affords some apology for the neglect of them. But for such neglect the man of no profession cannot so easily be excused, who has neither the hurry of business to occupy his time, nor its embarrassments to distract his thought. It is not, however, by the etiquette of a court, or the ceremonial of a drawing-room, that this virtue is to be regulated. Genuine excellence here, as every where else, springs from nature, and is to be cultivated only, not created, by artificial instruction. There is more complacency in the negligence of some men, than in what is called the good breeding of others; and the little absences of the heart are often more interesting and engaging than the punctilious attention of a thousand professed sacrificers to the Graces.

Idleness, or that species of little occupations which is attached to no particular business or profession, is a state more difficult to support than is generally imagined. Even the perfect idler, like some other harmless and insignificant animals whom naturalists are acquainted with, though he can live on air, cannot subsist in vacuo: and the idler of a higher sort needs perhaps more ideas, more store of mind about him, than would go to the furnishing of twenty brains of mere plodding men of business.

The Lounger feels for the family of the idle in all its branches, however distant their relation to that of which he owns himself descended. To them, therefore, his lucubrations will in a particular manner be adapted. To those in whom the want of active employment has not relaxed the power of thought, they may afford some opportunity for speculation; and even to that prodigal of mind as well as time, who has forgotten how to think, the few moments required for the perusal of them will be at least a small portion of life harmlessly spent, and, it may be, saved from less innocent employments.

No. 3.] SATURDAY, FEB. 19, 1785.

Quid refert quantum habeas? multo illud plus est quod non habes. SEN.

What matters it how much you have?—there remains much more which you have not.

IT is an old and a common observation, that men are more desirous to be thought to possess talents and qualities to which in truth they have no pretensions, than those in which they excel in an eminent degree. Of this Cicero was in ancient times a remarkable example, and the observation of every one must have furnished instances as striking in our own days. We see grave and profound statesmen wishing to pass for fine gentlemen, and fine gentlemen valuing themselves upon their knowledge of things of which they are most ignorant. If you wish to compliment the gay, the elegant Lothario, you must not mention his taste in dress, his fine figure, or the lively elegance of his conversation: you must dwell upon his knowledge of the interests of the different states of Europe, his extensive political information, and his talents for business. Camillus is a barrister of the first eminence, possessed of great knowledge in his profession, an acute reasoner, and a powerful pleader. In external appearance nature has been less bountiful to Camillus: his figure is mean and ungraceful; and from his air and manner a stranger would be apt to take him for any thing rather than a gentleman. With all this, Camillus fancies that there is an uncommon degree of elegance in his form, and cannot conceal his ambition to be considered as a man of fashion.

But the most amusing instance of this sort I have met with was that of the late Duke of ———. His Grace was undoubtedly possessed of sound judgment, a cultivated understanding, a greater portion of knowledge than usually falls to the share of those of his rank; and though not perhaps calculated to make a brilliant figure in the senate, his talents were admirably adapted for business, and must in any age have entitled their possessor to respect and consideration. Amidst his other studies, the Duke had happened to look into some books of physic; from that moment he commenced a most skilful physician, and, compared to himself, considered the whole faculty as a set of ignorant blunderers. An artful courtier, well acquainted with this whimsey of his Grace's, contrived to let it be known, that he was affected with a particular disorder; in the cure of which the Duke thought himself more than commonly expert. He kindly offered his assistance, which was received with becoming gratitude; and from time to time he was acquainted with the progress of the cure, and the effects of the medicine supposed to have been administered in consequence of his prescriptions. At the end of six weeks, the wily patient had to thank his noble physician, both for a complete cure, and a considerable employment which he had long in vain solicited.

Among the other sex, though, from their situation, and the narrow circle of their acquirements, this weakness has less room to display itself, yet it is not unfrequently to be found. Elizabeth might be quoted as a counterpart to Cicero, were it not that the claim to beauty is so natural to a woman, that we do not wonder when we find even a queen not superior to that pretension. But there are, in our own times, ladies who forget the certain empire of their beauty, and aspire to the doubtful reputation of knowledge. Mirtilla has of late turned her fine eye from terrestrial objects to the study of astronomy, and you cannot flatter her so much as by asking her opinion of the last new meteor, or the Georgium Sidus. And Euanthe, since she read Reaumur, has left her society of beaux for a curious collection of butterflies.

But while people are thus ambitious of being thought to possess talents and qualities to which they have no pretension, it does not thence follow, that they estimate at too low a rate those attainments in which they are allowed to excel. In judging at least of those around us, we are, I am afraid, too apt to undervalue such as may be deficient in any particular in which we have acquired eminence, however respectable such persons may otherwise be. The man of letters looks down with a conscious superiority on the man of business engaged in the ordinary affairs of life: the men of the world, on the other hand, feeling the importance of their own occupations, consider the pursuits of literature as at best but a finer species of dissipation, a mere pastime, leading to no end, and attended with no consequence.

This sort of mutual contempt is visible in every rank and condition of life; and even the best, the most moderate, and the most cultivated minds, are not, perhaps, altogether exempted from it. Mr. Hume, in his History of England, expresses himself in the following terms: "Such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess above every other occupation, that even he who obtains but a mediocrity in them merits the pre-eminence above those that excel the most in the common and vulgar professions." It is not my object at present to inquire how far his opinion be well or ill founded: allowing it to be just, what must Mr. Hume's station be in the scale of excellence? That question, I am persuaded, his gentle modesty hardly permitted him to consider. It is well known that Mr. Hume, a few years before his death, received a pension of 200l. a year. It might have been amusing at the time, to consider the opposite ideas entertained by the givers and the receiver of that pension. In the pride of present power, and amidst the self-importance fostered by perpetual adulation, the minister and his minions might view with a certain degree of contempt a man on whom they were bestowing so paltry a recompense: on the other hand, the author, while receiving this mark of favour, and expressing his gratitude for it, might not be able to check the rising thought, that his name would live for ever, ranked with those whose envied lot it had been to inform, to enlighten, to delight mankind; while his patrons, distinguished only by rank or station, were buried in oblivion with the common herd of kings, ministers, and statemen, whose name posterity reads with the most perfect indifference, of whom little more is commonly known, than that they lived and died at such and such a period. Of this idea, Mr. Hume himself gives a fine illustration. Talking of the little regard paid to Milton when alive, "Whitlocke," says he, "mentions one Milton, as he calls him, a blind man, who was employed in translating a treaty with Sweden into Latin. These forms of expression are amusing to us, who consider how obscure Whitlocke himself, though lord keeper and ambassador, and indeed a man of great abilities and merit, has become in comparison of Milton."

When Lord Keeper Whitlocke expressed himself in those terms, he must have felt a conscious superiority over one Milton, employed to translate the Swedish treaty into Latin. But if we may guess at what passed in the mind of Milton while employed in that humble service, it is not improbable, that if ever he was led to estimate his own merit in comparison with that of Whitlocke, a just sense of his own superior excellence might teach him, that though constrained by situation to submit to a drudgery so unworthy of him, yet still he was by nature entitled to a place in the temple of Fame far above his employer; and he might perhaps enjoy, by a sort of anticipation, that ample justice which posterity has done him. Such examples may convey a useful lesson to the great, may teach them to smooth somewhat of their "crested pride," and to treat with more observance and regard than they are often disposed to do, men equal to them by nature, perhaps superior in nature's best and choicest gifts.

Of the last species of weakness taken notice of in this paper, the credit we take for the talents we possess, the reason seems obvious enough, that partiality to ourselves, and our own possessions, which runs through every circumstance of life. Of the first, our desire to be remarked for talents to which we have no proper claim, the reason may, I think, be drawn from the period of life at which it commonly takes its rise. Our real endowments were ours, or began to be attained, at an early age, when we were but little liable to the impressions of vanity or self-conceit; but the new and imperfect acquirements on which men are apt very absurdly to plume themselves begin after the habit of vanity is formed, which appropriates to itself every acquisition, however trifling, which its professor may happen to make.

But whatever may be the cause of such weaknesses, no doubt will be entertained of their existence. It will readily be acknowledged, that men are apt to fall into those two opposite and seemingly contradictory extremes, when they think of themselves and of others. On one hand, the childish vanity of new acquirements leads us to overlook those talents which in reality we possess, and to value ourselves on those to which we have little or no pretensions; yet when we come to form a judgment of our own merit, in comparison with that of our neighbours, we are apt to despise every person who is deficient in any one particular in which we excel. We ought, however, to recollect, that to aim at universal excellence is a vain and fruitless attempt, which seldom fails to expose even men of the most superior talents to deserved ridicule: and, if this be allowed, it must follow, that it is no less unjust than ungenerous, to despise others for the want of a particular quality or accomplishment which we may happen to possess; because it is extremely probable that we may be equally deficient in some article, perhaps more important and more useful to mankind, in which they have attained a high degree of excellence.

R.

No. 4.] Saturday, Feb. 26, 1785.

Laudator temporis acti.—Juvenal.

A fond admirer of antiquity.

"Get thee a place, for I must be idle," says Hamlet to Horatio at the play. It is often so with me at public places: I am more employed in attending to the spectators than to the entertainment; a practice which, in the present state of some of our entertainments, I frequently find very convenient. In me, however, it is an indolent, quiet sort of indulgence, which, if it affords some amusement to myself, does not disturb that of any other body.

At an assembly at which I happened to be present a few nights ago, my notice was peculiarly attracted by a gentleman with what is called a fresh look for his age, dressed in a claret-coloured coat, with gold buttons, of a cut not altogether modern, an embroidered waistcoat with very large flaps, a major wig, long ruffles nicely plaited (that looked however as if the fashion had come to them rather than that they had been made for the fashion); his white silk stockings ornamented with figured clocks, and his shoes with high insteps, buckled with small round gold buckles. His sword, with a silver hilt somewhat tarnished, I might have thought only an article of his dress, had not a cockade in his hat marked him for a military man. It was sometime before I was able to find out who he was, till at last my friend Mr. S—— informed me he was a very worthy relation of his, who had not been in town above twice these forty years; that an accidental piece of business had lately brought him from his house in the country, and he had been prevailed on to look on the ladies of Edinburgh at two or three public places before he went home again, that he might see whether they were as handsome as their mothers and grandmothers, whom he had danced with at balls, and squired to plays and concerts, near half a century ago. "He was," continued my friend, "a professed admirer and votary of the sex; and when he was a young man fought three duels for the honour of the ladies, in one of which he was run through the body, but luckily escaped with his life. The lady, however, for whom he fought, did not reward her knight as she ought to have done, but soon after married another man with a larger fortune; upon which he forswore society in a great measure, and though he continued for several years to do his duty in the army, and actually rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, mixed but little in the world, and has for a long space of time resided at his estate a determined bachelor, with somewhat of misanthropy, and a great deal of good-nature about him. If you please I will introduce you to him—Colonel Caustic, this is a very particular friend of mine, who solicits the honour of being known to you."——The colonel kissed me on both cheeks, and seeming to take a liking to my face, we appeared mutually disposed to be very soon acquainted.

Our conversation naturally began on the assembly, which I observed to be a full one. "Why, yes," said the colonel, "here is crowd enough, and to spare; and yet your ladies seem to have been at a loss for partners. I suppose the greatest part of the men, or rather boys, whom I see now standing up to dance, have been brought in to make up a set, as people in the country sometimes fill up the places in a dance with chairs, to help them to go through the figure. But as I came too late for the minuets, I presume the dressed gentlemen walked up stairs after they were ended."—"Why, Sir, there are now-a-days no minuets."—"No minuets!—(looking for a while at the company on the floor)—I don't wonder at it."—"Why, perhaps, colonel," said I, "these young gentlemen have not quite an aspect serious enough for the *pas grave*; and yet yonder is one standing with his back to the fire."—"Why, yes, there is something of gravity, of almost melancholy on his face."—"Yes, melancholy and gentleman-like," said I, "as Master Stephen in the play has it."—"Why, that young man, Sir,—now that I have observed him closer,—with that roll of handkerchief about his neck, his square-cut striped vest, his large metal buttons and nankeen breeches,—Why, Sir, 'tis a stable-boy out of place!"

"Pray, who are those gentlemen," said Colonel Caustic, "who have ranged themselves in a sort of phalanx at the other end of the room, and seem, like the devil in Milton, to carry stern defiance on their brow?"—"I have not the honour of their acquaintance," I replied; "but some of them I presume from the cockades in their hats"—"You do not say so," interrupted the colonel. "Is that the military air of the present day? But you must be mistaken; they cannot be real soldiers: militia, or train-band subalterns, believe me, who having neither seen service nor good company, contrive to look fierce, in order to avoid looking sheepish. I remember indeed of old, some of our boys used to put on that fierce air in coffee-houses and taverns; but they could never dream of wearing it before the ladies."—"I think, however," said Mr. S——, smiling, "the ladies don't seem much afraid of them."—"Why, your ladies," answered the colonel, "to say truth, have learned to look people in the face. During the little while I have been in town, I have met with some in my walks, in great coats, riding hats, and rattans, whom I could not show an eye to: but I am newly come from the country; I shall keep a better countenance by and by."

At that moment a lady and her party, for whose appearance the dancers were waiting, were just entering the room, and seemed in a great hurry to get forward. Their progress, however, was a good deal impeded by a tall stout young man, who had taken his station just at the threshold, and leaning his back against one of the door-posts, with his right foot placed firm on the end of the bench, was picking his teeth with a perfect *nonchalance* to every thing around him. I saw the colonel fasten a very angry look on him, and move his hand with a sort of involuntary motion towards my cane. The ladies had now got through the defile, and we stood back to make way for them. “Was there ever such a brute?” said Colonel Caustic. The young gentleman stalked up to the place where we were standing, put up his glass to his eye, looked hard at the colonel, and then—put it down again. The colonel took snuff.

“Our sex,” said I, “colonel, is not perhaps improved in its public appearance; but I think you will own the other is not less beautiful than it was.” He cast his eye round for a few minutes before he answered me. “Why, yes,” said he, “Sir, here are many pretty, very pretty girls. That young lady in blue is a very pretty girl. I remember her grandmother at the same age; she was a fine woman.”—“But the one next her, with the fanciful cap, and the *panache* of red and white feathers, with that elegant form, that striking figure, is not she a fine woman?”—“Why, no, Sir, not quite a fine woman; not quite such a woman, as a man (raising his chest as he pronounced the word man, and pressing the points of his three unemployed fingers gently on his bosom), as a man would be proud to stake his life for.”

“But in short, Sir,” continued he,—“I speak to you because you look like one that can understand me—there is nothing about a woman's person merely (were she formed like the *Venus de Medicis)*, that can constitute a fine woman. There is something in the look, the manner, the voice, and still more the silence, of such a one as I mean, that has no connection with any thing material; at least no more than just to make one think such a soul is lodged as it deserves.—In short, Sir, a fine woman,—I could have shown you some examples formerly.—I mean, however, no disparagement to the young ladies here; none, upon my honour; they are s well made, and if not better dressed, at least more dressed than their predecessors; and their complexions I think are better. But I am an ld fellow, and apt to talk foolishly.”

“I suspect, Caustic,” said my friend, Mr. ———, “you and I are not quite competent judges of this matter. Were the partners of our ancing days to make their appearance here, with their humble foretops and brown unpowdered ringlets”—“Why, what then, Mr. S——?” “Why, I think those high heads would overtop them a little, that's all.”—“Why, as for the *panache*,” replied the colonel, “I have no objection to the ornament itself; there is something in the waving movement of it that is graceful, and not undignified; but in every sort of dress there is a certain character, a certain relation which it holds to the wearer. Yonder now, you'll forgive me, Sir, (turning to me), yonder is a set of girls, I suppose, from their looks and from their giggling, but a few weeks from the nursery, whose feathers are in such agitation, whisked about, high and low, on this side and on that.”—“Why, Sir, 'tis like the Countess of Cassowar's managerie scared by the entrance of her lap-dog.”

“As to dress, indeed, in general,” continued the colonel, “that of a man or woman of fashion should be such as to mark some attention to appearance, some deference to society. The young men I see here look as if they had just had time to throw off their boots after a fox-chase. But yet dress is only an accessory, that should seem to belong to the wearer, and not the wearer to it. Some of the young ladies opposite to us are so made up of ornaments, so stuck round with finery, that an ill-natured observer might say, their milliner had sent them hither, as she places her doll in her shop-window, to exhibit her wares to the company.”

Mr. S—— was going to reply, when he was stopped by the noise of a hundred tongues, which approached like a gathering storm from the card-room. 'Twas my Lady Rumpus, with a crowd of women and a mob of men in her suite. They were people of too much consequence to have any of that deference for society which the colonel talked of. My nerves, and those of my friend S——, though not remarkably weak, could barely stand their approach; but Colonel Caustic's were quite overpowered.—We accompanied him in his retreat out of the dancing-room; and after drinking a dish of tea by way of sedative, as the physicians phrase it, he called for his chair, and went home.

While we were sitting in the tea-room, Mr. S—— undertook the apology of my Lady Rumpus and her followers. “We must make allowance,” said he, “for the fashion of the times. In these days, precision of manners is exploded, and ease is the mode.”—“Ease!” said the colonel, wiping his forehead. “Why, in your days,” said Mr. S——, “and I may say in mine too, for I believe there is not much betwixt us, were there not sometimes fantastic modes, which people of rank had brought into use, and which were called genteel because such people practised them, though the word might not justly apply to them in the abstract?”—“I understood you, S——,” said the colonel, “there were such things; some irregularities that broke out now and then. There were mad-caps of both sexes, that would venture o strange things; but they were in a style somewhat above the canaille: ridiculous enough, I grant you, but not perfectly absurd: coarse it might be, but not downright vulgar. In all ages, I suppose, people of condition did sometimes entrench themselves behind their titles or their high birth, and committed offences against what lesser folks would call decorum, and yet were allowed to be well-bred all the while; were sometimes a little gross, and called it witty; and a little rude, and called it raillery: but 'twas false coinage, and never passed long. Indeed, I have generally remarked, that people did so only because they could not do better; 'tis like pleading privilege for a debt which a man's own funds do not enable him to pay. A great man may perhaps be well-bred in a manner which little people do not understand; but, trust me, he is a greater man who is well bred in a manner that every body understands."

Z.

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No. 5.] Saturday, March 5, 1785.

Historiæ decus est, et quasi anima, ut cum eventis causæ copulentur.

Bacon, De Augm. Scient.

It is the glory, and indeed the soul of History, to connect events with their causes.

Of the various kinds of literary composition there is hardly any which has been at all times more cultivated than that of History. A desire to recount remarkable events, and a curiosity to hear the relation of them, are propensities inherent in human nature; and hence historians have abounded in every age, in the rudest and simplest, as well as in the most polished and refined. The first poets were historians; and Homer and Ossian, "when the light of the song arose," but recounted the virtues and exploits of their countrymen.

From poetic numbers, History at length descended to prose; but she was still of the family of the Muses, and long retained many features of the race from whence she sprung. *Historia*, says Quintilian, *est proxima poetis, et quodammodo carmen solutum.* She professed, indeed, that her purpose was to instruct, not less than to please; yet such was her hereditary propensity, that for many successive ages she continued more studious to cultivate the means of pleasing than anxious to gather the materials of instruction. But when all her arts of pleasing had been exhausted; when the charms of novelty and the blossom of youth were gone, she began to feel the decay of her power. In her distress she looked around for aid, and wisely embraced a union with Philosophy, who taught her the value of the rich field of instruction she had so long neglected, showed her how she might add new graces to her powers of giving delight, how she might not only recover, but extend her empire, and be crowned with honours that should never fade.

To drop the allegory: The truth is, that although to afford pleasure and to convey instruction have been ever the professed ends of history, yet they have not always been mingled in due proportion. The former has been the object of the greater part of historians; and their aim of instruction has seldom gone farther than to illustrate some moral precept, and to improve the heart by exhibiting bright and illustrious examples of virtue. It is of late only that history, by taking a wider range, has assumed a different form; and with the relation of splendid events uniting an investigation of their causes, has exhibited a view of those great circumstances in the situation of any people which can alone yield solid instruction.

Historians may therefore be divided into two kinds, according to the methods they have followed, and the ends they have chiefly had in view in their composition. The first class, and which is by far the most numerous, consists of those who have confined themselves to the mere relation of public transactions; who have made it their principal aim to interest the affections; and who, in assigning any causes of events, have seldom gone beyond those immediately connected with the particular characters of the persons whose actions they describe. The second class comprehends the very few historians who have viewed it as their chief business to unfold the more remote and general causes of public events, and have considered the giving an account of the rise, progress, perfection, and decline of government, of manners, of art, and of science, as the only true means of rendering history instructive.

In the former of these classes we must rank almost all the celebrated historians of ancient Greece and Rome. In general they merely relate distinguished events; but to search out and reflect upon the general causes of them they seldom attempt; and to mark the state of government, of laws, of manners, or of arts, seems not to have been thought of by them as falling within the province of history. To delight the imagination seems to have been their favourite aim; and accordingly, from the superior effects of recent events in interesting the passions, we find that many of the most distinguished historians of this class have chosen for their subjects, either transactions of which they were themselves witnesses, or that were very near their own times. Thucydides and Xenophon record little but the events of their own day, and in which they themselves bore a part; Cæsar gives us nothing but memoirs of his own exploits; and Tacitus confines himself very nearly to his own times. Even Herodotus, who takes a larger range, is, in general, only a relator of facts which he either saw himself, or reports on the testimony of others; and Livy, who commences his history with the foundation of Rome, scarce thinks of any thing beyond a mere detail of wars and revolutions, and seems only careful to embellish his story by interesting narrative and flowing language.

When such were the limited bounds of this species of writing, history was an ART, the design of which was to please; not a SCIENCE, the purpose of which was to instruct. It was, as Quintilian says, *proxima poetis;* and critical rules were laid down for its composition, similar to those for the structure of an epic poem. To select a subject, the recital of which might be interesting; to arrange and distribute the several parts with skill; to embellish by forcible and picturesque description; to enliven by characteristic and animated speeches, and to clothe the whole in beautiful and flowing language; formed all the necessary and essential parts of the composition. In these the ancients held the highest excellence and perfection of history to consist; and so little did their views reach any farther, that Dionysius of Halicarnassus, a critic of taste and acuteness, says, that the first object of a person about to write history ought to be, "to select a subject striking and pleasing, and such as may not only affect, but overpower the minds of the readers with pleasure." And he condemns Thucydides for his choice of the Peloponnesian war; "because it was neither honourable nor prosperous, nor ever should have been engaged in, or at least should have been buried in silence and oblivion, that posterity might be ignorant of it."

Thus confirmed were the ideas of the ancients with regard to the objects of history. But while we may regret this, we are not to ascribe it to any defect of genius: it arose from causes which a little reflection may render sufficiently obvious, and from the circumstances in which they were unavoidably placed.

In ancient times, mankind had before their eyes but a very limited field of observation, and but a short experience of the revolutions of nations. Their memorials of former events too were scanty and imperfect, being little more than traditions, involved in uncertainty and disfigured by fable. They possessed not that extensive experience, nor that large collection of facts, which can alone lead to general reasonings, or can suggest the idea of philosophical history. Nothing farther could occur to them as the object of history, but to delight the imagination and improve the heart; and accordingly they chose subjects that made the strongest impression on their own minds, and might most interest the passions of others. To explain the immediate motives and springs of actions, was necessary even for connecting their narrative; but to proceed farther and trace the remote causes, and to perceive how much public events were affected by the degree of advancement, which a nation had reached in government, in manners, and in arts, were discoveries yet hid from their view.

The ancient world wanted that communication and intercourse of one nation with another, which, of all circumstances, has the greatest effect in generalizing and enlarging the views of an historian. It is with nations as with individuals; no family knowledge, no domestic study, can ever afford that large and extended information which mixing with other men, which commerce with the world will bestow. In the time of the Grecian republics, man consisted but of two divisions, Greeks and Barbarians; though the subdivision of the former into smaller states promoted the spirit of philosophic research considerably more than when to the name of Roman was confined every science, every art, every privilege and dignity of man. In modern times, the nearly equal rank and cultivation of different European kingdoms, gives much more opportunity than was enjoyed by the ancient world, for the comparison of facts, and the construction of system in the history of mankind; while at the same time the literary intercourse of those different kingdoms gives to such researches at once the force of union and the spur of emulation.

In short, the opposite situation and circumstances of the present age have bestowed on history its most signal improvement, and have given it a form before unknown. The many and various revolutions which an experience of more than three thousand years has exhibited to mankind, and the contemplation of the rise, progress, and decline of successive empires, have led to the discovery, that all human events are guided and directed by certain general causes which must be every where the same. It has come to be perceived that nations, like individuals, have their infancy, maturity, decline, and extinction; and that in their gradual establishment and various revolutions, immediate causes springing from the actions and characters of individuals, and even all the wisdom and foresight of man have had but a very slender share, in comparison of the influence of general and unavoidable circumstances.

These reflections, which the experience of many ages could alone suggest, and to which the great improvements of the present age in reasoning and philosophy have much contributed, have led men to view the history of nations in a new light. To investigate the general causes and the true sources of the advancement, the prosperity, and the fall of empires, has become the useful and important object of the historian. While he relates the memorable transactions of each different period, and describes the conduct and characters of the persons principally engaged in them, he at the same time unfolds the remote as well as immediate causes of events, and imparts the most valuable knowledge and information. He marks the advancement of mankind in society, the rise and progress of arts and sciences, the successive improvements of law and government, and the gradual refinement of manners; all of them not only curious objects of contemplation, but intimately connected with a narration of civil transactions, and without which the events of no particular period can be fully accounted for.

The few who have treated history in this manner form the second of the two classes into which I have divided historians; and it is to the present age we owe this union of philosophy with history, and the production of a new and more perfect species of historical composition. President Montesquieu was perhaps the first who attempted to show how much the history of mankind may be explained from great and general causes. Mr. de Voltaire's Essay on General History, with all its imperfections, is a work of uncommon merit; and with the usual vivacity of its author, it unites great and enlarged views on the general progress of civilization and advancement of society. The same track has been pursued by other writers of reputation, particularly by the late Mr. Hume, who in his History of England has gone farther in investigating general causes, and in marking the progress of laws, government, arts, and manners, than any of his predecessors. Much, however, yet remains to be done; for it is a field but just begun to be cultivated; and if it be true, as the last-mentioned historian has observed, that the world is still too young to fix many general truths in politics, we have to fear that it is reserved for some still distant age to see philosophical history attain its highest perfection.

Y.

No. 6.] Saturday, March 12, 1785.

A few mornings ago I was agreeably surprised with a very early call from my newly-acquired friend Colonel Caustic. "'Tis on a foolish piece of business," said he, "I give you the trouble of this visit. You must know I had an appointment with your friend S—— to go to the play this evening, which a particular affair that has come across him will prevent his keeping; and as a man, after making such an arrangement, feels it irksome to be disappointed (at least it is so with an old methodical fellow like me), I have taken the liberty of calling, to ask *if you* will supply his place: I might have had *one or two other conductors*; but it is only with certain people I choose to go to such places. Seeing a play, or indeed any thing else, won't do at my time of life, either alone, or in company not quite to one's mind. 'Tis like drinking a bottle of claret; the liquor is something; but nine-tenths of the bargain is in the companion with whom one drinks it." As he spoke this, he gave me his hand with such an air of cordiality—methought we had been acquainted these forty years;—I took it with equal warmth, and assured him, truly, it would give me infinite pleasure to attend him.

When we went to the theatre in the evening, and while I was reading the box list, to determine where we should endeavour to find a place, a lady of the colonel's acquaintance happening to come in, begged our acceptance of places in her box. We entered accordingly; and I placed my old friend in a situation where I thought he could most conveniently command a view both of the company and of the stage. He had never been in our present house before, and allowed that in size and convenience it exceeded the old one, though he would not grant so much as the lady and I demanded on that score. "I know," said he, "you are in the right; but one don't easily get rid of first impressions; I can't make you conceive what a play was to me some fifty years ago, with what feelings I heard the last music begin, nor how my heart beat, when it ceased."—"Why, it is very true, colonel," said the lady, "one can't retain those feelings always,"—"It is something," said I, "to have had them once."———"Why, if I may judge from the little I have seen," replied the colonel, "your young folks have no time for them now-a-days; their pleasures begin so early, and come so thick."—"'Tis the way to make the most of their time."——"Pardon me, Madam," said he, "I don't think so: 'tis like the difference between your hot-house asparagus and my garden ones; the last have their green and their white; but the first is tasteless from the very top." The lady had not time to study the allusion; for her company began to come into the box and continued coming in during all the first act of the comedy. On one side of Colonel Caustic sat a lady with a Lunardi hat; before him was placed one with a feathered head-dress. Lunardi and the Feathers talked and nodded to one another about an appointment at a milliner's next morning. I sat quite behind, as is my custom, and betook myself to meditation. The colonel was not quite so patient; he tried to see the stage, and got a flying vizzy now and then; but in the attempt he got such a whisk from Miss Feathers on one cheek, and such a poke from the wires of Miss Lunardi on t'other, that he was fain to give up the matter of seeing;—as to hearing it was out of the question.

"I hope, colonel, you have been well entertained," said the mistress of the box, at the end of the act. "Wonderfully well," said the colonel.——"That *La Mash* is a monstrous comical fellow!"—"Oh! as to that, Madam, I know nothing of the matter: in your ladyship's box one is quite independent of the players."—He made a sign to me: I opened the box door, and stood waiting for his coming with me.—"Where are you going, colonel?" said the lady, as he stepped over the last bench. "To the play, Madam," said he, bowing, and shutting the door.

For that purpose we went to the pit, where, though it was pretty much crowded, we got ourselves seated in a very centrical place. There is something in Colonel Caustic's look and appearance, not so much of the form only, but the sentiment of good breeding, that it is not easy to resist showing him any civility in one's power. While we stood near the door, a party in the middle of one of the rows beckoned to us, and let us know that we might find room by them; and the colonel, not without many scruples of complaisance, at last accepted the invitation.

We had not long been in possession of our place before the second act began. We had now an opportunity of hearing the play, as, though the conversation in the box we had left, which by this time was reinforced with several new performers, was about as loud as that of the players, we were nearer to the talkers in front than those behind us. When the act was over, I repeated Lady ——'s interrogatory as to the colonel's entertainment. "I begin," said he, putting his snuff-box to his nose, "to find the inattention of my former box-fellows not quite so unreasonable."—"Our company of this season," said a brother officer, who sat near us, to Colonel Caustic, "is a very numerous one; they can get up any new play in a week."—"I am not so much surprised, Sir," replied the colonel, "at the number of your players, as I am at the number of the audience."—"Most of the new performers are drafts from the English and Irish stages."—"From the *awkward division* of them, I presume."—"You are a severe critic, Sir," replied the officer; "but the house has been as full as you see it every night these three weeks."—"I can easily believe it," said the colonel.

As the play went on, the colonel was asked his opinion of it by this gentleman and one or two more of his neighbours. He was shy of venturing his judgment on the piece; they were kind enough to direct him how to form one. "This is a very favourite comedy, Sir, and has had a great run at Drury-lane."—"Why, gentlemen," said he, "I have no doubt of the comedy being an excellent comedy, since you tell me so; and to be sure those gentlemen and ladies who make up the *dramatis personæ* of it say a number of good things, some of them not the worse for having been said last century by Joe Miller; but I am often at a loss to know what they would be at, and wish for a little of my old friend Bayes's insinuation to direct me."—"You mean, Sir, that the plot is involved."—"Pardon me, Sir, not at all; 'tis a perfectly clear plot, 'as clear as the sun in the cucumber,' as Anthonio in Venice Preserved says. The hero and heroine are to be married, and they are at a loss how to get it put off till the fifth act."—"You will see, Sir, how the last scene will wind it up."—"Oh! I have no doubt, Sir, that it will end at the dropping of the curtain."

Before the dropping of the curtain, however, it was not easy to attend to that winding up of the plot which was promised us. Between gentlemen coming into the house from dinner parties, and ladies going out of it to evening ones, the disorder in the boxes, and the calling to order in the pit, the business of the comedy was rather supposed than followed; and the actors themselves seemed inclined to slur it a little, being too well bred not to perceive that they interrupted the arrangement of some of the genteelest part of their audience.

When the curtain was down, I saw Colonel Caustic threw his eye round the house with a look which I knew had nothing to do with the comedy. After a silence of two or three minutes, in which I did not choose to interrupt him. "Amidst the various calculations of lives," said he, "is there any table for the life of a beauty?"—"I believe not," said I, smiling; "there is a fragility in that, which neither Price nor Maseres ever thought of applying figures to."—"'Tis a sort of mortality," continued the colonel, "which, at such a time as this, at the ending of some public entertainment, I have often thought on with a very melancholy feeling. An old bachelor like me, who has no girls of his own, except he is a very peevish fellow, which I hope I am not, looks on every one of these young creatures in some measure as a daughter; and when I think how many children of that sort I have lost—for there are a thousand ways of a beauty's dying—it almost brings tears into my eyes. Then they are so spoiled while they do live. Here I am as splenetic as before I was melancholy. Those flower-beds we see, so fair to look on,—what useless weeds are suffered to grow up with them!"—"I do not think, colonel, that the mere flower part is left uncultivated."—"Why, even as to that, 'tis artificially forced before its time. A woman has a character even as a beauty. A beauty, a toast, a fine woman, merely considered as such, has a sort of professional character, which it requires some sense and accomplishments to maintain. Now-a-days, there are so many irregulars who practise at fifteen, without a single requisite except mere outside!—if we go a little farther, and consider a woman as something more than a beauty; when we regard the sex as that gentle but irresistible power that should mould the world to a finer form; that should teach benignity to wisdom, to virtue grace, humanity to valour; when we look on them in less eminent, but not less useful points of view, as those *dii penates*, those household deities, from whom man is to find comfort and protection, who are to smooth the ruggedness of his labours, the irksomeness and cares of business; who are to blunt the sting of his sorrows, and the bitterness of his disappointment!—You think me a fool for declaiming thus."—"No, upon my soul, don't I; I hope you think better of me than to suppose so."—"But I may come down from my declamation. Yonder are a set, fluttering in that box there,—young, to be sure, but they will never be older, except in wrinkles—I don't suppose they have an idea in their heads beyond the colour of a ribbon, the placing of a feather, or the step of a cotillion!—And yet they may get husbands."—"If it please God," said I.—"And be the mothers of the next generation."—"'Tis to be hoped."—"Well, well, old Caustic will be in his grave by that time."

There was what Shakspeare calls "a humourous sadness" in the thought, at which I did not well know whether to smile or be sorrowful.—But on the whole, it was one I did not choose to press too close on. I feel that I begin to love this old man exceedingly; and having acquired him late, I hope I shall not lose him soon.

Z.

No. 7.] Saturday, March 19, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Παρα τα δεινα φρονιμωτερος. ANON.
Taught by affliction.

Sir,

The art of knowing ourselves has been recommended by the moralists of all ages; and its attainment inculcated with that earnestness which implies both a conviction of its high value, and a sense of its difficulty. The great obstacle to the acquisition of this most desirable species of instruction is acknowledged to be that self-deceit by which the same vices or defects which we keenly note in the character of others, and judge of with vigour and severity, are viewed in ourselves through a medium of partial indulgence. Though unable to resist the seductions to a deviation from duty, we cannot endure the avowal of our own depravity. We are anxious to hide our weakness from ourselves, as well as from others; and our ingenuity is exerted to devise specious apologies and subterfuges. "*Reason panders will;*" and thus it may be said, though paradoxically, yet truly, that the love of virtue itself is a secondary cause of our continuance in the practice of vice.

The effectual removal of this veil of self-deceit is what the weakness of our nature, perhaps, prevents us to hope can ever be accomplished: yet, though not completely removed, it may be partially withdrawn. I have often thought, that should a man be really in earnest in the desire of attaining a knowledge of his own character, there are times and circumstances which lay it open before him: there are situations which dissipate for a while that mist of errors which hides him from his own eyes, and force an acknowledgment of many defections from virtue, many a desertion to vice, which he would blush to be suspected of by others.

In estimating the characters of men, we are often sensible of great revolutions in our opinions. The same person who at one time possessed our approbation or esteem, at another is perhaps become the object of our aversion. The man whom formerly, perhaps, we disregarded as of a weak understanding, we afterwards discover to possess considerable abilities. He whom some unfavourable circumstances have led us to suspect of a deficiency in moral rectitude, may afterwards, on a more intimate acquaintance, be found of the most scrupulous integrity. The frequent experience of those errors in judgment, will evince to us the folly and danger of an implicit reliance on our own opinions; will inculcate a salutary distrust of their foundation, and a conviction of the perverting influence of our ruling passions and prejudices. And this, Sir, is no inconsiderable advance in the science of self-knowledge.

In the perusal of history, or of the more limited pictures which biography presents to us, there is no reader who does not take a warm interest in every thing that regards a truly deserving character; who does not feel a sensible pleasure in those instances where the benevolent purposes of such a person have been attended with success, or his virtuous actions followed by reward. This approbation paid to virtue is a tribute of the heart, which is given with ease, which is bestowed even with pleasure. But in life itself it is unhappily found that virtue has not the same concomitant approbation. The same instances of generosity, of humanity, of candour, temperance, and humility, which we applaud in those records of the dead, we slightly regard in our intercourse with the living.—The jealousy of a competitor is an insuperable obstacle to esteem. But of the competition of the dead we have no jealousy: for they arrogate no substantial rewards; their reputation anticipates no promotions which we seek, no emoluments which we covet; and therefore their praise is heard without the pang of envy or the fear of rivalship.

The contrast of opinions, of which we have daily experience in our own breasts, is an important object of attention to him who truly desires to attain a knowledge of his own character. It furnishes that species of proof which is attended with direct conviction, and which it is impossible to resist. We are compelled to acknowledge the depravity of our hearts: for where the same objects create opposite perceptions, the error must be in him who perceives them.

The effect of this change in our opinions, in substantiating (if I may so say) our defects, is never so perceptible as when, on the death of a person who was well known to us, we compare the idea we formed of his character when alive, with that which we now entertain of him. His excellences and defects are now more impartially estimated. On the former, the memory dwells with peculiar satisfaction, and indulges a melancholy pleasure in bestowing its tribute of approbation. On the latter, we kindly throw the veil of charitable alleviation: we reflect on our own imbecility; we find apologies for another in the weakness of our own nature, and impute the error of the individual to the imperfection of the species.

But, above all, should it happen that the person thus removed by death was one who had approved himself our friend, and whose kind affections we had repeatedly experienced, the difference we now perceive in our estimate of such a character is apt to strike the mind with the most forcible conviction of our own unworthiness. Memory is industrious to torment us with the recollection of numberless instances of merit we have overlooked, of kindness we have not returned, of services repaid with cold neglect. The injury we have done is aggravated by the reflection that it cannot be repaired; for he whose life was perhaps embittered by our ingratitude is now insensible to our contrition.

Ah, Sir! the man who now writes to you bears witness himself to the misery of that feeling which he describes. He who now addresses you was once blest with the affection of the best, the most amiable of women. When I married my Maria, engaged to her by that esteem which an acquaintance almost from infancy had produced, I knew not half her worth. The situation in which she was now placed brought to my view many points of excellence which were before undiscovered. Must I own to my shame, that the possession of this treasure diminished its value? Fool that I was! I knew not my own happiness till I had for ever lost it. Six years were the short period of our union: Would to Heaven that term were yet to live again! I loved Maria:—Severely as I am now disposed to review my past conduct, I cannot reproach myself with a failure in affection. But what human being could have been insensible to loveliness, to worth, to tenderness like hers? Poor was that affection which often preferred the most trivial selfish gratification to her wishes or requests; and of small value was that regard, which a sudden gust of passion could, at times, entirely obliterate.

It was my character, Sir, as that of many, to see the path of duty and propriety, but to have the weakness to be for ever deviating from it. Educated in a respectable sphere of life, but possessing a narrow income, which with strict economy was barely sufficient to maintain with decency that station which we occupied, it was the care of my Maria to superintend herself the minutest article of our domestic concerns, and thus to retrench a variety of the ordinary expenses of a family, from her own perfect skill in every useful accomplishment of her sex. Though fond of society, and formed to shine in it; though not insensible to admiration; (and what woman with her graces of person could have been insensible to it?) though possessing the becoming pride of appearing among her equals with equal advantages of dress and ornament; she sparingly indulged in gratifications which ill accorded with our limited fortune. She weighed with admirable discretion the greater against the lesser duties of life, and made no scruple to sacrifice the one, when they interfered ever so little with the performance of the other.

Shall I own, that to me, thoughtless, extravagant, and vain, the conduct of this excellent woman appeared oftener to merit blame than approbation! Regardless of consequences, and careless of the future while I enjoyed the present, I censured that moderation, which was a continual reproach to my own profuseness. Incapable of imitating her example, I denied that it was meritorious; and what in her was real magnanimity, I, with equal weakness and ingratitude, attributed to poorness of spirit. How shall I describe to you, Sir, her mild and gentle demeanour, the patience with which she bore the most unmerited reproofs, the tender solicitude and endearing efforts which she used, to wean me from those ruinous indulgences to which vanity or appetite was continually prompting me! Too often were these efforts repaid by me with splenetic indifference, or checked at once by sarcasm or by anger.

'Tis but a poor alleviation of the anguish I feel for these reflections, to remember, that, even while my Maria lived, the esteem which I sincerely felt for her virtues, the affection which I really bore her, and the sense I had of her tenderness, wrung my heart at times with the deepest remorse, and prompted me to atone for my injustice, by the warmest expressions of kindness and regard. Many a time, Sir, in those tranquil moments, when no wayward inclination or peevish humour overpowered my better feelings, have I firmly resolved, that my future conduct should make ample reparation for the offences of the past. Nor were these resolutions altogether fruitless; for while under the influence of this salutary conviction of my errors, I have so far amended them as to feel for a time a genuine relish for calm and domestic happiness. But how short this dawning of amendment! A new temptation presented itself, and my weak resolution yielded to the force of returning passion. With my former errors I resumed the despicable pride of justifying them, and every deviation from duty was aggravated by harshness and ill-humour.

Ever offending, and ever purposing to atone for my offences, I have now irretrievably lost the opportunity. That best of women is now no more. I have received her latest breath, and heard her last supplication, which was a prayer to Heaven to pour its blessings on the most unworthy of men!

Here let me end this letter.——No words can express the feelings which these reflections convey to the breast of

LUCILIUS.

No. 8.] SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Edinburgh, March 2.

I AM greatly pleased, Mr. Lounger, with your account of yourself, and your innocent and useful manner of sliding through the bustle of life. I sincerely wish that many of my friends and visiters would follow your example, and learn to be idle without disturbing those who are obliged, from their situation, to be busy. I suffer daily so much from the intrusion of a set of female Loungers (forgive me for using your title), that it has prompted me to address myself to you, in hopes that you will, in some of your future essays, teach my unfortunately idle friends how to employ their tedious forenoons, without obliging me to be as idle as themselves. But to make you, Sir, fully sensible how much I suffer from ladies who cannot kill time at home, I must inform you, that I am the wife of a gentleman whose fortune has been made by a steady application to a branch of business that obliges both him and me to be extremely attentive to those who employ him. A family of seven children makes it necessary for him still to continue in business. Our sons are attending such branches of education as will fit them for the different employments they have chosen. Our three daughters I am attempting to educate *under my own* eye, as the present boarding *schools and governesses* are much too expensive for people of our moderate fortune. I find so much pleasure in superintending every part of my daughters' education, that not an hour of the day is unemployed, or can hang heavy on my hands: but alas, Sir, how cruelly teasing is it, when I am set down to hear my youngest girl read, with Eliza and Mary at their work seated by me, to be broke in upon by Miss Flounce, who comes to tell me how charmingly she has improved upon Lady Chenille's new trimming, and assures me her bottle-green satin was the sweetest and most admired dress at last assembly. Then, without observing that she interrupts me by her stay, she proceeds to give me an account of all the different dresses that she took hints from, to convince me how much her superior taste had improved upon that of her companions. When I am just expecting the conclusion of her uninteresting narration, her cousin, Miss Feathers, swims into the room, assures us she is happy to find us together, that she may tell us how Mrs. Panache had almost fainted on seeing her new Figaro hat, with a plume of feathers in a much higher taste than her own. This introduces a smart dispute between the ladies, whether plain or Figaro feathers are the most elegant and becoming. They at last agree to refer their dispute to Miss Tastey, and leave me in haste to obtain their decision.

I gladly resume my pleasing task, but find that Eliza has misplaced the colours in shading a violet, and Mary broke her needle, by attending too much to the ladies' conversation. I have perhaps got matters adjusted, and little Anne has read half a page, when in totters Mrs. Qualm. This lady, though always sick, is still able to come abroad every day, and wearies her acquaintance with the detail of her numberless complaints. A whole hour is lost to me by this new intrusion; and thus a forenoon is spent without improvement either to my daughters or myself; and I am sorry to say, few days pass in which I have not cause to regret that there is no pleasure to be found for idlers at home. Were I a woman of quality, or perfectly independent, I might rid myself of these intruders, by being not at home; but in my situation I dare not shut my doors, lest I should give offence to people who are able to hurt my husband's business. In this distressed situation, I hope Mr. Lounger will forgive me in offering a hint to him, which, if he would dress out in his sensible persuasive manner, I think I should soon be freed from the fatigue of entertaining lounging ladies, and they would be much more suitably amused in my working parlour. My hint, Sir, is, that you would recommend a forenoon's conversation, or place of meeting, for ladies and gentlemen who must be in any company rather than their own. There, I think, if you would have the goodness to preside, and direct them how to amuse each other till the time of dressing for dinner, you would confer a high obligation on them, and a still greater on those who, like me, suffer now from the heavy burden of their insipid company. You, my good Sir, who have lounged about to such good purpose as to be able to improve others, will, I hope, take your weaker brothers and sisters under your direction; and if you will make Dunn's rooms a lounging hall instead of a chapel, I think I may venture to assure you it will be better attended in one character than in the other; and if your lectures can make the forenoons pass easily, and without the trouble of thinking to those idlers, by drawing them together under your direction, and freeing the more employed part of the world from their unwelcome intrusion, you will greatly oblige many of your readers, particularly your admirer,

M. Careful.

There is such an air of goodness in Mrs. Careful's letter, and I consider her morning's employment as of so very important a kind, that I would do much to afford her relief; but really that branch of our family of which she complains is so numerous, and so difficult to deal with, that I am afraid the attempts of any individual for their better regulation or disposal would be fruitless. With regard to our sex, some benevolent young gentlemen have already tried several projects similar to that suggested by Mrs. Careful, but apparently without success. They set a-foot a cock-pit to give play to our minds, and in the frost a drag-hunt to give exercise to our bodies: but the only effect those pastimes produced was to furnish additional subjects for the idle to talk of, and to plague the busy with hearing them.

The set of people of whom my correspondent complains are a sort of vagrants, or sturdy beggars, whom, like others of the tribe, idleness sets afloat, to the disquiet of the industrious part of the community, on whom it should be a matter of public police not to suffer to molest our houses. A short clause in the new bill for the improvement of Edinburgh might provide a work-house for those fashionable mumpers, who so importunately solicit a share of our time and attention, and whom unluckily, as Mrs. Careful observes, those doors only can shut out whose owners would suffer least from their getting in. None but people of a certain rank can always prevent those unwelcome visitors from "bestowing (as Dogberry in the play says) all their tediousness upon their honours."

Such an institution as I hint at would be of great use both to the community and to the objects of it, who might be assembled in the different wards, as in the Spin-house of Amsterdam, each employed in the occupation most congenial to their former manner of living. For young ladies *poupées* might be provided, on which to practise the invention of caps, the suiting of ribands, the position and size of curls, and the grouping of feathers. Ladies a little more advanced might be employed in the working up of novels, or the weaving of rebuses and enigmas. At a still maturer age, they could be employed in making matches; and at the inner end of that ward, there might be a close one, for the fabrication of scandal.

The male idlers might have another wing of the building, where the places of reception and employment should be analogous to the female. The same genius that goes to the dressing of a female figure would suffice to the undressing of a male one; for inventing the bushy club and whiskers, the knotted handkerchief round the neck, the powdered back, the colours for three or four under-waistcoats, the short bludgeon, and the hanging boot. Certain magazines and novels, with the Sportsman's Calendar, might supply the literary wants of the second class; hazard and pharo might employ the third; and politics would be the natural occupation of the fourth. For ladies like Mrs. Qualm, mentioned in Mrs. Careful's letter, and for gentlemen of similar temperaments, a sick ward must be provided, where the nervous, the rheumatic, and the bilious, might find names and consolation for their disorders. But as their chief comfort arises from having patient listeners to their complaints, I would propose their being accommodated with attendants from the academy for the deaf and dumb.

As to what the players call the property of the house, several articles would serve indiscriminately for both divisions. Snuff-boxes, tooth-picks, and mirrors, would be of equal use in both; lap-dogs might be distributed in one, pointers and spaniels in the other; the crack of fans might enliven the female, and that of whips the male ward. At battledore and shuttle-cock they might meet, like the two houses of parliament in the painted chamber, and make a noise in conjunction. Tea would of course be furnished to the ladies, and wine to the gentlemen.

Such an institution would serve both as an hospital and a school;—both as a place of retreat for past services, and of instruction for services to come. Here, from the lower orders, great men might find cork-drawers, butts, and hearers; great ladies might procure humble companions, tea-makers, and tale-bearers. If from the higher ranks any one should choose a wife or a husband, they would at least have the advantage of choosing them under their real and undisguised characters, and, like dealers at open market, would know their bargain before they purchased it.

V.

No. 9.] Saturday, April 2, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

I am the descendant of an ancient and respectable family. The estate which I inherit was once reckoned a good one; but it has comparatively sunk much in its value by the late inundation of fortunes from the East and West Indies. My father bestowed upon me the best education which this country could afford; and it was his plan, after I had finished my studies at the University, and had arrived at that age when I could see and judge for myself, that I should make the tour of Europe. The period destined for this purpose approached, and I was taking measures to prepare for it. Almost the only disagreeable feeling I had in leaving my native country for a few years was the taking leave of a young lady for whom I had formed the most sincere and warm attachment. Aspasia was beautiful in her person and not less lovely in her mind. Endowed with the most tender sensibility, she possessed at the same time a purity and an ingenuousness of character which to me was most enchanting. There was a simplicity and innocence in all her thoughts and actions, which seemed to realise those pictures the poets have given us of the golden age. Warmly interested as I felt myself in her, and attentive as I was to her every word and action, I at times thought I could discover that I had also created an interest in her mind, though perhaps even she herself was not conscious of it.

I hesitated long, before I set out on my travels, whether I should disclose to her the sentiments of my heart. The reasons for this step were so obvious, that they need not be mentioned; but, on the other hand, strong motives dissuaded me against it. It was impossible for me to settle in life till my return from abroad; and though I was resolved to consider myself as most strictly engaged to her, yet it struck me as a want of generosity and confidence, to bring her under any obligation, or to restrain the subsequent freedom of her choice by any tie that looked only to futurity. This motive prevailed with me. Our last parting was inexpressibly tender; and though not a word escaped me which could indicate the situation of my heart, yet she must have been blind indeed if she did not discover how dear she was to me.

During the time I was abroad I heard repeatedly concerning Aspasia. The last accounts I received of her gave me much uneasiness. I was informed, that she discovered a fondness for dress, a vanity and love of admiration unworthy of her, and unlike her former deportment. I trembled at those reports; unsuitable as they were to her former character, I began to think that the very purity and simplicity of soul which I had so much admired in her might, when she came to mingle in the world, put her off her guard, and render her more a prey, than one of a less pure mind, to the seductions of vanity and folly. I recollected a remark which I had somewhere met with, that the finest natures are the most apt to be hurt, as the finest plants are the soonest nipped by the frost; and that, like those plants, they require to be sheltered and guarded to prevent their being blasted.

In a state of anxiety which cannot easily be described, I shortened the remaining period of my being abroad, and returned home as soon as I possibly could. On my arrival I learned that Aspasia had fallen a prey to the seductions of vanity, and to that warmth of mind which made her the dupe of appearances, alas! I fear, the martyr of deception!—The story is too long for my recital at present; nor can I yet easily bear its recollection—let me only tell you that she had forgotten Hortensius, and six weeks before my arrival had married a young coxcomb, who in reality had nothing but what she thought fashion and a pair of colours to recommend him.

Upon my return home, I found parliament was on the eve of a dissolution, and that different candidates had already declared themselves for the next election. My father, who had died while I was abroad, had in a former parliament represented the county in which our principal family estate was situated; my friends now proposed to me to start candidate. To this proposal I felt a good deal of reluctance: and the late severe shock I had met with increased my unwillingness. Nevertheless, the very weakness of mind which that affliction had created made me the more easily put myself under the direction of my friends; and I yielded to their solicitations. On looking over the list of voters, I found that a considerable part of them were particularly connected with myself; and others were young men who had been my school companions, and had since remained my intimate acquaintance. From many of them I had messages welcoming my return to the country, and giving at the same time oblique hints of the propriety of my setting up as candidate, and of the certainty of my meeting with success. Encouraged by such hopes, I began my canvass; and wherever I went I was favourably received. I was repeatedly advised to persist; and though I did not obtain promises from many, was constantly flattered with assurances that I should not be disappointed. My opponent was a man new and unknown in the country, but who had lately purchased an estate in it, and had brought home an immense fortune from India, which, it was said, gave him considerable influence in the direction of affairs in that quarter of the world. I was repeatedly told, that one so well known, and so much esteemed in the county as I was, whose family had been so long and so much respected there, had nothing to fear from a stranger. The day of election, however, was drawing nigh: and I now made another round of the county, expecting to have something more than general good wishes and flattering assurances of success. Though I still heard those good wishes and recommendations to continue my canvass as strongly expressed as ever, yet I found in those friends and well-wishers a still greater backwardness than before to bind themselves by engagements. On expressing my astonishment at this to Atticus, one of the few friends who had from the first engaged himself to me in the warmest manner, he expressed himself as follows: "Be not surprised, my dear Hortensius; the longer a man lives in the world, he will find less reason to be surprised at any thing. I have for some time seen how matters were going. Those friends in whom you trusted the most, who were the warmest in pushing you to stand candidate, neither mean now, nor ever meant, to serve you; their only object was to serve themselves. They wished you to stand, not that you might gain your election, but that there might be a contest in the county. Before you appeared, they knew that Sir Thomas Booty was to be candidate; they knew his great influence, and they were resolved he should be their representative. But they wished not to dispose of their votes too cheaply; they wished to have their value enhanced by the dread of a competitor. Your family, your connections, the respectableness of your character, made you be considered as a person from whom Sir Thomas might expect a powerful opposition, and to prevail over whom promises and favours would be thought necessary; such promises and favours have not been wanting. In a word, his fortune and interest at court are greater than yours, and that private friendship you so much relied on has been found light in the balance."

These words of Atticus made a deep impression on me. I now recollected a thousand circumstances which proved their truth. I at once took my resolution, and immediately declared that I gave up the competition, and left the field to Sir Thomas. No sooner was this known, than my good and trusty friends came all flocking to me, and expressed their astonishment at the step I had taken. They assured me that I had given up the canvass with a most improper precipitation. I now too well understood their conduct; I gave them a civil answer, and despised them.

Thus disappointed in the two great objects of the human heart, love and ambition, I formed the resolution of quitting the promiscuous society of the world, of abandoning a town life, and betaking myself to solitude and retirement in the country. I now remembered to have read at college, that the goods of life were of two kinds, those which were external, and those which were internal; that the first were transient, uncertain, and derived from the will of others; that the last were durable, certain, and self-derived; that the person who made the last his choice placed his happiness on a sure foundation, on a rock above the rage of the fighting elements, and inaccessible to all the attacks of fortune. On this foundation I now resolved to build my happiness.

Besides the family estate in the county where my unfortunate project of ambition had taken place, I was possessed of a small property, situated in a remote part of the kingdom, but amidst the most beautiful and romantic scenery. Here I resolved to take up my residence for the future days of my life, to enter no more into the busy and ambitious pursuits of the world, but to enjoy the innocent, the undisturbed, the elegant pleasure of solitude and retirement. In the scene of my intended residence there was a small mansion-house, but the fields around it were left in the state in which Nature had formed them. I knew that by the skilful hand of Art the romantic scenes of nature might be much aided and improved; and I already enjoyed, by anticipation, the happiness I expected to derive from the beauty of the place, and the ornaments I proposed to add to it. I purchased also a considerable library of books, and proposed to reap much pleasure from the perusal of them, and from the renewal of the studies of my early days, which had for some time been interrupted. In short, I pictured out to myself an elysium of enjoyment, a life of philosophic ease and happiness; and notwithstanding my present contempt of the world, and my idea of the vanity of its pursuits, I confess I had still so much of the world in me, as to feel some secret pleasure from the thought that I should be considered as a most accomplished pattern of taste and elegance in a retired and solitary life.

But I proceed to inform you, that I put my plan in execution, and retired from the world and its cares to my little paradise at B——. For some years of my residence there I found my happiness come up to my expectations. I passed my time most delightfully, as I thought, in improving the appearance of my grounds, in beautifying the landscape, in planting a shrub, or directing the current of a brook. My reading also gave me much amusement; it lay almost entirely in works of taste, the classics, and the best modern books of belles lettres. I felt a vanity in thinking my taste was every day improving, and that my natural sensibility of mind became more and more delicate.

But I did not long remain in this state. I began, at times, to feel a languor, a listlessness, which seemed to grow stronger at every return. I now found my ferme ornée gave me little amusement; the charm of novelty was worn off, and I grew tired of having always under my eye the same objects, however beautiful; there was not a tree the shape of which I was not acquainted with, nor a walk which I had not a thousand times measured with my steps. My books, too, had lost their charms. My reading, as I have already said, lay almost entirely in books of taste; but I now found, instead of relieving my mind, this sort of reading fatigued and exhausted it. The enjoyment which I received was of a kind which rested in itself, and led to no farther pursuit; so that I became more and more languid, weakened, and inactive. This I have experienced to be the case with all pleasure arising from inanimate beauties, and from every thing that may be termed an object merely of taste; they all terminate in themselves, and lead to weariness and satiety, unlike the exercise of the social affections, where every enjoyment multiplies itself, and leads to still fuller and more endearing sources of delight. Many a time have I felt a craving void in my heart, and how to fill it up I knew not. The very indolence which this state of mind created heightened the evil, by depriving me of the power of trying to banish it. When the morning came, I have been unwilling to get out of bed, because I knew not what to do when I should get up; and at night I have been afraid to lie down, because I knew that when the night was spent it would only lead to the nothingness of the next day. Many a summer afternoon have I spent, stretched on a sofa, and looking through the window, with a book in my hand, unable either to read the book, or to venture forth into the fields; and many a winter night has been employed in doing little more than sitting in an easy chair, and gazing in the fire. In this state I have been sometimes tempted to wish for the perfect torpor of patient dullness. Without the activity of thought, I was liable to the reproach of thinking; and, instead of the quiet in which vacant souls are rocked by Indolence, I found her slumbers, like the broken sleep of a fever, weary instead of refreshing me. I frequently felt twitches of mind from a sense of my own inactive uselessness; and the accounts I sometimes received of the success in projects of ambition of others whom I knew, and once thought my inferiors, added poignancy to my self-reproach.

I made an effort to dispel my sorrows, by keeping company with my neighbours. Most of them were indeed distant; but distance in that part of the country is no bar to visits. In the society of my neighbours, however, I found no amusement; the inhabitants of the country had no conversation which could afford me any pleasure; and the company of some bucks, who *came from town to* reside a few months for the *sake of sport, was still* more intolerable. The only connection I had with them arose from their abusing my servants, and breaking down my fences.

I sometimes received a visit from Atticus, and a few other friends, with whom I had always kept up a correspondence, and for whom I still entertained the most sincere regard. But even their visits did not yield me much enjoyment. Every year I found growing more and more upon me shyness, a reserve, and an awkwardness, which diminished my pleasure even in the company of those who had been my most intimate friends. When they came to see me, I felt myself different from them; I wished to hide myself from their sight. In their useful talents, in the activity of their minds, there was a reproof to my situation which I could not easily bear; when they were gone, I felt a greater blank than ever, and upbraided myself for prizing so little their excellent company.

Such now is, and such for many years past has been, the tenor of my life. I could picture it out more fully by a variety of other particulars; but I must have already tired you, and I hasten to a conclusion.

It may perhaps be asked, To what purpose this so long detail? I answer, To caution others, who have not had my experience, against the errors I have committed. There is a certain delicacy of mind which is not incompatible with the highest ambition; but when that ambition receives a check in its early beginning, when that delicacy is hurt by some unexpected and sore misfortune, a person of such a character is apt to quarrel with the world, and to seek for happiness without its range. But let your readers, Sir, particularly those of a warm and romantic cast, be assured, that happiness is not thus to be found. Men were born to live in society; and from society only can happiness be derived. The station of life requires activity and effort. For these was mankind formed; and those who do not contribute to the happiness of themselves and others by strenuous exertions of virtue, are unworthy of a place in the great theatre of the universe. Let not any one, therefore, in a moment of disgust, give up the ordinary cares and projects of the world, and indulge in ideas of that visionary bliss which exists only in romantic pictures and delusive representations of solitude and retirement. Let not one disappointment, nor even a series of disappointments, induce them to abandon the common road of life. 'Tis only a pettish child, when it is crossed, that is entitled to spurn from it its toy of happiness.

I remember to have read in a letter, of Shenstone's, if I mistake not, something to the following purpose:—" You and I, my friend, left happiness when we deviated from the turnpike road of life. Wives, children, alliances, visits, the ordinary employments of the world, are necessary ingredients of happiness. A man with them may, from a variety of causes, be abundantly miserable; but without them he cannot be happy." From long experience, I can bear a full testimony to the truth of this remark. —I am, &c.

P. HORTENSIUS.

No. 10.] SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

SOMEWHAT more than thirty years ago, I retired to a family-seat in a remote part of Scotland, where I have passed my time ever since. There the management and improvement of my estate, the society of a few friends, and a good collection of books, enabled me to pass my days in a manner much to my satisfaction, and there I experienced more happiness than you, Sir, accustomed to great cities, will perhaps readily believe.

Some weeks ago, a piece of important family business brought me to town. The morning after I arrived, I sent for a tailor, wishing to make a decent appearance in your city; which, by the way, I found so much changed since I had left it, that till I got into what is called the Old Town, I did not know where I was, and could not recognise the ancient dusky capital of Caledonia. As I was at no time very attentive to dress, and as now I only wished to comply so far with the fashion of the times as not to offend those with whom I was to mingle in society, I desired my tailor to make me a plain suit of clothes, leaving the choice of the colour, &c. entirely to him. Next day, he brought me home a blue frock, a scarlet waistcoat, with gold buttons, and a pair of black silk breeches. I could not help observing, that I should have preferred a plain suit, all of a piece, to the party-coloured garment in which he had decked me. But he shut my mouth, by saying, that it was quite the fashion; that every body wore it; that he had made a suit of the same kind for Mr. ——, one of his best customers, who informed him that at London nothing else was worn.

Being engaged to dine at the house of a gentleman high in office, I dressed myself in my new suit, and when I joined the company, which was numerous, I found that my tailor had done me justice, almost every body being precisely in the same dress; and some of the guests were of the first distinction.

After the usual compliments were over, the conversation turned upon the excellence of the present administration. Above all, the virtues and the talents of the first *minister* were mentioned in the warmest terms of approbation.—One talked of his eloquence in public debate, and in that particular gave him the preference to all his contemporaries; another dwelt upon his wisdom and sagacity in counsel, so astonishing at his early years; a third expatiated upon his pure and unblemished character, and mentioned the happiness the country might expect from a minister who carried into office every virtue which could adorn private life. Although no politician or party man, as a good citizen, and a well-wisher to my country, I felt a real satisfaction from this flattering account of our present situation; yet I at length began to wish that the conversation would take some other turn, and become a little more general. There were in company men of distinguished name in the literary world, and I longed to hear them on some subject of literature. In this view, though naturally shy in the company of strangers, I endeavoured to introduce some topics of that kind; but all my attempts proved fruitless, and the conversation immediately recurred to its original channel. In a word, Sir, we parted as we met, resounding the praises of the minister, and of the measures of the present administration.

Next day I went to dine at the house of Lord ——, to whom I have the honour of being related. I found assembled a large company of ladies and gentlemen. Soon after I entered the room we were called to dinner; and at table I had the good fortune to be placed next to the beautiful and sprightly Lady ——. As upon the former day, so here, the conversation soon turned upon the present administration; but to my no small astonishment, the opinion of every person present was in every particular directly opposite to every opinion I had heard the day before. I was now told, that in the hands of a presumptuous boy (for so the minister was termed) the nation must go to ruin; that nothing could save us but placing at the head of affairs a man of distinguished abilities, of a bold and vigorous mind, capable of planning and of executing such measures as could alone restore the empire to its pristine glory. After canvassing the public character of the minister, they proceeded to an investigation of his private deportment, in which they did not seem disposed to allow him those virtues and good qualities which, on the former day, I had heard so highly extolled. In this conversation the ladies bore a part, and seemed to be as warmly interested as the men.

I ventured to ask Lady —— what objection she had to Mr. Pitt? "O, I can't bear him," said she, "he does not like us; and the only mark of attention he ever paid us was imposing an odious burden upon our ruffs and aprons." At that instant I happened to unbutton my coat, and Lady —— immediately exclaimed, "Lord, Sir, are you a Pittite? I took you for one of us." I, though surprised at the question, answered gravely, that I was no more a Pittite than a Hittite. "Then, Sir, why do you wear a red waistcoat? I am sick at the very sight of it. Why are you not in buff? I would not give a farthing for a man but in buff."

This observation called my attention to the dress of the gentlemen at table, and I found that all of them were dressed in buff waistcoats, to which some of them, who appeared to be most zealous in their political principles, had added buff breeches. I then proceeded to examine the dress of the ladies, and found that most of them wore a fox's tail by way of decoration in their head-dress. My neighbour Lady —— testified her attachment to the ex-minister by another piece of dress, which I own I found a little offensive. She wore a large muff, made of the skin of our common red fox, which, from some error, I presume, in the method of preparing it, had a perfume not the most agreeable in the world. I could not help remarking this to Lady ——, who, with great good humour, admitted that my observation was just; but added, twirling round her muff upon a beautiful well-turned arm, "that were it ten times worse, she would wear it for the sake of her dear Carlo."

In short, Sir, I now find that the good people of your town are divided into two opposite parties, and that a spirit of faction universally prevails. Amidst those zealots by whom I am surrounded, I find myself in an awkward and unpleasant situation. I am a plain man, and though I love my king and country, and have as high a veneration for the British constitution as any man in the island, I have ever been an enemy to faction, and have always thought that men in a private station, like me, were not called upon, and indeed not entitled to take a violent concern in affairs of state, or the government of the nation. With these principles, I find that I am not acceptable to either party. My red waistcoat, which, now that I have got it, I am unwilling to throw aside, gives me at first ready access to the Pittites: but when they find that I cannot enter into all their ideas, they consider me either as an enemy in disguise, or, what is perhaps still worse in their estimation, as a lukewarm friend. On the other hand, the Foxites, who, from my dress, consider me as attached to the opposite faction, seem to be displeased with me for not taking part against them with sufficient keenness and spirit; they talk of me as a trimmer, and plainly insinuate, that my only object is to keep well with both parties, and avoid giving offence to either.

In this hard situation, I have resolved to apply to you for advice. In my own name, then, and in the name of all those who, like myself, have nothing to hope and nothing to fear from either of the contending parties, be so good as point out what conduct one ought to pursue, who, though interested in the general welfare of his country, feels no inclination to connect himself with either of the parties who are now struggling for the government of it.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

NEUTER.

I am the better qualified to advise my correspondent Neuter, from having experienced the same distress myself. About a year ago, when the contest between the opposite parties was at its greatest height, I was a good deal puzzled how to act. A friend to whom I communicated my distress advised me to get both a red and a buff waistcoat, and to wear them alternately. But it occurred to me, that wearing the distinguished badge of both parties might have the appearance of something deceitful, and might expose me to a worse appellation than that of trimmer. After due deliberation, therefore, I equipped myself in a suit of black, which I resolved to wear till the present dissentions should subside. I have adhered rigidly to this resolution, except that sometimes when I wish to make a smarter figure than common, I enliven my dress by putting on a brown or a grey frock over my black waistcoat. Partly by this prudent caution, and partly by my known indolence of character, I have continued to steer tolerably well between the contending factions, without giving offence even to the zealots of either.

In Britain we enjoy the most perfect system of freedom that ever existed in any society. But from the very nature of our government, we must necessarily be exposed to the violence of faction; and when the spirit of party runs high, when the fever is at the height, it naturally breaks out into external appearances, always ridiculous, and sometimes whimsical to the last degree.

The little extravagancies of which I complain are not confined to those who may be considered as belonging in some measure to the party whose livery they wear. We daily see men possessing no political influence, and equally incapable of supporting administration as of aiding opposition, engaging keenly in party; and, like the fabled fly upon the wheel, fondly imagining that the machine of government is accelerated or retarded by them. Even the lowest and most insignificant of mankind take upon them to enlist under the banners of a Pitt or a Fox, and to assume the badges of that party to which they wish to attach themselves, and by which they hope to be drawn from their own natural insignificance.

Were this folly confined to the men, I should regret it less. But unhappily a spirit of party prevails with equal if not greater violence among the ladies. My illustrious predecessor, the Spectator, justly observes, that "party-rage is a male vice, made up of many angry and cruel passions, that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair sex." After recording the party-patches by which the ladies of those days marked their political principles, Mr. Addison expresses himself in these words:—"This account of party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what, perhaps, may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful Spectator, had not I recorded it."

Every one who attends to the progress and change of manners, must be struck with this passage. The enormity of which Mr. Addison here complains, and which he seems to suppose would hardly be believed by those who had not seen it, consisted in this, that at the opera and playhouse, a Whig beauty wore her patches on one side of her forehead, while a Tory toast patched upon the other. Had the fair of the present times distinguished their political principles in the same inoffensive manner, had they gone no farther than wearing those tails and muffs mentioned by my correspondent, I, who am ever averse to find fault with their conduct, might have been disposed to wink at the absurdity of placing the tail of a fox on the head of a fine woman; and it is with pleasure I remark, that the ladies of Edinburgh have contented themselves with such little eccentricities of appearance, and never indulged in those excesses which prevailed in other parts of the island, particularly in the capital. There, I am sorry to say, our female politicians have gone much farther, and have exerted themselves in support of their party, in a manner much more decided and more vigorous. We have seen "the first and fairest of our British dames" marching under the banners of the "Man of the People," or of "Pitt and Constitution," exposing their charms to the view and to the insults of a lewd rabble, mingling in scenes in which nothing but necessity and a sense of duty could engage any man of delicacy and taste to bear a part. If Mr. Addison thought that the party-patches of his fair contemporaries might appear improbable, what would he have said had he lived to see what we have seen? To check the little improprieties of his day, he employed his delicate satire, his fine and elegant raillery: but had he witnessed the enormities of which I complain, he perhaps might have thought that the keen caustic of Juvenal would not have been too severe.

Perhaps it may be thought that I have said more than was necessary, upon a temporary ebullition of party-zeal, which it is to be hoped has now subsided. But I own I am always sensibly hurt with any thing which affects the purity and delicacy of the sex. Besides, the contagion of such an example spreads far and wide: it is not confined to one place, or to the present time; it taints the manners of the rising generation, who, by seeing and hearing of such enormities, may become familiarized with them, may in their time be led to imitate their mothers, and, if possible, to indulge in still greater excesses. Indeed, if our ladies go on improving as politicians, and as tools of a party, I shall not be surprised, if, in a few years, duels, which seem now to be going out of fashion among the men, should become fashionable among the women. We may then read in the papers such paragraphs as the following:—

"Yesterday a duel was fought in Hyde Park, between the Countess of —— and Lady ——. The Countess received a shot in her left curl, and Lady —— escaped a dangerous wound by means of a large black bushy muff, in which the ball of her antagonist happily lodged. The seconds then interposed, and the combatants were parted without further mischief. We are told the quarrel between these celebrated beauties was occasioned by some high words which passed between them on the hustings in Covent-Garden, where the Countess appeared in support of Sir H. W. the ministerial candidate, and Lady ——, in support of Mr. J. R. the popular candidate.

"We hear Lady —— has, at the earnest desire of her husband, and of all the friends of that ancient family, declined to fight Mrs. —— till after she is brought to bed; so that the duel cannot take place for some months. The quarrel took its rise from something that dropped from Mrs. —— in pressing into the gallery of the House of Commons, to hear the debate on Mr. ——'s motion for regulating trade and navigation."

As, however, I would not wish to part with my fair readers (for whom I entertain the truest respect and regard) in bad humour, I must assure them, that I venture this remonstrance, not with the severity of a censor, but with the anxiety of a friend. I know both the extent and the importance of their power; and, for the sake of our sex as much as theirs, I wish them not to forfeit it, by a departure from that modesty, that gentleness, those feminine graces, which are the supports of an influence so essential to the manners and to the happiness of society.

R.

[illegible] APRIL 16, 1785.

[illegible] AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

[illegible] genus.

[illegible]

[illegible] honour of being your namesake, [illegible] from an ancient race of Loun- [illegible] was informed, that one [illegible] illustrious name and family began to [illegible] in the literary world, and to pub- [illegible] in the capital of [illegible] have spent a great part of my life [illegible] the genealogies, histories, and char- [illegible] several branches of our flourishing [illegible] this view, I have visited every [illegible] village in the kingdom, and have [illegible] happiness to meet with near relations [illegible] except Paisley, Kilmarnock, and [illegible] manufacturing towns. From the [illegible] have made in my travels, I am [illegible], that, of all the members of our [illegible] in your paper, you will be the most [illegible] successful writer of the present age. [illegible] will pass through more editions [illegible] the Pilgrim's Progress or Robinson [illegible]

[illegible] all my travels has been to [illegible] a great work, in which I [illegible] engaged above fifty years. It is [illegible] of our family. [illegible] This famous work will be [illegible] Loungeriana Scottica; or, [illegible] eminent Loungers in [illegible] of Fergus I. to the [illegible] make two ponderous [illegible] published by subscription. [illegible] will be only six guineas; [illegible] gentlemen who neglect [illegible] may be. I know not how [illegible] volume will contain the Lives [illegible] Loungers, and the second, the [illegible] Loungers. These are the [illegible] into which our family is [illegible] volume will be adorned with [illegible] engraved by the most [illegible] representing the easiest and [illegible] for lounging in coaches, [illegible] drawing-rooms, play- [illegible] churches, colleges, [illegible] These plates will be of [illegible] to fine ladies and fine [illegible] politicians, preachers, [illegible] lawyers, judges, and many [illegible] The frontispiece will be an [illegible] of the outer Parliament-house [illegible] of the session. To engage gentle- [illegible] to do themselves the honour to subscribe, I send you a short article, which I beg you will publish in your entertaining paper, as a specimen of this excellent work.

"My late cousin, Sir Thomas Lounger, of Loiterhall, in Lingerdale, was the eldest son of my good uncle Sir Timothy, and his Lady Mrs. Susan Dowdy of the Slatterington family. Sir Timothy died of a lethargy, with which he had been long afflicted; and Sir Thomas came to the possession of the estate and honours of his ancestors in the twenty-second year of his age. But the estate was then in a very bad condition in all respects. Two thirds of the rents would hardly pay the interest of the debts—the mansion-house was an old, cold, damp, ruinous castle, in the middle of a great morass—the farms were almost in a state of nature, the rents small and ill paid; the extensive moors and hills yielded little or nothing.

"Sir Thomas was then a strong, healthy, young man: and as he had been two winters at the college of Aberdeen, and thought himself much wiser and cleverer than any of his forefathers, he determined to retrieve the ruined fortunes, and revive the faded honours of his family, by paying off all his debts, repairing or rebuilding his castle, draining his morass, improving his farms, cultivating his moors, and planting his hill. But he determined to do all this in the wisest, most cautious, and prudent manner; and never to engage in any undertaking till he had examined every circumstance, and provided against every obstacle and difficulty.

"Sir Thomas spent several years in forming plans for the payment of his debts, which he found not so easy a matter as he had imagined. At length he hit upon one which he believed would do the business effectually. He proposed to go to the East Indies, to dethrone half a dozen Rajahs, cut the throats of half a million of their subjects, and come home with three or four hundred thousand pounds in his pocket. This project pleased him mightily for some time, till he began to reflect on the great distance of the East Indies, the danger of his being drowned in going or returning, and the still greater danger of being damned, if he destroyed so many of his fellow-creatures to enrich himself; which made him give up all thoughts of becoming a nabob. The next scheme Sir Thomas formed for the payment of his debts pleased him better, as it was not attended with so much danger either to his soul or body. When he was about fifty years of age, he came to a resolution to marry some beautiful young lady, of an honourable ancient family, with a prodigious fortune, that would enable him to pay all his debts, and execute all his projects. He spent several years in searching for such a lady, and at length fixed on Miss Betty Plum. It is true, Miss Betty was neither young nor handsome, and her grandfather had been a cobbler, but she had a great fortune; and after a violent struggle between poverty and pride, he resolved to stoop and make his addresses. But while he was meditating on the most effectual method of doing this, he received the unwelcome news, that his intended bride had married an Irish fortune-hunter. My cousin behaved very much like a gentleman on this occasion. He called Miss Betty all the bad names he had ever heard, cursed the whole sex, and forswore matrimony for ever.

"While Sir Thomas was forming schemes for the payment of his debts, he was not unmindful of his old castle, and got many plans, some for repairing, and some for re-building it, for draining the morass, and laying it into a lawn, with gardens, orchards, walks, vistas, &c. But at last he found that this would be more expensive than building a new seat in the modern taste; and he very wisely determined to build a most elegant convenient mansion, for the future residence of his family. But he as wisely resolved not to lay one stone, till he had found the most healthy, pleasant, and commodious spot in his whole estate. Many a long day did he wander in search for this spot, but never could find one to his mind. One was too high, another too low; one two damp, another too dry; the prospect from one was too confined, from another too extensive.

"Sir Thomas never forgot the improvement of his farms. That was his favourite taste and study. He chose the most proper places for building substantial convenient farm houses; he traced and marked the line of all the hedges, ditches, and walls, that would be necessary for inclosing his fields, gardens, and orchards; he carefully examined the soil of every field, and settled the methods of cultivation that would be most proper for each, to bring it to the highest possible degree of fertility: in this he was much assisted by the painful perusal of several excellent systems of agriculture, composed in the garrets of Grub-street. When he had got all in readiness, he assembled his tenants in the great hall of his castle, laid his plans before them, and in a long elaborate discourse explained how they were to be carried into execution, concluding with a demand of two guineas a year of rent for every acre. This harangue, particularly the concluding sentence, produced various strong emotions in the audience. Some grinned, others groaned; some laughed, others cried; some cursed, others prayed; but all declared that they would not give one farthing more rent, nor change their methods of husbandry in the least. Sir Thomas was greatly enraged at the obstinacy of his tenants, and discharged a dreadful volley of oaths and threats upon them; but when his passion subsided, and he began to reflect that they were all his own clan, descended from the younger brothers and bastards of the family, he could not find in his heart to turn any of them out of their farms.

"My cousin was equally industrious, and as unsuccessful, in his schemes for cultivating the moors. For when he had, by long thought and study, formed one of the most beautiful plans in the world for that purpose, he never could find any person who would execute any part of it.

"But still the planting of his hills promised every thing. By long and laborious investigations he found, that they would admit ten millions of trees, and that those trees, when forty years old, would be worth ten millions sterling, which would make him the richest subject in Europe. Transported with joy at this prospect, he determined to lose no time. He actually collected ten bushels of beech-mast, and an equal quantity of acorns, and wanted nothing but a proper place for a nursery to begin his operations; but staying abroad too late one evening in April, in search of such a place, he got a violent cold, which threw him into a fever, of which he died, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, in the same tattered bed and ruinous castle in which he was born; his debts unpaid, his morass undrained, his farms unimproved, his moors uncultivated, and his hills unplanted.

"With a heavy heart, I attended the precious remains of my dear cousin to his grave, and saw a stone laid upon it with this inscription:

"Hic jacet
Illustrissimus Dominus Thomas Lounger
de Loiterhall, Baronettus.
Dum vixit,
Multa proposuit,
Nihil perfecit.
Secundum morem
Loungeriorum.'

I am, &c.

L. L.

No. 12.] Saturday, April 23, 1785.

Hippocrates——in his Chapter of Hats.
Mock Doctor.

It has often been remarked, that men are apt to display more of their real character in circumstances apparently slight and unimportant than in the greater and more momentous actions of life. Our behaviour, or even the remark we may drop upon some seemingly trifling occurrence, will often strongly denote the real complexion of our mind; and it is upon this account that we admire so much the happy talent of those writers who, by a well-chosen circumstance, contrive at once to paint and make us acquainted with the character of the persons whom they wish to describe.

The great passions which actuate men in the pursuits of life present little diversity of features to afford any just discrimination of character. Besides, in conducting the pursuits to which these passions incite, men are taught to be upon their guard: they are restrained by the customs and opinions of the world, and, under a kind of disguise, are constantly acting an artificial part. But in the more trifling circumstances of manner and behaviour, and in the more ordinary occurrences of life, which tend to no particular object, and in which therefore men are less upon their guard, the disguise is forgot to be assumed, and we give way to the natural cast of our mind and disposition. It is there we are apt to betray those peculiar features of character, and those often nice shades of distinction, that difference and discriminate us from one another.

I have often amused myself with thinking, that, even in what may be deemed very slight circumstances of outward deportment and manner, I could distinctly trace something of the peculiar character of the man. There are particulars in our ordinary demeanour and appearance which are more connected with our turn of mind than we are apt to suspect, and more especially when they are such as from constant and daily repetition necessarily become familiar to us. I remember that a friend of mine, who was a great observer of those smaller traits which escaped others, assured me, that in the circle of his acquaintance he could, in the pace and manner of walking of each, mark out something which indicated its arising from the particular temper and disposition of the man. Nay, even where the manner of walking was the result, not of nature, but of affectation, he used to say, he could thence also discover the character; and that, independent of the meanness of affectation in so frivolous a circumstance, we might be certain that the affected pace was assumed to give the appearance of some quality which the person wished to possess, and knew himself to want. "La gravite," says Rouchefoucault, "est un mystere du corps, inventé pour cacher les defauts de l'esprit." In confirmation of this, I remember that I once knew a noble lord who affected on all occasions a very slow and solemn pace, walking even across the room, or from one room to another, with all the leisurely solemnity of an usher at a funeral; but no one had sat at table with his lordship for a single hour without being sufficiently convinced from his coarse jokes, and horse-laugh, that real dignity was no feature of his mind, and that he wished to supply the want, by what he fancied a very dignified gait, and manner of walking.

I happened, not long since, to be at an election dinner, where, as is usually the case, the company was very numerous, very noisy, and *very dull.* *In taking* our places at the table, I chanced, unfortunately, to be separated from some friends whom I had wished to sit by; and finding none near me from whose conversation I could derive much entertainment, I was left to amuse myself with my own reflections on the crowd, and noise, and confusion which surrounded me. I happened at last to cast my eyes upon the opposite side of the room, where I perceived that every one seated in that row had hung up his hat on the wall behind him. Upon surveying those hats, and remarking that each had something particular, which, to an attentive observer, distinguished it from its neighbour, I began next to indulge my imagination, in fitting the hat to the head of its owner, and trying if the distinguished figure of each hat did not correspond with something in the manner and character of the person to whom it appertained.

From the military hat and the navy hat I could learn nothing; these, like their owners, being too much under regulation and discipline to admit of any diversity. It was amongst the other hats only that I could expect a field for observation. The first which attracted my attention was a new and glossy hat, made up and cocked in the very extremity of the fashion. Had it been graced with a cockade, I should have proceeded to the next; but wanting that, I looked below to find out the owner, and soon discovered that it could belong to none but a young barrister, who is less studious of his brief than of being thought a man of fashion, above the pedantry of his profession, and I think is very likely to attain his wish. The next hat was just the reverse of the former. It was of a form and cock that has been out of date these ten years, and yet withal it seemed new. Close below it, I discerned the careful owner, who, for fear of accidents, had cautiously placed himself near. He is rich and penurious; and by the most wretched saving has amassed a fortune. Contiguous to these hung a hat which appeared to have suffered more by negligence than by age. It seemed to have been intended to be moderately fashionable; but from the inattention of its owner, had its air and form a good deal impaired. It was the property of a learned philosopher, who sat not far distant, and who is too much absorbed in abstract speculation, to give attention to circumstances of dress. Not far distant hung a hat seemingly fresh and new, excepting in its front angle, where the cock was so squeezed, compressed, and crumpled, as sufficiently to denote its very familiar acquaintance with the hand of its owner. I had no difficulty in appropriating it. Its master is the most complaisant man in town, knows every body, is constantly in the street, and in places of public resort, and bows with the most respectful attention to every one he meets. Near this last was a hat which for some time puzzled me what to make of it. It was neither new nor old; it was neither much in nor much out of the fashion; and seemed to be a strange mixture between the old fashion and the new, with a kind of studied endeavour to be most of the latter. After some time, I believe I hit upon its owner. He is a gentleman who wishes to be of the fashion as far as his affection to his money, which is the stronger principle with him, will permit; and his whole life is a warfare between his vanity and his avarice.

On the next peg was stuck a round riding-hat, with a broad brim flapp'd down, and a double hat-band, which, however, instead of surrounding at the proper place, had started, like the hoops of a staved cask, and was seen loose upon its top; it was covered partly with powder and partly with dirt, half brushed, and had several little cuts on the crown. I easily discovered the owner, though his place was a good way off; a tall stout-looking young man, who sat near the bottom of the table, with his arm thrown negligently over the back of his own chair, and his leg, on which was a rumpled boot, resting on the cross-bar of the chair next him; from which attitude he was only moved by our toast-master's frequent calls for a bumper, which command he very religiously obeyed. I was too distant to profit by his conversation, of which, however, he seemed very sparing, being of that order of *Bucks* who have been taught to drink long before they have learned to speak.

After this there was a blank, the peg immediately adjoining being occupied by no hat whatever. On looking below I discovered the person whose hat should have filled it. He was dressed in a shining suit, his waistcoat splendidly embroidered, at the breast of which appeared a quantity of rich laced ruffle. He sat erect in his chair, and seemed moved by no intrusive idea, except when sometimes he shrunk with fear, if perchance a bottle tripped on the joinings of the table, or a glass was spilled by an awkward neighbour. His hat was only a bit of black silk, of which I discovered the corner sticking out of his pocket, his foretop being too nicely dressed to admit of any covering. But I believe I suffered nothing from the want of any distinguishing mark of his character or disposition. The man is in reality nothing; 'tis his coat only that makes a figure in the world. As for emotions, passions, virtue, or knowledge, he puts them, like his hat, into his pocket.

After this survey, at which, perhaps, some of my readers will smile, I amused myself with considering how in this slight particular of dress we may be apt to discover our character, and even upon the bit of beaver with which we cover our heads to stamp somewhat of the image of our minds. I was pleased with thinking, that however men may wrap themselves up in artificial disguise in the greater actions of life; yet even amidst all their concealments, there are circumstances to be found where nature will discover itself, and by which an attentive and diligent observer may be able to read the real character of the man.

I have often thought of discovering amongst the ladies some circumstance which might lead me to distinguish their characters in the same way that the hat discriminates those of the gentlemen. But I found them so little free agents in this matter, so much the uniform creation of milliners and hair-dressers, that it was impossible to trace any characteristical mark about them. All my efforts, therefore, have hitherto been baffled; and I was about to have abandoned the thing as impossible, till a lady who has lived much in the world, to whom I mentioned my difficulty, very lately assured me, that she can furnish me with a pretty remarkable particular which will perfectly answer the purpose, and that she will impart to me a set of observations which she herself has made, to confirm the certainty of the test. When she is pleased to favour me with these, they shall be communicated to my readers.

D.

No. 13.] Saturday, April 30, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

I inherited from my ancestors an estate of about 1000*l.* a year; and as I never had any desire for figuring in the world, I married, early in life, the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, and till of late years lived at home, satisfied with the society of my friends and neighbours. I found my fortune fully sufficient for my purposes; and was in hopes that I might provide decently for my younger children, who are four in number, without its being necessary to part with an estate, which, as it had been some centuries in our family, I had an old-fashioned inclination to preserve in it.

I am sorry, however, to add, that from the circumstances I am now to take the liberty of mentioning, those hopes have given way to prospects of a very different kind, prospects unspeakably mortifying to me, and which ought to be still more distressing to the rest of my family.

My eldest son, as he possessed but a very limited genius, and showed no propensity to any particular profession, I wished to follow my own example, and become a country gentleman. But a winter in your city, after having passed a few years at one of our universities, taught him that this was a plan quite unfit for a young man of spirit. As he had there acquired a upon his mind; if he has fondly brooded over them for a long course of years; he must indeed be endowed by nature with a more than common share of philanthropy, to be able to come back into the world without discovering marks of sourness and chagrin.

To those causes must be ascribed the severity of my friend Caustic's observations. All his natural good sense and benevolence of disposition could not prevent him from being hurt and affected by a thousand little improprieties which he perceived, or fancied that he perceived.

But I had some time ago an opportunity of seeing my friend Caustic in a situation where, it must be owned, there was some reason for severity of remark. In a former paper, I mentioned the pleasure I received from attending him to the theatre. As we were waiting in the passage till we could get chairs, we found Mr. B——, a contemporary of Caustic's, waiting for his carriage. Mr. B. expressed much satisfaction at seeing his old acquaintance; and after a gentle reproof on the score of visiting, he begged that Caustic and I would do him the honour to dine with him *sans facon*, that day week. Caustic, after stealing a look at me, accepted of the invitation; and I, at the same time, agreed to be of the party. When Mr. B. left us, Caustic, who had not seen him for many years, asked me some questions with regard to his situation in life. "Why," replied I, "he has become very rich, and it is his chief wish that his friends should enjoy his wealth. He lives *en prince*, as you will see."—"When I knew him," said Caustic, "he was poor enough; but though a little vain now and then, he was upon the whole a good well-disposed man."

Upon the day appointed, I attended Caustic to Mr. B.'s. We went precisely at four o'clock, which he had informed us was his hour. Upon entering the house, I found the servants waiting in the hall, dressed out in their laced liveries, with a look of insolent importance in their faces; and there was an air of preparation in every thing we saw, from the gilded knockers at the gate to the Gobelins tapestry in the drawing-room. Soon after we entered the room, the servant announced Lady ——. Upon hearing her name, Caustic started from his chair with an uncommon degree of satisfaction in his countenance. Lady —— was a beauty of the last age, when Caustic was a gay and fashionable man about town. In the height of her beauty, she had retired from the world to dedicate her time to the education of her children. At the age of sixty-five, she still retains an eye expressive of that tempered vivacity, that animated benignity and goodness, which equally attracts our regard and commands our respect. In every thing she says she discovers a sound understanding, accompanied with a most engaging cheerfulness of disposition, not abated by age, and perhaps rather heightened by the pleasing reflection on a life spent in the uniform practice of every virtue. Lady —— and Caustic had not met for many years. It was with pleasure I saw the respectful, yet affectionate manner with which my friend now addressed her, and the kind affability with which she on her part received his compliments.

The conversation soon turned upon the improvements of this city. Mr. B. spoke with much fluency on this subject; and, addressing himself to Caustic, observed, that formerly Edinburgh was in a manner uninhabitable; that thirty years ago there was not a house fit for a gentleman to live in; that the pleasures of society were then unknown; and that we now only begin to know how to live. Caustic admitted, that as a town Edinburgh no doubt was improved: "But you must forgive me," added he, "for doubting if the society of Edinburgh has improved in an equal degree." "Unquestionably it has," said Mr. B. "You must remember the time when there was not a dinner to be had in any house in town; when the men passed their whole time in taverns, and the women were left alone, to amuse themselves as they best could." "There is some truth in the observation," said Lady ——; "but yet, upon the whole, those were not bad times." "I agree with your ladyship," said Colonel Caustic. "It is true we did not then inhabit palaces, and we seldom saw those sumptuous entertainments, where one sits, between *etiquette* and *ennui*, labouring through two courses and a dessert, as I had the misfortune to do but yesterday, placed between a lady who did not choose to say any thing, and a gentleman who spoke of nothing but the excellence of the cook, and who, in the fulness of his heart, communicated to me a new mode of dressing currie, which he had just received from a friend high in office at Calcutta, by the last express over-land. For my part," added the colonel, "I would not exchange an hour passed in the society I have had the honour to see assembled in your ladyship's drawing-room for twenty such dinners. There a conversation, at once gay and polite, afforded the highest entertainment of which a rational creature is capable. There I have seen a Hume trifling with the beautiful and the young, and at the same time communicating knowledge and instruction in a manner the most pleasing, simple, and unaffected. There I have seen a Hamilton submitting his verses to the correction and criticism of a fair circle, who did not trust alone to beauty the most superior for the preservation of their empire over mankind. There I have seen"——"Hold, hold, my good friend," said Lady ——, "if you run on at this rate, those ladies (bowing to two young ladies who sat opposite to her) will think you as unreasonably partial to your old friends, as unjust in your estimate of modern manners." Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of some additional guests, among whom there was an old gentleman, who, notwithstanding his age, seemed to possess a great flow of animal spirits, and who addressed every person in company with the same undistinguishing familiarity, and vulgar coarseness of manner. Caustic looked at Lady —— with an air of triumph.

Our entertainer now began to discover symptoms of uneasiness. He had more than once informed us that the Countess of ——, Lord C., Sir W. D., and several other persons of fashion, were to be of the party, not one of whom had hitherto appeared, although it was long past the hour of dinner. At length our ears were assailed with a loud noise in the stair-case, and the door opening, Lord C., Sir W. D., and two other young men, rushed into the room with their hair uncombed, and in every respect in the most complete dishabille. Without paying the least attention to any one person in company, they began to tell us of the excellent sport they had that morning enjoyed at a cock-fight.

But this recital was cut short by the servant's announcing the Countess of ——; who, without the smallest apology for making the company wait dinner for near two hours, walked up to a large mirror at one end of the room, and, adjusting a curl, asked Lord C. what made him leave D——'s so soon last night? "We had a charming party, and did not sup till two this morning. Before supper I won fifty from D—— at piquette: but I believe I had the advantage of him; for he had rather drank too much wine with you at dinner." "Your son was of the party," added she, turning to the old gentleman; "I got some of his money too. But what has become of him; he promised to meet me here to-day."—"O the graceless dog! I know nothing of him." At that instant the young man entered the room, and we were immediately called to dinner. At table, Lady —— contrived to place her friend Caustic next to her; and they were so much engrossed with their own conversation, that they paid little attention to that of the company, which was carried on by the Countess and her fashionable friends in the same strain in which it had begun. Mr. B. was busied in displaying the elegance of the entertainment, and was particularly solicitous to call Caustic's attention to it. "How do you like my champaigne?" "I am no connoisseur; I seldom drink champaigne," said Caustic, drily. "It is damn'd good," said Lord C.; "it is as good as we used to drink with our ambassador at Paris last year. I was sent thither by my father to learn to speak French; but I spent my time to much better purpose. I was admitted a member of the cricket-club, and kept no other company." "I did not know," said I, "that cricket had been known in France." "Neither is it among your French fellows; they have not genius for it. Our club was to a man all *Anglois*, as they called us. At first the French were confoundedly surprised to see us on the plains of Sablons, playing with our servants, all stripped to the buff."

After much conversation, equally edifying, the ladies at length retired, and the master of the feast began to push the bottle briskly about. The old gentleman seemed to be particularly pleased with this; and his son enjoyed it no less. The father told us anecdotes of his son's debaucheries, and the son amused us with stories of his father's licentiousness. Caustic was shocked to the last degree at this exhibition. He made a signal to me, that he wished to retire. Before we could accomplish that, the old man got hold of the bottle, and, filling a bumper, asked leave to give a toast, and then roared out a sentiment, as he called it, in terms most shockingly gross and indecent. "Well done, my old boy!" exclaimed the son;—"here goes in a bumper; and may we all, at your age, be as jolly and as wicked as you are!"

Caustic could endure this no longer; he quitted the company, and I followed him. When we were alone, he asked me if such scenes were common among us. "If this," said he, "be the improvement and the refinement of which our friend B—— talked so much, I hope I have done with it. Folly and impertinence may be submitted to; but the profligacy of that old man provoked me beyond measure. We need not wonder at the degeneracy of the times, if a father is to teach debauchery to his own children, and by precept and example to encourage their progress in vice. For my part," added he, "I consider this as a species of parricide (if we may apply the word to a father's crime), for which no punishment is too severe."

E.

* * *

No. 15.] Saturday, May 14, 1785.

Though I would seldom choose to venture on any subject so purely scientific as that which I propose for the paper to-day; yet as I have a great respect for the very learned and curious correspondent from whom the following letter was received, I cannot resist my inclination to communicate it entire to my readers.

Madrid, 27th Feb. 1785.

Dear Sir,

I have been at all possible pains to discover, by means of those philosophers and travellers here who are best acquainted with Africa, whether any traces still remain of that species of men of whom your learned countryman has taken notice, mentioned by Agatharchides and Sir Francis Drake, called the Ακριδοφαγοι, Grasshopper-eaters, or, as I incline to render the word, Locust-eaters: but hitherto my inquiries have met with no degree of success. Though unsuccessful, they have not, however, been unproductive; as, in the course of my search after that species, I have met with very well-authenticated relations of another variety of the human kind, still extant in that country, which I think has not been taken notice of by either of the above-mentioned authors, unless you suppose it to be the same with that of the Ακριδοφαγοι above-mentioned, or perhaps with the Ιχθυοφαγοι or Fish-eaters, recorded also by Agatharchides, and copied by him from Diodorus, and some other late writers. The variety I mean is that of the Φυσαλοφαγοι, or Toad-eaters; of which I proceed to give you a particular account, which I have been, happily, not only enabled to collect from the report of some voyagers who had visited their country, but have actually had an opportunity of examining one myself, which is now in the possession of that illustrious and munificent patron of the arts, Don Gabriel de Crapolino, who had him from a learned priest of the order of Jesus, several years a missionary in Africa, whose account also makes up a considerable part of my relation.

The Phusalophagos or Toad-eater, though found in different degrees of latitude, is a native of warm climates only, and seems to be of the migrating kind, who change their residence according to the difference of times and seasons. In his original state, he appears, as indeed it is highly probable all savages are, inclined to creep or walk on all-fours; and the habit of walking erect or straight is only an acquired one, which seems uneasy to him; and therefore he takes every opportunity of returning to his former groveling or bending posture. Indeed, from some anatomical observations, which the above-mentioned learned Jesuit had an opportunity of making on the body of one who had died, it appears that Nature has fitted them more for this posture than for any other. The muscle called by anatomists *biceps-cruris*, by which the leg is bent, appeared to have been much enlarged by constant use; whereas the *longissimus dorsi*, by which the back is kept straight and erect, was of no strength at all. The elevators also of the upper eye-lid, called by some anatomists the *musculi admirationis*, were capable of great extension, and seemed to have been in constant use, which may be likewise accounted for from the prone position of the body, natural to this species. The width of the throat or swallow was also remarkable, with which Nature undoubtedly provided them, in consideration of the kind of food on which they subsist.

His forehead, like that of the natives of Aracan, was flat and large, and probably had been made so by an operation similar to what the inhabitants of that country practise on their children, to wit, by pressing a plate of lead on their foreheads immediately after their birth. For in that one dissected by the missionary, the *os frontis* was exceedingly thick and hard, and seemed capable of sustaining very great violence without any material impression.

Like the inhabitants of the Friendly Isles, they use a liquor made of the spittle of others, called by our late circumnavigators cava, which the Phusalophagi swallow either in its natural state, or, like the Otaheiteans, in a state of fermentation. Indeed, they do not at all resemble the Icthuophagi, or Fish-eaters, in the circumstance of living entirely without drink, as they seem, on the contrary, very much inclined to drinking: like the Fish-eaters, however (as Diodorus reports them), it must be confessed, they have very little sense of the το καλον, or the το πρεπον, the beautiful or the decent. One instance of this the learned father gave me, that, as far as he was informed or could perceive, they had no objection (as indeed is the custom among several other savage nations) to a union with a female who had formerly had an illicit intercourse with the other sex; but, on the contrary, like the Tartars, and Tongusians, often preferred such to all others.

The agility of this species, like that of the Acridophagi, is amazing. That one whom I saw in the possession of the noble person above-mentioned would skip over chairs and tables, at a signal given, with the most amazing alertness. In this they resemble a good deal the monkey tribe, as well as in their faculty of imitation, in which my informer told me they excel in a very wonderful degree. Their strength, likewise, the missionary reports to be very uncommon.—He says, he has seen some of them bear to be loaded with burdens that would have wearied a porter at Bassora.

This one had learned the use of speech, though not to a very high degree of perfection, and indeed his natural propensity seemed to be rather to listen: yet with that inclination to silence which is common to man in a savage state, he did not seem to have the melancholy cast of either the Ourang Outang, or the other varieties of uncultivated mankind; on the contrary, he had a mirthful disposition, or at least a facility of laughing and seeming merry, beyond any thing that could have been imagined of one in his situation.

He had, by the time I saw him, perfectly lost all inclination and relish for his former manner of living, and was by no means averse to the delicacies of refined cookery. His taste, however, was far from being acute, as at times he appeared highly to relish, and to be extremely fond of very indifferent fare, when it was set before him by his master. According to the missionary, his countrymen, like the Bedas of Ceylon, have a custom of seasoning every thing with honey, a practice which accordingly this particular one at Don Gabriel's still continued; and his excellency, as well as some of his guests, assured me they found it very palatable.

Like his taste in this instance, his other senses appear to be subject to much uncertainty. His seeing and hearing are at some times remarkably acute; at others he seems hardly to possess those faculties at all. Like the Chacrelas, in the island of Java, his sight is generally much quicker in the night than the daytime; and the later the hour, it appears to be the clearer and the more distinct. Like some other savages, he seems to delight in music; though his discrimination of sounds, as might be expected, is not very nice. His patron, Don Gabriel, plays on the viol de gamba but very indifferently; and yet he seems more pleased with the sound of this instrument than with that of some others played by the ablest musicians of the King's opera.

The powers of his mind seem to be of a very limited sort. He does not, however, appear to be naturally so dull as some of his countrymen, of whose stupidity Charlevoix gives remarkable instances; who, according to his account, cannot count beyond the number 3. Though I never had occasion to try his conception of numbers in its utmost extent, I saw that he could very readily number the guests at Don Gabriel's table, who often greatly exceeded the above denomination, or even the dishes, which were still more numerous. He resembles those natives of Guinea more nearly in another particular; he, as Father Charlevoix tells us of them, seems very seldom to think spontaneously. In point of memory, however, he differs widely from those natives of Guinea, of which faculty he seems endowed with a wonderful proportion. When he had learned enough of the Spanish to be able to hold a conversation easily, he gave many instances of a memory exceedingly tenacious, and often remembered things which had happened to Don Gabriel, or which Don Gabriel related, though nobody else had the most distant recollection of them.

Nor was he more distinguished from that species mentioned by Charlevoix in memory, than in patience and temper. "Though possessed of little genius," says that traveller, "these Guinea negroes are extremely acute in their feelings. According to the manner in which they are treated, they are lively or melancholy, laborious or slothful, friendly or hostile. When well fed and not ill treated, they are contented, cheerful, and ready for every employment; but when ill used and oppressed, they grow sullen, and often die of melancholy. Of injuries, as well as of benefits, they are extremely sensible; and against those who injure them they bear a most implacable hatred." The very reverse of all this seems to be the temperament of the Phusalophagos. He is extremely patient under harsh usage, insensible to injuries, and is equally cheerful and ready for any employment when ill as when well treated, with the exception, however, of good feeding, which seems necessary to him in common with the Guinea men.

I have thus, my very worthy and respected Sir, endeavoured to give you as particular a description of the distinguishing characteristics of this species as the accounts I could rely on, or my own observation, could furnish me with. But as I know how far short any recital, how copious or exact soever, falls of an actual examination, I am not without hopes of being able to afford you an opportunity of examining a specimen of the Phusalophagi yourself, by means of some of our merchants who have opportunities of correspondence with Africa. But as the keeping of one, I am informed by Don Gabriel's *maitre d'hotel*, is somewhat expensive, you will be kind enough to inform me in your next, whether there is any individual naturalist who would be desirous of such a present: if your acquaintance does not furnish such a person, it may be as well that I send him, not to enrich any private collection, but to the president or vice-president of the Royal or Antiquarian Society.

I am, &c.

Z. W. C.

No. 16.] Saturday, May 21, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

Your correspondent Mrs. Careful has given a very just picture of the Female Loungers, in her entertaining letter. The disturbance which the morning visits of those idlers give to sober families is become matter of very serious concern to many a mother in this town, who would wish to educate their daughters in such a way as to qualify them for performing their parts with propriety, in whatever rank they may be called to.

Idleness and frivolity seem to form the character of the times. According to the present system of female education amongst us, the culture of the mind and heart, the knowledge of those useful duties which a good wife and a good mother owes to her husband and her children, are but slightly attended to, if not altogether neglected, for those exterior accomplishments which ought properly to be the handmaids of the former. Hence the dissipation of individuals, and the final wreck we often see of families!

The task I am going upon is a melancholy one; to illustrate the truth of the above observation from my own woful experience; yet, as it may be a caution to others, I think it a duty on me to communicate to you the following narrative.

I was married, a few years ago, to an amiable young woman, the only daughter of a wealthy and respectable merchant. My father-in-law, Mr. Lumber, had gone early to the West Indies, where he was so successful in trade as to make a very considerable fortune, with which he returned to settle in his own country. As he had raised himself, and had few relations, to supply that want, he married a daughter of the Honourable Mr. Stingy, younger brother to the Earl of Loftus, by which connection he at once acquired relationship with a score of honourable and right honourable cousins, some of whom did him the honour to breakfast, dine, or sup with him almost every day.

Mr. Lumber was a sensible man in his way, and had seen a good deal of the world; he might therefore have managed his family in a manner much more to its advantage than that in which it was conducted, had he been allowed the perfect guidance of it. But in this he was a good deal restrained, from the circumstance of his inferior birth. It was impossible for the son of a plain citizen to understand any thing so well as the grand-daughter of a peer. He was contented, therefore, to maintain a sort of divided empire: he was allowed to superintend the education of his two boys, who, after having been some time in a respectable house in Holland, now assist in carrying on the business in their father's counting-house. As to his daughter, he left her to the management of her mother, and of her aunt Miss Bridget Stingy, a maiden Lady who lived in the family. As my grievances all took rise from that root, I must be indulged in mentioning the character of these ladies.

The circumstances of Mr. Stingy did not perhaps allow of giving his daughters the most liberal education; but what he might have given, he did not think it necessary to give: to be the daughters of the Honourable Mr. Stingy, and grand-daughters of the Earl of Loftus, was enough, without any other endowment. Bred with high ideas of birth and rank, they were ignorant of almost every branch of useful knowledge; and as most of their time passed alternately amongst their quality relations, they had learned to despise taking any concern in the useful employments of domestic life.

On the death of the Honourable Mr. Stingy, Miss Bridget, his eldest daughter, was left to the care of her relations; but as they appeared rather cool with regard to her, she was, by the benignity of Mr. Lumber, brought home to his house, and to ease and plenty, if she could have used them with good humour and discretion.

This lady was several years older than her sister Mrs. Lumber, a weak good-natured woman, over whom she assumed a superiority and direction more than was consistent with her situation, and which Mr. Lumber, though a good-humoured man, did not at all times approve of. In place of making herself and her sister happy in the enjoyment of the real blessings which they possessed, Miss Stingy's chief study was to teach her sister a number of wants to which she was not entitled as the wife of a merchant. To many of these Mr. Lumber gave way; such as, adding another servant to the table arrangement, who plied behind his lady's chair in a plain suit and ruffles; changing the post-chaise into a body coach, and promoting Jack the driver to the rank of John, coachman. But, to the no small disquiet of Miss Bridget, Lumber was inflexible to his wife's demand of a weekly rout and card assembly. This, and several other indulgences, she did not find Mr. Lumber silly enough to grant; but she generally found Mrs. Lumber silly enough to resent the refusal.

But, to end this digression, which I am afraid has already tired you, and to proceed to my own story.——Mr. Lumber being my banker while I was abroad, on coming to Scotland, I was often invited to his house, where I was treated with great hospitality and attention. Miss Lucy Lumber, his only daughter, was young, handsome, good-natured, and sprightly. Her vivacity, her good-humour, and her good looks, attracted my attentions, and I thought I discovered that she was not displeased with them. I was in that situation in which the world suggests the propriety of a man's looking out for a wife, and in which he begins to think it his duty to be married. The qualities Miss Lumber possessed were attractive; and I never thought of those she might want. In short, I was in love: I courted; I was accepted of; and as every man in my situation would say, made completely happy.

After passing some weeks in a round of mirth and dissipation, I carried my Lucy, with a companion of hers, to my house in the north.

The visits of my neighbours, and our returns to them, with the little parties which we made, gave me but little opportunity for observation, or a thorough knowledge of my wife's qualities or turn of mind. She wanted not sense at bottom, had good nature, and, bating a little tincture of that pride of ancestry, or rather vanity, for it never was offensive, which had early been inculcated into her by her aunt Bridget, she had a sweetness and affability that were extremely engaging. We passed the summer very agreeably. When winter set in, I began to know more intimately my wife's disposition. I had presented her with a small selection of books for her closet; the best of the British poets and historians, some of moral entertainment, such as the Spectators, Guardians, &c. and some for mere amusement. But I soon found that my Lucy was no reader. She read Tom Jones, indeed: and on my recommendation to her and Miss Flounce, they went through the greatest part of Gil Blas; but of the two scholars of Salamanca, I am afraid they ranked with the first.

By the good management of an experienced housekeeper, who had been brought up in the family by my mother, and who, I knew, had a real liking to the family, my house, table, and domestics had been regulated. On my marriage, I was in hopes that, without entering into the executive part, my Lucy would now, as mistress of the family, superintend the whole domestic economy: but in this I was disappointed. She never had been used to look into household management; it was a province, she said, she was not adapted for, and wished not to engage in. She would now and then quote maxims which I could perceive she had learned in the Loftus school. They signified, that household cares might become ordinary women, but were degrading to the descendants of people of quality.

When we were not engaged with company, my farm and planting, my dog and my gun, kept me a great part of the day in the field.—When I returned, I did not always find from my wife that cheerful animated look that used to welcome me home. When at times I remarked this, she would suddenly resume a gayety of countenance, and endeavour to smile away my observation. But as this gayety was assumed, its continuance was short; and with great uneasiness I now began to see a change of disposition in my Lucy, and that a lowness of spirits at times hung upon her. This I attributed, however, to her situation, as, to my great joy, she was, as my friend John Home expresses it, "As women wish to be who love their lords."——Mr. Lumber had kindly invited us to town, and we determined to pass the winter with him. We were received with great joy, and found that family much the same as we had left it.

My Lucy brought me a fine boy; and while she recovered her health, I flattered myself that she would soon also regain her former sprightliness and good humour. In this I was not disappointed; we got into the fashionable circle of company, and that continual round of dissipation that goes on in the metropolis: the whole forenoon generally spent amidst a succession of visitants, a mob of idlers; the rest of the day in dinners, public places, and evening parties.

Although in my own mind I despised the giddy restless insignificants that figured in this perpetual drama; yet as I considered myself as a passenger only for the time, I submitted to be carried along with the stream, and partook of the flying amusements as they occurred. I did not lose sight, however, of my own scheme: as the spring approached I gave hints of my return to Homely Castle, and announced the day for our departure. My Lucy, who never disputed my will, prepared herself; but I could observe that she became grave and thoughtful, as the time approached for our setting out. We left our friends, and got safely home.

The smiles of our little infant were for some time his mother's sole amusement; but this, as mere amusement, for it carried no active employment along with it, after some months began to lose its relish. The feeble exertions, which too late she endeavoured to call to her aid, were too weak to resist the demon of Indolence, with Langour and Melancholy in his train, that now had invaded her. Such are the fruits of an education now, I am afraid, but too common! Good natural parts, in place of being trained to exercise, in the several branches of knowledge, and useful employments of life, had either been neglected, or misapplied to frivolous and desultory amusements! Now, when out of the giddy round of the fashionable town entertainments that used to fill up her hours, my Lucy feels a vacant mind, that affords no resources within itself. Her reflections of course are painful and bitter; or if lulled at all, only sink into a lassitude, and listless unconcern for every thing around her. Her few former amusements, her tambour and harpsicord, have long become insipid; and even the smiles of her child, which used to give delight, now I can observe force a sigh from her, and sometimes the tear will start into her eye, from the painful reflection, no doubt, of her inability to perform to him the duty of a mother.

In this situation, Mr. Lounger, judge of my distress and disappointment. Instead of family happiness and domestic enjoyment, I find at home a constant source of disquiet and melancholy. Perhaps I am more unhappy than husbands whose wives are more blameable. In the greater offences against the marriage duty, the injured party has the privilege of complaint, the support of resentment, the consolation of indifference, or of hatred. I have no contradiction of which to complain, no injuries to resent: I pity, nay, I still love my wife; and yet I am most unhappy.

Tell my situation, Sir, to those young men, who like me——or rather tell it to mothers, who, like Mrs. Lumber, have daughters to educate. Remind them, that, however important the education may be that teaches to adorn the mistress and captivate the lover, there is still another, and a higher, which requires some little attention,—that which instructs them to perform the duties of the wife, to retain the affections, and to constitute the happiness of the husband.—I am, &c.

HORATIUS.

No. 17.] Saturday, May 28, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

If I am not misinformed, you have taken up the same sort of business which was formerly carried on by a gentleman who published his performances under the title of the Mirror, with whom I had once or twice occasion, not very agreeable ones, to correspond. As I suppose you have got that gentleman's good will, I am inclined to deal with you as his successor; and I trust you will use me as well as he did, by giving place to this letter, containing an account of grievances, which I know not where else to seek redress for. You will find my correspondence, though not elegant, at least authentic. The family of the Homespuns, though I say it who should not, were always to be trusted in a story; truth and plain-dealing was their motto, and I hope will continue so, if bad neighbours don't spoil them.

The neglect of the great lady, which my daughter Elizabeth thought fit to complain of in the Mirror, was of singular use in my family. My young lady came back to the country so quiet and so reasonable a girl, that her mother and I had not once occasion to chide her for a twelvemonth; at the end of which we had proposals of marriage for her from her uncle's partner, whom she mentions in the paper I allude to; and she consented to become the wife of a plain, virtuous, thriving young man, though he had nothing of finery or fashion about him. They are as happy as can be, and have two stout cherry-cheeked boys, who, I am told, are the pictures of their grandfather.

The rest of us remain as we were; at least we did so till within these two months. My Lady —— made some overtures towards a renewal of our acquaintance about a twelvemonth ago: but it was agreed to decline them; and I staid at home to lay down a field of spring-wheat, instead of going to vote for a parliament-man. The waists of my wife and daughters had returned to their natural size, and the heads of the latter had moulted of their feathers. Their hoops were sent to the lumber-garret, and powder and pomatum were scarcely ever used but on Sundays. I fondly thought that all the follies of the family were over, and that henceforth we should be reasonable and happy. Alas, Sir, I have discovered, that opportunity only was wanting to renew them; the weeds were all in the ground, though my Lady ——'s coldness had chilled their growth. Within these two months they have sprung up with a vengeance.

About this time my neighbour Mushroom's son, who had been sent out to India about a dozen years ago, returned home with a fortune, as we are told, of 100,000*l*., and has taken up his residence at his father's, till some finer place shall be found out for him. Before his arrival, he had made several large remittances to his father, for the purpose of dressing up the old house a little, so as to make it fit for his reception, and had sent a trunk full of fineries to dress up his mother and sisters for the same purpose. The good old lady, however, restrained her daughters from wearing them (as indeed they did not well know how to make them up or put them on) till her son should arrive. His arrival furnished them with a very able assistant: the young man had made a love-match before he left this country, with a good-looking girl of our neighbourhood, who, not altogether with his inclination, had gone out to him soon after his establishment in India. This lady returned hither with him, and has edified all the family amazingly.

But her instructions are not confined to her own family; mine is unluckily included. This is a favour which my wife is very proud of; as Mrs. Mushroom has forgot most of her old acquaintance in the parish, and associates only with us, and one or two more of her neighbours, who have what she calls capability; that is, Sir, as I understand it, who will listen to all the nonsense she talks, and ape all the follies she practises. These are strong words; but it would put any man in a passion to see how she goes on. I don't know how it is, but I am ten times angrier at this new plague than I was with Lady ——. For her I had many apologies; but to think of that little chit Peg Mushroom playing all this mischief among us! Why, Sir, I remember her but as it were yesterday, when she used to come draggled to our house of a morning a-foot, and ride home double, on my blind mare, behind one of the plough-boys.

But I interrupt my account of things in my anger at them. The Sunday after these newcomers' arrival, they appeared in church, where their pew was all carpeted and cushioned over for their reception, so bedizened—there were flowered muslins and gold muslins, white shawls and red shawls, white feathers and red feathers; and every now and then the young Mushroom girls pulled out little bottles that sent such a perfume around them.—Nay, my old friend, their father, like a fool as he was, had such a mixture of black satin and pink satin about him, and was so stiff and awkward in his finery, that he looked for all the world like the king of clubs, and seemed, poor man! to have as little to say for himself.

But all this, Sir, is no joking matter to me. Some of the neighbours, indeed, laugh at it; but we who are favourites say that is nothing but envy. My wife and daughter Mary have rummaged out their tetes and feathers; and the hoops, that had suffered a little from the moths, have been put in complete repair again. I was silly enough to let my wife get hold of a draught on town for the price of my last year's barley; and I verily believe she and Mary alone carry the produce of ten acres on their backs. My wife said, a shawl was a decent comfortable wear for a middle-aged woman like her (my Rachael, by the way, has been fifty these ten years); and so she gave orders to purchase one at a sale in town, which she got a monstrous bargain, though I am ashamed to tell you, that it stood me in two fat oxen and a year-old cow.

I am glad to take this estimate of things, because in the value of money we are now got into a style of expression which loses all idea of small sums. Hundreds and thousands of pounds carried a sound of some importance, and could easily be divided into lesser parts; but Madam Mushroom's *lack*, or half a lack, sounds like nothing at all; and she has stories which she tells to my poor gaping girls of a single supper in the East given by some nabob with half a dozen hard names, that cost one or two of those lacks, besides half a lack in *trifling* presents to the company. In those stories, the East Indian lady, being subject to no contradiction, goes on without interruption or commentary, till my poor wife and daughters' heads are turned quite topsy-turvy. Even mine, though reckoned tolerably solid, is really dizzy with hearing her. There are such accounts of nabobs, rajahs, and rajahpouts, elephants, palanquins, and processions; so stuck full of gold, diamonds, pearls, and precious stones, with episodes of dancing girls, and *otter* of roses!—I have heard nothing like it since I was a boy, and used to be delighted with reading the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

The effect of all this on my family you will easily guess. Not only does it rob me of my money, but them of their happiness. Every thing that used to be thought comfortable or convenient formerly is now intolerable and disgusting. Every thing we now put on, or eat, or drink, is immediately brought into comparison with the dress, provisions, and liquors at *Mushroom-Hall*, for so they have new-christened my neighbour's farm-house. My girls' home-made gowns, of which they were lately so proud, have been thrown by with contempt since they saw Mrs. Mushroom's muslins from Bengal; our barn-door fowls, we used to say, were so fat and well-tasted, we now make awkward attempts, by garlic and pepper, to turn into the form of *curries* and *peelaws*; and the old October we were wont to brag all our neighbours with, none of the family but myself will condescend to taste, since they drank Mr. Mushroom's India Madeira.

In short, Sir, I am ten times worse off with this fresh disaster than I was with the former unlucky intimacy with Lady ——. My Lady —— was at some distance in point of place, and still more in point of rank from us; but this new plague is close at our doors, and Mrs. Mushroom is so obliging as to be a constant visitor. I am really afraid that I must sell my little estate, and leave this part of the country altogether; that I must try to find out some new place of residence, where nabobs, rajahs, and lacks of rupees, were never heard of, and where people know no more of Bengal than of the man in the moon.

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

It is with peculiar satisfaction that the Lounger has received this commencement of Mr. Homespun's correspondence, of which he knows the value, and hopes for the continuance.

Z.

* * *

No. 18.] SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1785.

It has been observed, that the world is generally just in the opinions which it forms of the characters of the different persons who appear on the stage of life; that few have been held high in the estimation of the public who have not deserved it; and that instances as rarely occur of its censure misapplied as of its applause misplaced. But though this remark, it must be allowed, is true in the general, yet experience teaches that it cannot be admitted without exceptions; and that the truly virtuous and deserving, particularly in the private walks of life, may often pass unnoticed, while the less worthy may become the objects of favour.

Cleora was married at an early period of life. Gaily educated, and thoughtless in disposition, she was incapable of any strong attachment. She married Lothario, because he was a man of the *ton*, dressed well, kept good company, and professed himself her humble admirer. He married her, because she was reckoned pretty, danced well, was a toast, and was as much in the fashion as he was. As they went together without affection, so neither of them allowed their love to be troublesome to the other. Pleasure, dissipation, show, was the taste of both. Lothario was sometimes at home, and in his wife's company; but then it was only in a crowd, and amidst a variety of guests. Abroad they sometimes met at dinner and supper parties; but as frequently their parties were not the same, and their amusements lay in different quarters.

Such a life of dissipation could not be supported without great expense. Though Lothario was possessed of a considerable land estate, yet when he succeeded to it, it was much encumbered with debt; and that debt was now greatly increased by his own extravagance. Every year made a new bond or mortgage necessary.

Cleora knew all this: but she allowed it not to make any impression on her mind. It was too serious a subject to be suffered to intrude itself in the midst of her enjoyments. The mother of a numerous family, she is equally inattentive with Lothario to giving them proper habits and impressions. The boys, neglecting every useful branch of study, by a strange combination, are both beaux and blackguards. At public places they are reckoned fashionable, while, at the same time, in their private amusements they value themselves on their coarseness and intemperance. The daughters are now come to the age of women; but Cleora has no other object as to them than to increase their fondness for public places and late hours: devoted to these herself, she makes her daughters the pretext for her own indulgences.

Thus Cleora, if she were to think, if she were to stop her course of dissipation for a moment, would see bankruptcy at hand, and her children, if not herself and her husband, reduced to want; her children brought up without education, and initiated in nothing but the ways of idleness and folly. With all this, Cleora retains a good character in the world: her cheerfulness, her gayety, make her a favourite wherever she goes. "Tis a pity," it is sometimes said, "that her husband was not more attentive to her and her children; but it is not her fault. She is indeed to be commended for submitting with so much ease to her fate; one would never discover that she was married to Lothario."—Such is the general character which Cleora bears; and if any one ever expresses a hint to the contrary, it is considered as the remark of a person disposed to be censorious.

How shall I contrast with Cleora the conduct of Aurelia? She also married young, before she had learned to feel and judge for herself, and at a time when she was entirely given up to the direction and disposal of her parents. It has been unfortunately the fate of some of the best of women to become the wives of men in many respects their inferiors both in understanding and in character. Amidst the chances of life, the intricacies of situation, or from the deception of minds whose very virtues betray their caution, this will sometimes happen. Cleanthes, the husband of Aurelia, is of a character very similar to that of Cleora's husband, Lothario, and on many accounts an unfortunate match for Aurelia. But Cleanthes being reputed to be a man of fortune, possessing a good address, and believed to be possessed of good-nature, it was the fate of Aurelia to be joined to him for *life. Those habits* of thoughtlessness and extravagance, however, which Cleanthes had acquired before marriage, never forsook him: he even became indifferent and negligent of Aurelia, and a family of fine children which she brought him. Intemperate in his pleasures, and inordinate in his expense, he plunged headlong into every fashionable folly, into every species of dissipation. Aurelia felt much anguish at this conduct of her husband: she endeavoured by every gentle method in her power to reclaim him, and to gain his mind to virtue and domestic enjoyment. All her efforts proved ineffectual. Cleanthes was not yet, however, so lost as not to feel at times the reproaches of his conscience; but, instead of endeavouring to remove, he tried to avoid them. In this situation, Aurelia was like another conscience: the reflection on her quiet and gentle virtues was like a mirror that did but show him his own ugliness, and frightened at the sight, he only thought how to escape it. Thus abandoned by himself, thus having forsaken Aurelia, and every better feeling, he has gone more and more headlong into vice—intemperance has become his companion, and expense much beyond his income has attended it.

What a situation for Aurelia! With a mind fitted for every domestic enjoyment, she sees her husband a prey to folly and extravagance, ruining his fortune, and dead to every proper sentiment. One only comfort remains—the pleasure she receives from her children. Her only son, who promises to be all a parent could wish, has been placed at a distant academy; and a rich uncle, who has no children of his own, has adopted him as his son. Her three daughters live with herself, and her great object is to educate and instruct them; and in this she is well rewarded, by the appearance of their promising virtues, and the display of their opening talents.

With all these amiable parts of Aurelia's conduct, justice is not done her in the opinion of the world. Her virtues are unknown, or pass unnoticed. It is frequently said, "That Cleanthes is a good fellow; pity he had not a wife of a less grave disposition, more suited to his taste. If he had, he might have been less expensive, and his pleasures been more fixed at home."

It was but the other evening that, in making a course of visits, or, to use an expression more consonant to my character, in *lounging* from one place to another, I called at a house, where I found Cleora engaged in deep play, and her eldest daughter sitting by her, attending to the game. At that moment Lothario happened to come into the room. He drew a chair near some ladies at another table, and gave a nod of indifference to his daughter. "La! Sir," said Miss, "we did not look for you; we thought you were at Sir John's."——Her mother gave one look behind; asked her partner if she had not held the king; and then desired her to set up two by honours and the odd trick.

The same evening I called at the house of Cleanthes. Him I found abroad, but Aurelia was at home. I was shown into the room where she was, where I found her seated with her three girls around her. On the table lay several books, among which were the Spectator, the Man of Feeling, and the Theatre of Education. She herself was busy with her needle; and her two youngest girls were occupied in the same manner, under her direction. The eldest was employed in reading. When I entered the room, one of the girls took me by the hand, and kindly welcomed me. "I thought, however," said she, with a most expressive look, "it had been papa; my mamma expected him." A tear started into Aurelia's eye. She soon, however, resumed her cheerfulness; and I remained for a considerable time in this domestic party, receiving a pleasure which I cannot describe, in the conversation of Aurelia, the amiableness and propriety of her conduct, her behaviour to her children, and theirs to her.

When I came home, I could not help reflecting on the different characters of Aurelia and Cleora, placed in situations not dissimilar; one drawing from her very want of feeling and of duty the suffrage of the world! the other, from the very exercise of the most disinterested virtue, suffering its neglect, and incurring its censure! Yet with all her afflictions and all her sorrows, who would not rather wish to be the suffering and virtuous Aurelia, than the gay and thoughtless Cleora! The one may enjoy the dissipation of the world, and the good-liking of its votaries; but the other must possess that approbation from her own mind, which infinitely surpasses all the external enjoyment which the world is able to bestow.

P.

No. 19.] SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Hi sunt invidiæ, nimirum, Regule, mores,
Præferat antiquos semper ut illa novis.
MARTIAL.

Such, Regulus, is still the cynic's way,
To laud the past, deride the present day.

SIR,

THERE are a set of cynical old men, who are perpetually dinning our ears with the praises of times past, who are fond of drawing comparisons between the ancients and moderns, much to the disparagement of the latter, and who take a misanthropical delight in representing mankind as degenerating from age to age, both in mental and corporeal endowments. With these people, all science is held to be upon the decline; arts as retrograde; the greater virtues absolutely annihilated; and morality itself tending fast to utter extinction. Even the human figure is dwindling away in stature, and diminishing in strength; the climates are altered; the seasons become yearly more inclement; the earth is losing its fertility, and the sun its heat. Now, Sir, although I am disposed to admit that there is some foundation for these complaints in a very few particulars, and will, for instance, readily allow, that the music of the moderns is not quite so powerful in its effects as that of Orpheus; that Augustus King of Poland, though he could bend a horse-shoe, could not have pitched a bar with Hercules; that swans have lost the faculty of singing; and that, even in the period of my own remembrance, there is a great decay in the art of making plum-cakes and penny pies; yet I think it might be easily proved, that in other respects the picture is a very false one; and I am thoroughly convinced, that upon an impartial estimate of the merits of the ancient and modern world, the scale of the latter would very greatly preponderate.

I do not intend at present to enter into a complete discussion of this important subject, but shall content myself with advancing a very few arguments in refutation of the opinion of those old grumblers I have mentioned; and I think it will be no difficult matter to show, that the fault lies entirely in their own splenetic and peevish humours; and that the world, so far from growing worse, is in reality much better now than in ancient times. You will excuse my neglect of methodical arrangement; for as this is a picture consisting of many detached groups, it does not signify at which end we begin.

I have been often much amazed at hearing it seriously maintained, that mankind are more vicious and abandoned in modern times than they were in the days of antiquity. The moderns, no doubt, have made many notable discoveries in the arts and sciences; but I do not find that murder, robbery, perjury, adultery, &c. are among the number. It is true, that as there is a fashion in all human affairs, which alters with the times, its influence may be observed in crimes, as well as in every thing else: but here the advantage, I will be bold to say, lies entirely on the side of the moderns. Long ago, in committing crimes, they had a barbarous and brutal method of going directly to the point. If a man had an ill-will at his neighbour, he knocked him on the head the first time he met him, or perhaps set fire to his house, and made a holocaust of him, his wife, and children. But now the mode is altered much for the better. We see none of those wild beasts in society. An enemy now wears the countenance of a friend; he shows you all the politeness in the world to your face, and only ruins your reputation behind your back: he lends you money, if you are much in need of it, and only throws you into jail when you are starving out of it: he would be the last man in the world to revenge himself on you by shooting or stabbing; but if through his means you grow so tired of life as to cut your own throat, to be sure it is no fault of his.

In case, however, it should be necessary for him to be your executioner, which often happens where the injury is of a very atrocious nature; such, as, if you should by chance jostle a gentleman in the street, spit by accident on his shoe, or disturb him in a private conversation with your wife; he gives you warning, in the politest manner, of his intentions: says he believes you to be in every respect a man of honour; and only requests you, by a civil card, to come and be shot through the head.

The ancients, it must be owned, were remarkably inferior to the moderns, both in good taste and in good-manners. That refinement of taste which manifests itself by a polite contempt of all home productions, and a generous admiration of every thing that is foreign, seems indeed to be a qualification peculiar to the moderns. A well-educated British gentleman, it may be truly said, is of no country whatever. He unites in himself the characteristics of all different nations: he talks and dresses French, and sings Italian: he rivals the Spaniard in indolence, and the German in drinking: his house is Grecian, his offices Gothic, and his furniture Chinese. He preserves the same impartiality in his religion; and, finding no solid reasons for preferring Confucius to Brama, or Mahometanism to Christianity, he has for all their doctrines an equal indulgence.

But how different from this the character of the Greeks and Romans! Servilely attached to their own manners and customs, they treated foreigners with contempt. What, in effect, could be expected of them, who were such barbarians themselves as to stigmatize all other nations by that opprobrious epithet?

There is no virtue for which the ancients have got greater credit than for their patriotism; yet on examination it will appear, that their merits in this article have been very much exaggerated. It is true, that we find among them some striking instances of this virtue in individuals; but it never was diffused, as with us, among the great body of the people. The porters and hackney coachmen at Rome and Athens were deplorably ignorant of the affairs of state. There were no clubs in those capitals for constitutional reformation. Carpenters and bricklayers reformed the boroughs only by the axe and hammer; shoemakers and tailors were dexterous enough at the awl and needle, but could not mend the government.

Perhaps even the patriotism of individuals among the ancients has got more than its due share of praise; and upon a fair estimate it might be found, that the moderns could produce equal, if not superior examples of the same heroic virtue. What is there, for instance, so remarkable in the boasted example of Themistocles and Aristides? They were bitter enemies, but forgot their quarrels when their country was in danger, and joined their interests to prevent its falling a prey to the Persians; so our modern statesmen, who the one day declare the most rooted abhorrence and detestation of each other, both in their public and private characters, the next day shake hands for the good of their country, agree in every measure, and profess for each other the most sincere esteem and veneration. Decius, it is true, devoted himself for his country, and, by sacrificing his own life, won a great victory over the enemies of Rome: but our commanders go much farther; for they devote whole armies, from a pure spirit of patriotism. In short, it may be confidently asserted, that all those bright examples we read of in ancient story may find their parallels in a modern newspaper.

And now, Sir, that I have mentioned a newspaper, allow me to observe, that those brief chronicles of the times afford every day numberless proofs of the superiority of the moderns to the ancients in many of the most useful arts and sciences. In that most noble of all arts, the art of healing, so great is the perfection to which the moderns have attained, that one of your predecessors has very justly expressed his astonishment at reading in the bills of mortality the great number of people who choose to die of such and such distempers, for every one of which there are infallible and specific cures. To be sure, there is no helping the folly of some people, who will persist in refusing a cure till they are in a manner *in articulo mortis* (in the last agony): but it is to be hoped we shall hear no more of such determined suicide, when we read, that some of those modern Esculapiuses choose only such patients as are precisely in the situation of incurables, to be the subjects of their practice. One of those excellent physicians professes, in his advertisements, that he wishes none (his words are strongly exclusive) to apply to him, but such as have been deemed incurable, or made such by the faculty; thereby encouraging the diseased of all kinds first to take every possible means to render themselves incurable, that they may thus be qualified for being perfectly cured by him.

Somewhat analogous to the science of medicine, is the art of repairing the human figure. And here, Sir, the pre-eminence of the moderns is equally distinguished. In this most useful art, the skill of the ancients went no farther than to give a little exterior embellishment to the countenance. They knew nothing of that creative power which extends to the making of limbs and organs as well as features. The parchment calves, the cork rump, and bolstered spring boddice; the making of glass eyes, and the transplantation of teeth, are all inventions absolutely modern. And since we know for certain, that mechanism is now so perfected, that a wooden man can be made to perform a solo on the violin, play a game at chess, walk, and even utter articulate sounds; I see no reason to doubt, that in process of time we may have artificial men currently walking the streets, performing all the functions of life, and discharging their duty in society just as well, and more peaceably than the real ones. When the art of making automatons has attained to this perfection, which we may reasonably hope will happen in a very few years, we may congratulate ourselves on the very great political benefits which must arise from this admirable invention. As there is no doubt that the merits of this class of men will entitle them to the highest promotions, it is then we may expect every department of the state to be supplied by a set of upright and inflexible magistrates: the great machine of government will be most ably conducted; judges will administer justice with the most rigid impartiality; and (what is the greatest desideratum of the present age) a wooden king may sit at the helm of affairs, who will support the dignity of the crown with no expense to the nation, and relieve them at the same time of all their anxious fear about the extension of his prerogative.

I could easily, Sir, draw out this estimate to a much greater length; but believing I have already said enough to produce a thorough conviction of the truth of my proposition, I subscribe myself with great respect, yours,

PAUL PASQUIN.

No. 20.] SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1785.

Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile. HOR.

Evil example is contagious.

No species of composition is more generally read by one class of readers, or more undervalued by another, than that of the novel. Its favourable reception from the young and the indolent, to whom the exercise of imagination is delightful, and the labour of thought is irksome, needs not to be wondered at; but the contempt which it meets from the more respectable class of literary men, it may perhaps be entitled to plead that it does not deserve. Considered in the abstract, as containing an interesting relation of events, illustrative of the manners and characters of mankind, it surely merits a higher station in the world of letters than is generally assigned to it. If it has not the dignity, it has at least most of the difficulties, of the epic or the drama. The conduct of its fable, the support of its characters, the contrivance of its incidents, and its development of the passions, require a degree of invention, judgment, taste, and feeling, not much, if at all, inferior to those higher departments of writing, for the composition of which a very uncommon portion of genius is supposed to be requisite. Those difficulties are at the same time heightened by the circumstance of this species of writing being of all others the most open to the judgment of the people; because it represents domestic scenes and situations in private life, in the execution of which any man may detect errors and discover blemishes, while the author has neither the pomp of poetry, nor the decoration of the stage, to cover or to conceal them.

To this circumstance, however, may perhaps be imputed the degradation into which it has fallen. As few endowments were necessary to judge, so few have been supposed necessary to compose a novel; and all whose necessities or vanity prompted them to write betook themselves to a field, which, as they imagined, it required no extent of information or depth of learning to cultivate, but in which a heated imagination, or an excursive fancy, were alone sufficient to succeed; and men of genius and of knowledge, despising a province in which such competitors were to be met, retired from it in disgust, and left it in the hands of the unworthy.

The effects of this have been felt, not only in the debasement of the novel in point of literary merit, but in another particular still more material, in its perversion from a moral or instructive purpose to one directly the reverse. Ignorance and dulness are seldom long inoffensive, but generally support their own native insignificance by an alliance with voluptuousness and vice.

Even of those few novels which superior men have written, it cannot always be said that they are equally calculated to improve as to delight. Nor is this only to be objected to some who have been professedly less scrupulous in that particular; but I am afraid may be also imputed to those whose works were meant to convey no bad impression, but, on the contrary, were intended to aid the cause of virtue, and to hold out patterns of the most exalted benevolence.

I am not, however, disposed to carry the idea of the dangerous tendency of all novels quite so far as some rigid moralists have done. As promoting a certain refinement of mind, they operate like all other works of genius and feeling, and have indeed a more immediate tendency to produce it than most others, from their treating of those very subjects which the reader will find around him in the world, and their containing those very situations in which he himself may not improbably at some time or other be placed. Those who object to them as inculcating precepts, and holding forth examples of a refinement which virtue does not require, and which honesty is better without, do not perhaps sufficiently attend to the period of society which produces them. The code of morality must necessarily be enlarged in proportion to that state of manners to which cultivated eras give birth.—As the idea of property made a crime of theft, as the invention of oaths made falsehood perjury; so the necessary refinement in manners of highly-polished nations creates a variety of duties and of offences, which men in ruder, and, it may be (for I enter not into that question), happier periods of society, could never have imagined.

The principal danger of novels, as forming a mistaken and pernicious system of morality, seems to me to arise from that contrast between one virtue or excellence and another, that war of duties which is to be found in many of them, particularly in that species called the sentimental. These have been chiefly borrowed from our neighbours the French, whose style of manners, and the very powers of whose language, give them a great advantage in the delineation of that nicety, that subtilty of feeling, those entanglements of delicacy, which are so much interwoven with the characters and conduct of the chief personages in many of their most celebrated novels. In this rivalship of virtues and of duties, those are always likely to be preferred which in truth and reason are subordinate, and those to be degraded which ought to be paramount. The last, being of that great cardinal sort which must be common, because they apply to the great leading relations and circumstances of life, have an appearance less dignified and heroic than the others, which, as they come forth only on extraordinary occasions, are more apt to attract the view and excite the admiration of beholders.—The duty to parents is contrasted with the ties of friendship and of love; the virtues of justice, of prudence, of economy, are put in competition with the exertions of generosity, of benevolence, and of compassion: and even of these virtues of sentiment there are still more refined divisions, in which the overstrained delicacy of the persons represented always leads them to act from the motive least obvious, and therefore generally the least reasonable.

In the enthusiasm of sentiment, there is much the same danger as in the enthusiasm of religion, of substituting certain impulses and feelings of what may be called a visionary kind, in the place of real practical duties, which, in morals, as in theology, we might not improperly denominate good works. In morals, as in religion, there are not wanting instances of refined sentimentalists, who are contented with talking of virtues which they never practise, who pay in words what they owe in actions; or perhaps what is fully as dangerous, who open their minds to impressions which never have any effect upon their conduct, but are considered as something foreign to and distinct from it. This separation of conscience from feeling is a depravity of the most pernicious sort; it eludes the strongest obligation to rectitude, it blunts the strongest incitement to virtue; when the ties of the first bind the sentiment and not the will, and the rewards of the latter crown not the heart but the imagination.

That creation of refined and subtile feeling, reared by the authors of the works to which I allude, has an ill effect, not only on our ideas of virtue, but also on our estimate of happiness. That sickly sort of refinement creates imaginary evils and distresses, and imaginary blessings and enjoyments, which embitter the common disappointments, and depreciate the common attainments of life. This affects the temper doubly, both with respect to ourselves and others: with respect to ourselves, from what we think ought to be our lot; with regard to others, from what we think ought to be their sentiments. It inspires a certain childish pride of our own superior delicacy, and an unfortunate contempt of the plain worth, the ordinary but useful occupations and ideas of those around us.

The reproach which has been sometimes made to novels, of exhibiting "such faultless monsters as the world ne'er saw," may be just on the score of entertainment to their readers, to whom the delineation of uniform virtue, except when it is called into striking situations, will no doubt be insipid. But in point of moral tendency, the opposite character is much more reprehensible; I mean that character of mingled virtue and vice which is to be found in some of the best of our novels. Instances will readily occur to every reader, where the hero of the performance has violated, in one page, the most sacred laws of society, to whom, by the mere turning of the leaf, we are to be reconciled, whom we are to be made to love and admire, for the beauty of some humane, or the brilliancy of some heroic action. It is dangerous thus to bring us into the society of vice, though introduced or accompanied by virtue. In the application to ourselves, in which the moral tendency of all imaginary characters must be supposed to consist, this nourishes and supports a very common kind of self-deception, by which men are apt to balance their faults by the consideration of their good qualities; an account which, besides the fallacy of its principle, can scarcely fail to be erroneous, from our natural propensity to state our faults at their lowest, and our good qualities at their highest rate.

I have purposely pointed my observations, not to that common herd of novels (the wretched offspring of circulating libraries) which are despised for their insignificance, or proscribed for their immorality; but to the errors, as they appear to me, of those admired ones which are frequently put into the hands of youth for imitation as well as amusement. Of youth it is essential to preserve the imagination sound as well as pure, and not to allow them to forget, amidst the intricacies of sentiment, or the dreams of sensibility, the truths of reason, or the laws of principle.

Z.

* * *

No. 21.] Saturday, June 25, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir, *London*, 1785.

I propose, by this letter, to give you the history of a few particulars in a life of too little consequence to be worthy the attention of the public, were it not that it may possibly afford some useful materials for instruction.

My father was the descendant of an ancient family in the county of —— in Scotland, possessed only of a moderate fortune. His ancestors had uniformly lived in the country, except occasionally for a few months in the winter; and he himself would probably have observed the same plan, had it not been for the following occurrence.

The county where his estate lay had long been divided into two parties, who had tried to get the political direction of it. They came at length to be tired of the trouble and expense to which this contest put them; and a connection which happened to be formed by the heads of both sides with the minister at the time, was an additional inducement to drop it.

In this situation the election of a member of parliament happened to come on; but as the chiefs of neither party, though their hostilities had ceased, inclined to pay the other the compliment of electing a person who was keenly attached to it, my father was fixed upon as a person who was generally beloved, and disagreeable to nobody.

Though becoming a member of parliament was certainly a hazardous step, considering the smallness of my father's fortune, yet his vanity could not resist the temptation. To parliament accordingly he went; where, after some years' attendance, as he attached himself closely to the minister, was a sure vote, and was not without some talents for business, he arrived at the height of his wishes, and obtained a considerable post for life.

This change in his situation made him form new plans and new views for his family.

It was now resolved that the place of our residence should be changed, and that for the future it should be settled in London. Accordingly, he and his two daughters, of whom the writer of this letter is one (our mother had died some time before), removed from Scotland, and took up their abode in the capital.

I was fourteen years of age, and my sister Harriet eleven, when this material change in our situation took place. I shall not easily forget the giddy joy I felt when the plan was first proposed; nor the expectations with which my heart beat when the measure was resolved on.

Upon our arrival in town, my father's affection for his daughters, not to say his vanity, which led him to think that nothing was too high for them, made him spare no expense to get us instructed in every fashionable accomplishment. No attention was neglected, to bestow upon us every qualification which the best masters, and an introduction into the best company, could produce.

Though my father's revenue was now considerable, yet the expense of having a family in London went far beyond his income. The distresses which this occasioned (as is commonly the case with such distresses) were felt long before they were endeavoured to be remedied; at last, however, they became so urgent as to oblige my father to think of retrenching his expenses, by returning for a while to the country.

Thither accordingly we repaired. I will not trouble you with giving a comparison of the different sensations I felt when I first left the country, with those which I entertained on my return. Suffice it to say, that we were received with the utmost respect and attention. My father's situation, and his general popularity, were sufficient to secure this; and our conduct was certainly such as not to give offence.

My father was now advanced in years. Notwithstanding the emoluments of his office, he found his fortune not increasing, and he became anxious to have my sister and me settled in the world. No opportunity of this kind, however, occurred. The gentlemen of our part of the country, though they treated us with respect, never thought of us for wives. A London, a fashionable, and showy education, they considered as incompatible with their plans and views of life. They married girls like themselves, whose habits were like their own.

After having somewhat repaired the waste of London by the economy of the country, we returned once more to the metropolis. By the greatest accident in the world, my sister Harriet happened to catch the fancy of a young nobleman of fashion and address. Dining one day with a group of his companions, he gave Harriet G—— for his toast,—swearing a great oath, she was the finest girl in the world—"I have a great mind," said he, "to marry her."—He was as good as his word, and their marriage soon after followed.

A marriage of this kind, made with levity, and entered on without affection, had little chance to be a happy one. Harriet's husband soon not only became indifferent, but was not even at pains to conceal his indifference. His amusements lay in hunting, in drinking, in cock-fighting, in gaming:—all her accomplishments, her music, her knowledge in modern languages, her taste in dress, her skill in painting, &c. he valued not, nor cared for. This negligence for a while sunk deep into her heart; it threw her into melancholy, and I was apprehensive of the consequences of it to her health. In time, however, her spirits revived, and she became as indifferent about her husband as he was about her. She even went the length of wishing to show him marks of her indifference.

In this situation they now are: more than indifferent, they hate one another; and their only pleasure consists, though they do it with the most finished good-breeding, in giving mutual vexation. He never at home, she always abroad;—he extravagant in his pleasures, she no less so in hers;—he in one gaming party, she in another.

You will naturally, Sir, wish to know what is my situation; I can assure you it is by no means agreeable. My father has been for some time dead. He died without leaving a shilling, his debts being fully equal to his estate. In these circumstances, it became a matter of necessity, not of choice, that I should live with my sister; but from what I have already said, you must easily see my residence in her family cannot be desirable. The bad terms in which my sister and her lord live, make me neither loved nor trusted by either. The husband is jealous that I possess the confidence of his lady, and know more than I should know; she again thinks me a spy upon her enjoyments, and is displeased that I should disapprove of that dissipation to which she has so entirely devoted herself.

A thousand times have I wished to leave this house, where no prospect of enjoyment for me now remains; but as often have I found every such scheme impracticable. My relations in the country have now forgotten me; and even if they remembered me with more interest than I am afraid they do, would not willingly receive into their family one whom they naturally think a fashionable residence in London must have so much spoiled. I have frequently thought of hiring a small house, and living by myself, but I find I am unable to afford it. In this state I must remain where I am, neglected by the Earl of ——, and not trusted by the countess. My situation I have often thought worse than that of their housekeeper; for while she receives their wages, she has it in her power to leave them whenever she has a mind.

With what bitter reflections do I now recollect the time when I first left the country! How different has been the fate of Lucy R—— from mine! She was the early companion of my youth. She married, when she was young, a gentleman without fortune, but possessed of every good quality. Though the friends of both sides considered the match as imprudent, they yielded to the inclinations of the parties. It certainly was not a marriage either of interest or ambition; but it was a marriage of choice, of affection. Heaven has rewarded it.—The very narrowness of their circumstances, the mutual inconveniences, the hardships they had to undergo, but endeared them the more to each other. These were an additional incitement to the industry of Lucy's husband, and contributed to the prosperous situation at which he has now arrived. I received lately a letter from Lucy, giving me an account of her situation, which, though expressed in the simplest terms, went to my heart. "How happy am I!" says she; "the greatest part of my happiness consists in my having added to the comfort of dear Charles. It was but yesterday he told me, that but for me he should have sunk under the difficulties of life, but for me he would not have been able to bear up against them; but with you, said he——It is needless to add the remainder of his affectionate address."

Such is the letter of Lucy R——. I shall not trouble you with any remarks on the difference of her situation and mine. The quiet ordinary path is the road to real and lasting enjoyment; and if parents wish to make their children happy, they should educate them for that station in which fortune has placed them; they should know that, for one of my sex at least, there is more chance of felicity in the private stations of life, than in all the noise, and pomp, and show of a more exalted situation.—I am, &c.

A. A. G.

No. 22.] Saturday, July 2, 1785.

Every periodical writer, like every knight-errant of old in assuming his office, is understood to swear fealty to the ladies; I presume, therefore, it is now so much an acknowledged quality of the profession, that it is needless for any individual to declare it. Above all others, the Lounger would wish to attract their notice and conciliate their favour. It is possible to be busy dependent of the ladies; but he must be a ute indeed who can be idle without them.

I hope, then, I may take credit for a particular attention to their interests, their employments, and their amusements. I shall consider no circumstance, however minute, as below ny regard, which can any how affect them; nd every thing in the female form will be ntitled to the immediate notice of the LOUNGER.

From a correspondent who is well aware of his part of my plan, I have just received intelligence, that a very little, but a very wonderful lady, intends to do herself the pleasure of visiting Edinburgh this season; and I take the first opportunity of announcing her intention to my readers. The lady I mean is the "*Merveilleuse upée parlante*;" the wonderful speaking figure, has so much surprised and amused the ompany, both on the continent, where she st produced, and in England, where she nt the last year of her life. I had the waiting on her first at Brussels, and ndon: and shall take the liberty, by ushering her into Scotland, to relate some iculars that passed in the course of my last visit, during the lady's residence in the parish of St. James'. .

The part of the company which more particularly attracted my notice consisted of a gentleman and his lady, accompanied by a thin tall elderly gentlewoman, who appeared to be a relation, on whose arm the lady leaned as she came up stairs, and who carried a small white lap-dog, on whom her kinswoman bestowed a great many caresses, but the husband looked with rather less complacency. There were two very young ladies, attended by a sister somewhat older; but who seemed to have put on the womanly garb rather from size than age. Next them was placed an old gentleman, wrapped up in a warm surtout, with shrivelled cheeks, a sallow complexion, a laced shoe on one foot, and "his youthful hose a world too wide for his shrunk shanks," who took great pains to accommodate the eldest of the sisters with a convenient seat, and had hustled himself on the end of the bench beside her. In his devoirs he was assisted by a lively-looking little man, seemingly not much younger, but much fresher than him, who very soon told us, in the only English words he seemed master of, that he was a native of Gascony, and had been but a few weeks in London. He was dressed in a full suit of black, had his hair tied in a thin queue, and his curls much indebted to a large quantity of powder and pomatum. Seeing me the only *isolé* person near him, he made a sign for me to approach the place where the *Poupée* was to give audience; and with a continuation of the same friendly action of his hand, offered me a pinch of snuff out of a very beautiful *papier maché* snuff-box. I thanked him in French, and we were immediately on an intimate footing. "*Et vous, monsieur*,"—said he, holding out the box to the gentleman with the slender legs. The old gentleman took the box; and examined very curiously some figures that were painted on the lid.

The master of the exhibition now made his appearance, and addressed the company (as nearly as I can recollect, after hearing the same piece of eloquence twice) in the following words: "Ladies and gentlemen, Ave de goodness to regard dis young lady. She has had de honneur to be seen by de Emperor of Germany, de King of Prusse, de King and Queen of France, and Monseigneur le Dauphin, when he was but tri monts old, at which time she had de honneur of being exactly of de same size vid Monsiegneur. You see her attach'd to de plafond of de chamber only by dis small chain, no bigger dan one silk trid, and I hold myself here at long distance from her, so dat it is impossible der can be communication vid any person. You see dat trompette which she wears at her mout; in dat if you speak any question it please you to put, in ever so low a visper, ma'moiselle will ave de honneur of making answer."

There was a short pause, nobody seeming to choose being the first to address her; till my Gascon rose, and making a bow, first to the old gentleman, by way of apology, and then to the young lady who sat next to him, handed her, who seemed not well to know whether to refuse going or not, up to the place, and with another bow presented her to the figure, to whom her question was to be addressed. Having been a visitor of the lady's before, I knew how to make the most of my visit; and contrived to place myself in such a situation as not only to hear the questions that should be put aloud, but to make a pretty shrewd guess at those which the questioner might not quite so much incline should be audible to the company, as well as the answers. The young lady blushed, smiled, and bit her fan; but being re-assured by her conductor, and the rest of the company, at last put her mouth to the little trumpet that conveys the question, and asked mademoiselle, in a half whisper, "How many lovers she had?"—"More than are good for me."——Miss smiled again, but looked as if she did not agree with her.

The exhibitor made a sign to the French gentleman, who had handed back the young lady to her seat, to ask his question next. "Place aux Dames," said he, pointing to the married lady I mentioned before; who, recommending her lap-dog, who was sleeping on the bench by her, to the care of her relation, whom she now called cousin Martha, advanced to the figure, and asked her, "If she was married?"—"*Dieu*

It is not my intention at present to enter the lists with the Earl of Chesterfield. I flatter myself it is an unnecessary task, and that few of my readers require any other argument than their own feelings and observation, to be satisfied of the injustice of his lordship's invective against the loveliest part of the creation, "the last, best work of Heaven."

This injustice of our sex towards the other often arises from a want of duly considering the different conditions of each. The law, in some instances, considers women in a state of pupilage—and they frequently may be reckoned so in conduct. They are necessarily under the tutelage of circumstances and of situation, governed by the decorum of sex, by the forms of the world. If we picture to ourselves a woman divested of that pliability of mind, firm in resolve, unshaken in conduct, unmoved by the delicacies of situation, by the fashions of the times, by the fear even of common-place obloquy, or of flippant censure; in the delineation of such a character, we immediately change the idea of the sex, and like the son of Peleus discovered amidst the daughters of Lycomedes, we see under the form of women the virtues and qualities of a man.

There is one particular in which we hear the sex daily blamed, and in which their conduct has afforded matter for much severe censure; I mean, a predilection they are supposed to bear to frivolous men, possessing no one valuable talent, no one quality sufficient to procure either respect or esteem. In this, as in other things, I am inclined to believe, that it is not always in the freedom of choice, but in that vassalage of situation and circumstances which I mentioned, that their society is formed. But were I even to admit that women are apt to prefer the society of men of light and showy parts to that of men of more cultivated minds; I cannot, for my part, allow, that they merit all the obloquy that has been thrown upon them on that account.

There is in the female character a fear of offending, a self diffidence, a delicate sense of propriety which renders a woman unhappy when she says or does, or thinks she has said or done, a thing not perfectly as it ought to have been. A quick perception, and a delicate sensibility, render her feelingly alive to the opinions of those around her. Hence proceeds that modest shyness, that bewitching softness, the most attractive charm which Heaven has bestowed on womankind. Afraid of an inferiority, a woman of sensibility feels a certain degree of uneasiness in the company of men of high ability and profound learning. Diffident of being able to converse with such men on equal terms, she fancies she is contemned by them; she feels a disagreeable restraint in their presence, from which she is glad to be relieved, and to find herself in a circle where, though she may meet with less genius, less knowledge, and less wit, she is more upon a footing with those around her, and less afraid of betraying any defect in herself.

Perhaps, too, men possessed of uncommon talents and great genius are apt to trust too much to their intrinsic merit, and to despise, as beneath their regard, those graces and accomplishments, the sole end of which is to render a man agreeable in society. As gold, without being highly polished, will always be valued, they seem to think they may rest secure upon their sterling merit, as sufficient to procure them the esteem and consideration of mankind. How many men of genius and of knowledge could we name, whose manners are disgusting, and to whom nothing could reconcile us but a consciousness of their superiority in the higher endowments of the mind? A Locke or a Newton may be very unpleasing companions, and may be deficient in every quality requisite to render a man agreeable in the common intercourse of life. But the same quick and delicate perception which gives pain to a woman when she imagines she herself has been guilty of any impropriety in behaviour or in manner, leads her to observe with attention the manners of others, to be charmed with the ease, the elegance, the politeness of a well-bred man, and to be disgusted with the first appearance of any thing harsh, vulgar, or illiberal.

It may also be observed, that there is something in the female mind which delights more in the beautiful than the sublime, more in the amiable than the splendid, more in what engages and captivates than in what awes with its grandeur or astonishes with its vastness. A woman must be masculine to a certain degree before she can prefer Homer to Virgil, Milton to Tasso, and Shakspeare to Metastasio, or the bold strokes of Michael Angelo to the graceful touches of Guido. May not the same softness and delicacy dispose her to prefer those gentl manners and amiable qualities which adorn private and domestic scenes, to the more splendid talents which fit a man to shine in public life, in the senate, or in the field, to those which qualify him to instruct and inform mankind by philosophical inquiry or deep investigation?

In this, as in every thing else, we have reason to admire the wisdom and benevolence of the Author of nature. It falls to the lot of a very small portion of the human race to possess those talents which enable a man "to read his history in a nation's eyes." Were the regard, the esteem, the confidence of the women, confined to such alone, the bulk of mankind would be deprived of the best, the purest source of happiness which this world affords. What enjoyment can be compared with the felicity flowing from a union with a virtuous woman, who pours out her soul into the bosom of him she loves, who reposes in him with unbounded confidence, and whose great object of ambition it is to soften every care, to alleviate every calamity? What object can be more beautiful, or more engaging, than such a woman in the midst of her family, diffusing happiness on all around her? There, to use the words of the eloquent Rousseau, "*Son empire est un empire de douceur, d'addresse, et de complaisance; ses ordres sont des caresses, ses menaces sont des pleurs.*"

Considerable use, however, might be made of the difference, in disposition, in feeling, and in situation, between the sexes, if, in their intercourse with one another, those qualities which are most estimable in each were allowed their influence in a beneficial, not an extravagant degree. Were the men to derive from the society of the women, gentleness, complaisance, sensibility; were the women to borrow from that of the men steadiness, deliberation, and fortitude; characters might be formed not less amiable than useful, not less engaging than enlightened.—Wisdom could no longer be accused of severity, nor sprightliness censured for levity. Virtue would assume her most winning as well as her most respectable form; and many votaries would be fixed by her smiles, whom her precepts had been unable to retain.

M.

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No. 24.] Saturday, July 16, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Dis ille adversis genitus, fatoque sinistro.
Juvenal.

Born to an adverse lot, and fate severe.

Sir,

I am one of that class of men called valetudinarians, people whose ordinary state of health is sickness, and who are never well enough to live without the aid of a physician. My father, who was a cadet of a family of quality, died of old age at thirty-four. I was born in the seventh month, and passed the first three years of my life in a basket lined with cotton, which was carefully placed by the fire-side of my mother's bed-chamber, and carried with great caution round the room once a day for the sake of exercise. In my fourth year I was allowed to breathe the fresh air in the arms of my nurse; and by the time I had reached my seventh was able to walk round the parlour by the aid of a go-cart. But to record minutely the transactions of my infancy is not to my present purpose. Suffice it to say, that by the care of the excellent parent I have mentioned, and the power of medicine, I attained to the age of thirty-five; and bating my asthma and a nervous atrophy, enjoyed, thank God, a very tolerable state of health. At this unlucky perio[illegible] the best of mothers, a[illegible] phan with a fortune of 2[illegible]

Among the gentlemen [illegible] from my unhappy constitu[illegible] to keep in constant pay, the[illegible] tentions seemed to partake so [illegible] attachment, that I resolved to [illegible] house by a fixed salary. Dr. [illegible] valetudinary like myself; and I [illegible] perienced from him that tender com[illegible] the distressed feel for each other. [illegible] very great—and he had at the sam[illegible] little of the quackery of his profession, openly derided all pretensions to myst[illegible] plainly declared, that he regarded his b[illegible] of the faculty as solemn impostors. The studies preparatory to this profession, an[illegible] extensive learning supposed to be necessary to tain a knowledge of its doctrines, he treat[illegible] with the utmost ridicule. I have often heard him say, that he would engage to communicate the whole science of medicine to any person of common intellects in a couple of hours. My friend Doddipoll held but one maxim in physic, which was, that all diseases have their seat in the stomach, and proceed either from too great a richness and viscidity, or an extreme thinness of the gastric juices. The former was to be corrected by the use of attenuating food, the latter by that which is more nutritive. To the former class he referred my case: as it was evident, he said, from the thinness of my legs, and the paleness of my complexion, that the juices were too thick to circulate freely through the minute lymphatics, and thus the parts were deprived of their due nourishment. His own case he decided to belong to the contrary class, as was apparent from the unwieldy size of his legs and belly, and the scurvy in his face. The thinness of the juices gave rise to a superabundant secretion, which distended all the vessels, occasioned too great a determination of blood to the head, and swelled the whole body. His regimen and mine were therefore totally opposite. To attenuate my juices, I was fed chiefly on skim-milk, panada, and vegetables; while Doddipoll, to correct the tenuity of his fluids, was restricted to beef and pudding, turkey and chine, &c. a tankard of mild ale, and a bottle of old claret.—You will forgive my use of medical terms, Mr. Lounger; they are, strictly speaking, my mother-tongue, and I cannot easily express myself without them.

My family consisted at this time, besides the doctor and myself, of my man-servant Peter, and my maid Betty, two honest and faithful domestics; and I may say with great truth, there never was a better regulated or more orderly household. It was Peter's province to rub me down in the morning with the flesh-brush, to make my water-dock tea, to attend me at noon with the dumb-bells, and measure out my hour of exercise, make up my electuaries, cook my sago and panada, boil my water-gruel and white-wine whey, air my flannel shirt, and put me to bed. Betty's services were chiefly dedicated to my worthy friend the doctor, who always gave her the commendation of an excellent and discreet young woman, and perfectly acquainted with all the duties of an handmaid.

Such, Sir, was the course of my life, during those which may be termed my halcyon days; when, ah, the inconstancy of human affairs! my friend, my companion, my Esculapius, was carried off by a fit of apoplexy. The poor doctor—how shall I describe the melancholy scene! A fillet of veal stood upon the table. It was stuffed, which was his favourite way of dressing it. He looked at it for some time, muttered something about butter and oranges, fell back in his chair, and expired.

Alas, poor Doddipoll!

On this melancholy occasion, I had many consolatory visits from my friends and relations. Among these last, I was much struck with the tender sympathy of one of my female cousins, the Honourable Miss Angelica Tempest. This lady, though past her bloom, had still the appearance of a fine woman. Though she had no fortune, having had an excellent education, she wanted none of the accomplishments of a lady of fashion. But what struck me most in her character was the sensibility of her disposition, and that affectionate concern she showed for all sort of distresses. She would often sit by me for hours, listen to my complaints with the most sympathising attention, and inquire into their particular symptoms with the tenderness of a sister, and the solicitude of a sick-nurse. To cut the matter short, Sir, she so far won upon me, that in an evil hour, and tempted I believe by the devil, I threw myself at her feet, and proposed marriage. She did not disdain my suit; and after a reasonable time for the adjustment of all punctilios, we became man and wife.

For the first week all went smoothly enough; but at the end of that period I began to perceive a rising spirit of innovation, which gave me some disquiet. I had made my account with some changes; as the family-establishment which was suitable to my bachelor state might be thought too contracted for that into which I had now entered. I therefore readily enough acquiesced in the proposal of hiring a larger house, and adding two to the number of our domestics; but it was with much concern I learned that the reform was to be begun by the dismission of the trusty Peter and the discreet Mrs. Betty. It was in vain I urged the merits of both, their long services, and perfect acquaintance with the complicated system of my poor constitution, its wants, and its regimen. My wife declared, that to attend to these was no less her duty than her pleasure, and that, while she lived, no other hands than her own should touch the body of her dearest lord. It was however very soon perceived, that in this she had undertaken a task more laborious than she was aware of. The exercise of the flesh-brush was found so fatiguing that on the third morning, in pure compassion to her, I proposed to make a trial of one of our new footmen. This rascal, who seemed endowed with the strength of Hercules, began as if he had been currying a centaur, and actually dislocated my shoulder at the first experiment.

During a painful confinement to my chair, which was the consequence of this unlucky accident, it was not unnatural to have expected that my wife, who was so remarkable for the tender feelings, would have exercised her utmost assiduity in administering consolation under a disaster, of which it was plain she had been the cause. But what, Sir, was the method she took to comfort me? Why, by endeavouring to persuade me that there was nothing the matter with me. She had the cruelty to tell me that I had no other disease than vapours, and undertook, with equal folly and presumption, that she would completely cure me in the space of a month. A pragmatical coxcomb of a physician, who now supplied the place of my late worthy friend, declared my wife's notion of my disorder to be altogether just, and concurred with her in opinion as to the method of cure. Moderate exercise was ordered for bracing my nerves, and company and amusements were prescribed for keeping up my spirits.

For these purposes the chariot was ordered to attend every morning immediately after breakfast; and, for the benefit of air and exercise, I was rattled for four hours upon the stones, through a tour of twenty visits, and the complete circuit of all the mercers and milliners' shops in town. My dearest contrived to have a select company of a few friends to dine with us every day, and a small whist-party in the evening, except on Monday, which was our private concert, and every second Thursday, when she had a rout of six tables. Once a week I was conveyed to the play, and had the pleasure of seeing the Siddons, at the repeated hazard of suffocation: but here, I own, it alleviated my feelings to observe the greatest part of the audience undergoing, without compulsion, apparently the same agonies with myself.

I always delighted, Sir, in tranquillity. Judge, therefore, my mortification, in now finding that my life was destined to be one continued scene of tumult and turmoil. We are informed, that in the days of witchcraft, when it was the misfortune of any old woman to incur that imputation, it was customary with her accusers to prevent her intercourse with the devil, which was supposed to be chiefly during sleep, by keeping her continually awake. My wife, Sir, seems to hold some opinions very analogous to that now mentioned. Apprehending a state of quiet to be of the worst consequences to my disorder, it is her constant study to guard against and prevent it by every possible means. As, with all her industry to find employment for the day, there must be some few moments unoccupied, she has provided several domestic companions of such of the animal tribe as are most averse to rest and silence. We have three dogs, who wage eternal warfare with as many cats. A parrot is suspended in the staircase, a magpie in the antechamber, and six canary birds in the parlour. A monkey, I am informed, has been commissioned, and is actually upon the road; but this additional curse I believe I shall effectually prevent, having taken measures to have him waylaid and assassinated.

But these are the least of my grievances. I must now inform you of somewhat more serious. I have of late but too good reason to believe, that my loving spouse has actually formed a plot against my life. Exercise, Sir, and change of air, have been the pretence for frequent expeditions to the country, with one or two friends, which she calls parties of pleasure, but which I have generally found to end in some cursed disaster, which has gone near to be my death. I have been twice caught in a thunder-storm on horseback, twice in a hurricane upon the water, four times broke down in a carriage, and the last time compelled to ride ten miles in the night air upon a hard trotting coach-horse. I understand it is now resolved, by the advice of the family-physician above mentioned, to set out in a few days hence upon a tour through the north of England, and in our way to make trial of the mineral waters of Buxton, Matlock, or Harrowgate. What may be the issue of this expedition is hid in the womb of fate. The design of it, however, is sufficiently apparent; and I cannot help regarding it as intended for my *coup de grace*. If I survive it, you may once again hear from me; if not, you may perhaps bestow a tear on the memory of the ill-fated

JEREMIAH DIE-SOON

No. 25.] SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH I presume, from your account of yourself, that you occasionally visit the theatre, and go there, like your friend Colonel Caustic, to see the plays as well as the company; I do not observe that you have yet favoured us with any remarks on the entertainment of the stage. This I regard in a manner as part of your duty. Whatever has so powerful an effect in forming the manners as the theatre, falls properly within the department of one who wishes to mark their progress. Even as a mere amusement, that which occupies so great a space in the time of the idle should attract the notice of the Lounger. The field, you know, Sir, is wide; for even in the best of our English pieces there is great room for improvement, and much to be found fault with. The Fair Penitent, for example, which stands high in the list, is in many respects imperfect, if not reprehensible; which censure that I may justify (as also to take a share in the labour which I exhort you to), let me attempt to show wherein it is that the piece is chiefly defective.

For this purpose, we must first direct our attention to the characters; which are by no means such as to support or promote the interest of the situation. The heroine herself is very far from being an amiable or unexceptionable lady. Her slight pretensions to the title of Penitent have often been remarked; and indeed the whole style of her character, exclusive of the objections that lie against it in a moral view, is of that fierce, unbending, and unfeminine sort, which we cannot easily pity in misfortune or forgive in error. For the weakness and the guilt of her love, she has not that apology which some unfortunate females derive from the bewitching qualities of their seducers. The object of her passion is a vain, a profligate, and undisguised libertine, whose treatment of her had been so utterly base and unmanly, as even to make her dread that the secret of her favours might not be safely lodged with him. The fineness of his form is the only attractive quality we perceive about him,—a motive to love which sinks the lady equally in our estimation of her virtue, and in our opinion of her understanding.

If such is the impression that Calista makes on her first appearance, her conduct in the course of the piece by no means removes it. Her behaviour to Horatio, when he intimates his suspicions of her guilty correspondence, and holds up to her her own letter in support of the charge, is the very height of effrontery; as indeed the attempt which follows, to turn the sword of her injured husband against the bosom of his best friend, because he had detected her falsehood, is a stroke of wickedness (for it deserves no gentler name), which deprives her of all title to sympathy. We remain, accordingly, till the beginning of the fifth act, almost indifferent about her fate; or perhaps we rather enjoy her difficulties and embarrassments. Then, indeed, after her shame has been divulged; when the object of her guilty flame is now no more; when she is set before us forsaken of every friend, and without prospect of peace but in the grave; when now the stormy passions that had transported her, having subsided, are followed by settled sorrow; and her haughty soul, bowed down by misfortunes, at length submits to own that she had done amiss, to intreat forgiveness, and to be grateful for a little tenderness:—in these circumstances our tears begin to take her part, as they would that of any object, however undeserving, reduced to so wretched a situation, and throwing herself entirely on our pity. The scene between her and Altamont, where she makes confession of her own demerit, and prays for a companion to him more deserving of his virtues, is interesting: and still more so that which precedes it between her and Sciolto; which is indeed by far the best in the play. We should mistake, however, in attributing its effect to our interest in Calista: for the venerable good old man has by much the greatest share in it; whose affection for his child, contending with his rigid sense of honour, forms a spectacle that draws at once our admiration and our love. Sciolto, indeed, is the most interesting, as well as most respectable person of the drama; his situation, his character, and his feelings, equally inspire our reverence for his virtue, and our pity for his misfortunes.

If the character of Calista offend us by its fierceness, that of Altamont disgusts us by its insignificance. Of him we know little more than this, which is far from being enough, that he is an ardent admirer of Calista. We are told indeed by the other persons of the piece, that he is "an excellent young man," and inherits all his father's virtues. But these encomiums by his friends make him no favourite with the spectator, who knows nothing of his father, and is attached only by what he himself sees, and observes, and finds reason for; not by what he hears related, or is desired to believe. Now, what of Altamont is presented is boyish, silly, and extravagant; we neither sympathise with his joy for the acquisition, nor in his despair for the loss of a mistress who receives his adoration with such indifference, and yields him her hand with such unwillingness. We feel the meanness as well as indelicacy of his situation, and are tempted to despise him for accepting a bride on such mortifying conditions.

When love, as in the case of Altamont, is the only prominent part of a character, its object should be rendered worthy of its ardour. Neither for Altamont's affection for Calista, nor Calista's for Lothario, has the poet furnished such an apology. The first is mean, though it may be honest; the last is nearly as contemptible, and much less pure; here it is silly, there it is criminal.

Horatio's character is of a better stamp: but he is not a principal in the action. At the same time, the behaviour of this "far-famed friend of noble Altamont" is not in every instance just what we expect of him; especially in the first meeting between him and that unfortunate youth, after the full discovery of Calista's guilt: on which occasion, instead of considering the bitter disappointment his young friend had met with, and preventing him by an unsolicited forgiveness, which is what we look for from the calm and generous temper of Horatio; he abuses and reviles him with all the sharpness of an enemy, and can hardly be won to forget his offence.

There is one other person of the drama, whom we had almost forgot to take notice of; a lady too; Lavinia, the spouse of Horatio; a very deserving person doubtless, as well as her brother Altamont, but withal extremely insipid; and so much the less allowed for, that she is quite unnecessary; her presence serving only to introduce two dull scenes of conjugal endearment between her and her husband.

The conduct of the piece, though by no means so exceptionable as the manners, is not without a fault. We may observe of many English plays, and some of these among the best in the language, Mr. Home's Douglas, for example, that they are languid towards the conclusion, owing to the inability of the poet to suspend the unravelling of his story; or, as the poet will tell us, owing to the arbitrary rule which prescribes, that a tragedy shall not consist of fewer acts than five; to comply with which, he is obliged either to continue the story beyond its natural and proper term, or else to swell the piece with artificial scenes, that contribute little to heighten our interest, or to advance the action. The embarrassment of this rule has been felt by the author of the Fair Penitent. After the death of Lothario, which happens as early as the beginning of the fourth act, he is evidently at a loss to fill up the remainder of the play, and not a little puzzled how to keep the heroine alive till the end of it. This was indeed no small difficulty; as it is not easy to imagine what should restrain so proud and violent a personage one moment from escaping despair and infamy, and setting herself at liberty, after "the broad shame" of her discovery with Lothario. Mr. Rowe seems by no means successful in the attempt. Soon after Lothario's fall, we are informed that a tumult has arisen in consequence of it among the partisans of that young nobleman, and that Sciolto's palace is attacked. The old man goes forth to repel their violence: the event we are never told of; but we must suppose it favourable, as he afterwards appears in safety. Horatio is in like manner assaulted in the streets: but this scuffle produces not, more than the former, any consequence whatever; if it be not, that Lavinia comes forward to distress us with her alarms about the safety of her lord. We are next presented with the long superfluous scene of reconciliation between him and Altamont.—Follows, in the beginning of the fifth act, the spectacle of Lothario's dead body, with the music, the book, the bones, and the black hangings; by what means so furnished out, or for what service intended, it is not easy to discover. And in the end, Sciolto, who had given orders to have his gates well guarded, and had summoned his friends to attend him in his palace, having, against all probability, stolen out alone and unattended, on some errand unknown to any body, receives his death by means which we have not seen prepared, and in a manner which we do not understand. It is this circumstance that determines Calista's resolution; for though there had before this been much talking about death, and a great deal of preparation for it, still she had unaccountably delayed the execution of a purpose, which she had from the beginning prepared us to expect whenever her guilt should be discovered; and which the desperate and horrid circumstances attending the discovery should have confirmed and accelerated. Thus, in the middle of the fourth act, a new spring of movement is brought into play; and the action is afterwards forced on, not by the passions of the principal personages, which had till then advanced it, and which alone ought to do that duty, but by the party-zeal of (we know not who) Lothario's friends: a power which we may suppose, if we please, but which we feel ourselves under no manner of necessity to suppose. Farther, the death of Sciolto is not well interwoven with that fresh thread, detached from the texture of the piece as it is, but figures as a mere accident; insomuch that we are almost equally surprised on being told of it, as if we were to hear that he had dropped down in a fit of apoplexy.

With all this, the play has beauties that must be relished by every reader of taste. It is particularly eminent for elegance and richness of expression throughout. The descriptions (with which it abounds) are equal to any in the language. And the subordinate degrees of all the passions, especially the amiable, are touched for the most part both with spirit and with delicacy. The high pathetic, however, is not any where to be met with in it, if we except one stroke, in the scene already taken notice of between Calista and her father. We must particularly remark the want of genuine pathos in Calista's noted soliloquy at the beginning of the fifth act, where that lady is by far too much mistress of herself, and discourses in a style very foreign to her circumstances; instead of being lost in the thoughts of her situation, she remarks on the scene, as a spectator might, and here is ample room for meditation. She tries the book, and descants upon the vanity of its precepts; she listens to the music, and approves the style of it: she expatiates on the pageantry of the death's head and bones; while the corse of the loved youth who had wrought all her troubles is noticed in fewer words than are bestowed on any of the other topics; and these words only an exclamation at the ghastliness of its appearance. This composure and unconcern are by no means what we look for from the ardent spirit of Calista, sitting at midnight by the dead body of her "dear betrayer." She had loved Lothario with passion; and her fondness for him had confessedly a little while ago full possession of her breast.—Only a few hours have passed since he was slaughtered in her presence. His faults are now expatiated in his blood.—She was a woman, not a Cato; and she had hitherto been represented as of a violent temper, rather than firm: so that we now indulge in the full hope to hear the genuine voice of grief and despair uttering not a single word but what immediately relates to her situation, and is suggested by it. It is not enough that she tells us the mind may here burst with thinking, and that she is full of anguish which no discipline can cure; nor that she feed the frensy of her soul with solemn sounds, and invoke the infernal gods to match the horror around her. A thousand such fanciful exclamations express not truly any distress. They are not the language of anguish, which dwells, like every other strong feeling, steadily on its object, and is occupied with that alone, and not with talking of itself. It is the very griefs of Calista, the sources of pain opened afresh by the sight of Lothario, as he there lies,—compassion for his fate,—revived affection for his person,—the present scene compared with their stolen interview of love,—the desolation she has spread around her,—her despair of relief;—these are the subjects we expect to see pursuing one another in her thoughts: and till these appear, say Calista what she may about her agonies, we are neither disposed to believe nor pity them.

Yours, &c.

THEATRICUS.

To show that I take in good part the suggestion of my correspondent at the beginning of his letter, I will add to his observations on the tragedy in question a few lines to inform him that I was one of the audience who attended its representation some evenings ago, and received that very high entertainment which the performance of Mrs. Siddons always affords. Amidst the defects which Theatricus very justly remarks in the character of Calista, there is, however, a variety of high and stormy passion, which gives scope to the astonishing powers of this incomparable actress. These she displayed so forcibly, that some, who had not investigated the character so closely as my correspondent, thought "she o'erstepp'd the modesty of nature in the force and whirlwind of her passion." But let it be remembered, that Calista is a woman haughty and impetuous in the highest degree, and that the defence of guilt is always loud in proportion as it is hollow. In this, indeed, lay the admirable art with which she played the scene with Horatio; she rose in violence as the accusation was pressed upon her, and met his reproach and admonition with the fierceness of resentment and of pride, struggling with the anguish of guilt and of shame. Nor did she fail to give the poet (as is usual with her) some merit not his own, by infusing into the latter part of the play that tenderness of which she knows so well how to unlock the springs. In the last interview with her father, particularly, and in her dying speech to Altamont, she conveyed this impression so strongly, that we quite forgot the blame which our justice should have laid upon Calista, and our tears flowed for her misfortunes with all the interest of compassion, and all the consciousness of virtue.

But the language of encomium is so familiar to this lady, that it were trite to continue it. In recalling her performance, I tried a much more difficult task, to remember some defect. One trifling error I imagined I discovered. In marking the sentiments of contempt and insolence, she sometimes used a voice, and assumed a countenance, rather of too familiar a kind. When she uttered the following lines,

"And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous."—
"Is this the famous friend of Altamont?
———— a tale-bearing officious fellow?"
"Who guiltless dies because her fool ran mad."—

And the evening before, in Lady Macbeth,

————" Was the Hope drunk
In which you dress'd yourself?—
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the old cat i' the adage."

Methought in her speaking of such passages, there was a tone and look more allied to the comic than the tragic muse, and hardly dignified enough for the importance of the situation, or the high feeling of the moment in which they were pronounced. It was an observation of some of the great French actors upon Garrick, that he spoke admirably well the language of passion, but not quite as a hero would speak it. Though one might trace something of the *costume* of Paris in this remark, yet undoubtedly there is a form which passion puts on, different in different situations. Perhaps, too, there is a certain deception in our ideas of what the station or character of the person should impress upon his feelings, which the very truth and genuine colour of nature may sometimes offend. We have all our prejudices, like Partridge, though they may not be altogether so simple. It is very seldom, however, that we have any room for a complaint of this sort. It is only in a Garrick or a Siddons that nature presses so close on us, that she "galls our kibe."

Z.

No. 26.] Saturday, July 30, 1785.

I have observed, that the authors of former periodical publications have commonly given some account of their life and situation in the world. Hitherto, "for certain good causes and considerations," I have been very sparing in these particulars. Stepping the other day into a box in the playhouse, I was very much entertained with overhearing part of a conversation between two young ladies. I found they had been talking about the Lounger; and at the time I chanced to come in they were disputing whether the author was a married or an unmarried man. "I don't trust much," said one of the young ladies, "to his own hint in a late paper; authors I know take liberties that way: but he certainly must be a bachelor; for had he been married, he would before now have told us something about his wife and children."—"No," says the other, "he has certainly a wife, and children too, I believe, otherwise he could not have described domestic situations so well as he does; he could not"—Here she mentioned some of my papers in a style which it would not be proper for me to repeat. The two ladies at last agreed to refer their dispute to an elderly lady, Mrs. B., who sat by them. "My dear," said Mrs. B. addressing herself to the young lady next her, "if he is not married, he certainly ought to be."

I am sorry that for the present I must leave this matter in the same uncertainty in which Mrs. B. has left it; possibly at some other time I may clear up the point, and amuse my readers with some other incidents of my life.

Meanwhile it is to my present purpose to observe, that, whether a married man or a bachelor, there is nothing in either of these situations which can incapacitate me from carrying on my present undertaking. In the course of my observations, I have had occasion to remark, that there are Loungers in all situations; some with a wife and family at home, and others who, when they leave their house, may put the key in their pockets, all their friends and acquaintances being without doors.

I remember a story of two gentlemen who were very fond of the game of backgammon; and being both excellent players, and nearly a match for each other, seldom met but they fell to it with great keenness. One evening they encountered at a coffee-house, and continued playing during the whole course of the night. The saunterers in the coffee-room, who were numerous when they first began, had all dropped off. One man only continued to sit by them, and had his eye fixed the whole time with a steady look on the backgammon table. A nice point in the game having occurred, and the players being unable to settle it, were likely to get into some heat. It was agreed to refer the dispute to the gentleman looker-on. The appeal, therefore, being made to him, he told them he could not determine it, for he knew nothing at all about the game.——"What, sit here all night, and know nothing of the game!"—"Yes; I have a wife at home."

Though from this story, and from a variety of observations of my own, I have no doubt that there are many Loungers among the married men, which may be accounted for from a variety of reasons; yet, as far as I can discover, the number of Loungers among the bachelors greatly exceeds those among the other class. Whoever walks the streets of this populous city will see a number of bachelor Loungers prowling wherever he goes.

At the very moment in which I write this, I see passing by the window of the parlour where I sit, Captain N., a Lounger of this denomination. Thirty years ago, I am told the captain was one of the gayest and most fashionable men in town. He entered early into the army; but an indolent disposition, and a little parliamentary interest, which he had by accident acquired, induced him to give up all prospects of rising in his profession, and content himself with the office of deputy-governor of a garrison, with a tolerable, though not large appointment.

The captain's garrison not requiring his residence, he fixed his habitation in this city, where he has since continued. He was then about thirty-five years of age, with a good appearance, good temper, good spirits, attentive to his dress, and circumspect in his conduct. The captain sung a good song; and, when occasion required, could swallow a sufficient quantity of liquor. He had sense enough never to say any thing that was foolish, and understanding enough to make himself pass for having more understanding than he had. He took care never to offend; and, while he was always pleased with holding a second place in any company he was in, he never created envy or disquiet by aiming at the first. The captain was no party-man, having made an observation, that there were as good dinners among the Whigs as among the Tories.

With these qualifications, about thirty years ago, Captain N. was a welcome guest at every table in town. He filled up a place with a most becoming propriety; and while he never diminished the pleasure of any company, he most commonly added to its enjoyment. His mornings were spent in paying visits: and though he might now and then disturb the family economy of a Mrs. Careful,* and interrupt her instructions to her daughters; yet there were so many persons as idle as himself, that he could easily contrive so to bestow his visits as to have them received with a welcome face. These visits were sure to produce some future dinners, and these future dinners ended in as many suppers.

Thirty years have made a great change in poor N.'s situation. He is no longer the gay-looking fashionable man he was; his legs are shrivelled; his face bears upon it the marks of bumpers; his voice is broken, and the whole man has the appearance of a superannuated beau.

The tables where he used to dine and to sup are no longer open to receive him. Death has removed some of his friends, change of residence others; in some places his chair is occupied by younger men, and in others it is occupied by nobody at all. Poor N. dares no longer offer his hand to conduct a young lady through the crowd in an assembly-room, lest the lady should show a desire to be conducted by some younger beau. He is no longer invited to dine with my Lady Rumpus, that he may attend her to the theatre, my lady having bespoke some other attendant; and he is no longer croupier at Lord E.'s, his place there being filled up by Tom Toastwell.

In this situation, the captain is frequently obliged to go home and dine by himself on a cold chicken; or he is forced to spend his evenings in the coffee-house, amidst the hubbub of waiters. and the hum of coffee-house politicians, over a bit of toasted cheese and a can of punch, because he is afraid of the solitariness and want of stir in his own home.

At a dancing-school ball, where I happened to be not long ago, I was struck with the solitary figure of Captain N. looking demure, and stuck up in a corner. It attracted my attention the more, from the circumstance of observing, not far from him, my friend Mr. H. This gentleman is a Lounger, like Mr. N. and with fewer abilities to support the character. He possesses, however, a good plain understanding, which nobody can despise, and nobody envies, and obtains the good will and regard of all his companions and acquaintance, by an honest openness of disposition, and a social warmth of heart. He married early in life a lady agreeable in her person, though not a beauty; possessed of good understanding, though not a wit; and endowed with very amiable dispositions. By her he has a family of very fine children, for the purpose of whose education he now lives in town, and only visits his paternal estate now and then to superintend the management. in which he is reckoned very skilful. H. saunters like N.;—but he has that easy good-humoured look, that results from his being independent of the idlers around him; from which, if he should tire of them, his house is open to receive him. His house is not splendid, but he contrives to make it hospitable; and the happiness of the family-scene which his guests now and then witness, gives him a certain rank, a certain respectability in life, which neither the abilities nor the accommodating complacence of N. could ever procure him. At that same ball I mentioned, it would have done one's heart good to have seen how Mr. H.'s eyes glistened, when he saw two of his daughters make a most elegant appearance in a cotillon, and heard every one around the place where he and Mrs. H. were seated, asking whose pretty children these were. He led them out of the room himself, and was particularly careful that they should be protected from the cold air in getting out. I went away at the same time; and we left poor N. in his corner, with the same grave face as ever, seemingly weary of being there, but afraid to go home.

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* Vide No. 8.

After all, N.'s fate is a hard one; for on the whole he has many good qualities, which might have been put to a very good account. What is worse, he is now sensible of this himself.—I knew not whether to smile or to cry, when, the other day, I heard him say, he was now growing old; but one comfort he had, that die when he would, he would not leave one sad heart behind him on that account.—"I shall slip out of the world," said he, "without being missed."

S.

* * *

No. 27.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1785.

Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur specie recti. HOR.

But oft our greatest errors take their rise
From our best views. FRANCIS.

In forming the minds and regulating the conduct of men, nothing seems to be of greater importance than a proper system of what may be termed *domestic morality;* the science of those relative duties, which do not apply only to particular situations, to large fortunes, to exalted rank, to extensive influence, but which constitute that part and character in life which almost every one is called to perform.

Of all above the lower ranks, of all who claim the station or the feelings of a gentleman, the knowledge of this science is either inculcated by family precept and example, or is endeavoured to be instilled by reading. In the latter case, the works made use of for that purpose are either purely didactic, which speak the language of authoritative wisdom; historical, which hold forth the example of past events to the judgment; or they are of that sort which are calculated to mould the heart and the manners through the medium of the imagination. Of this last class the principal are stories or novels. I have in a former paper delivered a few general remarks, calculated to ascertain their moral tendency. In this I propose extending my consideration to dramatic writing; and, as it is nearest to the novel, at least to that species which I principally considered in the paper alluded to, I shall begin with a similar examination of tragedy.

The engines which tragedy professes to use for moral instruction are the passions. The father of dramatic criticism has told us, that tragedy "purges the passions by exciting them;" a proposition which from its short apothegmatical form, is subject to considerable obscurity. A modern writer, in his defence of tragedy as a moral exhibition, explains its meaning, by the analogy of the Spartan custom of making their slaves drunk, and showing them in that beastly state to their children, in order to inspire a detestation for the vice of intemperance. But if this is to furnish us with an illustration of Aristotle's assertion, I am afraid it will not aid the cause of tragedy as a school of morals. It was from the previous contempt of the rank and manners of the drunkard, that the Spartan boy was to form his estimate of drunkenness. The vice of a slave could hardly fail to disgust him. But had they shown him the vice itself, how loathsome and degrading soever in its own nature, in a person of superior respect and estimation, what would have been the consequence? The fairest answer may be drawn from the experience of those countries where freemen get drunk, where senators and leaders of armies are sometimes intoxicated. The youths who behold these examples the oftenest are not the least liable to follow them. I am afraid it is even so with tragedy. Scenes presenting passions and vices, round which the poet throws the veil of magnanimity, which he decorates with the pomp of verse, with the splendour of eloquence, familiarize the mind to their appearance, and take from it the natural disgust which the crimes, presented in their native form, would certainly excite. Cruelty, revenge, and murder, are often the attributes of the hero; for he must always be the hero on whom the principal stress of the action lies. What punishment awaits, or what misfortunes attend his crimes, is little to the purpose; if the villain is the prominent figure of the piece, he will be the hero of the tragedy—as the robber, though he is about to be hanged, is the hero of the trial or execution. But even of the nobler characters, does not the morality of the sentiment often yield to the immorality of situation? Treachery is often the fruit of wisdom and of resolution; murder, an exertion of valour; and suicide, the resource of virtuous affliction. It will be remembered, that it is not so much from what the hero says, as from what he does, that an impression is drawn. The repentant lines which Cato speaks when he is dying are never regarded. It is the dagger only we remember, that dagger by which he escaped from chains and purchased immortality.

But the leading passion of modern tragedy is one to which Aristotle could scarce have meant his rule to apply; because in ancient tragedy it was almost unknown. The passion I allude to is love. The manners and society of modern times necessarily led to this change in the drama. For the observation which some authors have made is perfectly just, that the sentiments of the stage will always be such as are flattering, rather than corrective of national manners and national failings; superstition in Greece, gallantry in France, freedom and courage in England. In every popular exhibition this must be the case. Even the sacredness and authority of the pulpit is not exempted from its influence. In polite chapels, preachers exhort to morality; in crowded churches of less fashionable people, they enlarge on doctrinal subjects, on faith and sanctification. But the very existence of the stage depends on that public opinion which it is not to reform but to conciliate: and Dr. Johnson's expression is not the less true for its quaintness;

> "They that live to please, must please to live."

To this necessary conformity to the manners of the audience is owing the introduction of love into almost all our dramatic compositions; and those, as might be expected, are most in favour with the young, where this passion is allowed the most extensive influence, and the most unlimited power. It was this which, when it was the fashion for genteel people to pay attention to tragedies, drew such audiences to Lee's "Theodosius" and to Dryden's "Anthony and Cleopatra," where the length of the speeches and the thinness of the incidents, would have been as tiresome to them as a sermon, had it not been for a tenderness and an extravagance of that passion, which every girl thought she could feel, and believed she could understand. The moral consequences of such a drama it is unnecessary to question. Even where this passion is purified and refined to its utmost degree, it may be fairly held that every species of composition, whether narrative or dramatic, which places the only felicity of life in successful love, is unfavourable to the strength and purity of a young mind. It holds forth that single object to the ambition and pursuit of both sexes, and thus tends to enfeeble and repress every other exertion. This increases a source of weakness and corruption, which it is the business of a good instructor to correct and overcome, by setting before the minds of his pupils other objects, other attainments, of a nobler and less selfish kind. But in that violence, in that tyranny of dominion, with which Love is invested in many of our tragedies, it overbears every virtue and every duty. The obligations of justice and of humanity sink before it. The king, the chief, the patriot, forgets his people, his followers, and his country; while parents and children mention the dearest objects of natural attachment only to lead them in the triumph of their love.

It is the business of tragedy to exhibit the passions, that is, the weaknesses of men. Ancient tragedy showed them in a simple manner; virtue and vice were strongly and distinctly marked, wisdom and weakness were easily discriminated; and though vice might be sometimes palliated, and weakness excused, the spectator could always discover the character of each. But in the modern drama there is an uncertain sort of outline, a blended colouring, by which the distinction of these objects is frequently lost.— The refinement of modern audiences calls for shades of character more delicate than those which the stage formerly exhibited; the consequence is, that the bounds of right and wrong are often so uncertainly marked as not to be easily distinguished: and if the powers of poetry, or the eloquence of sentiment, should be on the side of the latter, it will require a greater firmness of mind than youth or inexperience is master of to resist it.

Reason condemns every sort of weakness; but passion, enthusiasm, and sickly sensibility, have dignified certain weaknesses with the name of amiable; and the young, of whom some are susceptible, and others affect susceptibility, think it often an honour to be subject to their control. In tragedy, or tragic writing, they often find such characters for their imitation. Such characters being various, complicated, and fluctuating, are the properest for tragedy. The poets have not neglected to avail themselves of that circumstance: their dramas are filled with such characters, who shift the hue and colour of their minds, according to the change of situation or the variety of incident; or sometimes, whose minds, in the hands of the poet, produce that change, and create that variety. Wisdom and virtue, simple, uniform, and unchanging, only superior artists can draw, and superior spectators enjoy.

N.

No. 28.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1785.

Continuation of the Remarks upon Tragedy.

THE high heroic virtue we see exemplified in tragedy warms the imagination and swells the mind; but being distant from the ordinary feelings and exertions of life, has, I suspect, but little influence upon the conduct. On the contrary, it may be fairly doubted whether this play of the fancy, in the walks of virtue and benevolence, does not lessen the exertion of those qualities in practice and reality. "*Indocilis privata loqui*," said Lucan, of Cæsar: so in some measure, he who is deeply conversant in the tragic phrase, in the swelling language of compassion, of generosity, and of love, finding no parallel in his common intercourse with mankind, will not so readily open his heart to the calls on his feeling, which the vulgar distresses of his fellow-creatures, or the ordinary relations of life, may occasion. In stage misfortunes, in fancied sufferings, the drapery of the figure hides its form; and real distress, coming in a homely and unornamented state, disgusts the eye which had poured its tears over the hero of tragic misery, or the martyr of romantic wo. Real calamity offends with its coarseness, and therefore is not produced on the scene, which exhibits in its stead the fantastic griefs of a delicate and high-wrought sensibility. Lillo, in his "Fatal Discovery," presented extreme poverty as the distress of the scene; and the moral of his piece was to inculcate, that poverty was not to be shunned, nor wealth pursued, at the expense of honesty and virtue. A modern audience did not relish a distress so real, but gave their tears to the widow of St. Valori, who was mad for the loss of a husband killed twenty years before. From the same cause, the "Gamester," one of the best and most moral of our latter tragedies, though successively represented by the greatest players, has never become popular. And even now the part of Mrs. Beverly (the first character of the first actress in the world) is performed to indifferent houses.

The tragic poet is striving to distress his hero that he may move his audience: it is not his business to equalize the affliction to the evil that occasions it; the effect is what he is to exhibit, which he is to clothe in the flowing language of poetry, and the high colouring of imagination; and if the cause be not very disproportionate indeed, the reader, or the spectator, will not find fault with it. Castalio, in the "Orphan" (a play so grossly immoral, that it were unfair in me to quote it, except as illustrative of this single argument,) is mad with anguish and with rage, because his wife's maid refuses him access to her apartment, according to the previous appointment they had made; and Orosmane, in "Zayre," remains "*immobile, et sa langue glacée*," because his bride begs him to defer their marriage for a day. Yet these were disappointments which the lover of Otway, and much more the hero of Voltaire, might surely have borne with greater fortitude.

If we are to apply all this in example, it seems to have a tendency to weaken our mind to our own sufferings, without opening it to the sufferings of others. The real evils which the dignity of the scene hides from our view are those which we ought to pity in our neighbours; the fantastic and imaginary distresses which it exhibits are those we are apt to indulge in ourselves. Here then tragedy adds to the list of our calamities, without increasing the catalogue of our virtues.

As tragedy thus dignifies the distresses, so it elevates the actions of its personages, their virtues, and their vices. But this removes virtue to a greater distance from us, and brings vice nearer: it exalts the first to a point beyond our imitation, and ennobles the latter to a degree above our abhorrence. Shakspeare, who generally discriminates strongly the good and ill qualities of his characters, has yet exhibited a Macbeth, a tyrant and a murderer, whom we are disposed rather to pity than to hate. "Modern tragedy," says a celebrated critic, "has become more a school of virtue than the ancient, by being more the theatre of passion: an Othello, hurried by jealousy to murder his innocent wife: a Jaffier, ensnared by resentment and want, to engage in a conspiracy, and then stung with remorse and involved in ruin; a Siffredi, through the deceit which he employs for public-spirited ends, bringing destruction on all whom he loved: these are the examples which tragedy now displays, by means of which it inculcates on men the proper government of their passions." I am afraid, if we appeal to the feelings of the audience at the conclusion of any of those pieces, we shall not find the effect to be what is here supposed. Othello we rather pity for his jealousy, than hate as a murderer. With Jaffier and his associates we are undoubtedly leagued against the rulers of Venice; and even the faith and tenderness of Belvidera hardly make us forgive her for betraying her secret. The sentiments of Siffredi, however wise and just, are disregarded where they impeach the dignity and supereminence of love. His deceit indeed is blamed, which is said to be the moral of the piece; but it is blamed because it hindered the union of Tancred and Sigismunda, which, from the very beginning of the play, is the object in which the reader or spectator is interested. Reverse the situation, make it a contrivance to defeat the claim of the tyrant's daughter, to give the throne to Tancred, and to place Sigismunda there at his side, the audience would admire its ingenuity, and rejoice in its success.

In the mixture of a plot, and amidst the variety of situations, where weaknesses are flattered and passions indulged, at the same time that virtues are displayed and duties performed, one set of readers will enjoy the pleasure of the first, while those only who have less need to be instructed will seize the instruction of the latter. When Marcus dies for his country, the ladies in the side-boxes only consider his death as removing the bar to the marriage of Lucia with his brother Portius.

In tragedy as in novel, which is sometimes a kind of tragedy, the author is obliged, in justification of weak characters, to elevate villanous ones, or to throw round their vices a bewitching address and captivating manners. Lovelace is made a character which the greater number of girls admire, in order to justify the seduction of Clarissa. Lothario, though very inferior, is something of the same cast, to mitigate the crime of Calista. The story would not be probable else;—granted: but in proportion to the art of the poet in rendering it probable, he heightens the immoral effect of which I complain.

As the incidents must be formed, so must the sentiments be introduced according to the character and condition of the person speaking them, not according to the laws of virtue, or the dictates of prudence. To give them this propriety, they must often be apologies for vice and for fraud, or contain ridicule against virtue and honesty. It is not sufficient to answer, that if the person uttering them is punished in the course, or at the end of the play, the expiation is sufficiently made; if the sentiments at the time are shrewdly imagined, and forcibly expressed, they will have a powerful effect on the mind, and leave impressions which the retribution of poetical justice will hardly be able to efface.

On poetical justice, indeed, I do not lay so much stress as some authors have done. I incline to be of the opinion of one of my predecessors, that we are frequently more roused to a love of virtue, and a hatred of vice, when virtue is unfortunate, and vice successful, than when each receives the recompense it merits. But I impute more to striking incidents, to the sentiments running through the tenor of a piece, than to the general impression of its *denouement*. Mons. d'Alembert says, that in any sort of spectacle which would leave the poet more at liberty than tragedies taken from history, in the opera, for example, the author would not easily be pardoned for allowing vice to go unpunished. "I remember to have seen," continued he, "a MS. opera of Atreus, where that monster perished by a thunderbolt, exclaiming, with a savage satisfaction,

> '*Tonnez Dieux impuissans;*
> *Frappez; je suis venge!*'

"This would have made one of the happiest *denouements* that can well be imagined." As to theatrical effect, I am quite of his opinion: but as to the moral, I cannot agree with him. The line which he quotes, brilliant, forcible, and bold, would have remained with the audience, not to recal the punishment of guilt, but to mark the pleasure of revenge.

But it is not only from the vices or imperfections of tragic characters that we are to fear the *danger of familiarising* the approach of evil, or *encouraging the growth* of error. Their very virtues, I fear, are often dangerous to form the principles, or draw the imitation of their readers. Theirs are not so much the useful, the productive virtues (if I may be allowed the expression) of real life, as the shining and showy qualities which attract the applause, or flatter the vanity of the unthinking. The extreme, the enthusiasm even of a laudable propensity, takes from its usefulness to others, and degenerates into a blind and headlong indulgence in the possessor. In the greatest part of modern tragedies, such are the qualities of the persons that are most in favour with the public. In what relates to passive excellence, prudence to avoid evils, or fortitude to bear them, are not the virtues of tragedy, conversant as it is with misfortune; it is proud to indulge in sorrow, to pour its tears without the control of reason, to die of disappointments which wisdom would have overcome. There is an era in the life of most young people, and those too the most amiable, where all this is their creed of excellence, generosity, and heroism, and that creed is drawn from romance and tragedy.

In the remarks which in this and two former papers I have made on novel and on tragedy, two of the most popular of all kinds of writing, I have ventured, in the hardihood of a moralist, rather beyond the usual caution of a periodical paper that wishes to conciliate the favour of the public. By those whose daily and favourite reading is crossed by my observations I shall be asked, if I mean to proscribe every novel and every tragedy, or of what kind of each I am disposed to allow the perusal, and to what class of readers their perusal may be trusted. To such I would answer in general, that if I had influence enough to abridge the list of both species of reading, I believe neither morals nor taste would suffer by the restriction. I have pointed out the chief dangers to which I conceive the perusal of many such works is liable.

I am not, however, insensible of the value, perhaps but too sensible of the power, of these productions of fancy and genius. Nor am I so much a bigot to the opinions I have delivered as to deny that there are uses, noble uses, which such productions may serve, amidst the dangers to which they sometimes expose their readers. The region of exalted virtue, of dignified sentiment, into which they transport us, may have a considerable effect in changing the cold and unfeeling temperament of worldly minds; the indifferent and the selfish may be warmed and expanded by the fiction of distress, and the eloquence of feeling. In the present age, and among certain ranks, indifference and selfishness have become a sort of virtues, and fashion has sometimes taught the young to pride themselves on qualities so unnatural to them. To combat these "giants of the rock," romance and tragedy may be very usefully employed; and that race must have become worthless and degenerate indeed, whom their terrors shall fail to rouse, and their griefs to melt.

Nor, as an amusement, can the elegance of that which is drawn from the perusal of a well-written novel, or the representation of a well-composed tragedy, be disputed. It certainly is as much a nobler, as it is a more harmless employment of time, than its waste in frivolous dissipation, or its abuse in the vigils of play. But there is a certain sort of mind common in youth, and that too of the most amiable, kind, tender, warm, and visionary, to which the walks of fancy and enthusiasm, of romantic love, of exaggerated sorrow, of trembling sensibility, are very unsafe. To readers of this complexion, the amusement which the works abovementioned afford should, I think, be sparingly allowed, and judiciously chosen. In such bosoms, feeling or susceptibility must be often repressed or directed; to encourage it by premature or unnatural means is certainly hurtful. They resemble some luxuriant soils which may be enriched beyond a wholesome fertility, till weeds are their only produce; weeds, the more to be regretted, as in the soil from which virtue should have sprung.

V.

No. 29.] Saturday, Aug. 20, 1785.

The advantages and use of biography have of late been so often mentioned, and are now so universally allowed, that it is needless for any modern author to set them forth. That department of writing, however, has been of late years so much cultivated, that it has fared with biography as with every other art; it has lost much of its dignity in its commonness, and many lives have been presented to the public, from which little instruction or amusement could be drawn. Individuals have been traced in minute and ordinary actions, from which no consequence could arise but to the private circle of their own families and friends, and in the detail of which we saw no passion excited, no character developed, nothing that should distinguish them from those common occurrences,

> "Which daily took their course, and were forgotten."

Yet there are few even of those comparatively insignificant lives, in which men of a serious and thinking cast do not feel a certain degree of interest. A pensive mind can trace, in seemingly trivial incidents and common situations, something to feed reflection and to foster thought; as the solitary naturalist culls the trodden weeds, and discovers in their form and texture the principles of vegetative nature. The motive, too, of the relater, often helps out the unimportance of his relation; and to the ingenious and susceptible, there is a feeling not unpleasant in allowing for the partiality of gratitude, and the tediousness of him who recounts his obligations. The virtuous connections of life and of the heart it is always pleasing to trace, even though the objects are neither new nor striking. Like those familiar paintings that show the inside of cottages, and the exercise of village duties, such narrations come home to the bosoms of the worthy, who feel the relationship of Virtue, and acknowledge her family wherever it is found. And perhaps there is a calmer and more placid delight in viewing her amidst these unimportant offices, than when we look up to her invested in the pomp of greatness, and the pride of power.

I have been led to these reflections by an account with which a correspondent has furnished me, of some particulars in the life of an individual, a native of this country, who died a few weeks ago in London, Mr. William Strahan, printer to his Majesty. His title to be recorded in a work of this sort my correspondent argues from a variety of considerations unnecessary to be repeated. One which applies particularly to the public office of the Lounger, I will take the liberty to mention. He was the author of a paper in the Mirror; a work in the train of which I am proud to walk, and am glad of an opportunity to plead my relation to it, by inserting the *eloge* (I take that word as custom has sanctioned it, without, adopting its abstract signification) of one of its writers.

Mr. Strahan was born at Edinburgh in the year 1715. His father, who had a small appointment in the customs, gave his son the education which every lad of decent rank then received in a country where the avenues to learning were easy and open to men of the most moderate circumstances. After having passed through the tuition of a grammar-school, he was put apprentice to a printer; and when a very young man, removed to a wider sphere in that line of business, and went to follow his trade in London. Sober, diligent, and attentive, while his emoluments were for some time very scanty, he contrived to live rather within than beyond his income; and though he married early, and without such a provision as prudence might have looked for in the establishment of a family, he continued to thrive, and to better his circumstances. This he would often mention as an encouragement to early matrimony, and used to say, that he never had a child born that Providence did not send some increase of income to provide for the increase of his household. With sufficient vigour of mind, he had that happy flow of animal spirits, that is not easily discouraged by unpromising appearances. By him who can look with firmness upon difficulties, their conquest is already half achieved; but the man on whose heart and spirits they lie heavy will scarcely be able to bear up against their pressure. The forecast of timid, or the disgust of too delicate minds, are very unfortunate attendants for men of business, who, to be successful, must often push improbabilities, and bear with mortifications.

His abilities in his profession, accompanied with perfect integrity, and unabating diligence, enabled him, after the first difficulties were overcome, to get on with rapid success. And he was one of the most flourishing men in the trade, when, in the year 1770, he purchased a share of the patent for king's printer of Mr. Eyre, with whom he maintained the most cordial intimacy during all the rest of his life. Besides the emoluments arising from this appointment, as well as from a very extensive private business, he now drew largely from a field which required some degree of speculative sagacity to cultivate—I mean that great literary property which he acquired by purchasing the copy-rights of some of the most celebrated authors of the time. In this his liberality kept equal pace with his prudence, and in some cases went perhaps rather beyond it. Never had such rewards been given to the labours of literary men as now were received from him and his associates in those purchases of copy-rights from authors.

Having now attained the first great object of business, wealth, Mr. Strahan looked with a very allowable ambition on the stations of political rank and eminence. Politics had long occupied his active mind, which he had for many years pursued as his favourite amusement, by corresponding on that subject with some of the first characters of the age. Mr. Strahan's queries to Dr. Franklin in the year 1769, respecting the discontents of the Americans, published in the London Chronicle of 28th July 1778, show the just conception he entertained of the important consequences of that dispute, and his anxiety as a good subject to investigate, at that early period, the proper means by which their grievances might be removed, and a permanent harmony restored between the two countries. In the year 1775, he was elected a member of parliament for the borough of Malmsbury, in Wiltshire, with a very illustrious colleague, the Hon. C. J. Fox; and in the succeeding parliament for Wotton-Basset, in the same county. In this station, applying himself with that industry which was natural to him, he attended the house with a scrupulous punctuality, and was a useful member. His talents for business acquired the consideration to which they were entitled, and were not unnoticed by the minister.

In his political connection he was constant to the friends to whom he had first been attached. He was a steady supporter of that party who were turned out of administration in spring 1784, and lost his seat in the house of commons by the dissolution of parliament, with which that change was followed,—a situation which he did not show any desire to resume on the return of the new parliament.

One motive for his not wishing a seat in the present parliament was a feeling of some decline in his health, which had rather suffered from the long sitting and late hours with which the political warfare in the last had been attended. Though without any fixed disease, his strength was visibly declining; and though his spirits survived his strength, yet the vigour and activity of his mind were also considerably impaired. Both continued gradually to decline, till his death, which happened on Saturday, the 9th July, 1785, in the 71st year of his age.

Of riches acquired by industry, the disposal is often ruled by caprice, as if the owners wished to show their uncontrolled power over that wealth which their own exertions had attained, by a whimsical allotment of it after their death. In this, as in other particulars, Mr. Strahan's discretion and good sense were apparent: he bequeathed his fortune in the most rational manner; and of that portion which was not left to his wife and children, the distribution was equally prudent and benevolent. Like his predecessor in trade, the celebrated Mr. Bowyer, he left 1000*l.* to the Stationers' Company, of which he was a member, to be stocked, for the benefit of decayed booksellers and printers.

Endued with much natural sagacity, and an attentive observation of life, Mr. Strahan owed his rise to that station of opulence and respect which he attained rather to his own talents and exertion, than to any accidental occurrence of favourable or fortunate circumstances. His mind, though not deeply tinctured with learning, was not uninformed by letters. From a habit of attention to style, he had acquired a considerable portion of critical acuteness in the discernment of its beauties and defects. In one branch of writing himself excelled, I mean the epistolary, in which he not only showed the precision and clearness of business, but possessed a neatness as well as fluency of expression which I have known few letter-writers to surpass. Letter-writing was one of his favourite amusements; and among his correspondents were men of such eminence and talents as well repaid his endeavours to entertain them. One of these, as we have before mentioned, was the justly celebrated Dr. Franklin, originally a printer like Mr. Strahan, and his fellow-workman in early life in a printing-house in London, whose friendship and correspondence he continued to enjoy, notwithstanding the difference of their sentiments in political matters, which often afforded pleasantry, but never mixed any thing acrimonious in their letters. One of the latest he received from his illustrious and venerable friend contained a humorous allegory of the state of politics in Britain, drawn from the profession of printing, of which, though the doctor had quitted the exercise, he had not forgotten the terms.

There are stations of acquired greatness which make men proud to recal the lowness of that from which they rose. The native eminence of Franklin's mind was above concealing the humbleness of his origin. Those only who possess no intrinsic elevation are afraid to sully the honours to which accident has raised them, by the recollection of that obscurity whence they sprung.

Of this recollection Mr. Strahan was rather proud than ashamed; and I have heard those who were disposed to censure him blame it as a kind of ostentation in which he was weak enough to indulge. But methinks, "'tis to consider too curiously, to consider it so." There is a kind of reputation which we may laudably desire, and justly enjoy; and he who is sincere enough to forego the pride of ancestry and of birth may, without much imputation of vanity, assume the merit of his own elevation.

In that elevation, he neither triumphed over the inferiority of those he had left behind him, nor forgot the equality in which they had formerly stood. Of their inferiority he did not even remind them, by the ostentation of grandeur, or the parade of wealth. In his house there was none of that saucy train, none of that state or finery, with which the illiberal delight to confound and to dazzle those who may have formerly seen them in less enviable circumstances. No man was more mindful of, or more solicitous to oblige, the acquaintance or companions of his early days. The advice which his experience, or the assistance which his purse could afford, he was ready to communicate; and at his table in London every gentleman found an easy introduction, and every old acquaintance a cordial welcome. This was not merely a virtue of hospitality, or a duty of benevolence with him; he felt it warmly as a sentiment; and that paper in the Mirror of which I mentioned him as the author (the letter from London in the 94th number), was, I am persuaded, a genuine picture of his feelings on the recollection of those scenes in which his youth had been spent, and of those companions with which it had been associated.

Such of them as still survive him will read the above short account of his life with interest and with pleasure. For others it may not be altogether devoid of entertainment or of use. If, among the middling and busy ranks of mankind, it can afford an encouragement to the industry of those who are beginning to climb into life, or furnish a lesson of moderation to those who have attained its height; if to the first it may recommend honest industry and sober diligence; if to the latter it may suggest the ties of ancient fellowship and early connection, which the pride of wealth or of station loses as much dignity as it foregoes satisfaction by refusing to acknowledge; if it shall cheer one hour of despondency or discontent to the young; if it shall save one frown of disdain or of refusal to the unfortunate; the higher and more refined class of my readers will forgive the familiarity of the example, and consider, that it is not from the biography of heroes or of statesmen that instances can be drawn to prompt the conduct of the bulk of mankind, or to excite the useful though less splendid virtues of private and domestic life.

Z.

No. 30.] Saturday, August 27, 1785.

TO THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

Although a stranger to your person, I have the honour of being pretty near allied to you. When you know who I am, I flatter myself you will not think yourself disgraced by the alliance, and that you will permit me to claim kindred with you. Of this you may be assured, I would not do it, did I not entertain a favourable opinion of you; and having nothing to ask, you may consider my desire to be ranked among your friends as a mark of approbation. Know then, Sir, that the person who has now the honour to address you is a member of the Mirror Club.

Although long since dead as an author, you will readily believe that I am interested in the success of the Lounger. Persons placed in the same situations naturally feel a sympathetic sort of attachment for each other. When the Lounger was first advertised, I could not help recollecting the sensations I experienced when the publication of the Mirror was first announced in the papers; and when your introductory number appeared, I sent for it with an impatience, and a solicitude, which I should not have felt in the same degree had I not once been in a situation similar to yours.

You, Sir, started with many advantages which we did not possess. The public are now taught to know, that it is possible to carry on a periodical work of this kind in Edinburgh; and that, if tolerably executed, it will be read, and will hold its place with other works of the same kind.—But when we boldly gave the Mirror to the world, a very different notion prevailed. It was supposed that no such work could be conducted with any propriety on this side of the Tweed.—Accordingly, the Mirror was received with the most perfect indifference in our own country; and during the publication, it was indebted for any little reputation it received in Scotland to the notice that happened to be taken of it by some persons of rank and of taste in England. Nay, Sir, strange as you may think, it is certainly true, that, narrow as Edinburgh is, there were men who consider themselves as men of letters, who never read a number of it while it was going on.

But although in this and in many other respects the Lounger may possess advantages over the Mirror, there is one particular in which I am apt to believe that we the members of the Mirror Club possessed an advantage over the author of the Lounger. You, Sir, if I mistake not, conduct your work single and alone, unconnected with any person whatever. We, Sir, were a society, consisting of a few friends, closely united by long habits of intimacy. Not only, therefore, is your task much more arduous than ours, but, in the way of amusement, we certainly had the advantage of you. I can never forget the pleasure we enjoyed in meeting to read our papers in the club. There they were criticised with perfect freedom, but with the greatest good humour. When any of us produced a paper, which, either from the style or manner of it, or from the nature of the subject, seemed inadmissible, it was condemned without hesitation, and the author, putting it in his pocket, drank a bumper to its manes. We had stated meetings to receive the communications with which we were honoured, which afforded another source of amusement. This pleasure, however, was not without alloy. We were often, from particular circumstances, obliged to reject compositions of real merit; and what perhaps was equally distressing, we were sometimes obliged to abridge or alter the papers which we published. Might I presume to give you an advice, it would be, to use this liberty as rarely as possible. We authors know, that there is a certain complacency, not to call it vanity, which a man feels for his own compositions, which makes him unwilling to submit them to the correction of he does not know whom, or to acquiesce in an alteration made he does not know why. In justice, however, to our correspondents, I must add, that they continued to honour us with their favours, notwithstanding the liberties we took with their compositions, and although it was not in our power to explain the reasons which induced us to take those liberties.

But, Sir, one never ceasing fund of amusement to us, was communicating the observations we had occasion to hear, in different societies and different companies, upon the Mirror, and its supposed authors. The supercilious, who despised the paper because they did not know by whom it was written, talked of it as a catchpenny performance, carried on by a set of needy and obscure scribblers. Those who entertained a more favourable opinion of it were apt to fall into an opposite mistake, and to suppose that the Mirror was the production of all the men of letters in Scotland. This last opinion is not yet entirely exploded, and perhaps has rather gained ground from the favourable reception of the Mirror since its publication in volumes. The last time I was in London I happened to step into Mr Cadell's shop, and while I was amusing myself in turning over the prints in Cook's last Voyage, Lord B—— came in, and taking up a volume of the Mirror, asked Mr Cadell who were the authors of it. Cadell, who did not suspect that I knew any more of the matter than the Great Mogul, answered, "That he could not really mention particular names; but he believed that all the *literati* of Scotland were concerned in it." Lord B—— walked off, satisfied that this was truly the case; and about a week after I heard him say at Lord M——'s levee, that he was well assured the Mirror was the joint production of all the men of letters in Scotland.

I will now, Sir, tell you in confidence, that (one of our number excepted, whose writings have long been read with admiration and delight, and whose exquisite pencil every reader of taste and discernment must distinguish in the Mirror) there was not one of our club who ever published a single sentence, or in all likelihood ever would have done it, had it not been for the accidental publication of the Mirror.

But the most amusing part of the whole was the application of the characters in the Mirror to real life; and I verily believe many a charitable lady and well disposed gentleman read it with no other view than to find out characters which they might apply to their friends and acquaintances. I dined in a large company the day on which the first letter signed John Homespun was published. At table Lady —— asked if any body had seen the Mirror of that day.—"Yes," answered Mrs ——, "it is a charming paper, but there is a great lady in the west, that won't be very fond of it. She is drawn to the life; I knew her before I had read half the paper." "In the west?" replied Lady ——, "In the south, you mean. I agree with you, that the picture is well drawn; and if you knew the Countess of —— as well as I have the honour to know her, you could not doubt that she is truly the original." "Pardon me, ladies," said a little sharp-looking man, in a northern accent, "I believe you are both mistaken. I have read the paper, and I think the great lady so well pointed out in it is neither from the west nor from the south, but from my country; at least I am sure we have two or three very like the woman in the Mirror, who do no good to us small folks when we get among them, and are apt to turn the heads of our wives and our daughters;—ah, and of our sons too," added he, with a significant nod. The ladies, however, would not yield their opinion; and a dispute ensued, which was to me not a little amusing, as I knew that the author had no particular lady in view, either from the west or from the east, from the south or from the north.

One morning I called upon a lady, and found her reading No. 47 of the Mirror, a paper of mine. "Well," said she, "I know every person described here as well as if they had given us their names at full length." She then named some of her acquaintance, whose persons and characters were equally unknown to me, and even whose names I never heard mentioned before.

But the most dangerous application of this sort was that of the character of Sir Bobby Button. Of our forty-five members it may, without offence, be said, that some of them are *manu quam lingua promptiores*, readier at a blow than a word; and we were told that they seriously intended to make the author of the Mirror speak out, and say, whether, in the modern language of Parliament, he meant any thing personal. This intelligence produced some little uneasiness in our society; but we resolved to act with becoming dignity and spirit, had the respectable body of our representatives called upon us for an explanation.

Thus, in the hands of many, the Mirror, innocent and well intended as it was, became a vehicle of slander; and the envious, the splenetic, and the malicious, found an entertainment in it which never was intended for them. Be not you, Sir, discouraged by this. Go on boldly to correct our follies and our vices, by painting them truly as they are. To attain this purpose, I would advise you, in the words of the bloody Renault,—"to spare neither age, nor sex, nor condition." But while I say this, I must add, that it is only the vices and the follies themselves which you are entitled to attack, and not the individuals who may be guilty of them. You, Sir, will not prostitute your paper, to make it the vehicle of slander or of censure against private characters, you will describe the general manners of the age, not those of this or that private person. Hitherto you have not offended in this way; and if you continue in the same proper course, I shall drink success to the Lounger at our next anniversary meeting; for you must know, that our club still meets once a year on the day our first number was published. There it would do your heart good to hear us talk over the little anecdotes which gave us so much pleasure in the Mirror. I shall propose, Sir, that you be received as a guest at our anniversary next year, that you may see what sort of folks your predecessors were. There is one point in which I trust you will agree with us, and that is, in preferring good claret to port wine. Hoping to have the honour of drinking a glass of our favourite liquor with you,

I am, &c.
A Member of the Mirror Club.

I feel myself much honoured by this mark of attention from one of my predecessors, and much flattered by his approbation. At the same time I hesitated whether I ought or ought not to publish his letter. Indeed I am not at this moment perfectly clear in my own mind, whether he meant or wished that it should be published. It is written so much in the style of private confidence and friendship, that it seems not to have been intended for the public. —Besides, I was aware that the scoffers might be apt to smile at that air of importance with which "we authors," even of periodical sheets, are apt to regard every thing which concerns ourselves and our works, and of which, it must be owned, there are some plain enough marks in this letter. Notwithstanding all this, I at length resolved to publish it, partly to gratify my own vanity, and partly because I could in no other shape return my acknowledgments to my correspondent for the notice with which he has been so kind as to honour me. I have only to add, that I have long felt a strong desire to be personally acquainted with the members of the Mirror Club, and therefore I am much pleased with the hint given in the close of the letter, of an invitation to attend their anniversary meeting.

R.

No. 31.] Saturday, Sept. 3, 1785.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus omnes.
Virg.

My next desire ———
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood. Dryden.

One of the most natural, as well as one of the purest pleasures, arising from the effect of external objects on the mind, is the enjoyment of rural prospects and rural scenery. The ideas of health, contentment, peace, and innocence, are so interwoven with those of the country, that their connection has become proverbial; and the pleasures arising from it are not only celebrated by those who have experienced their sweets, but they are frequently supposed by thousands to whom they never were known, and described by many by whom they have long been forgotten.

Of them as of every other enjoyment the value is enhanced by vicissitude; and long exclusion is one great ingredient in the delight of their attainment. Few have been so unfortunate as to have an opportunity of forming a full idea of that pleasure which a great state criminal is said to have felt, when, on being taken from his dungeon, he saw the light, and breathed the open air, but for that short space which conducted him to his scaffold. But it may in some measure be conceived from the satisfaction which most men have at times experienced in changing the smoky atmosphere and close corrupted vapour of a crowded town, for the pure elastic breeze of a furze-hill, or the balmy perfume of a bean-field.

With such increased enjoyment do I now feel the pleasures of the country, after being, as Milton says, "long in populous city pent." A very pressing invitation from my friend Colonel Caustic prevailed over that indolence, which was always a part of my constitution, and which I feel advanced life nowise tend to diminish. Having one day missed half a dozen acquaintance, one after another, who I was informed had gone into the country, I came home in the evening, found a second letter from the colonel, urging my visit, read part of Virgil's second Georgic, looked from my highest window on the sun just about to set amidst the golden clouds of a beautiful western sky, and coming down stairs, ordered my man to pack up my portmanteau, and next morning set out for my friend's country-seat, whence I now address my readers.

To me, who am accustomed to be idle without being vacant, whose thoughts are rather wandering than busy, and whose fancy rather various than vivid, the soft and modest painting of nature in this beautiful retirement of my friend is particularly suited. Here where I am seated at this moment, in a little shady arbour with a sloping lawn in front, covered with some sheep that are resting in the noonday heat, with their lambkins around them; with a grove of pines on the right hand, through which a scarcely stirring breeze is heard faintly to whisper; with a brook on the left, to the gurgle of which the willows on its side seem to listen in silence; this landscape, with a back ground of distant hills, on which one can discover the smoke of the shepherd's fire, rising in large lazy volumes to a thinly-fleckered sky; all this forms a scene peaceful though enlivened, oblivious of care yet rich in thought, which soothes my indolence with a congenial quiet, yet dignifies it with the swellings of enthusiasm and the dreams of imagination.

On this subject of the enjoyment of rural contemplation, I was much pleased with some reflections lately sent me by a correspondent, who subscribes himself Eubulus. "It is the great *error of mankind*," says he, "that in the pursuit of happiness, they commonly seek for it in violent gratifications, in pleasures which are too intense in their degree to be of long duration, and of which even the frequent repetition blunts the capacity of enjoyment. There is no lesson more useful to mankind than that which teaches them, that the most rational happiness is averse to all turbulent emotions; that it is serene and moderate in its nature; that its ingredients are neither costly in the acquisition nor difficult in the attainment, but present themselves almost voluntarily to a well-ordered mind, and are open to every rank and condition of life, where absolute indigence is excluded.

"The intellectual pleasures have this peculiar and superlative advantage over those that are merely sensual, that the most delightful of the former require no appropriation of their objects in order to their enjoyment. The contemplative man, who is an admirer of the beauties of nature, has an ideal property in all its objects. He enjoys the hill, the vale, the stream, the wood, the garden, with a pleasure more exquisite, because more unalloyed, than that of their actual possessor. To him each enjoyment is heightened by the sense of that unremitting bounty which furnishes it; nor is he disquieted by the anxiety of maintaining a possession of which he cannot be deprived. How truly may he exclaim with the poet,

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave."*

"To a mind of that happy conformation which the poet here describes, the sources of pleasure are infinite. Nature is not less delightful in her general impressions, than when surveyed in detail; and to the former of these the verses above quoted seem chiefly to refer. It is certain that we experience a high degree of pleasure in certain emotions, excited by the general contemplation of nature, when the attention does not dwell minutely upon any of the objects that surround us. Sympathy, the most powerful principle in the human composition, has a strong effect in constituting the pleasure here alluded to. The stillness of the country, and the tranquillity of its scenes, have a sensible effect in calming the disorder of the passions, and inducing a temporary serenity of mind. By the same sympathy, the milder passions are excited, while the turbulent are laid asleep. That man must be of a hardened frame indeed, who can hear unmoved the song of the feathered tribes, when spring calls forth "all Nature's harmony," or who can behold, without a corresponding emotion of joy and of gratitude, the sprightliness of the young race of animals wantoning in the exercise of their new powers, and invigorated by the benignity of the air and the luxuriancy of their pastures."

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* Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

My friend Colonel Caustic, though I will venture to say for him, that he is neither without the sensibility of mind, nor the emotions of pious gratitude, which my correspondent justly supposes the contemplation of the rural scene to excite, yet surveys it not with feelings of quite so placid a sort as in some other minds it will be apt to produce. Here, as every where else, he stamps on the surrounding objects somewhat of the particular impression of his character. That sentiment, which, like the genius of Socrates, perpetually attends him, the child of virtue and of philanthropy, nursed by spleen, though here it puts on a certain tenderness which it has not in town, and is rather disposed to complain than to censure, yet walks with him, not unemployed, through his woods and his fields, and throws on the finest of their beauties a tint of its own colouring, as the glass of the little instrument called a Claude Lorraine dims the landscape which is viewed through it.

I have not been able to convince him that the weather is not very much changed from what it was in his younger days, and he quotes many observations in support of the milder temperature of the air in those long past seasons. But his sister (a very respectable maiden lady, a few years younger than the colonel, who keeps house for him) insists on the difference in stronger terms, and is surprised at my unbelief, even though it is confirmed by the register. Of her faith in this article she shows the sincerity, by her practice in household-matters, having, as she tells me, for these fifteen or sixteen years past, taken out the greens from the fire-places at least a fortnight earlier than formerly, and not uncarpeting the rooms, nor taking down the window-curtains, till near a month later than she was wont to do.

On the appearance of his own fields the colonel does not say quite so much, the culture he has bestowed on them counteracting, in that particular, the natural deterioration; but wherever nature has been left to herself, her productions, according to him, have grown more scanty. When we start a hare, or flush a partridge in our walks, the colonel always tells me there is not one for ten in his grounds that he used to see formerly; and he rather seemed to enjoy than condole with my want of sport, when I went yesterday a-fishing on the very same part of the river from which he informed me he was of old sure of catching a dish of trouts in an hour's time any day of the season. Nor was he quite well pleased with his man John attempting to account for it, by his neighbour Lord Grubwell having lately sent down a casting-net for the use of his gamekeeper.

On the subject of Lord Grubwell, however, in other matters, he is generally apt enough himself to expatiate. "This man," said he, "whose father acquired the fortune which afterwards procured the son his title, has started into the rank without the manners or the taste of a gentleman. The want of the first would only be felt those two or three times in the year when one is obliged to meet with him; but the perversion of the latter, with a full purse to give it way, makes his neighbourhood a very unfortunate one. That rising ground on the left, which was formerly one of the finest green swells in the world, he has put yon vile Gothic tower on, as he calls it, and planted half a dozen little carronades on the top of it, which it is a favourite amusement with him to fire on holidays and birth-days, or when some respected visitor drinks tea there." "That will frighten your Dryads," said I, smiling. "It often frightens my sister," replied the colonel; "and I am weak enough to let it fret me. I can bear the man's nonsense, when it is not heard two miles off. That ugly dry gap in the bank opposite to us was the channel of a rill, of which he turned the course, to make a serpentine river for his Chinese bridge, which he had built without knowing where to find water for it. And from the little hills behind he has rooted out all the natural fringe of their birch and oak shrubwood, to cover their tops with stiff circular plantations. Then his temples and statues, with their white plaster and paint, meet one's eye in every corner. I have been fain to run up that hedge to screen me from all those impertinences, though it lost my favourite seat the best half of its prospect."

But Colonel Caustic has other wrongs from the innovations of his neighbour, which he suffers without telling them. Lord Grubwell's improvements often trench on a feeling more tender than the colonel's taste, though that is delicate enough. The scenes around him have those ties upon my friend which long acquaintance naturally gives them over a mind so susceptible as his. As the mythology of the ancients animated all nature, by giving a tutelary power to every wood and fountain, so he has peopled many of the objects in his view with the images of past events, of departed friends, of warm affections, of tender regrets; and he feels the change, or sometimes even the improvement, as a sacrilege that drives the deity from the place. This sentiment of memory is felt but very imperfectly in a town; in the country it retains all its force; and with Colonel Caustic it operates in the strongest manner possible. Here he withdraws himself from an age which he thinks is in its decline, and finds in the world of remembrance that warmth of friendship, that purity of manners, that refinement of breeding, that elegance of form, that dignity of deportment, which charmed his youth. This is, perhaps, one cause of his severity, when at any time he mixes with mankind: 'tis like leaving an enlightened company of friends, for the frivolous society of ordinary men, which often overcomes the temper of the best-natured people, and, if it does not sink them into sadness and silence, will generally make them "humorous and peevish."

Even the recollection of sufferings endears to such a mind as Caustic's the scene that recalls them. I observed, that wherever our stroll began, it commonly ended in a sombre walk, that led through a grove of beeches to a little sequestered dell. Here I remarked one tree fenced round in such a manner as showed a particular attention to its growth. I stopped as we passed, and looked on it with a face of inquiry. "That tree," said the Colonel, observing me, "is about forty years old."—He went on a few paces.—"It was planted by a lady,"—throwing his eye on the ground, and blushing, as I thought.—"It was planted"—he walked some steps farther; looked back, and sighed.—"She was then one of the finest women in the world!"

Z.

* * *

No. 32.] Saturday, Sept. 10, 1785.

I am every day more and more disposed to congratulate myself on this visit to Colonel Caustic. Here I find him with all his good qualities brought forward, with all his failings thrown into the back ground, which only serve (to carry the simile a little farther) to give force and relief to the picture. I am now assured of what before I was willing to believe, that Caustic's spleen is of that sort which is the produce of the warmest philanthropy. As the admirer of painting is most offended with the scrawls of a dauber, as the enthusiast in music is most hurt with the discords of an ill-played instrument; so the lover of mankind, as his own sense of virtue has painted them, when he comes abroad into life, and sees what they really are, feels the disappointment in the severest manner; and he will often indulge in satire beyond the limits of discretion; while indifference or selfishness will be contented to take men as it finds them, and never allow itself to be disquieted with the soreness of disappointed benevolence or the warmth of indignant virtue.

I have likewise made an acquisition of no inconsiderable value in the acquaintance of Colonel Caustic's sister. His affection for her is of that genuine sort which was to be expected from the view of his character I have given. The first night of my being here, when Miss Caustic was to retire after supper, her brother rose, drew back the large arm chair in which she sat at table with one hand, pulled the bell-string with the other, opened the parlour-door while she was making her courtesy to me, and then saluted her as she went out, and bid her good night; and all this with a sort of tender ceremony which I felt then, and feel still (for it is a thing of custom with them), as one of the pleasantest pieces of good breeding I had ever witnessed. "My sister is an excellent woman," said the colonel, as he shut the door; "and I don't like her the worse for having something of the primeval about her. You don't know how much I owe her. When I was a careless young fellow, living what we call a fashionable life about town, thinking perhaps, like a puppy as I was, what sort of a coat I should wear, or what sort of a stocking would best show off my leg, or perhaps practising my salute before a glass, to enchant the ladies at a review, my sister Peggy, though several years younger, was here at home, nursing the declining age of one of the best of mothers, and managing every shilling, not only of mine, but of theirs, to make up a sum for purchasing me a company. Since my mother's death, and my being settled here, her attentions have been all transferred to me; my companion in health, my nurse in sickness, with all those little domestic services which, though they are cyphers in the general account, a man like me, whose home is so much to him, feels of infinite importance, and there is a manner of doing them, a quiet, unauthoritative, unbustling way of keeping things right, which is often more important than the things themselves. Then I am indebted to her for the tolerable terms I stand in with the world. When it grates harshly on me (and I am old, and apt perhaps to be a little cross at times), she contrives somehow to smooth matters between us; and the apology I would not allow from itself, I can hear from her, knowing, as I do, her worth, and the affection she bears me.——I were a brute to love her less than I do.

"There is something," continued the colonel, after a little pause, "in the circumstance of sex, that mixes a degree of tenderness with our duty to a female, something that claims our protection and our service in a style so different from what the other demands from us;—the very same offices are performed so differently; 'tis like grasping a crab-tree, and touching a violet.—Whenever I see a man treat a woman not as a woman should be treated, be it a chamber-maid or a kitchen-wench (not to say a wife or a sister, though I have seen such examples), let him be of what fashion or rank he may, or as polite at other times as he will, I am sure his politeness is not of the right breed. He may have been taught by a dancing-master, at court, or by travel; but still his courtesy is not his own; 'tis borrowed only, and not to be relied on."

Miss Caustic, with all those domestic and household accomplishments which her brother commends, often shows that she has been skilled in more refined ones, though she has now laid them aside, like the dresses of her youth, as unsuitable to her age and situation. She can still talk of music, of poetry, of plays, and of novels; and in conversation with younger people, listens to their discourse on those topics with an interest and a feeling that is particularly pleasing to them. Her own studies, however, are of a more serious cast. Besides those books of devotion which employ her private hours, she reads history for amusement, gardening and medicine by way of business: for she is the physician of the parish, and is thought by the country folks to be wonderfully skilful. Her brother often jokes her on the number and the wants of her patients.—"I don't know, sister," said he t'other morning, "what fees you get; but your patients cost me a great deal of money. I have unfortunately but one recipe, and it is a specific for almost all their diseases."—"I only ask now and then," said she, "the key of your cellar for them, brother; the key of your purse they will find for themselves. Yet why should not we be apothecaries that way? Poverty is a disease too; and if a little of my cordials, or your money, can cheer the hearts of some who have no other malady—" "It is well bestowed, sister Peggy; and so we'll continue to practise, though we should now and then be cheated."

"'Tis one of the advantages of the country, said I, "that you get within reach of a certain rank of men, often most virtuous and useful, whom in a town we have no opportunity of knowing at all."—"Why, yes," said Caustic; "but the misfortune is, that those who could do the most for them seldom see them as they ought. I have heard that every body carries a certain atmosphere of its own along with it, which a change of air does not immediately remove. So there is a certain town atmosphere which a great man brings with him into the country. He has two or three laced lacquies, and two or three attendants without wages, through whom he sees, and hears, and does every thing; and Poverty, Industry, and Nature, get no nearer than the great gate of his court-yard."—"'Tis but too true," said his sister. "I have several pensioners who come with heavy hearts from Lord Grubwell's door, though they were once, they say, tenants or workmen of his own, or, as some of them pretend, relations of his grandfather."—"That's the very reason," continued the colonel; "why will they put the man in mind of his father and grandfather! The fellows deserve a horse-pond for their impertinence."—"Nay, but in truth," replied Miss Caustic, "my lord knows nothing of the matter. he carries so much of the town's atmosphere, as you call it, about him. He does not rise till eleven, nor breakfast till twelve. Then he has his steward with him for one hour, his architect for another, his layer out of ground for a third. After this he sometimes gallops out for a little exercise, or plays at billiards within doors: dines at a table of twenty covers; sits very late at his bottle; plays cards, except when my lady chooses dancing, till midnight; and they seldom part till sun-rise."—"And so ends," said the colonel, "your *Idyllium* on my Lord Grubwell's rural occupations."

We heard the tread of a horse in the court, and presently John entered with a card in his hand; which his master no sooner threw his eyes on, than he said, "But you need not describe, sister; our friend may see, if he inclines it. That card (I could tell the chaplain's fold at a mile's distance) is my lord's annual invitation to dinner. Is it not, John?"—"It is my Lord Grubwell's servant, Sir," said John. His master read the card: "And as he understands the colonel has at present a friend from town with him, he requests that he would present that gentleman his lordship's compliments, and intreat the honour of his company also."—"Here is another card, Sir, for Miss Caustic." —"Yes, yes, she always gets a counterpart."—"But I shan't go," said his sister; "her ladyship has got young ladies enough to make fools of: an old woman is not worth the trouble."—"Why then you must say so," answered her brother; "for the chaplain has a note here at the bottom, that an answer is requested. I suppose your great folks now-a-days contract with their *maitre d'hotel* by the head; and so they save half-a-crown, when one don't set down one's name for a cover.——But, spite of the half-crown, you must go," said the colonel to me; "you will find food for moralizing; and I shall like my own dinner the better. So return an answer accordingly, sister; and do you hear, John, give my lord's servant a slice of cold beef and a tankard of beer in the mean time. It is possible he is fed upon contract too; and for such patients, I believe, sister Peggy, Dr. Buchan's Domestic Medicine recommends cold beef and a tankard."

Z.

No. 33.] Saturday, Sept. 17, 1785.

I mentioned in my last paper, that my friend Colonel Caustic and I had accepted an invitation to dine with his neighbour, Lord Grubwell. Of that dinner, I am now to take the liberty of giving some account to my readers. It is one advantage of that habit of observation, which, as a thinking Lounger, I have acquired, that from the most entertainments I can carry something more than the mere dinner away. I remember an old acquaintance of mine, a jolly carbuncle-faced fellow, who used to give an account of a company by the single circumstance of the liquor they could swallow. At such a dinner was one man of three bottles, four of two, six of a bottle and a half, and so on; and as for himself, he kept a sort of journal of what he had pouched, as he called it, at every place to which he had been invited during a whole winter. My reckoning is of another sort; I have sometimes carried off from a dinner one, two, or three characters, swallowed half a dozen anecdotes, and tasted eight or ten insipid things that were not worth the swallowing. I have one advantage over my old friend; I can digest what, in his phrase, I have pouched, without a headach.

When we sat down to dinner at Lord Grubwell's, I found that the table was occupied in some sort by two different parties, one of which belonged to my lord, and the other to my lady. At the upper end of my lord's sat Mr. Placid, a man agreeable by profession, who has no corner in his mind, no prominence in his feelings, and, like certain chemical liquors, has the property of coalescing with every thing. He dines with every body that gives a dinner, has seventeen cards for the seven days of the week, cuts up a fowl, tells a story, and hears a story told with the best grace of any man in the world. Mr. Placid had been brought by my lord, but seemed inclined to desert to my lady, or rather to side with both, having a smile on the right cheek for the one, and a simper on the left for the other.

Lord Grubwell being a patron of the fine arts, had at his board end, besides the layer-out of his grounds, a discarded fiddler from the opera-house, who allowed that Handel could compose a tolerable chorus; a painter, who had made what he called fancy-portraits of all the family, who talked a great deal about Corregio; a gentleman on one hand of him, who seemed an adept in cookery; and a little blear-eyed man on the other, who was a connoisseur in wine. On horse-flesh, hunting, shooting, cricket, and cock-fighting, we had occasional dissertations, from several young gentlemen at both sides of his end of the table, who, though not directly of his establishment, seemed, from what occurred in conversation, to be pretty constantly in waiting.

Of my lady's division, the most conspicuous person was a gentleman who sat next her, Sir John ——, who seemed to enjoy the office of her *cicisbeo*, or *cavaliere servente*, as nearly as the custom of this country allows. There was, however, one little difference between him and the Italian cavaliere, that he did not seem so solicitous to serve as to admire the lady, the little attentions being rather directed from her to him. Even his admiration was rather understood than expressed. The gentleman, indeed, to borrow a phrase from the grammarians, appeared to be altogether of the passive mood, and to consider every exertion as vulgar and unbecoming. He spoke mincingly, looked something more delicate than man; had the finest teeth, the whitest hand, and sent a perfume around him at every motion. He had travelled, quoted Italy very often, and called this a tramontane country, in which, if it were not for one or two fine women, there would be no possibility of existing.

Besides this male attendant, Lady Grubwell had several female intimates, who seemed to have profited extremely by her patronage and instructions, who had learned to talk on all *town* subjects with such ease and confidence, that one could never have supposed they had been bred in the country, and had, as Colonel Caustic informed me, only lost their bashfulness about three weeks before. One or two of them, I could see, were in a professed and particular manner imitators of my lady, used all her phrases, aped all her gestures, and had their dress made so exactly after her pattern, that the colonel told me a blunt country gentleman, who dined there one rainy day, and afterwards passed the night at his house, thought they had got wet to the skin in their way, and had been refitted from her ladyship's wardrobe. "But he was mistaken," said the colonel; "they only borrowed a little of her complexion."

The painter had made a picture, of which he was very proud, of my lady attended by a group of those young friends, in the character of Diana, surrounded by her nymphs, surprised by Acteon. My lady, when she was showing it to me, made me take notice how very like my lord, Acteon was. Sir John, who leaned over her shoulder, put on as broad a smile as his good-breeding would allow, and said it was one of the most monstrous clever things he had ever heard her ladyship say.

Of my lord's party there were some young men, brothers and cousins of my lady's nymphs, who showed the same laudable desire of imitating him, as their kinswoman did of copying her. But each end of the table made now and then interchanges with the other; some of the most promising of my lord's followers were favoured with the countenance and regard of her ladyship; while on the other hand, some of her nymphs drew the particular attention of Acteon, and seemed, like those in the picture, willing to hide his Diana from him. Amidst those different, combined, or mingled parties, I could not help admiring the dexterity of Placid, who contrived to divide himself among them with wonderful address. To the landscape gardener he talked of clumps and swells; he spoke of harmony to the musician, of colouring to the painter, of hats and feathers to the young ladies, and even conciliated the elevated and unbending baronet, by appeals to him about the key at Marseilles, the corso at Rome, and the gallery of Florence. He was once only a little unfortunate in a reference to Colonel Caustic, which he meant as a compliment to my lady, "how much more elegant the dress of the ladies was now-a-days than formerly when they remembered it?" Placid is but very little turned of fifty.

Caustic and I were nearly "mutes and audience to this act." The colonel, indeed, now and then threw in a word or two of that *dolce piccante*, that sweet and sharp sort in which his politeness contrives to convey his satire. I thought I could discover that the company stood somewhat in awe of him; and even my lady endeavoured to gain his good-will by a very marked attention. She begged leave to drink his sister's health in a particular manner after dinner, and regretted exceedingly not being favoured with her company. "She hardly ever stirs abroad, my lady," answered the colonel; "besides (looking slyly at some of her ladyship's female friends,) she is not young, nor I am afraid bashful enough for one of Diana's virgins."

When we returned home in the evening, Caustic began to moralize on the scene of the day. "We were talking," said he to me, "t'other morning, when you took up a volume of Cook's Voyages, of the advantages and disadvantages arising to newly-discovered countries from our communication with them; of the wants we show them along with the conveniences of life, the diseases we communicate along with the arts we teach. I can trace a striking analogy between this and the visit of Lord and Lady Grubwell to the savages here, as I am told they often call us. Instead of the plain wholesome fare, the sober manners, the filial, the parental, the family virtues, which some of our households possessed, these great people will inculcate extravagance, dissipation, and neglect of every relative duty; and then in point of breeding and behaviour, we shall have petulance and inattention, instead of bashful civility, because it is the fashion with fine folks to be easy; and rusticity shall be set off with impudence, like a grogram waistcoat with tinsel binding, that only makes its coarseness more disgusting."

"But you must set them right, my good Sir," I replied, "in these particulars. You must tell your neighbours, who may be apt, from some spurious examples, to suppose that every thing contrary to the natural ideas of politeness is polite, that in such an opinion they are perfectly mistaken. Such a caricature is indeed, as in all other imitations, the easiest to be imitated; but it is not the real portraiture and likeness of a high-bred man or woman. As good dancing is like a more dignified sort of walk, and as the best dress hangs the easiest on the shape; so the highest good-breeding, and the most highly polished fashion, is the nearest to nature, but to nature in its best state, to that *belle nature* which works of taste (and a person of fashion is a work of taste) in every department require. It is the same in morals as in demeanour; a real man of fashion has a certain *retenue*, a degree of moderation in every thing, and will not be more wicked or dissipated than there is occasion for; you must therefore signify to that young man who sat near me at Lord Grubwell's, who swore immoderately, was rude to the chaplain, and told us some things of himself for which he ought to have been hanged, that he will not have the honour of going to the devil in the very best company."

"Were I to turn preacher," answered the colonel, "I would not read your homily. It might be as you say in former times; but in my late excursion to your city, I cannot say I could discover, even in the first company, the high polish you talk of. There was nature, indeed, such as one may suppose her in places which I have long since forgotten; but as for her beauty or grace, I could perceive but little of it. The world has been often called a *theatre;* now the theatre of your fashionable world seems to me to have lost the best part of its audience; it is all either the yawn of the side boxes, or the roar of the upper gallery. There is no *pit* (as I remember the pit); none of that mixture of good-breeding, discernment, taste, and feeling, which constitutes an audience, such as a first-rate performer would wish to act his part to. For the simile of the theatre will still hold in this further particular, that a man, to be perfectly well-bred, must have a certain respect and value for his audience, otherwise his exertions will generally be either coarse or feeble. Though indeed a perfectly well-bred man will feel that respect even for himself; and were he in a room alone," said Caustic (taking an involuntary step or two, till he got opposite to a mirror that hangs at the upper end of his parlour,) "would blush to find himself in a mean or ungraceful attitude, or to indulge a thought, gross, illiberal, or ungentlemanlike." "You smile," said Miss Caustic to me; "but I have often told my brother, that he is a very Oroondates on that score; and your Edinburgh people may be very well bred, without coming up to his standard." "Nay, but," said I, "were I even to give Edinburgh up, it would not affect my position. Edinburgh is but a copy of a larger metropolis; and in every copy the defect I mentioned is apt to take place; and of all qualities I know, this of fashion and good breeding is the most delicate, the most evanescent, if I may be allowed so pedantic a phrase. 'Tis like the flavour of certain liquors, which it is hardly possible to preserve in the removal of them." "Oh! now I understand you," said Caustic, smiling in his turn: "like

Harrowgate water for example, which I am told has spirit at the spring; but when brought hither, I find it, under favour, to have nothing but stink and ill taste remaining."

I.

No. 34.] Saturday, Sept. 24, 1785.

That we often make the misery, as well as "the happiness we do not find," is a truth which moralists have frequently remarked, and which can hardly be too often repeated. 'Tis one of those specific maxims which apply to every character and to every situation, and which therefore, in different modes of expression, almost every wise man has endeavoured to enforce and illustrate. Without going so far as the Stoics would have us, we may venture to assert, that there is scarce any state of calamity in which a firm and a virtuous mind will not create to itself consolation and relief; nor any absolute degree of prosperity and success in which a naturally discontented spirit will not find cause of disappointment and disgust.

But in such extremes of situation it is the lot of few to be placed. Of the bulk of mankind the life is passed amidst scenes of no very eventful sort, amidst ordinary engagements and ordinary cares. But of these, perhaps, still more than of the others, the good or evil is in a great measure regulated by the temper and disposition of him to whom they fall out; like metals in coin, it is not alone their intrinsic nature, but also that impression which they receive from us, that creates their value. It must be material, therefore, in the art of happiness, to possess the power of stamping satisfaction on the enjoyments which Providence has put into our hands.

I have been led into these reflections from meeting lately with two old acquaintances, from whom I had, by various accidents, been a long while separated, but whose dispositions our early intimacy had perfectly unfolded to me, and the circumstances of whose lives I have since had occasion to learn.

When at school, Clitander was the pride of his parents and the boast of our master. There was no acquirement to which his genius was not equal; and though he was sometimes deficient in application, yet whenever he chose he outshone every competitor.

Eudocius was a lad of very inferior talents. He was frequently the object of Clitander's ridicule, but he bore it with an indifference that very soon disarmed his adversary; and his constant obligingness and good humour made all his class-fellows his friends.

Clitander was born the heir of a very large estate, which coming to the possession of at a very early age, he set out on his travels, and continued abroad for a considerable number of years. In the accomplishments of the man, he was equally successful as he had been in the attainments of the boy, and attracted particular notice in the different places of his residence on the continent, as a young man from whom the highest expectations might reasonably be formed. But it was remarked by some intelligent observers, that he rather acquired than relished those accomplishments, and learned to judge more than to admire whatever was beautiful in nature, or excellent in art. At times he seemed, like other youthful possessors of ample fortunes, disposed to enjoy the means of pleasure which his situation enabled him to command. At other times, he talked with indifference or contempt both of those pleasures themselves, and of the companions with whom they had been shared. He remained longer abroad than is customary, as his friends said, to make himself master of whatever might be useful to his country or ornamental to himself; but in fact he remained where he was, as I have heard himself confess, from an indifference about whither he should go; because, as he frankly said, he thought he should find the same fools at Rome as at Paris, at Naples as at Rome. In going through Hungary, he visited the quicksilver mines, where the miserable workmen, pent up for life, hear of the light of the sun, as of the beauties of another world. One of those, as Clitander and his party came up to him, was leaning on his mattock, under one of those dismal lamps that unfold the horrors of the place, eating the morsel of brown bread that is allowed them. What wretched fare! said one of the company. But he seems to enjoy it! replied Clitander.

When he returned to England, he was surrounded by the young and the gay, who allured him to pleasure; and by more respectable characters, who invited him to business and ambition. With both societies he often mixed, but could scarcely be said to associate; to both he lent himself, as it were, for the time; but became the property of neither, and seemed equally dissatisfied with both.

When I saw him lately he was at his paternal seat, one of the finest places in one of the finest parts of the country. To my admiration of its improvements he assented with the coolness of a spectator who had often looked on them; yet I found that he had planned most of them himself. In the neighbourhood I found him respected but not popular; and even when I was told stories of his beneficence, of which there were many, they were told as deeds in which he was to be imitated rather than beloved. His hospitality was uncommonly extensive; but his neighbour partook of it rather as a duty than a pleasure. And though at table he said more witty and more lively things than all his guests put together, yet every body remarked how dull the dinner had been.

At his house I found Eudocius, who flew to embrace me, and to tell me his history, since we parted. He told it rather more in detail than was necessary; but I thanked him for his minuteness, because it had the air of believing me interested in the tale. Eudocius was now almost as rich as Clitander; but his fortune was of his own acquisition. In the line of commerce, to which he had been bred, he had been highly successful. Industry, the most untainted uprightness, and that sort of claim which a happy disposition had upon every good man he met, had procured him such advantages, that in a few years he found himself possessed of wealth beyond his most sanguine expectations, and, as he modestly said, much beyond his merits: but he did himself injustice; he had all the merit which enjoying it thankfully, and using it well, could give.—At his house, to which I afterwards attended him, most things were good, and Eudocius honestly praised them all. He had a group of his neighbours assembled, all of whom were happy; but those who came from visiting Clitander were always the happiest. In his garden and grounds there were some beauties which Eudocius showed you with much satisfaction; there were many deformities which he did not observe himself; if any other remarked them, he was happy they were discovered, and took a memorandum for mending them next year. His tenants and cottagers were contented and comfortable, or at least in situations that ought to make them so. If any of them came with complaints to Eudocius, he referred them to his steward, but with injunctions to treat them indulgently; and when the steward sometimes told him he had been imposed on, he said he would not trust the man again; but repeated a favourite phrase of his, which he had learnt from somebody, but adopted from pure good nature "that he might be cheated of his money, but should not of his temper." In this, as in every thing else, it was not easy to vex him, while on the other hand he was made happy at very little expense: he laughed at dull jokes, was pleased with bad pictures, praised dull books, and patronised very inferior artists—not always from an absolute ignorance of these things (though his taste, it must be owned, was none of the most acute), but because it was his way to be pleased, and that he liked to see people pleased around him.

It was not so with Clitander. Wanting that enthusiasm, that happy deception, which leads warmer, and indeed inferior minds, through life, he examined with too critical, perhaps too just an eye, its pleasures, its ambition, its love, its friendship, and found them empty and unsatisfying. Eudocius was the happy spectator of an indifferently played comedy; but Clitander had got behind the scenes, and saw the actors with all their wants and imperfections. Clitander, however, never shows the sourness or the melancholy of a misanthrope. He is not interested enough in mankind to be angry, nor is the world worth his being sad for. Thus he not only wants the actual pleasures of life, but even that sort of enjoyment which results from its sorrows.

> *Miserum te judico, quod nunquam fueris miser.*
>
> SEN.

The only satisfaction he seems to feel is that sort of detection which his ability enables him to make of the emptiness of the world's pleasures, the hypocrisy of its affected virtues, the false estimation of its knowledge, the ridiculousness of its pretended importance. Hence he is often a man of humour and of wit, and plays with both, with the appearance of gayety and mirth. But this gayety is not happiness. Such a detection may clothe one's face in smiles, but it cannot make glad the heart. In the gayety of Clitander, however excited, there is little enjoyment. Clitander undervalues his audience, and never delivers himself up to them with that happy cheerfulness with which Eudocius tells his old stories, and every one laughs without knowing why.

In the apathy of a dull man nobody is interested, and we consign him to its influence without reflection and without regret. But when one considers how much is lost to the world by the indifference of Clitander, one cannot help lamenting that unfortunate perversion of talents, by which they are not only deprived of their value, but made instruments of ill fortune; which, if I may be allowed the expression, disappoints the bounty of Heaven, both to its possessor himself, and to those around him, whom it ought to have enriched.

V.

No. 35.] SATURDAY, OCT. 1, 1785.

AMONG the apologies for irregularity and dissipation, none are of more pernicious tendency than those which are drawn from the good qualities with which that irregularity and dissipation are supposed to be generally accompanied. The warmth and openness of noble minds, it is said, are apt to lead them into extravagancies which the cold and the unfeeling can easily criticise, and may plausibly condemn. But in the same minds reside the virtues of magnanimity, disinterestedness, benevolence, and friendship, in a degree to which the tame and the selfish, who boast of the prudence and propriety of their conduct, can never aspire. The first resembles a luxuriant tree, which, amidst its wild and wandering shoots, is yet productive of the richest fruit; the others, like a dry and barren stock, put forth a few regular but stunted branches, which require no pruning indeed, but from which no profit is to be reaped.

It might be worth while to inquire into the justice of this account, to the truth of which the young and the gay are apt implicitly to assent; but the young and the gay have too much vivacity to reason, and as little inclination as leisure for inquiry: yet some of them, who knew Flavillus, may listen for a moment while I tell them his history. 'Tis the last time they will be troubled with his name, or his misfortunes!

He was the heir of an estate which was once reckoned very considerable. It descended to him burdened with a good deal of debt, and with a variety of incumbrances; but still Flavillus was held to have succeeded to a great possession, his nominal rent-roll being a large one. At an early period of life, he entered into the army; but he soon quitted a profession, where, in point of wealth, the prospects were not alluring; and where, in point of station, he had not patience to wait for the usual steps of advancement.—Flavillus, both while he was in the army, and after he quitted it, was accounted one of the most agreeable and most accomplished men that was any where to be met with. Nor was this reputation undeserved. Having had a complete university education, he had all the learning of a philosopher, without any of that pedantry which often attends it; and having mixed a good deal in the world, he had all the ease of a man of fashion, without any of that flippancy which mere men of fashion are apt to acquire. Flavillus, from those qualities, became the darling of society. His company was universally courted; and it was considered as a high recommendation to any party of pleasure, that he was to be one of the number. Possessed of an indolence which unfitted him for business, having quitted the army, the only profession he ever had the least inclination to cultivate, and too negligent to think of retrieving the incumbrances on his estate by economy and schemes of prudence, he gave himself completely up to the pleasures of society, and allowed himself to be captivated by the popularity which his manners secured him, and by the general good-will with which he was constantly received.

It is easy to conjecture the effects of such a course of life on the circumstances of Flavillus. The debts and incumbrances on his estate were allowed to remain, and the expense he was led into added much to their amount. At first Flavillus felt a good deal of uneasiness on this ground; he made some feeble efforts to retrench his expense, and to mix less in expensive society; to dress more plainly, to give up public places, to go no more to taverns, to lose no more money at play. But these better resolutions sunk under his love of pleasure, and his temptations to habitual indulgence. He became at length afraid to think of his circumstances; and the very despair which that occasioned made him plunge more deeply into dissipation. Painfully conscious as he was of much mispent time and mispent fortune, he durst not look into the account of either.

The deeper, however, he plunged into dissipation, the fonder of him did his companions become. The circle of his acquaintance indeed came to be in some measure changed. At an early period of life, his company was select: at a later period he became less nice about his friends; but still Flavillus was accounted one of the finest fellows in the world. His bottle companions were ever loud in his praise; at the midnight riot his name was never mentioned without the highest panegyric, without the warmest profession of friendship, confirmed by the most sacred oaths, and accompanied with the most endearing expressions of delight. Amidst the vociferations of merriment, and the jollity of debauch, to have listened to the sounds which then were uttered, one would have thought that the Goddess of Friendship herself had descended upon earth, and was animating the voice of the companions of Flavillus.

With all this Flavillus was far from being happy. Superior to the companions he now lived with, he could not always avoid reflecting on the nothingness of his situation; and though he was afraid to think upon it, he could not help at times foreseeing that the means of his extravagance must draw to a close. His spirit on some occasions rose within him, and he formed unavailing plans to retrieve his situation, and act worthy of himself: but he had proceeded too far to be able easily to retract; he had sunk in his own esteem, and, what was worse, was accustomed to feel that he had done so. In this state he remained for some time, the voice of reason and of right becoming more and more feeble, and the influence of present gratification strengthening with every fresh indulgence.

Matters, however, at length came to a crisis. Upon applying to his man of business, who had, without effect, made repeated remonstrances against his expensive course of life, he was told that there was no more money to be had—that his creditors, who had already had much patience, were now become too clamorous to be any longer flattered or amused; in short, he was informed in plain language, that without discharging his debts a jail must be the consequence.

Flavillus's mind was no longer what it had been. At a former period, had he foreseen such an event, it is hard to say what would have been the consequence. Now he stooped to the misery of his situation. The very night before he received this decisive intelligence he had been engaged in a debauch, which lasted from dinner till morning; he had parted with his companions amidst the loudest exclamations of social joy and social affection: the next night they had resolved to repeat their bliss and reiterate their enjoyment. —At this second meeting Flavillus ventured to mention his situation. I will spare my readers an account of the mortifying indifference with which his story was received. Flavillus found that from those friends whom he had frequently heard boast of the warmth and generosity of their souls, when compared with the meaner and colder minds of the dull, the plodding, and the sober; from those men with whom he used to set the table in a roar, with whom he had a thousand times come under the most sacred bonds of attachment, and who had a thousand times sworn they could not live without him;—from all of them was he obliged to receive, in different terms the same mortifying reply, that they could not afford him the smallest relief or assistance.

A gentleman, whom I shall here call Marcus, who had known Flavillus in younger days, who knew his good qualities, his accomplishments, so worthy of a better fate, who had often mourned over him, but who, from indignation at the dissipated course he had followed, had avoided his company, heard accidentally of this incident in his life. In the most delicate manner in the world, without his so much as knowing from whom the relief came, he was relieved, and, by this gentleman's bounty, was freed from the impending horror of a jail.

But Flavillus, though ruined by dissipation, had not yet fully attained either its apathy or its meanness. The generosity of Marcus, though it relieved his present distress, showed him at once the station he had lost, and that to which he was reduced. His body, which his former course of life had enfeebled, was too weak to support the agitation of his mind. He retired to a little country village, where he might equally avoid the neglect of those companions by whom his former follies had been shared, and the reproach or the pity of those by whom they had been censured or shunned. Here he lived on a small pension which the same benevolent interposition procured him, till a lingering nervous disorder put a period to his sufferings.

'Twas but a few weeks ago I assisted at his funeral. There I saw one or two of his former associates who had taken the trouble to attend, who, after a few inquiries after the cause of his death, and a few common-place regrets, that so agreeable and good-hearted fellow should have been so unfortunate, made an appointment for a supper in the evening. Marcus put a plain stone over his grave. I never look on it without the mortifying reflection, with how many virtues it might have been inscribed! without lamenting that so excellent natural abilities as those of Flavillus, so much improved by education, and so susceptible of farther improvement, should have been lost to every worthy and valuable purpose—lost in a course of frivolous or criminal dissipation, amidst companions without attachment or friendship, amidst pleasures that afforded so little real happiness or enjoyment.

P.

No. 36.] Saturday, Oct. 8, 1785.

Divitias operosiores. Hor.

——vain, superfluous store,
Which would encumber me the more.
Francis.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

'Tis but very lately that I became acquainted with your paper, our family only having taken it in last week for the first time, when it was recommended to my brother by Lady Betty Lampoon, who happened to be on a visit in our country. Her ladyship said, it was a dear sweet satirical paper, and that one found all one's acquaintance in it. And sure enough I found some of my acquaintance in it (for I am the only reader among us), and so shall I tell Mr. John Homespun when I meet him. Only think of a man come to his years to go to put himself and his neighbours into print in the manner he has done. But I dare to say it is all out of spite and envy at our having grown so suddenly rich, by my brother's good fortune in India; and to be sure, Sir, things are changed with us from what I remember; and yet perhaps we are not so much to be envied neither, if all were known. Do tell me, Sir, how we shall manage to be as happy as people suppose our good fortune must have made us.

But perhaps, Sir, it is not the *fashion* (as my sister-in-law and Mons. de Sabot says) to be happy.—Lord, Sir, I had forgot you don't know Mons. de Sabot! But really my head is not so clear as it used to be. I will try to tell you things in their order.—My brother, who, as Mr. Homespun has informed you, is returned home with a great fortune, is determined to live as becomes it, and sent down a ship-load of blacks in laced liveries, the servants in this country not being handy about fine things; though to tell you the truth, some of the blackamoors don't give themselves much trouble about their work, and two of them never do a turn except playing on the French horn, and sometimes making punch, when it is wanted particularly nice.

Besides these, there came down in two chaises my brother's own valet de sham, my sister's own maid, a man cook, who has two of the negers under him, and Mons. de Sabot, whom my brother wrote to me he had hired for a butler; but, when he came, he told us he was *maître dotelle*, and had been so to the Earl of C——, the Duke of N——, and two German princes. So, to be sure, we were almost afraid to speak to him, till we found he was as affable and obliging as could be, and told us every thing we ought to do to be fashionable, and like the great folks of London and Paris. Mons. de Sabot is acquainted with every one of them.

But then, Sir, it is so troublesome an affair to be fashionable! and so my father and mother, and the rest of us, who have never been abroad, find. We used to be as cheerful a family as any in the country; and at our dinners and suppers, if we had not fine things, we had pure good appetites, and, after the table was uncovered, used to be as merry as grigs at cross purposes, questions and commands, or what's my thought like? But now we must not talk loud, nor laugh, nor walk fast, nor play at romping games; and we must sit quiet during a long dinner of two courses and a dessert, and drink wine and water, and never touch our meat but with our fork, and pick our teeth after dinner, and dabble in cold water, and Lord knows how many other things: which Mons. de Sabot says every body *comi fo* does. And such a thing he tells me (for I am a sort of favourite and scholar of his) is *comi fo* in the first course, and such a thing in the second; and this in the entries, and that in the removes. *Comi fo*, it seems, means vastly fine in his language, though we country folks, if we durst own it, find the *comi fo* things often very ill tasted, and now and then a little stinking. But we shall learn to like them monstrously by and by, as Mons. de Sabot assures us.

My father is hardest of us all to be taught to do what he ought; and he cursed *comi fo* once or twice to Mons. de Sabot's face. But my brother and my sister-in-law are doing all that they can to wean him from his old customs, that he mayn't affront himself before company. He fought hard for his pipe and his spit-box; but my sister-in-law would not suffer the new window-curtains and chair covers to be put up till he had given over both. And, what do you think, Sir, the old gentleman was caught yesterday by my brother and a young baronet of his acquaintance, who went into the stable to look at one of my brother's studs, as they call it, smoking his pipe in one of the empty stalls. And I heard Sir Harry Driver give an account of it to my sister-in-law when they came in to supper, and how, as he said, "he had *tallyho'd* old Squaretoes, as he slunk from his kennel."

My brother, you must know, has a mind to be a parliament-man, and so he invites all the country, high and low, to eat and drink with him; and sometimes I have been sadly out of countenance, and so have we all, when some of his old acquaintance have told long stories of things which happened to them formerly, though ten to one my brother does not remember a syllable of them. As t'other day, when our schoolmaster's son Samuel put him in mind of their going together to Edinburgh for the first time, and how they had but one pair of silk stockings between them, and my brother had them on in the morning to see a gentleman who was first cousin to an East India director, and Sam got them in the evening to visit the principal of the college; and all this before Sir Harry Driver, Lord Squanderfield, and Lady Betty Lampoon.

Then my brother is turned an improver, which every body says is an excellent way of laying out his money, and is so public-spirited! —and the planner who has come to give directions about it tells us, that in a few years hence he will get five pounds for every five shillings he lays out now in that way. In the mean time, however, it gives him a great deal of trouble; when every thing is resolved upon to-day, 'tis a chance but it is all turned topsy-turvy to-morrow; for his voters, as they call the gentlemen on my brother's side of the question, who come to visit us, have every one their own opinion, and are always giving him advice how to do things for the best. One told him lately he should level such a piece of ground which is in sight of the bow-window in the drawing-room; another, a few mornings after, blamed this first adviser for want of taste, and said he would give 500 guineas for such a knoll in the very spot where they had levelled it; and so they are building rocks there, and planting them as fast as they can. He pulled down a piece of an old church that stood in the way of what they call the approach to the house; and presently a gentleman from England told him a ruin was the very thing wanted in that place,—and so the old church must be built up a-new. Lord Squanderfield advised him to make a piece of water in the garden; and they had almost finished it, when Lady Betty convinced him that in summer it would be a puddle, as she termed it, that would stink him out of his house, and fly-blow every bit of meat at his table.

Lady Betty has been very useful to my sister-in-law too about the choice of the furniture, though that likewise has been a troublesome job, owing to bad advice in the beginning. We had got sofas and stuffed chairs in the drawing-room, which my lady has made her change for cabrioles; and the damask beds she has persuaded her are not in the least fit for a country house; and so they are all taken down, and chintzes put up in their place.

In the same ship with the blacks, my brother brought down a great collection of pictures which were purchased for him at a sale in London, and are worth, I am told, Lord knows how much, though he got them, as he assures us, for an old song; and yet several of them I have heard cost some hundreds of pounds. But this between ourselves, is the most plaguy of all his fineries. Would you believe it, Sir, he is obliged to be two or three hours every morning in the gallery, with a little book in his hand, like a poor school-boy, getting by heart the names and the stories of all the men and women that are painted there, that he may have his lesson pat for the company that are to walk and admire the paintings till dinner is served up. And yet, after all, he is sometimes mistaken about them, as last Thursday he told a gentleman that was looking at the pictures, that the half-naked woman above the chimney piece was done for one Caroline Marrot (I suppose from the picture of some miss no better than she should be); whereas the gentleman, Mr. Gusto, declared it was as like Widow Renny as one egg is like another.

I could tell you a great deal more of embarrassments and vexations in the enjoyment of our good fortune; but I am sure I must have wearied you by my scribble-scrabble account of what I have told. It will be sufficient to show you that Mr. Homespun has not so much cause for envy as from his letter I presume he feels against us, and will, I hope, also procure a little of your good counsel how to make a *comi fo* life somewhat more comfortable to the greatest part of our family, and in particular to your humble servant,

Z. MARJORY MUSHROOM.

No. 37.] SATURDAY, OCT. 15, 1785.

THE mythology of the ancients has given rise to many an elegant allusion, and adorned many a beautiful description.

In a book published lately at Paris, containing an account of the principal gems in the cabinet of the Duke of Orleans, is the following excellent illustration of the pleasing effects of the popular religion of antiquity.

"The delightful fictions built on their religious system," says the author of this work, "have peopled and animated all nature, and made a solid temple of the vast universe. Those flowers, whose varied and shining beauty we so much admire, are the tears of Aurora. It is the breath of Zephyrus which gently agitates the leaves. The soft murmurs of the waters are the sighs of the Naiads. A god impels the winds. A god pours out the rivers. Grapes are the gift of Bacchus. Ceres presides over the harvest. Orchards are the care of Pomona. Does a shepherd sound his reed on the summit of a mountain, it is Pan who, with his pastoral pipe, returns the amorous lay. When the sportsman's horn rouses the attentive ear, it is Diana armed with her bow and quiver, more nimble than the stag she pursues, who takes the diversion of the chase. The Sun is a god, who, riding on a car of fire, diffuses his light through the world. The Stars are so many divinities, who measure with their golden beams the regular process of time. The Moon presides over the silence of the night, and consoles the world for the absence of her brother. Neptune reigns in the seas, surrounded by the Nereides, who dance to the joyous shells of the Tritons. In the highest heavens is seated Jupiter, the father and master of men and gods: under his feet roll the thunders formed by the Cyclops in the cavern of Lemnos; his smile rejoices nature, and his nod shakes the foundation of Olympus. Surrounding the throne of their sovereign, the other divinities quaff the nectar from a cup presented to them by the young and beautiful Hebe. In the middle of the bright circle shines with distinguished lustre the unrivalled beauty of Venus, alone adorned with a splendid girdle, on which the graces and sports for ever play; and in her hand is a smiling boy, whose power is universally acknowledged by heaven and earth."

It is impossible to read this elegant passage without feeling something of that delusion it describes; and the reader who is conversant in the classics will at once call to his recollection many of those animated descriptions and pleasing allusions with which those admirable works so much abound.

For my own part, however, while I must always remember, with a pleasing sort of gratitude, the delight which I have received from the poets of Greece and of Rome; and while I recollect, with a species of enthusiasm, that rapture I first received from the animated accounts of nature with which their works are adorned; I cannot help sometimes thinking that the taste which they have produced in modern times, that fondness of imitation they have given birth to, has in some respects hurt the works of the moderns, and, instead of improving, helped to spoil many an exertion of genius. The mythological allusions of the ancients were grafted on the popular opinions of the country; as such to a reader of the times they were natural; the mind easily acknowledged their justice, and something like an implicit belief attended their perusal. Even when they are perused by a modern, in the writings of the ancients, he acquires some portion of this belief. The same ductility of imagination which creates our sympathy and interest in the passions and feelings of an Achilles and an Æneas, though they lived in a distant region, and a period long since past, makes us enter into their religious creed, and the effects thereby produced. Our reason is for a time suspended; and we can for a moment suppose Minerva to descend from heaven to assist a Grecian hero, or Eolus to inflate the winds at the suit of Juno, to overwhelm in the billows the unfortunate son of a rival goddess.

But those animated and personified descriptions, however natural in an ancient author, and however they may interest even a modern reader by the same sympathy which engages us in the fate of a hero who died a thousand years ago, have now ceased to be natural. When used by a modern writer, they do not proceed from an animated mind, impressed and governed by the belief of his countrymen, but are the effect of a mere copy, the feeble offspring of a cold and servile imitation.

Whether it has proceeded from this cause I know not; but while I feel the most pleasing delusion from the mythological fictions of the ancient authors, I have always felt something very much the reverse from the same fictions when appearing in the works of the moderns. The scenes which nature lays before us, and the actions of those men who are placed in interesting situations, when well described, and naturally represented, must ever be delightful; but when in a modern author I see nature left as it were behind, and borrowed description and allusion made use of, I ever have found my mind, instead of being gratified, cheated of that pleasure which it wished to enjoy. The delusion in which I was fond to indulge has been removed, and fanciful conceit has usurped the place of nature.

Another bad consequence of this servile imitation of the ancients, of this borrowing what was natural in them, but which is no longer so in us, has been to prevent modern authors from studying nature as it is, from attempting to draw it as it really appears; and instead of giving genuine descriptions, it leads them to give those only which are false and artificial.

Every reader acquainted with our modern authors will easily recal a variety of passages to illustrate these remarks.

To take an instance from the works of an author who does the highest honour to this country, what can be more absurd than the following lines as a description of Windsor Forest?

See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamelled ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the jovial reapers' hand.

This is surely not a description of Windsor Forest.

In like manner, the description in the same poem, of Thames shedding tears for Cowley's death, must surpass all modern credulity; and of an equally unnatural kind is the transformation of Lodona, the daughter of father Thames.

In the Pastorals of the same author, what strange effects are produced by the mourning of a shepherd boy along the side of the Thames!

There while he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in every wat'ry bower,
And Jove consented in a silent shower.

The same shepherd thus describes the effects of his numbers:

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds my song.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples; the descriptive poems of the moderns are full of them.

One author deserves to be excepted, an author who has been justly deemed an original, and whose character of originality is in a great measure owing to his having painted nature as it is, and laid aside the mythological allusions of antiquity.—Thomson, in his Seasons, may be styled the great poet of Nature. In that poem he has described the whole varied year, and the different scenes which its variations produce.

"This author," says a distinguished critic, "is entitled to one praise of the highest kind: his mode of thinking and of expressing his thoughts is original. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on nature and on life with the eye which Nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes, in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the Seasons wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson expresses."

Great part of this high praise appears to me to have arisen from what has been observed, of Thomson's having studied nature, and painted it as it is. Hardly, and with very few exceptions, will he be found endeavouring to adorn or heighten his descriptions with the religious fictions of antiquity.

As this author has drawn his pictures of nature from nature itself, so the nearer we bring his pictures to the originals from which he draws, the more will we admire them; the nearer our examination is, the more will our mind be filled and kindled with those sentiments which his descriptions produce. They resemble those striking likenesses, those highly finished portraits, which we examine by the side of the persons who sit for them. I am never more delighted with Thomson's Winter, the best of his Seasons, than when I read it in the month of December, and listen to the "savage howl of the blast," and see the "sky saddened with the gathered storm."

A.

No. 38.] Saturday, Oct. 22, 1785.

I happened, a few evenings ago, to have an appointment with a friend of mine, a gentleman of the law, which some particular business prevented him from keeping with his usual punctuality. While I waited for him in his study, I took down from one of his shelves a book at random, to amuse myself with till he should come in. In my character of Lounger, I have learned never to put back a book because its subject promises to be a dull one. Though this was a law folio, therefore, I sat down contentedly to peruse it; having often experienced, that, in books where I looked for the least entertainment, I have unexpectedly met with the most. So it happened in this law treatise; where, on the chapter of marriage, which chanced to turn up to me, I found the nice distinctions and subtleties of legal investigation so illuminated with a variety of interesting cases, that I shall certainly recommend the book, and particularly the above-mentioned chapter of it, to all my young friends who are engaged in the study of that dry and intricate science. I am persuaded their imaginations will not be less exercised than their judgments, in following the learned author through the numerous pointed illustrations which he gives of the doctrines there laid down. Of these doctrines the abstract seems to be, that though certain smaller deceptions are not sufficient for setting aside a matrimonial engagement; yet a very high degree of deceit made use of by one of the parties to influence and inveigle the other will render the marriage void and null *ab initio*, as if no such contract had ever been made.

I was deeply engaged in those speculations, when my friend cut them short by entering the room; and, as his time is precious, we had no leisure to follow them together; though I had much inclination to have asked his assistance in clearing up some legal doubts which the author's reasoning had created in my mind. When I got home at night, the subject recurred to my memory; but, beside a warm fire in a cold evening, even the thoughts of marriage will not keep a man awake. I insensibly fell asleep in my chair, when a dream took up (as is generally the case) the thread of my waking thoughts, and pursued it in the following whimsical manner.

Methought I was carried into a great hall, which, in its gloom, its antique ornaments, and its dustiness, resembled some of our courts of justice; at the further end of which was seated, in the dress and with the insignia of a judge, the learned and worthy author of the treatise above-mentioned. By one of the attendants of the court I was informed, that his office was a sort of chancellorship of matrimony, with the power of confirming or annulling all marriages, as in equity and good conscience should seem to him proper; that this was one of the days appointed for hearings; and that the parties, complainants and respondents, were waiting without, ready to be called in to state their complaints and defences. I, who am a bachelor, which I believe I formerly hinted to my readers, felicitated myself on this happy opportunity of instruction and entertainment, and sat down on one of the benches, to hear with attention the different causes that should be argued.

The first person who came to the bar was a man of rather an ungracious appearance, and a countenance not at all expressive of good-humour. He exhibited his complaint, and prayed for a dissolution of his marriage on the head of deception in his wife's temper; who, as he informed the judge, had made herself appear before marriage one of the sweetest and most engaging young women in the world—that during her virgin state she had never been seen, at least by the complainant, with a single frown on her brow, and was the very life and soul of every company she was in; but that she had not been married a week, when he discovered that she was (saving the court's presence) a very devil incarnate; that scarce a day passed in which she did not abuse himself, ill-treat his friends, and whip all the children round; and that he was obliged to change his servants every half-year, except one old cross devil of a cook-maid, whom she kept to vex and plague him. The lady being called on for her defence, denied any deception by which the marriage had been brought about, or could now be annulled; for that all her acquaintance could testify how good-natured she was when she was not contradicted; and that before marriage her husband had never contradicted her. She likewise pleaded recrimination in bar of his complaint; and offered to prove that he himself was one of the most cross-tempered men in the world. The judge dismissed the complaint; but recommended to the parties, since they seemed equally dissatisfied, to separate by mutual consent. The husband seemed inclined to adopt this proposition; but the lady rejected it; and, flinging out of court with a toss up of one side of her hoop, said, she had more spirit than to indulge him in that. The husband growled something, which I could not hear, and followed her.

The second complainant was dressed in a very shabby coat, and had a very indecent length of beard on his face. He prayed a dissolution of his marriage, from a gross deception in point of his wife's person and appearance. He was, he said, chiefly induced to the match, from the beauty of her face and the elegance of her figure, which first had made her his toast, then his mistress, and lastly his wife: that for some little time after his marriage, this deception was perfectly kept up: that in a few months, however, he began to be sensible of it; and after her becoming pregnant of her first child, it was apparent to every body: that subsequent to that period, his wife totally neglected all attention to her shape and complexion; and had ever since been so perfect a slattern as to have forfeited all pretensions to those qualities, on the faith of which he had married her. The lady made no appearance, which some one in court suggested was owing to its being so early an hour, as she seldom rose till twelve, and never was dressed till three. Indeed, upon some question of the judge, it came out, that the husband had never seen her before marriage at an earlier hour, and seldom even then, but at great dinners, private balls, and public assemblies. His lordship delayed the further consideration of the cause till another day, recommending to the gentleman, when he appeared there again, to show the respect due to the court, by having his beard shaved, and putting on a clean shirt.

The third prosecutor was an elderly gentleman with a wrinkled face, and a body seemingly very infirm, who came forward to the bar by the help of a staff, or rather crutch. He represented to the court that he had married a few years before, after having lived a bachelor till he was turned of sixty, a young, innocent girl, as he imagined, who had been bred up, at her father's house in the country, in perfect ignorance of the town, its expenses and amusements, who knew only how to knit, work fringes, and border an apron, to assist at making of a pudding, and constructing a gooseberry-pie; whose greatest expense was a silk gown once in two years, with a calico of her own making for morning wear; and whose highest pleasure consisted in dancing at a country wedding, or a Christmas gambol. But that, not long after she was married, she contrived to have him bring her to town, where she spent as much money in one month as it had cost her father to keep her all her life before; and actually wore, at this moment, a cap and feathers, the price of which would have clothed her for a whole year in the country: that she was scarcely ever at home, except when she had asked a dozen fine people to dinner or supper, and was seldom in bed till three in the morning: that she would not suffer any of his former companions to approach her, but kept company only with dissipated young people of the other sex, or extravagant and giddy women of her own. And therefore, from all those circumstances, showing the highest degree of deception under which he had been inveigled to marry, he prayed a dissolution of the matrimonial engagement, dropping some hints at the same time, that the young lady might do very well for a younger and a gayer husband, and that he would come down handsomely, to make her worth another man's taking. To this complaint, it was answered on the part of the lady, that there was no sort of deception in the case; that she had all along declared she did not care a farthing for her intended husband, but on the contrary hated and abhorred him: that he had bribed her parents, who had partly frightened and partly cajoled her into the match, by the offer of large settlements, and the flattering prospect of being the wife of a very rich man; so that, in the very nature of the contract, she gave up her person to her said husband, in exchange for the enjoyment of such pleasures as his fortune could enable her to command for the present, and the hopes of what a large jointure might procure for the future: that, therefore, all the finery, amusements, and expense, which he complained of, were only parts of the first clause of the agreement; and that whatever vexation or uneasiness her conduct might create to him, were but justifiable means of fulfilling the accomplishment of the second. The chancellor delivered his opinion in favour of the respondent; but proposed, in compassion to the husband (which, however, the worthy judge declared his conduct had little merited), that they should compromise matters, by the lady's renouncing her right to the man, on being immediately vested in her jointure. The lady was deliberating on this proposal, when her lord declared himself in the negative; and clearing his voice with a hem, hobbled out of court in a step somewhat firmer than that in which he entered, saying, Nobody could tell which of them might have the benefit of survivorship.

The next case was pretty similar to the foregoing, except that the plaintiff was the wife, and the defendant her husband; an old lady of threescore *versus* a young stout fellow of five-and-twenty. She alleged, that when a virgin, she had been made to believe he loved her to desperation; but had discovered, the very day of the wedding, that he was only enamoured of twenty thousand pounds she happened to possess in the long annuities. The husband denied the charge of deceiving her; for that she knew from the beginning of their acquaintance, that he wished to marry the long annuities, which he said, smiling, he would endeavour to make shorter. The lady on this lost temper. "Do you dare to say so, Sir?" she exclaimed; "you whom I saved from a jail! you, who, before I took compassion on you, had not a coat to your back, nor a dinner to your belly! Do you dare to look in my face, and say you did not deceive me?"—"Madam," replied the spark, with an easy impudent air, "do you venture to show that face and to say so?" On this she broke out into such a violent passion, and was so vehement in her outcries, that the noise awaked me.—"'Twas but a dream," said I, starting from my chair;—"and yet—'tis as well I am a bachelor."

I.

No. 39.] Saturday, Oct. 29, 1785.

A judge is just, a chancellor juster still,
A gownman learned, a bishop what you will,
Wise, if a minister, &c. Pope.

It is an old, and has been a frequent observation, that men of genius seldom succeed in the common business of life. I have nowhere, however, found it so happily illustrated, as by a question of Swift's, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke:—"Did you never (says he) observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? Did you ever know the knife fail to go the right way? whereas, if he had used a razor or a pen-knife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet."

The very idea of genius and of fine parts implies that they should be rare and uncommon. The ordinary course of society, therefore, has not been left to depend upon them; but it has been wisely ordered, that the business of life, almost in all its departments, should admit of being carried on by such men, and with such talents, as are every day to be met with.

The unexperienced and the vulgar are apt to judge of talents from the success with which they are attended; to estimate the difficulty of situations from their supposed importance, or from the attention which they draw, and the rank which they confer in society.

With them, the lawyer or the physician who has obtained high reputation, or arrived at high practice, is concluded to possess more than ordinary talents for his profession; and if a person has commanded an army or a fleet with success; if he has figured in either house of parliament; if he has made himself of importance to government, and filled a high department in the state; the public set no bounds to their admiration, and every one concludes the genius and talents of such a man to be of the highest magnitude.

When we resist, however, the glare of success, and the impression of public opinion, and call experience to our aid in the examination of particular instances, we shall find not only that all these situations have been attained, but that they have been filled with credit to the possessors, and satisfaction to the public, by men whose talents and whose virtues were no ways extraordinary. Nay, perhaps, on a closer investigation, we shall be convinced, that such persons owed to the mediocrity of their talents, and the defects or weaknesses of their character, that elevation which to many has appeared the attainment of genius and the reward of virtue.

Lelius possessed uncommon talents. He derived from nature a correct judgment, a sound and penetrating understanding; and his natural endowments were cultivated by a liberal education, an early acquaintance with the best writers, and a familiar intercourse with men of genius and of letters. There were few branches of public or of national business respecting which he was not possessed of ample information. His views with regard to them were always liberal, generally profound, and seldom failed of being just and well founded.

As a speaker, Lelius seldom addressed himself to the passions or the fancy of his audience. He had, however, an easy and unembarrassed elocution, a sufficient command of language to communicate his views with clearness and perspicuity. His style, though simple and unadorned, was pure and correct; and his manner, though plain, was forcible and manly. He had obtained a seat in the House of Commons, at a time of life when his reputation for knowledge was generally established, when his talents were in their fullest vigour; and if at any time he offered his sentiments, he never failed of being listened to with attention, or of finding them received with that respect to which they were so well entitled.

The talents of Lelius, however, were of a kind which very seldom disposed him to make that effort. Accustomed to investigate with accuracy, to view his subject in every possible light, and to see the force of every difficulty which presented itself, he was not easily satisfied with the extent of his information, nor convinced of the justice of his opinions; and men of more limited views and shallower understandings, but of bolder or of rasher spirits, were generally allowed to carry away the reputation of that knowledge, and of those talents, the extent of which would not allow Lelius to display them.

Cornelius had obtained an education equally liberal, and had the same opportunities to improve himself by books and conversation; nor were his knowledge and information less extensive than those of Lelius. He was not perhaps altogether his equal in acuteness of understanding or strength of judgment; but, if he fell short in these, he no less surpassed him in a brilliancy of fancy and vigour of imagination, improved by an early acquaintance with whatever is beautiful or sublime in the classical productions of ancient or of modern times.

Full of sentiment and of feeling, enlivened by fancy, enriched by imagery, and often flowing in a style of the most classic beauty, the eloquence of Cornelius could not fail to command attention, and to be listened to with pleasure.

But, while his knowledge and eloquence gained to Cornelius the reputation of an accomplished scholar and a fine speaker, his ideas were often too refined, and his views too loose for business. His eloquence lost its power of persuasion, from an idea that it was calculated to dazzle rather than to inform; and though he often spoke with applause, and sometimes with success, it never procured him the reputation of a man of business, nor raised him to any considerable share of public trust or public power. If it had, we should in all probability have seen how widely that fancy and imagination, by which Cornelius was so well qualified to display supposed advantages or blemishes in the measures and the conduct of others, differ from that cool judgment and those plain talents which are fit to direct men in the choice of their own.

Claudius had neither the profound knowledge of Lelius, nor the genius and imagination of Cornelius, and he had received an education much less liberal than that of either.

Claudius, however, with little knowledge, no fineness of genius, and a taste altogether uncultivated, had derived from nature a quickness of parts and readiness of apprehension, which, for the common purposes of life, are of inestimable advantage. The reach of his understanding and the range of his ideas were limited; but it was an understanding of that kind which within these limits discerned its object with clearness, and formed its opinions on all occasions with celerity and decision.

Claudius's eloquence could neither compare in purity or correctness with that of Lelius, nor in eloquence and beauty with that of Cornelius. The same cast of mind, however, which gave to Claudius a quickness in forming his opinions, gave him a readiness in calling up and bringing together those views and arguments which seemed fitted to support them, as well as a facility of clothing his ideas in language which, though generally incorrect, and seldom elegant, was always clear, and derived from the sanguine and ardent mind of the speaker a certain degree of warmth and force, the effects of which, in a popular assembly, are often found superior to the justest reasoning and the most finished eloquence.

If the speeches of Claudius were less beautiful than those of Cornelius, they seldomer wandered from the subject; and they were not only better adapted to their object, but had more the appearance of plainness and sincerity. Though they afforded less pleasure, they had a stronger tendency to convince; and had often credit for more solidity, not from their greater weight of argument, but from a want of those ornaments by which the arguments of Cornelius were accompanied. If he thought with less precision, and had less knowledge of his subject than Lelius, he never hesitated, like him, amidst the labour of illustration, or with an anxiousness for perspicuity, but pressed forward on his hearers with a boldness which they often mistook for proof, and a confidence that passed for demonstration.

The same turn of mind which ensured the success of Claudius as a speaker, not only obtained him a higher reputation, but in reality conferred upon him a greater capacity for the conduct of public business, for the ordinary detail of which his plain good sense was more adapted than the lively fancy and fine genius of Cornelius; for such business his bold and decisive temper was better fitted, than that understanding which in Lelius was attended with an indecision, and an undetermined anxiety, which the hurry of business and the course of affairs will not admit of.

On a review of these characters, therefore, while we respect the superior understanding of Lelius, and admire the fine genius and accomplishments of Cornelius, we at the same time see that they were less fitted for the conduct of affairs, and the bustle of life, than the active, though less profound understanding, and the sound, though less brilliant and less cultivated talents of Claudius; we easily perceive why these not only did, but why they were likely, and indeed entitled to confer superior success in the attainment of those objects at which they had chosen to aspire.

Such examples, I believe, almost every period would afford, if of every period we were able to collect the history from impartial and unbiassed testimony. Were the characters of those who have attained stations of eminence always drawn by well-informed or faithful relators, whose views were not dazzled by grandeur, or their praise secured by patronage, we should find the elevation of such men ascribable to talents of a much lower rank than those lofty attributes with which their panegyrists invest them; and could the unsuccessful find historians, their relations would frequently convince us, that independently of the numberless accidents which disturb the course of society, and disappoint the best-founded hopes and most probable means of success, even in those departments of life where genius and talents may be supposed most necessary, men are as apt to fail from too large as from too small a share of those envied endowments.

And if we take into the account that dignity of soul, often the attendant of high talents, which places them above the accommodating compliances of inferior minds; or the effect of those delicate feelings from which the man of genius will often find himself hurt by incidents to which common spirits can easily submit; we shall discover many additional sources of that disappointment which he is apt to meet with, and be still more satisfied, that superior talents and fine genius are instruments too finely tempered for the common drudgery of life, and were not meant to reap their reward from the successful pursuit of business or ambition.

L.

No. 40.] Saturday, Nov. 5, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

In the works of your predecessors, as well as in every other book of didactic wisdom, much stress is laid on the advantages of a cultivated education, of an early acquaintance with the celebrated authors of antiquity. From Cicero downwards (and indeed much more anciently than Cicero) the benefits of learning have been enumerated, which is held forth as the surest road to respect, to advancement, and to happiness.

There was a time, Mr. Lounger, when this was my own opinion; and, seconded by the wishes of my parents, I early applied myself to every branch of learning which their circumstances, rather narrow ones, could set within my reach. As I was intended for the church, I received an academical education suited to that profession; and acquired besides a considerable knowledge, as was generally allowed, in different departments of science not absolutely requisite to the situation of a clergyman. For the acquisition of these I was indebted to the generous assistance of a gentleman whose godson I happened to be. He used to say, that a clergyman in this country should know something more than divinity; that he must be the physician, the geographer, and the naturalist of his parish: and accordingly, to the scanty allowance of my father, he made an addition equal to the procuring me an opportunity of acquiring the different branches of knowledge connected with those studies.

By the favour of the same gentleman, I lately procured a recommendation to a friend of his, a baronet in my native county, who has in his gift the presentation to a considerable living, of which the present incumbent is in such a valetudinary state, as makes his surviving long a matter of very little probability. To this recommendation a very favourable answer was received, expressive of the great regard which the baronet and his family bore to the gentleman who patronized me, and accompanied with what we thought a very fortunate piece of condescension and politeness, an invitation for me to spend a week or two at the baronet's country-seat during the autumn vacation. Of this I need not say how happy we were to accept. My family rejoiced at the introduction which I was about to procure to the notice and complacency of a great man's house, and considered it as the return which they had always hoped for all their trouble and expense about my education. My own pride was not silent on the subject. I looked on this visit as an opportunity afforded me of displaying the talents with which I flattered myself I was endowed, and the knowledge I had been at such pains to attain.

When I arrived at the baronet's, I found him and his lady a good deal disappointed with my appearance and address, which I now first perceived to want something which was essential to good company. I felt an awkwardness, which my want of mixing with the world had occasioned, and an embarrassment which all my knowledge did not enable me to overcome. For these, however, Sir John and Lady F—— felt rather compassion than displeasure, and delivered me over to the valet de chambre, to make me somewhat smarter, as they called it, by having my hair more modishly dressed, and the cut of my coat altered; an improvement which I rather felt as an indignity, than acknowledged as a favour. These preliminaries being adjusted, I was suffered to come into company, where I expected to make up for the deficiency of my exterior by displaying the powers of my mind and the extent of my knowledge. But I discovered, to my infinite mortification, that my former studies had been altogether misapplied, and that in my present situation they availed me nothing. My knowledge of the learned languages of classical authors, of the history, the philosophy, and the poetry of the ancients, I met with no occasion to introduce, and no hearers to understand; but it was found that I could neither carve, play whist, sing a catch, or make up one in a country dance. A young lady, a visitor of the family, who was said to be a great reader, tried me with the enigmas of the Lady's Magazine, and declared me impracticably dull. Geography, astronomy, or natural history, Sir John and his companions neither understood nor cared for; but some of them reminded the baronet, in my presence, of a clergyman they had met with in one of their excursions, a man of the most complete education, who was allowed to be the best bowler in the county, a dead shot, rode like the devil (these were the gentleman's words), and was a sure hand at finding a hare.

If these qualities are not very clerical, they may however be deemed innocent; but I find, from the discourse of the family, that some other things are required of Sir John's parson, which it would not be so easy for a good conscience to comply with. He must now and then drink a couple of bottles, when the company chooses to be frolicsome; he must wink at certain indecencies in language and irregularities in behaviour; and once when Sir John had sat rather longer than usual after dinner, he told me that a clergyman, to be an honest fellow, must have nothing of religion about him.

In the seclusion of a college, I may perhaps have over-rated the usefulness of science, and the value of intellectual endowments; my pride of scholarship, therefore, I should be willing to overcome, since I find that learning confers so little estimation in the world: but as, on the score of qualifications, I am incapable of what is desired, and, in the article of indulgences, will never submit to what is expected, is it not my duty, Mr. Lounger, to resign my pretensions to the living which was promised me; though I dread the reproaches of my parents, whom the prospect of having me so soon provided for had made happy; though I fear to offend my benefactor, who recommended me to Sir John, and at the same time assured me that he was one of the best sort of men he knew; yet surely to purchase patronage and favour by such arts is unworthy, to insure them by such compliances is criminal.

I am, &c.

MODESTUS.

In the course of my late excursion to the country, I have seen some instances of the evil complained of by my correspondent, which equally surprised and grieved me. The proprietor of a country parish, if he has the true pride and feeling of his station, will consider himself as a kind of sovereign of the domain; bound like all other sovereigns, as much for his own sake as for theirs, to promote the interests and happiness of his people. So much of both depend on the choice of their pastor, that perhaps there is no appointment which he has the power of making more material to the prosperity and good order of his estate. The advantages of rational religion, or the evils which arise from its abuse, which are often the effects of a proper or improper nomination of a clergyman, form a character of the people of a district not more important to their moral and eternal interests than to their temporal welfare and prosperity.

I was very much pleased, in my last visit at Colonel Caustic's, with the appearance and deportment of the clergyman of his parish, who was a frequent visitor of my friend and his sister. The colonel, after drawing his character in a very favourable way, concluded with telling me, that he had seen something of the world, having officiated in the early part of his life as *the chaplain of a regiment*. To this circumstance, I confess, I was inclined to impute some of the colonel's predilection in his favour: but a little acquaintance with him convinced me, that he had done the good man no more than justice in his eulogium. There was something of a placid dignity in his aspect; of a politeness, not of form but of sentiment, in his manner; of a mildness, undebased by flattery, in his conversation, equally pleasing and respectable. He had now no family, as Miss Caustic informed me, having had the misfortune to lose his wife, and two children she had brought him, a good many years ago. But his parishioners are his family, said she. His look indeed was parental, with something above the cares, but not the charities, of this world; and over a cast of seriousness, and perhaps melancholy, that seemed to be reserved for himself, there was an easy cheerfulness, and now and then a gayety, that spoke to the innocent pleasures of life a language of kindness and indulgence.

" 'Tis the religion of a gentleman," said Colonel Caustic.—" 'Tis the religion of a philosopher," said I.—" 'Tis something more useful than either," said his sister. " Did you knew his labours, as I have sometimes occasion to do! The composer of differences; the promoter of peace and of contentment; the encourager of industry, sobriety, and all the virtues that make the lower ranks prosperous and happy. He gives to religion a certain graciousness which allures to its service, yet in his own conduct he takes less indulgence than many that preach its terrors. The duties of his function are his pleasures, and his doctrine is, that every man will experience the same thing, if he brings his mind fairly to the trial: that to fill our station well is in every station to be happy.

" The great and the wealthy, I have heard the good man say," continued the excellent sister of my friend, " to whom refinement and fancy open a thousand sources of delight, do not make the proper allowance for the inferior rank of men. That rank has scarce any exercise of mind or imagination but one, and that one is religion; we are not to wonder if it sometimes wanders into the gloom of superstition, or the wilds of enthusiasm. To keep this principle warm but pure, to teach it as the gospel has taught it, ' the mother of good works,' as encouraging, not excusing our duties, the guide at the same time, and the sweetener of life; to dispense this sacred treasure as the balm of distress, the cordial of disease, the conqueror of death! These are the privileges which I enjoy, which I hope I have used for the good of my people: they have hitherto shed satisfaction on my life, and I trust will smooth its close!"

" 'Tis the religion of a Christian !" said Miss Caustic.

Z.

No. 41.] SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1785.

Pandere res altâ nocte et caligine mersas. VIRG.

——————To bring to light,
Matters till now concealed in darkest night.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH the present age is undoubtedly possessed of a great deal of knowledge and science of which former periods could not boast, yet it must, on the other hand, be allowed, that we are apt to plume ourselves upon our acquirements fully as much as we are entitled to. We pretend a superiority over ancient times, not only on account of the discoveries we have made, but of the prejudices we have overcome, and smile with a contemptuous self-importance on the easy faith of our ancestors.

Of this latter sort is the credit which almost every modern takes for a total disbelief of spirits, apparitions, and witches. Not a school-boy now-a-days who does not laugh at the existence of witchcraft and sorcery; and, if he has ever heard of the statute-book, he silences every argument, by the quotation of the act of parliament which repealed the ancient laws by which those crimes were punishable, and thus expressed the sense of the legislature that no such crimes existed.

Yet it is certain, that many of the wisest and best-informed among our forefathers had a firm belief in the existence of witchcraft and sorcery, and one of the most learned of our monarchs actually wrote a treatise on the subject. To this some of the less amusing of our modern sceptics answer, that though, at the time of passing the old laws now repealed, and of writing that royal and learned treatise above-mentioned, such a diabolical art and mystery might really and truly prevail; yet now, in the eighteenth century, it is no longer practised, and that witchcraft, conjuration, and sorcery, are entirely abolished and unknown.

I, for my part, have more reverence for the penetration of our forefathers, than to suppose they could have been deceived as to what happened in their own time; and further, I am not ashamed to confess my belief that even yet there exists such an art as that of witchcraft; nor do I despair of bringing over my readers to this opinion, if they will listen with candour to the proofs I propose in this paper to bring in support of it.

I conceive the fairest way of doing this to be, to cite, from the best authority among the old writers, the appearances they particularly remarked, and the facts they specifically set forth, of the practice of this unchristian and diabolical art in their time; and then to appeal to the experience and observation of every unprejudiced person, whether such appearances and facts are not at this day frequently and commonly seen and known. If this be allowed, it may, I think, fairly be presumed, that the same causes produce the same effects, that these extraordinary phenomena are now, as formerly, the effect of unnatural means, to wit, of witchcraft, sorcery, or conjuration.

The treatise of King James I should certainly choose as the highest authority on this subject, were it not, from its dialogistic form, rather diffuse, and not easily compressible into the short limits of your paper. I shall therefore extract from another writer, a contemporary of that wise and learned monarch, a more brief account of the different sorts of witchcraft, which, however, is chiefly taken from, and in most particulars entirely agrees with, the dialogues of the king on that subject.

"I think it good," says the writer, "in this place to set down the divers sorts and classes of those unlawful and accursed dealers in witchcraft, conjuration, enchantment, and sorcery, on whom the late wise and wholesome law *(anno secundo, vulgo primo, Jacob. cap.* 12.) doth especially attach.

"1. There are who, moulding images of persons on whom they mean to practise, and making up the same to something of human similitude, with wax, paint, hair, and other materials, do stick into the same scissars, long pins, and other piercing weapons, and at last laying the same before a strong fire, as the wax of the image melteth away, so doth the flesh of the poor wight whom it representeth (which was at first tortured and torn as with the wounding of such sharp instruments as aforesaid) burn and consume with strange pains and pinings.

"2. Others there be, exceeding rife in Lapland, Finland, and other wild parts of the world, who at their nightly meetings, by incantations and uncouth form of words, calling the arch-fiend to their aid, and being sometimes armed with charms and amulets of strange shape and divers colours, these withered and devilish hags do raise storms, tempests, and angry appearances of the sky, to the wreck of many goodly ships, and rich merchandise.

"3. A third kind is of those who being more stirred with the greed of lucre than pricked on (as the two last-mentioned sorts) with anger and revenge, do, by compact with the devil, procure to themselves much wealth in gold, silver, and precious stones, which they find in chests, caskets, and other places, into which no man could put the same by any natural means. But therein oft-times is manifest the notable deceit of the great father of lies, that the said gold and other precious things shall, in a short space, be turned again into stones, dross, or other unvalued substances, whereof Satan (as may be conjectured) did first by his power and art make and fashion the same.

"4. There is likewise to be noted a power which such wizards and sorcerers do possess, of transporting themselves invisibly, so that no man knoweth whence they came, nor whither they go, and of entering houses, though the same be barred against them in all manner of usual passage and access, disquieting and affraying the inhabitants thereof; though generally (as our royal master well observeth in his most learned Dialogue on Demonologie, book iii. chap. 1.), when those wizards or spirits (for their kind and species seemeth not well determined) haunt certain houses that are dwelt in, it is a sure token of grosse ignorance, or of some grosse and slanderous sinnes amongst the inhabitants thereof."

Now, to bring examples to the various kinds of witchcraft similar to the above, which still continue to be practised in modern times. Is not Miss ——, to whose health I have drank so many bumpers, plainly a witch of the first class? Does she not make up an image like a human one, with wax (otherwise pomatum) and paint (as is sometimes alleged), hair and other materials, stick into the same *scissars*, *long pins*, and other piercing weapons, and which causeth those on whom she intends to practise to burn and consume with strange pains and pinings? I must further observe here, that my author on this part of his subject differs from his royal master on the question, "Whether it is lawful, by the help of another witch, to cure the disease that is casten on by the craft of the first?" which question the king had answered in the negative; but this latter writer argues for the lawfulness of that mode of cure. Our modern *bewitched* accordingly seem almost universally to agree in the latter opinion.

The nightly meetings of the older species of witch, mentioned by the above author in the second place, have surely come within the knowledge of most of my readers. In the inner room of some very great ladies' houses, on what is called (by a phrase probably borrowed from this very act of witchcraft) a *rout-night*, are not certain magical sounds and incantations used? Is not the arch fiend frequently called on by name? Are there not, on a table, sometimes in a little caldron, amulets to be seen of strange shapes and divers colours? Are there not storms raised, and angry appearances? Undoubtedly all those circumstances are known to exist. That, however, no innocent person may suffer from my accusation, and that the lord of any such great lady may not, like the good Duke of Gloucester of old, suffer for the witchcraft of his wife, I must in justice add, that the *husbands* of these ladies are in general no conjurers.

Of the third kind of those unlawful dealers with the devil, there is no want of examples among us. Do we not see men every day, who by compact with the devil (for we know not of any natural means by which they could accomplish it) procure to themselves much wealth, gold, silver, and precious stones? Is not Mr. ——, who was a few years ago worth nothing, but who now keeps his chariot, entertains people of the first fashion, gives the most sumptuous entertainments, and drinks the highest priced wines; in short, vies in expense with men of the greatest fortunes, evidently a conjurer of this class? As to the transmutation of this gold and other precious materials into their former state of dross, and other things of no value, I leave the point of similitude to the evidence of those gentlemen's creditors.

As to the species described in the fourth section of the learned author above quoted, I see in most houses of fashionable resort wizards of a description resembling those who possess the power of invisible transportation mentioned by this writer; men whose descent nobody knows, of whom no one can tell whence they came, and who themselves confess their ignorance whither they shall go, who talk of intimacies with people of most distinguished rank, both at home and abroad, and give hints of having been in the most private recesses of palaces and hotels, who must undoubtedly have been carried thither by some supernatural power, and who, according to the testimony of people who are known to have been in some of those places at the time, must have actually been there in an invisible state. Is it not also commonly a token (as our author phrases it) "of grosse ignorance and slanderous sinne" in the inhabitants of the houses where such wizards or spirits do for the most part haunt? Do not many of them get into such houses though the doors are barred against them, and all manner of usual access is denied? And is not the cure of such a plague exactly the same in these days as in the time of King James, "by prayer to God used in the house," or "by the inhabitants thereof purging themselves, by amendment of life, from such sinnes as have procured the extraordinary plague of these evil spirits haunting the same?"

I think I have now fully evinced the truth of the proposition with which I set out. I shall only add one other instance, of which, I think, Sir, you are particularly qualified to attest the truth. An author of a periodical paper, who knows the minds of the ladies better than themselves; who reads characters as a physician reads diseases, by merely looking on the faces of his patients; who can prognosticate the change of manners, the rise of fashions, the downfal of wits, and the decay of beauties;—if such a man is not a conjuror, he is absolutely good for nothing.

I am, &c.

Z. Antiquo-Modernus.

No. 42.] Saturday, Nov. 19, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

I was much pleased with the mention made by your friend Colonel Caustic, of our poet Hamilton, of Bangour. I have always regarded him as holding a distinguished rank among the fine writers of his age, and of having done signal credit to the genius of his country. Yet his works do not appear to me to be so well known, nor to be held in such high esteem, as they deserve. Permit me therefore to recommend them to your readers.

The poems of Hamilton display regular design, just sentiments, fanciful invention, pleasing sensibility, elegant diction, and smooth versification. His genius was aided by taste, and his taste was improved by knowledge. He was not only well acquainted with the most elegant modern writers, but with those of antiquity. Of these remarks, his poem entitled "Contemplation, or The Triumph of Love," affords sufficient illustration.

The design of this poem is regular. The poet displays in it the struggles, relapses, recoveries, and final discomfiture of a mind striving with an obstinate and habitual passion. It has, in the language of the critics, a beginning, a middle, and an end. It exhibits an action in its rise, progress, and termination. The poet represents himself as wishing to withdraw his thoughts from inferior subjects, and fix them on such as he holds better suited to a rational, and still more to a philosophical spirit. He must be aided in this high exercise by Contemplation, and the assistance of this august personage must be duly solicited. Accordingly, the poem opens with a fine address to the "Voice divine!" the power of poetry:

> Go forth, invoked, O Voice divine!
> And issue from thy sacred shrine;
> Go, search each solitude around
> Where Contemplation may be found, &c.

But Contemplation must not only be duly solicited, but properly received and attended; and therefore a company of various but suitable associates are invited:

> Bring Faith, endued with eagle eyes,
> That joins this earth to distant skies, &c.
> Devotion high above that soars,
> And sings exulting, and adores, &c.——
> Last to crown all, with these be join'd
> The decent nun, fair Peace of Mind,
> Whom Innocence, ere yet betray'd,
> Bore young in Eden's happy shade;
> Resign'd, contented, meek, and mild,
> Of blameless mother, blameless child.

In like manner, such passions as are averse to Contemplation are very properly prohibited; and in this catalogue are included, among others, Superstition, Zeal, Hypocrisy, Malice, and all inhuman affections. The poet seems chiefly solicitous to prohibit Love. Of him and his intrusion he appears particularly apprehensive.—Yet in the confidence of his present mood, he would disguise his apprehensions, and treats this formidable adversary, not only with defiance, but with contempt.

> But chiefly Love—Love far off fly,
> Nor interrupt my privacy.
> 'Tis not for thee, capricious power,
> Weak tyrant of a fev'rish hour,
> Fickle, and ever in extremes,
> My radiant day of Reason beams;
> And sober Contemplation's ear
> Disdains thy syren tongue to hear.
> Speed thee on changeful wings away
> To where thy willing slaves obey.
> Go herd amongst thy wonted train,
> The false, th' inconstant, and the vain;
> Thou hast no subject here; begone!
> Contemplation comes anon.

The action proceeds. The poet attends to solemn objects; engages in important inquiries; considers the diversified condition of human life; dwells on the ample provision made by nature for human happiness; dwells on the happiness of social affections; is thus led imperceptibly to think of love; mentions Monimia, and relapses.

> Ah me! What, helpless have I said?
> Unhappy, by myself betray'd!
> I deem'd, but ah! I deem'd in vain,
> From the dear image to refrain, &c.

He makes another effort, but with equal success; he makes another, and another; he will exalt his mind by acts of devotion, or plunge into the gloom of melancholy. But the influences of the predominant passion still return to the charge, and restore their object; on the heights of devotion, or in the shades of melancholy, he still meets with Monimia. Such is the progress of the poem: and in the conclusion, we have an interesting view of the poet yielding to his adversary, but striving to be resigned.

> Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,
> This rebel heart shall beat no more, &c.

The justness of the poet's sentiments is next to be mentioned. He illustrates the power of habituated passion over reason and reflection. Farther, he illustrates, that, though the attention be engaged with objects of the most opposite kind to that of the reigning passion, yet still it returns. He shows, too, that this happens, notwithstanding the most determined resolutions and purposes to the contrary. All this he does not formally, but by ingenious and indirect insinuation. He also illustrates a curious process in the conduct of our intellectual powers, when under the dominion of strong emotion. He shows the manner by which prevailing passions influence our thoughts in the association of ideas: that they do not throw their objects upon the mind abruptly, or without coherence, but proceed by a regular progress: for that how different soever ideas or objects may be from one another, the prevailing or habituated passion renders the mind acute in discerning among them common qualities, or circumstances of agreement or correspondence, otherwise latent or not obvious: that these common qualities are dexterously used by the mind, as uniting links, or means of transition; and that thus, not incoherently, but by the natural connection most commonly of resemblance, the ruling passion brings its own objects to the foreground, and into perfect view. Thus our poet, in the progress of his action, has recourse to friendship. He dwells on the happiness that connection bestows; he wishes for a faithful friend; his imagination figures such a person,

In whose soft and gentle breast
His weary soul may take her rest;

and then, by easy transition, invests this friend with a female form, with the form of Monimia:

Grant Heaven, if Heaven means bliss for me,
Monimia such and long may be.

In like manner, having recourse to devotion in a spirit of rational piety, he solicits the aid of Heaven to render him virtuous. He personifies Virtue; places her in a triumphal car, attended by a suitable train; one of her attendants, a female distinguished by high pre-eminence, must also be distinguished by superior beauty, must resemble the fairest of human beings, must resemble Monimia:

While chief in beauty, as in place,
She charms with dear Monimia's grace.
Monimia still, here once again!
O! fatal name; O dubious strain, &c.
Far off the glorious rapture flown,
Monimia rages here alone.
In vain, Love's fugitive I try
From the commanding power to fly, &c.——
Why didst thou, cruel Love, again
Thus drag me back to earth and pain?
Well hoped I, Love, thou would'st retire
Before the bless'd Jessean lyre,
Devotion's harp would charm to rest
The evil spirit in my breast.
But the deaf adder still disdains
To listen to the charmer's strains.

The whole poem illustrates the difficulty and necessity of governing our thoughts no less than our passions.

In enumerating the most remarkable qualities in Hamilton's poetical works, besides regularity of design, and justness of thought or sentiment, I mentioned fanciful invention; and of this particular I shall, in like manner, offer some illustration.

Fanciful invention is, in truth, the quality that, of all others, distinguishes, and is chiefly characteristic of poetical composition. The beauties of design, sentiment, and language, belong to every kind of fine writing: but invention alone creates the poet, and is a term nearly of the same signification with poetical genius. A poet is said to have more or less genius according to his powers of fancy or invention. That Hamilton possesses a considerable portion of this talent is manifest in many of his compositions, and particularly so in his *Contemplation*. This appears evident from some passages already quoted. But, though our poet possesses powers of invention, he is not endowed with all the powers of invention, nor with those of every kind. His genius seems qualified for describing more beautiful scenes and objects of external nature, and for delineating with the embellishments of allegory some passions and affections of the human mind.

Still, however, his imagination is employed among beautiful and engaging, rather than among awful and magnificent images; and even when he presents us with dignified objects, he is more grave than lofty, more solemn than sublime, as in the following passage:

Now see! the spreading gates unfold,
Display'd the sacred leaves of gold.
Let me with holy awe repair
To the solemn house of pray'r;
And as I go, O thou! my heart,
Forget each low and earthly part.
Religion enter in my breast,
A mild and venerable guest!
Put off, in contemplation drown'd,
Each thought impure in holy ground;
And cautious tread, with awful fear,
The courts of heaven:—for God is here.
Now my grateful voice I raise,
Ye angels, swell a mortal's praise,
To charm with your own harmony
The ear of Him who sits on high.

It was also said, that our poet possessed pleasing sensibility. It is not asserted that he displays those vehement tumults and ecstacies of passion, that belong to the higher kinds of lyric and dramatic composition. He is not shaken with excessive rage, nor melted with overwhelming sorrow; yet, when he treats of grave or affecting subjects, he expresses a plaintive and engaging softness. He is never violent and abrupt, and is more tender than pathetic. Perhaps the "Braes of Yarrow," one of the finest ballads ever written, may put in a claim to superior distinction. But even with this exception, I should think our poet more remarkable for engaging tenderness, than for deep and affecting pathos. Of this his epitaph, beginning with "Could this fair marble," affords illustration.

In like manner, when he expresses joyful sentiments, or describes scenes and objects of festivity, which he does very often, he displays good humour and easy cheerfulness, rather than the transports of mirth or the brilliancy of wit. In one of the best of his poems addressed to Lady Mary Montgomery, he adorns sprightliness of thought, graceful ease, and good humour, with corresponding language and numbers. In this performance a number of female characters are described in the liveliest manner, characterised with judgment, and distinguished with acute discernment. Thus, in the following indirect description, we have the dignity of female excellence:

> ——Heavenly Charlotte, form divine,
> Love's universal kingdom's thine:
> Anointed queen! all unconfined,
> Thine is the homage of mankind.

In another passage we have a fine picture of the gentler and livelier graces:

> In everlasting blushes seen,
> Such Pringle shines, of sprightly mien;
> To her the power of love imparts,
> Right gift! the soft successful arts,
> That best the lover's fires provoke,
> The lively step, the mirthful joke;
> The speaking glance, the am'rous wile,
> The sportful laugh, the winning smile;
> Her soul awak'ning every grace,
> Is all abroad upon her face;
> In bloom of youth still to survive,
> All charms are there, and all alive.

Elsewhere we have a melodious beauty:

> Artist divine! to her belong
> The heavenly lay, and magic song, &c.—
> Whene'er she speaks, the joy of all,
> Soft the silver accents fall, &c.

The transitions in this poem are peculiarly happy. Such are the following:

> Strike again the golden lyre,
> Let Hume the notes of joy inspire, &c.—
> But who is she, the general gaze
> Of sighing crowds, the world's amaze,
> Who looks forth as the blushing morn,
> On mountains of the east new born, &c.—
> Fair is the lily, sweet the rose,
> That in thy cheek, O Drummond, glows, &c.

I have dwelt so long, and I could not avoid it, on the preceding particulars, that I have not left myself room for illustrations of our poet's language and versification. I observed, in general, that these were elegant and melodious; and so every reader of genuine taste will feel them. They are not, however, unexceptionable: and if in another letter I should give farther illustration of our author's poetical character, I shall hold myself bound, not only to mention some excellencies, but also some blemishes in his verse and diction.

I am, &c.

PHILOMUSOS.

I have given the above letter, which I received some time ago from an unknown correspondent, to my readers, from a belief that they will feel themselves interested in the works of a poet, who not only was born and resided in Scotland, but whose pencil was particularly employed in delineating the eminent characters of both sexes in our native country at the time in which he lived. It will not, methinks, require the enthusiasm of a "*laudator temporis acti*," like Colonel Caustic, to receive a peculiar satisfaction in tracing the virtues and the beauty of a former age, in the verses of one who appears to have so warmly caught the spirit of the first, to have so warmly felt the power of the latter. Nor may it be altogether without a moral use, to see in the poetical record of a former period the manners of our own country in times of less luxury, but not perhaps of less refinement; when fashion seems to have conferred superiorities fully as intrinsic as any she can boast at present: to have added dignity of sentiment to pride of birth, and to have invested superior beauty with superior grace and high accomplishments.

Z.

No. 43.] SATURDAY, NOV. 26, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR, ——*shire, Oct.* 1785.

AT the age of thirty-five I succeeded, by the death of a near relation, to a considerable land estate. Upon this event I resolved to fix my residence at the family mansion-house. I was very little acquainted with that part of the country where it was situated; but I was told that it was an uncommonly *good neighbourhood;* and that I should be particularly fortunate in having it in my power to enjoy an excellent society. I found a tolerable library of old books, to which I added a pretty extensive collection of modern ones: from the perusal of them, from the attention which I proposed to give to the culture of a part of my estate, which I meant to farm myself, and from the enjoyment which I expected solutions and purposes to the contrary. All this he does not formally, but by ingenious and indirect insinuation. He also illustrates a curious process in the conduct of our intellectual powers, when under the dominion of strong emotion. He shows the manner by which prevailing passions influence our thoughts in the association of ideas: that they do not throw their objects upon the mind abruptly, or without coherence, but proceed by a regular progress: for that how different soever ideas or objects may be from one another, the prevailing or habituated passion renders the mind acute in discerning among them common qualities, or circumstances of agreement or correspondence, otherwise latent or not obvious: that these common qualities are dexterously used by the mind, as uniting links, or means of transition; and that thus, not incoherently, but by the natural connection most commonly of resemblance, the ruling passion brings its own objects to the foreground, and into perfect view. Thus our poet, in the progress of his action, has recourse to friendship. He dwells on the happiness th connection bestows; he wishes for a faitl friend; his imagination figures such a per

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> His weary soul may take her rest;

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ter they remained silent. I have frequently made efforts to check the riot and intemperance of my guests, and to withhold the bottle from them, when I have thought they have drank fully as much as was good for them; but I have always found myself unable to do it. I should hate to be called a stingy fellow; and I know, if I were to establish sobriety, I should be called stingy. When I cannot keep my guests sober, I sometimes try to escape the glass, and to be sober myself: but, when I do this, I find some of them look upon me with an evil eye, as if I meant to be a spy upon the unguarded moments of my guests—others laugh at me for giving myself airs, as they call it; and I cannot bear to be laughed at.

But riot and drunkenness are not all the ills I have to submit to. After we have drank oceans of liquor, cards are commonly proposed; and gambling and drunkenness, though very unfit companions, are joined together. We do not play for a very deep stake, but still we play for something considerable. I do not like to lose, and yet it is equally disagreeable to win. I am commonly pretty lucky; and, in a run of luck, often suffer a good deal in gaining their guineas from people who I know well cannot afford to lose them. It is a mortifying spectacle, to see those who are frequently together, and seem to be the greatest friends when the bottle is going round, after they have drunk as much as they can hold, sit down to pilfer one another of sums which they cannot easily pay, and which, in their sober moments, they will feel the distress of paying.

Sometimes, to avoid play, I counterfeit sleepiness, and escape to bed. But this does not break up the party;—they are only left more at their liberty; and the morning is far advanced before matters are brought to a conclusion. The evil consequences of this to my domestic economy are ob-

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GEORGE DALTON.

] SATURDAY, DEC. 3, 1785.

TO THE LOUNGER

observed, that the greatest part of your correspondents have given a detail of grievance and complaints. In disclosing their misfortunes, they have no doubt conveyed to your readers some useful lessons for avoiding those errors of conduct which in general have been the cause of them: but the picture of happiness may often prove as instructive as that of calamity or distress; and, in that view, while I gratify my own feelings by the following narrative, I flatter myself it may not be unprofitable to others.

My father, Sir, inherited an estate in one of the northern counties of this kingdom, a property once considerable, and which had been in his family for some generations; but which during his life and that of my grandfather, had, from a certain easiness of temper, bordering upon improvidence, and their humane endeavours to assist their needy relations, been so greatly reduced, that at my father's death it was necessary to bring the estate to sale for the payment of his debts. A trifling reversion remained for the support of my mother, myself, and an only sister; and with this slender provision we betook ourselves to a small farm-house, which my mother rented from the new possessor of our paternal lands.

Here, by her uncommon industry, and the exertions of a spirit superior to her misfortunes, she maintained her little household decently and respectably, while she gained the esteem and admiration of the whole neighbourhood. My sister, who was some years younger than myself, was accustomed almost from infancy to bear her part in the management of the family. My mother had taught us reading, writing, and the first rudiments of arithmetic; and the clergyman of the parish was at pains to instruct me in the elements of the Greek and Latin languages, of which in a few years I obtained a competent knowledge. This worthy man, whose name was Johnson, had been the friend and companion of my father from their earliest infancy, and thus considered himself as bound by duty to be a guardian and parent to his children. He had himself an only daughter, of equal age with my sister, and whom, in those days of childhood and innocence, I regarded alike with the affection of a brother. But on this first period of my life, though the recollection is delightful, I forbear to enlarge.

I had now attained my fifteenth year, and it became necessary to think of some profession by which I might make my way in the world. My inclination led me to the study of medicine, which I had prosecuted for some time with great assiduity, when a near relation of my mother's, who warmly interested himself in our welfare, procured for me the commission of a surgeon's mate on board an Indiaman. The ship to which I belonged was to sail within a fortnight after I received intelligence of my appointment. My mother prepared for me a stock of linens and to reap from the company and conversation of my good neighbours, I was in hopes that my life would slide on in a very agreeable manner.

Being naturally of an easy temper, and desirous of being on good terms with every one around me, as soon as I came to fix my abode, I made it a principal object to get acquainted with my neighbours, and to establish a familiar intercourse between us. Our first visits were rather formal and distant; but this gradually wore off, and our correspondence became frequent and repeated. Their invitations to me were numerous; and I did not fail to ask them in return. I endeavoured to make my welcome as warm as theirs, and to treat them with the same marks of hospitality which I received.

But, Sir, I now find that what I expected would have been one of the blessings of my situation has become one of its greatest misfortunes. My neighbours, having once found the way to my house, are now scarce ever out of it. When they are idle in the mornings, which is almost always the case, they direct their ride or their walk my way, and pay a friendly visit to their neighbour Dalton. I am by this means interrupted in my attention to my farm, and have not time left to give the necessary orders. It is vain to think of making use of my library: when I sit down to read, I am disturbed before I get the length of a few pages, and am obliged to break off in the midst of an interesting story, or an instructive piece of reasoning. I cannot deny myself, or order my servants to tell I am not at home. This is one of your privileges in town: but in the country, if one's horses are in the stable, or one's chaise in the coach-house, one is of necessity bound to receive all intruders. In this manner are my mornings constantly lost, and I am not allowed to have a single half-hour to myself.

This, however, is one of the slightest of my distresses; the morning intrusions are nothing to the more formal visitations of the afternoons. Hardly a day passes without my being obliged to have a great dinner for the reception of my neighbours; and when they are not with me, good neighbourhood, I am told, requires I should be with them, and give them my visitations in return. Even of the very best company, where the very best conversation takes place, a man is apt, at least I have felt this in myself, sometimes to tire, and to wish for the indulgence of that listlessness, that sort of dreaming indolence, which you, Sir, are so well acquainted with, and which can only be had alone. But to be constantly exposed to be in a crowd—a crowd selected from no other circumstance than from their residing within ten miles of you;—the keeper of an inn is not, in point of company, in a worse situation.

But the merely being obliged to spend my mornings in the way I have described, and my afternoons in a constant crowd of promiscuous company, is not the only evil I have to complain of. The manner in which I am obliged to spend it in that company is still more disagreeable. Hospitality in this part of the country does not consist solely in keeping an open house, and receiving all your neighbours for many miles round; but one must fill them drunk, and get drunk with them one's self. Having no fund of conversation with which they can entertain their landlord or each other, they are obliged to have recourse to their glass to make up for every other want, and deficiency of matter is supplied by repeated bumpers. It is a favourite maxim here, that *conversation spoils good company:* and this maxim is most invariably followed in practice, unless noise and vociferation, after the swallowing of more than one bottle, can be called conversation. Without injustice it may be said of most of my neighbours, that when sober they are silent, and when not sober, it were better they remained silent. I have frequently made efforts to check the riot and intemperance of my guests, and to withhold the bottle from them, when I have thought they have drunk fully as much as was good for them; but I have always found myself unable to do it. I should hate to be called a stingy fellow; and I know, if I were to establish sobriety, I should be called stingy. When I cannot keep my guests sober, I sometimes try to escape the glass, and to be sober myself: but, when I do this, I find some of them look upon me with an evil eye, as if I meant to be a spy upon the unguarded moments of my guests—others laugh at me for giving myself airs, as they call it; and I cannot bear to be laughed at.

But riot and drunkenness are not all the ills I have to submit to. After we have drank oceans of liquor, cards are commonly proposed; and gambling and drunkenness, though very unfit companions, are joined together. We do not play for a very deep stake, but still we play for something considerable. I do not like to lose, and yet it is equally disagreeable to win. I am commonly pretty lucky; and, in a run of luck, often suffer a good deal in gaining their guineas from people who I know well cannot afford to lose them. It is a mortifying spectacle, to see those who are frequently together, and seem to be the greatest friends when the bottle is going round, after they have drunk as much as they can hold, sit down to pilfer one another of sums which they cannot easily pay, and which, in their sober moments, they will feel the distress of paying.

Sometimes, to avoid play, I counterfeit sleepiness, and escape to bed. But this does not break up the party;—they are only left more at their liberty; and the morning is far advanced before matters are brought to a conclusion. The evil consequences of this to my domestic economy are obvious. My family is disturbed with noise during the whole night, and my servants are prevented from going to bed. My house is thus rendered a scene of confusion, and every household concern is neglected. I wish to get up betimes in the morning, and to have breakfast at an early hour: but this cannot be accomplished; for when I ring for John to bring up the tea-kettle, I am told he has not been above an hour in bed.

The corruption of the higher orders of the family I find is spreading among the lower. Going into the servant's hall one night at a late hour, when I had escaped from the gambling party in the drawing-room, I found the whole servants engaged at *brag*. I could hardly be angry at them; they were only doing on a smaller scale what was a-doing on a larger above stairs; and being forced to sit up all night, they were obliged to fill up their time with something.

I have thus, Sir, laid before you some of the distresses of my situation, all of which seem to proceed from my having a good neighbourhood. I have frequently resolved to exert myself manfully to put a stop to these grievances, to quarrel with all my neighbours, and to tell them, that for the future I am to lock up my doors, and neither to give nor receive their visits. But my resolution has hitherto failed me. One of the comforts I expected to have received from living in the country was, that I might live undisturbed; that the easiness of my temper should not be broke in upon; and that I should have no occasion for vigorous exertion. Desirous of being on a good footing with every body, and unable to bear either the censure or the derision of others, I have not been able, nor do I believe I ever shall be able, to summon up as much resolution as to expose myself to the scorn or to the hatred of those around me.

In this situation it has occurred to me, that if you think proper to publish this letter, it may possibly, without my taking any stronger measure, have a good effect: it may perhaps afford a hint to my neighbours, which may relieve me in some measure, without any further stir of mine. But if this shall not happen, and if my grievances shall still continue, I find I shall be obliged, however unwillingly, to give up my habitation in the country, and to take a house in town, in order that I may sometimes enjoy the pleasures of solitude and retirement, and escape the evils of a *good neighbourhood*. I am, &c.

S. GEORGE DALTON.

No. 44.] SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1785.

TO THE LOUNGER

SIR,

I HAVE observed, that the greatest part of your correspondents have given a detail of grievance and complaints. In disclosing their misfortunes, they have no doubt conveyed to your readers some useful lessons for avoiding those errors of conduct which in general have been the cause of them: but the picture of happiness may often prove as instructive as that of calamity or distress; and, in that view, while I gratify my own feelings by the following narrative, I flatter myself it may not be unprofitable to others.

My father, Sir, inherited an estate in one of the northern counties of this kingdom, a property once considerable, and which had been in his family for some generations; but which during his life and that of my grandfather, had, from a certain easiness of temper, bordering upon improvidence, and their humane endeavours to assist their needy relations, been so greatly reduced, that at my father's death it was necessary to bring the estate to sale for the payment of his debts. A trifling reversion remained for the support of my mother, myself, and an only sister; and with this slender provision we betook ourselves to a small farm-house, which my mother rented from the new possessor of our paternal lands.

Here, by her uncommon industry, and the exertions of a spirit superior to her misfortunes, she maintained her little household decently and respectably, while she gained the esteem and admiration of the whole neighbourhood. My sister, who was some years younger than myself, was accustomed almost from infancy to bear her part in the management of the family. My mother had taught us reading, writing, and the first rudiments of arithmetic; and the clergyman of the parish was at pains to instruct me in the elements of the Greek and Latin languages, of which in a few years I obtained a competent knowledge. This worthy man, whose name was Johnson, had been the friend and companion of my father from their earliest infancy, and thus considered himself as bound by duty to be a guardian and parent to his children. He had himself an only daughter, of equal age with my sister, and whom, in those days of childhood and innocence, I regarded alike with the affection of a brother. But on this first period of my life, though the recollection is delightful, I forbear to enlarge.

I had now attained my fifteenth year, and it became necessary to think of some profession by which I might make my way in the world. My inclination led me to the study of medicine, which I had prosecuted for some time with great assiduity, when a near relation of my mother's, who warmly interested himself in our welfare, procured for me the commission of a surgeon's mate on board an Indiaman. The ship to which I belonged was to sail within a fortnight after I received intelligence of my appointment. My mother prepared for me a stock of linens and other necessaries, to which she added a purse with fifteen guineas. The worthy Mr. Johnson gave me a pocket-bible, with his blessing. My sister, and his daughter Emma, gave me their tears; for that was all they had to bestow: but from the tears of the latter I felt an emotion of tenderness beyond what even the affection of a brother could produce. I had unconsciously nourished an attachment of which this parting first taught me the force, but which, at the same time, it obliged me to stifle and conceal.

After a voyage of six months, our ship arrived in the Ganges. During my stay at Calcutta, I was fortunate enough to recommend myself to a countryman of my own, then high in the council; by whose interest, with my captain's leave, I obtained an appointment of surgeon to a small settlement of the company's, which bordered on the territory of the nabob of ——. Various, Sir, are the methods of acquiring wealth in India. Of these the obvious and apparent are so well known, that they need not be mentioned; the more mysterious courses to affluence, as I never was solicitous myself to unravel, so I am not well qualified to explain. It is enough for me to say, that, with a good conscience, and during a twelve years' exercise of a profession serviceable to my fellow-creatures, I acquired what to me appeared a competency. In short, Sir, being now possessed of a fortune of 25,000*l*., I began to think of returning to my native country. I had, from time to time, during the last years of my stay in India, remitted such sums to my mother as I judged might enable her to exchange her toilsome and parsimonious mode of life for ease and comfort; but she wrote to me, that industry was now become familiar, and even agreeable; that she could not relish the bread of idleness, and that it was sufficient happiness for her and for my sister to be assured of my health and prosperity. By the last opportunity that preceded my leaving India I had acquainted my mother of my intention of returning home in the following spring. This intention I put in execution; and bringing with me the best part of my fortune, landed in safety on the coast of Britain, after an absence of thirteen years and a half.

A few days travelling brought me once more to the spot of my nativity. I stopped in the afternoon within a few miles of the place, and wrote the following billet:

"Jack Truman sends the bearer, his servant, to acquaint his dearest mother and sister, that he is within a day's journey of Brookland farm, and proposes, by God's blessing, to be with them this evening."

This note was meant to give them time to prepare for our meeting; but I had not patience to wait my man's return, and set out a few minutes after him. I need not describe the emotion I felt at sight of my native fields, the recollection of which, distance of place and length of time had rather endeared than impaired. I had little leisure to indulge the remembrance: my mother and sister, equally impatient with myself, had come out to watch the road by which I was to arrive. Our meeting was such as might be expected from affection, heightened by the anxieties of absence; our joy such as prosperity can give to those to whom prosperity has not always been known, to those whom prosperity enables to make others happy.

You will easily figure, Sir, those topics, which, after so long an absence, would naturally be the subject of our conversation. One of the first inquiries I made was about the worthy Mr. Johnson and his amiable daughter. My mother informed me that this good man was then in the last stage of a painful disease under which he had languished above three years, and which his constitution could not thus long have resisted but for the tender care and dutiful attention of his daughter Emma; that this affectionate child had, as was thought from that motive alone, rejected several advantageous offers of marriage. To this my sister added that she was one of the loveliest and most accomplished of women.

On my way to the farm, I had remarked the ruinous appearance of the mansion-house, which had been the seat of my forefathers. My mother informed me that the gentleman who purchased the estate from our family had been some years dead; and that his son, by a course of extravagance, had so embarrassed his fortune, that it was thought he would soon be obliged to sell the greatest part of his landed property. An opportunity thus presenting itself of recovering my paternal estate, I determined to offer immediately to become the purchaser, and flattered myself with the prospect (I hope it was an honest pride) of re-establishing our ancient family in the domain of their ancestors.

The first visit I paid to Mr. Johnson led me to form schemes of a nature yet more delightful to my imagination. Long absence, and the bustle of an active life, had lulled asleep, without extinguishing, that affection with which his lovely daughter had inspired me in my early years. The sight of the beautiful Emma revived that passion in its utmost force, and convinced me that she was the arbitress of my future happiness or misery. I thought I perceived in the tender confusion, the diffidence and modesty of her demeanour, and in the simplicity of a heart untaught to disguise its emotions, that I was far from being indifferent to her; nor was I deceived in this flattering idea. Her father's dissolution was fast approaching. He survived my return but a few months; and the last act of his public duty was the union of our hands.

Five years have elapsed since that event; and I hope, Sir, you will not think my narrative tedious, if I give a short sketch of the manner in which I have passed that happy period.

The transaction for the purchase of our estate was attended with very little difficulty; and the restoration of the family to its ancient territories was celebrated by all the tenants and cottagers with high festivity, and every mark of heartfelt satisfaction. I began immediately to repair the desolated mansion-house; and having myself some taste in architecture, contrived to render it a most commodious habitation, without injuring the antiquity of its appearance, which I venerated. The apartments were repaired in the modern fashion; and the elegance of my Emma's taste displayed itself in their furniture and decorations. In a few particulars I indulged perhaps a little caprice. The wide-extended chimney of the hall. which its late proprietor had contracted to the modern scale, and decorated with Dutch porcelain, I enlarged once more to its original dimensions. It was a venerable monument of ancient hospitality. My grandfather's oaken chair was found mouldering in a garret. It was restored to its place. The top of a square tower I fitted up into a library, lighted by a large gothic window with leaden casements, from whence by day I command a beautiful landscape of the country, and by night can explore the heavens by my telescope; and here in my favourite studies of philosophy, general physics, and classical literature, of which I have a pretty numerous collection of the best authors, I pass many delightful hours. In another part of the building I have a small laboratory for chemical experiments, and the composition of medicines. Those researches to which I was formerly led by my profession still furnish me with an amusing, and even an useful employment; for while Providence blesses me with health, I will always be the poor man's physician.

As I am rather unwilling to occupy myself with practical husbandry, a science which without a peculiar bent and inclination I have always thought was not rashly to be engaged in, I limit my rustic employments to planting and gardening. The fields which surround my house owe their principal beauties to nature. The upland and barren spots I have covered with wood, which in a few years will afford both beauty and shelter. Assisted by my Emma's judgment, I have laid out a large garden, which promises soon to furnish me with a profusion of the most elegant fruits. A fine trouting stream washes its border. My hills pasture my mutton, and supply my game; of which the first is excellent, and the last is plentiful.

Soon after our establishment at the mansion-house, my mother and sister quitted their habitation, and became members of our family. The farm, which had become a very profitable subject, has been transferred to an old domestic who had remained attached to the family in all the changes of its fortune, and who merited that reward of his services and fidelity. My mother, whose active mind would languish if deprived of an object of exertion, has now found another occupation not less suited to her taste, and yet more pleasing in its nature. My Emma has brought me three children; two charming girls, and a stout healthy boy. These she has suckled herself, a part of the duty of a mother which she finds too agreeable to be relinquished to a hireling. The two eldest are now in charge to their grandmother, who has undertaken for them the same office she performed to myself; and in this the good woman flatters herself with a renewal of her years. My sister was wont for some time to share in the same occupation; but I don't know how, her disposition seems a good deal changed of late. Instead of her work, she has taken to reading poetry; and borrows a good deal of time from her cares of the dairy, to bestow it on her books and her toilet. It is true, my neighbour Harty's son Tom is a scholar, and when he comes here with his family (and they are very frequent visitors of ours), my sister and he seem very solicitous to please each other; a circumstance I am not at all sorry to observe. Tom is a very worthy young man, and my sister an excellent girl: she has one quality to which Tom is a stranger; I have taken care that she shall be entitled to 1500*l.* on the day of her marriage.

Such, Mr. Lounger, is my manner of life; and as I perceive from some of your late papers, that you can contrive to pass a few weeks in the country, without discontinuing to amuse the town, if you will do me the honour of a visit, I promise you the best bed in my house, a bottle of my best wine, and the best welcome I can give.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN TRUMAN.

I feel myself honoured by my friend Mr. Truman's correspondence, and sensibly interested in the simple story of his worthy family. His example may serve to inculcate one lesson of importance; that moderation in point of wealth is productive of the greatest comfort and the purest felicity. Had Mr. Truman returned from India with the enormous fortune of some other Asiatic adventurers, he would probably have been much less happy than he is, even without considering the means by which it is possible such a fortune might have been acquired. In the possession of such overgrown wealth, however attained, there is generally more ostentation than pleasure; more pride than enjoyment. I can but guess at the feelings which accompany it, when reaped from desolated provinces, when covered with the blood of slaughtered myriads.

Z.

No. 45.] Saturday, Dec. 10, 1785.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

Perhaps it is vanity in me to suppose that you have been expecting to hear from me, and it is possible, from my first account of myself, may have supposed that there were very melancholy reasons for my silence. But I am, Sir, thank God! returned to my native country in no worse condition with respect to health than when I left it. As to peace and happiness, I can't say; my wife thinks her health much the better for our expedition.

Perhaps, Sir, I may in time learn to be reconciled to noise and disturbance, and forget my old habits of quiet and care of my health, which my dear deceased friend Dr. Doddipoll had taught me. And yet I do not find that my journey has reconciled me much to the change, though I have had some practice in the way of bustle and adventure, as you will find from a short account of our excursion.

As the motive of our journey was professedly the re-establishment of my health, I had reason to imagine that it would be conducted in the manner best suited for that purpose. I had made out a little *Pharmacopeia* of things necessary to be taken along with us on the road; but would you believe it, Sir, our new family-physician declared them altogether unnecessary, and our whole medicine chest was made up of one phial, containing two drachms of spirit of hartshorn, and a bottle holding about as many pounds of French brandy. But my wife found room in the carriage for her favourite maid, her Spanish lap-dog, and three band-boxes. Her monkey, who arrived just before we set out, she was with difficulty prevailed on to leave behind under the care of the housekeeper; an acquaintance, indeed, who met us a few miles out of town on the road to England, rode up to my wife's side of the carriage, said he supposed Mr. Die-soon was following, and pointing to the corner where I was stuck up among the band-boxes, told her he was glad to find she had taken little Master Jackoo along with her.

Though Harrowgate was the place of our destination, yet my wife (who was general of this expedition) thought it might be proper to stop at one of the more private watering-places in Cumberland, to initiate us as it were into that sort of life; as young recruits, I am told, are taught to stand their own fire by first flashing their muskets in the pan. We accordingly made a halt at one of those places, with the intention of staying some weeks; but we were very soon tired of it, as the society was by no means genteel enough for my wife to mix in with any degree of satisfaction.

The only people she would allow us to consort with, were the family of Sir David Dumplin, a London merchant, who had been knighted for his eminence in commerce, who had arrived a few days before us with his lady and three daughters, and a captain in the army, who had come thither to recover the fatigues he had suffered during the siege of Gibraltar, and whom Mrs. Die-soon took great delight in hearing recount his adventures. We amused ourselves during our stay by making the other members of the party ridiculous, though they did not want for jokes against us too. They called me and my wife "Death and Sin;" the first I could understand, from my feebleness and bad health; but how they applied the second, neither the captain nor I could ever comprehend;—they had several jests equally low and unjust against the family of Sir David Dumplin, who they pretended was only a sugar-boiler in Wapping, and had been knighted on occasion of some city address. Sir David himself, to do him justice, behaved in a very civil manner to every body, and, except sometimes when he snored after dinner, never gave the smallest offence to the rest of the company; and as for me, I was always, both in mind and body, inclined to peace and quietness. But Lady Dumplin and her daughters, with my Angelica and the captain, were constantly at war with the other end of the table, which was divided into two hostile and irreconcileable provinces. Their differences might, indeed, have proceeded very disagreeable lengths, had we not contrived to erect a sort of barrier against hostilities, by placing between them Sir David Dumplin on one side, and a Mrs. Dough, wife of a rich baker of Liverpool, on the other, who was naturally of as placid a disposition as Sir David, and had the advantage of being deaf into the bargain. By this politic interposition, the peace was tolerably well preserved; but as the opposite party, the *ungenteels*, increased daily by new arrivals, and ours, the *genteels*, got no accession that we were disposed to allow of, the place became at last so disagreeable, and the laugh so much louder against than for us, that we were obliged to leave it a good deal sooner than we intended, and set off for Harrowgate, in company with our allies, the Dumplin family. The captain found it convenient to remain, having previously deserted from us, on some difference with one of the young ladies, and made his peace with the opposite side, through the mediation of the good-natured Mrs. Dough, with whom (from being used to speak at the siege of Gibraltar I suppose) he contrived frequently to carry on a conversation.

To Harrowgate our gentility attended us; but it was a little unfortunate in not being universally acknowledged. There were some London people of fashion there, who had seen Sir D. Dumplin before, and such as had never seen us did not immediately perceive in Mrs. Die-soon's face and manner that she had so much good blood in her veins as did actually flow there. This, however, as she was perfectly conscious of it herself, produced numberless bickerings, and at last obliged us to leave the first house we had lodged at, where I had got an excellent quiet apartment, and go to another, where we were much worse accommodated, but where Lady Dumplin and the Hon. Mrs. Die-soon were the first quality of the set. Here she very fortunately supplied the loss of our Gibraltar Captain, by getting acquainted with an Irish gentleman, Colonel O'Shannon, a relation of ours, our ancestors, as the colonel and Mrs. Die-soon discovered, having intermarried about the year 1300. The colonel still preserved the kindness of a cousin, attended my wife wherever she went, and made us immediately intimate with all the company in the house.—But the kindness had very near proved fatal to me. Between the bustle of his numerous introductions, the parties he formed for us at home, and the jaunts he made us take to see every thing that was to be seen in the neighbourhood, my poor nerves were perfectly overcome; and though my wife was always telling me it was all for my good, I should have certainly died in their hands, had they not at last discovered, that my wife's seeing the sights and taking the exercise would be as much for the benefit of my health as if I drove about and visited every thing in my own person; and so I verily believe it might, Mr. Lounger, had I been fortunate enough to be left to enjoy quiet, and take care of my health alone. But as my ill stars would have it, I was generally left to the care of a lady, with whom, from her having the same sort of nervous complaints with myself, I had contracted an intimacy, the dowager of an old gentleman, who had, like me, married his wife for a nurse, and who left her after a life of happiness (as she used to tell me) of eighteen months, in possession of his whole fortune. But then her nerves, she said, had been so shattered by his death, that she could find no enjoyment in any thing in this world.—The disorder in her nerves, however, was of a kind extremely different from mine. None of that weakness and relaxation which I had experienced from a child; hers, the physicians said, was an extreme tension and irritability. She kept, it seems, a female attendant, who was of the greatest use to her in this complaint: but that attendant had d'ed just before her arrival at Harrowgate, and in this unfortunate interval my acquaintance with her began: so she bestowed all her tension and *irritability* on me. It makes me quake when I think of her, Mr. Lounger! and yet, though you will call it very silly, I could not for the life of me shake her off. She had become, I don't know how, a sort of cicisbea to me by the common consent of our house, and I could not get rid of her without a degree of exertion that my weak constitution was unequal to. But her constitution, as she told us, was always the better for exertion. She exerted it on me with a vengeance. I often thought of the smile of the vulgar people we had left at our last watering place. Mrs. Rasp would have completed Milton's trio to a hair.

I was very thankful when the end of the season made me rid of her, though it did not restore me to home or to quiet. Mrs. Die-soon, on looking over the road-book, perceived what a mere step it was from Harrowgate to London, and calculated how much expense was saved by going to the metropolis now when we were more than half of the way from Edinburgh. In this idea she was much encouraged by her cousin, Colonel O'Shannon, as well as by Lady Dumplin, and half a dozen other ladies who had come from the capital, at whose houses she was to be most agreeably entertained if she went thither. It was in vain that I urged my health, and the danger of a long journey; the journey would do me good, and London was 200 miles south, which gave it a great advantage, in point of climate, to delicate people like me. So out we set the day after our friends the Dumplins, who were to travel faster (as indeed I am not able to make long journeys), and kindly undertook to procure lodgings, and have them ready for our reception.

But their services in that way were anticipated by our good friend Colonel O'Shannon, who travelled faster than any of us, as he generally makes his journeys in the stage-coach for the sake of company, and sometimes even takes a stage or two on the outside to enjoy the air and the prospect. We found on our arrival that he had provided us with a lodging in the house of a countrywoman of his, a milliner in the Haymarket, who, he told us, had been reduced by misfortunes to keep a shop, though she was descended from the great O'Neil, and could claim kindred with himself and most of the noble families in Europe. She was very useful to my wife in letting her know the fashions; and with her assistance, Mrs. Die-soon contrived to fill I don't know how many band-boxes and trunks, which, however, luckily for me, grew to such a magnitude, as to require half a ship's room to convey them; and so they were sent down to Scotland by sea. As for the colonel, he was indefatigable in his attentions, and breakfasted, dined, and supped with us almost every day. Indeed, we were the more dependent on his company, as we were disappointed in getting into any other during our first [illegible] the weeks' stay in town. We never could find any of our Harrowgate acquaintance at home; even the Dumplin family we saw but for two short morning calls at our lodgings: Sir David, indeed, muttered something about our eating a bit of mutton with him; but Lady Dumplin said she was sorry to say that that would be very *ill-convenient* at their present house, which they were just about changing for one in Bedford-square, where she hoped for the honour of our company at her first rout, which was to be held the 5th of January next. They told us the town was quite empty at the season when we were there; but I am sure there was noise and bustle enough of all conscience,—carts rumbling, coaches rattling, criers bawling, and bells ringing, from morning to night, and sometimes, as my poor head felt, all night too. My wife, however, luckily found it very dull, otherwise we should not probably have left it so soon as we did, though not before it had cost us some hundreds of guineas to find out that there was nothing in it worth seeing. Colonel O'Shannon carried us to some sights, such as they were: he showed us the Tower, St. Paul's, Bedlam, and the three Bridges; took us to the city Pantheon, the Dog and Duck, and the Swearing-house at Highgate. As for genteel company, he regretted exceedingly that almost all his acquaintance were in the country; but promised that when we came again he would introduce us to a director of the bank, a lord of the treasury, and the master-general of the ordnance, which last, he assured us, had a very particular friendship for him; but, in his absence, he made us acquainted with a young gentleman, who, he said, was one of that great man's first favourites, and a secretary in his office—an appointment which the colonel had procured for him. My wife was very solicitous to cultivate Mr. M'Phelim's acquaintance, on account of two nephews of hers who are in the army, to whom the colonel and he have promised their interest; and we have the greater reason to rely on their friendship, as the colonel and his friend did us the honour of accepting a loan of 200*l.* from me (which Mr. M'Phelim wanted to make up a sum in the absence of the master-general of the ordnance) on their joint security.

Not long after this transaction we left London, and I found it some comfort, after all my distresses and disturbances, to find myself again safe and sound in my native country. Not that I am free of the disquiet of my journey; it rings in my ears still in the narration of my wife, who has such talents for description, that if I had not witnessed the circumstances, I should have supposed Sir D. Dumplin to be a knight of the garter, Colonel O'Shannon a lieutenant-general, and his friend Mr. M'Phelim a privy-counsellor. She makes all our acquaintance take notice how much better I am for Harrowgate, though, in fact, I never drank a drop of the water; and, except the company of Mrs. Rasp, took no sort of drug whatever. I must confess, however, that I am no worse on the whole, and am not near so much afraid of dying as before I was married. I am, &c.

JEREMIAH DIE-SOON.

J.

No. 46.] SATURDAY, DEC. 17, 1785.

MY readers may have observed that the office of the Lounger has of late been almost a sinecure; his correspondents have saved him the trouble of composition. The paper of to-day is also a communication, which, from the sex and accomplishments of the author, as well as the flattering manner in which she expresses herself, gratifies my vanity, as much as my indolence.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

THE genteel but pointed irony with which you mention the follies of our sex, and the pains you take, in your admired essays, for our instruction and improvement, will, I make no doubt, have some influence on the minds of those who are thoughtless, but not dissipated; and who, though hurried down the stream of pleasure, are not yet enough hardened to disregard the admonitions of virtue.

Among young people of this description, many ladies may be led to the attainment of mental accomplishments, in hopes of recommending themselves to the notice of the other sex; who, from their superior education and more solid judgment, would, one might presume, be more guided by the dictates of good sense, than led by the blind caprices of Fashion. But methinks, Sir, it would not be altogether fair, to mislead your inexperienced female readers with such fallacious hopes. Tell them as much as you please of the internal rewards that belong to virtue: that to embellish, in early life, their minds with taste, and to enlighten the understanding with some degree of knowledge, will prove to them an inexhaustible source of delight in the lonely hours of solitude, and procure veneration and respect to their declining years. But let them know, that, on the fine fellows who, in our days, deign to mingle in the female world, such accomplishments will have as much influence as the harmonious compositions of Handel on the deaf pupils of Mr. Braidwood.

To be distinguished by your sex is more or less the wish of every female heart. To solicit that distinction, Fancy is put to the torture to dress out the votaries of Fashion; and to deserve it, the more judicious endeavour to adorn their minds with knowledge, taste, and sentiment. Which of these most frequently attain their end, you, Sir, who frequent the circle of the great and gay, can be at no loss to determine.

As I was early taught to mark the character, and make reflections on the events that passed before me in life, short as that life has been, and few and simple as have been its tranquil scenes, perhaps a sketch of it may not be altogether unworthy your perusal.

I am the daughter of a clergyman, whose virtues adorn humanity, and whose character, in every respect, does honour to his profession. A long attachment had subsisted between him and my mother, before the pride of her relations (who piqued themselves on their high descent) would consent to her being made happy for ever by an union with one whom those relations considered as her inferior: but the constancy of their affection at length subdued every obstacle; and their life has ever since been one continued scene of domestic felicity. As I was their only child, my education was the prime object of their attention. To procure me the more elegant accomplishments, they appropriated the savings of their economy; while, with the tenderest solicitude, they themselves endeavoured to form my manners, to cultivate my understanding, and to cherish the virtues of my heart.

The friendly terms on which we lived with the patron of our parish, whose lady took a particular liking to me, gave me frequent opportunities of mixing with polite company. The natural gayety of my temper, and steady sincerity of my heart, gained me the good will of all my companions; with some of whom I early contracted the most tender friendship,—a friendship which has increased with our increasing years, and received strength from every incident of pain or pleasure that has befallen us in life.

By the gentlemen, I found myself almost invariably treated according to their ideas of my rank and consequence. Of all the numbers who came to Castle——, excepting an old naval officer, many traits of whose character, though cast in somewhat of a rougher mould, bore a strong resemblance to that of your worthy friend Colonel Caustic, I do not remember to have met with one who thought it possible the daughter of a country parson could be as well informed upon any subject as the heiress of a baronet; and after I have, by Lady ——'s desire, played on her forte piano some of the finest concertos of Bach and Abel to an unlistening audience, I have heard the same gentlemen applaud, with every mark of rapture, the fashionable Miss Fanny Flirter rattling over some insipid fragment of a new opera tune.

At the earnest solicitation of a sister of my father's, married to a respectable merchant in the capital, I one winter spent a few months with her in town. I had here a more ample opportunity of observing that universal passion, for what is called *style* in life, than I had hitherto met with. The notice taken of me by our patroness Lady ——, who always passed the winter in the metropolis, and to whose parties, either at home or at public places, I had a general invitation, made me esteemed quite the *ton* by the set of men who visited my uncle. I was often distressed by their civilities, and put out of countenance by their eagerness to show me attention; while by the gentlemen in her ladyship's suite I was considered of no more importance than any other piece of furniture in the drawing-room: but, like yourself, Sir, though silent, I was not always idle; and, while unthought of, and unspoke to, made such remarks on the scene before me, as I hope will be of service to me through life.

From Edinburgh, at the request of my mother's relations, I went to the county of ———. These great relations had taken no notice of her since her marriage, but now received me in the most cordial manner. I was immediately introduced by them to their acquaintances in a genteel and populous neighbourhood, and was every where received with the respect due to the ally, and, what is more, the very probable heiress of an ancient and wealthy family. Wherever I appeared, I was loaded with caresses. A gentleman of the first distinction engaged me for his partner at an election ball, which happened soon after my arrival in the country: and the attention paid me by him, and a few others of equal rank, soon brought me completely into fashion. I was now discovered to possess qualifications which no one before had ever thought of imputing to me. My former friends had indeed sometimes complimented me with the appellation of a lively sensible enough sort of girl; but now, to all the charms of elegance in manner, I added those of the most brilliant wit; and though it was allowed I could not, strictly speaking, be termed handsome, yet my features spoke such animation, and my eyes beamed with so much sensibility, that beauty herself would have had but little chance beside me. Was it any wonder, that every latent spark of vanity in my heart should have been kindled, on thus finding myself a distinguished figure in a scene of higher life than any I had yet witnessed? I was, alas! but too soon intoxicated with the adulation I received; and with the most poignant regret I took leave of people, who I thought had discovered such just discernment of merit, although it was to return to the fond arms of my beloved parents.

The flattering scenes I had left had made too deep impression to be easily erased. I found the amusements of my former life had become insipid, its employments irksome and fatiguing; and as our great neighbours were now in London, I had little opportunity of diverting my chagrin by any change of company. It was even with difficulty I was prevailed on to accompany my most intimate friend to the county-assembly, as I knew I should there find myself in a very different situation to that in which I figured at the balls in ——. But what was my delight on soon seeing enter the assembly-room, along with a family of the first rank, two of my most intimate acquaintance in that loved county! As both the gentlemen had *there* honoured me with their particular attention, my heart beat with rapture at the idea of what delight they must receive from this unexpected interview. But I soon found these gentlemen wisely considered that I now moved in a different sphere. They avoided seeming to observe me as long as possible; and when at length obliged to do it, passed their compliments with a certain careless air, which may not improperly be styled a well-bred sort of incivility. A moment's reflection on this little striking incident restored me to my senses; and I returned home with the most cheerful alacrity, as to the certain asylum of happiness and tranquillity.

In a little time after I had thus recovered from the delirium of flattery and folly, our society received a considerable acquisition in our acquaintance with Dorilas. This gentleman, who had lately come to the country in pursuit of health and rural amusements, was first noticed by my father for his regular attendance at church; and by the politeness of his manners, and solidity of his conversation, soon recommended himself to his particular regard. He appeared to be one of those favourites of Nature, whom she has endowed with her best gifts, a good understanding and a benevolent heart. His mind seemed enlightened by science, enlarged by a knowledge of the world, and we were told had been softened by the correcting hand of misfortune. He came frequently to the parsonage-house, to which he had at all times a general invitation, and where he was ever welcomed by the unaffected kindness of plain but genuine hospitality. As Dorilas seemed to pique himself on his retirement from the more dissipated scenes of life, he always appeared pleased with our rural simplicity; but no sooner did Dorilas get intimately acquainted with the families of higher rank, and found himself established in a circle of greater *style*, than he omitted his visits at the parsonage-house, and even mentioned its inhabitants with that sort of contemptuous ridicule, which, though it may be a very fashionable *maniere de parler*, gives a deeper wound to the feelings than the envenomed sting of calumny can inflict. We were all hurt at thus being disappointed in a character of which we had formed so high an idea; and when on a visit to my friend at the county-town I accidentally met with Dorilas, I found it impossible to conceal the resentment with which his conduct had inspired me. But when I saw his surprise at the apparent coldness of my manner, I began to reflect, that should we be mistaken or misinformed, I might, by my seeming caprice, have done an injury to feelings perhaps no less delicately susceptible of it than my own. I therefore resolved to acquaint him with what we had heard, and frankly to tell him our opinion of his behaviour; but in the only opportunity that ever after offered I was so embarrassed by the stately distance of his manner, and the difficulty of introducing the subject with becoming delicacy and spirit, that I found it impossible to fulfil my intention. The little conversation that passed only served him with a pretence to put an entire end to our acquaintance; and in six months after, Dorilas set out on a gay party to the German Spa, without deigning to inquire even for my father.

Such is the incense offered at the shrine of Fashion! not only by the vain and giddy, but even by the sentimental and judicious! and such the attentions people who shine not in that brilliant sphere may expect to meet with in the world! But happy! thrice happy they! according to the wise maxims of my venerable parent, who are endowed with that true greatness of mind, which can look down with equal indifference on the soothing praise of flattery, or the scornful sneer of pride; who, independent of the favour of the fickle, and the regards of the inconstant, derive a happiness from the humble consciousness of superior virtue, that infinitely transcends all which the world can bestow.

Afraid of having already too long trespassed on your patience, I now hasten to conclude, with assuring you how much I am

Your admiring reader,

ALMERIA.

No. 47.] SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1785.

HERODOTUS tells us, that Amasis, king of Egypt, established a law, commanding that every Egyptian should annually declare, before the governor of the province, by what means he maintained himself; which if he omitted to do, or if, on such examination, he gave not a satisfactory account of his way of living, he should be punished with death.

Happening to meet with this passage one night lately, it suggested some ideas as to the wisdom of such an institution, and I amused myself for half an hour before I went to bed with reflecting on the effects it might have, if introduced into this island. These thoughts recurred in my sleep, and produced a dream, of which I shall endeavour to give some account, after premising that, when I awaked in the morning, it was some time before I could with certainty determine whether my imagination had transported me to Egypt, or if the objects it had presented to my view in my sleep were the consequence of the promulgation of a similar law in our country.

Upon the appointed day, I fancied that I accompanied the whole inhabitants of the province to the palace of the governor. On our arrival we were shown into a hall of vast extent, at one end of which, on something like a throne, sat the governor, surrounded by clerks, whose business it was to take down the account which every person in his turn should give. Silence being proclaimed, we were directed to approach the throne one by one, in a certain order, to give an account of our way of *living*, and to say by what means each of us maintained himself. This summons appeared the more awful, that the law of Amasis, like many other good institutions, had been allowed to go into disuse, and, after being neglected for ages, was now revived on account of some recent enormities, which called forth the attention of government. I fancied too that the law was so far altered, that instead of death in all cases, the governor was authorised to inflict such punishment upon delinquents as their offences should seem to merit.

The first whose lot it was to answer the awful question was a handsome young man, clothed in a garment of bright scarlet embroidered with gold. He approached the throne with an assured countenance, and, with a look of self-approbation, informed the governor, that he lived by the most honourable of all professions—that his sole business was to kill and destroy his own species, to butcher men who had never injured him, whom perhaps he had never seen before, or for whom he entertained the highest esteem and regard. For doing this, said he, my country gives me a daily allowance, on which I live with ease and comfort.

At this account I observed a momentary blush to cross the face of the governor. He dismissed the young man with a look in which I could discern marks of dissatisfaction, not with the individual before his eyes, but with those absurd and unjust measures of government which were supposed to make such institutions necessary.

The officer was succeeded by a young man still more gaily dressed. As he approached the throne, I could perceive in his countenance marks of anxiety and apprehension, which he seemed desirous to conceal by an appearance of ease and indifference. When the usual questions were put to him, he hesitated for some time; but at length was obliged to declare that he was the son of an honest and industrious tradesman; that, despising the occupation of his father, he left his house, and removed to Memphis, where, by the splendour of his appearance, he contrived to get into the society of persons of high distinction; and that he supported the expense of this mode of life by playing with those persons for large sums of money at games, in which, by much labour and constant attention, he had attained a superior degree of excellence. The governor having heard him to an end, sentenced the unfortunate youth to be sent back to the house of his father, to assist him in his labour. The father, who was present in the hall, at the same time received orders to keep his son in close confinement, till he had acquired a habit of application, and a sufficient degree of skill in the business to which he was now to apply himself.

He was followed by a person not unlike him in manner and appearance, though somewhat more advanced in years. The account this person gave of himself was nearly in these words: "I was born to an independent fortune, to which I succeeded at the age of eighteen by the death of my father. From that moment my sole object was the enjoyment of my fortune, of which I thought I should never be able to see an end. I joined in every party of pleasure, and indulged in every species of expensive dissipation. At the end of seven years, I found my fortune gone, and the only comfort that remained for me was, that I had spent it in a manner suitable to my rank, and in the society of the first and noblest persons in Egypt. Happily for me, those great persons conceived that it would be unbecoming to expose one who had passed so many hours in their company to poverty and want; at the same time they justly considered, that it might degrade a person who could boast of once having been their equal and companion to subsist on the bounty of private individuals. They therefore humbly besought our mighty sovereign to bestow upon me an office at once honourable and lucrative. To this request he was pleased to lend a favourable ear. The emoluments of my office are considerable; but I am obliged to give a portion of them to a creature who performs the duties of it, and upon the remainder I can still afford to live in luxury not much inferior to that of my former opulence." Upon hearing this account, the governor inquired into the character of the deputy, and finding he was a worthy and respectable citizen, who had long done the business of a laborious and an important office for the small pittance allowed him by the gentleman before him, he pronounced a sentence which appeared to me highly equitable. He ordered, that the deputy should in future draw the whole emoluments, paying only to the principal the same allowance which formerly the deputy had received.

The next person who approached the throne addressed the governor with an unembarrassed and a steady countenance in the following words: "By some fortunate circumstances," said he, "I was early in life introduced into the society of many persons of the first distinction. At their tables I acquired a taste for good living, which I came to consider as the first of all enjoyments; but possessing no fortune, this passion might have proved a curse instead of a blessing, had I not happily discovered a method of gratifying it, at once easy and agreeable. By my intercourse with the great, I soon discovered that it was in my power to give, in return for the dainties of their table, something which to them was more precious, while it cost me nothing. At the board of Sethos, I harangue in praise of learning and learned men, well knowing that, amidst all his opulence and splendour, the chief ambition of Sethos is to be considered as a man of letters. At the elegant repasts of Osoroth, I join him in declaiming against the luxury of modern times; while each of his company, with equal solicitude, looks around for some new delicacy to provoke a satiated appetite. At the house of the rich Susennes, whose vanity lies in the splendour of his entertainments, and in the excellence of his table, I openly praise every dish that is served up, and tell Susennes, that his wine of Persia is the finest in the world, and that his gardens produce fruits of unrivalled excellence. In this vocation or calling of mine, as it may be termed, there is one circumstance which, it must be confessed, is sometimes a little unpleasant. When at the table of one great friend I happen to deliver sentiments and opinions diametrically opposite to those I had supported the day before at another place, a pert visitor may be so rude as to remark this sudden change, or by a broad grin to show that it has not passed unobserved. But nevertheless," continued he, "I contrive to live happily, and to enjoy all the advantages of a great fortune, without the trouble and embarrassment of it."—"Live then," said the governor, with a look of ineffable contempt, "if you can submit to live on such terms."

Upon the removal of this gentleman, there appeared a tall, thin, meagre figure, which stalked up with wonderful dignity to the presence of the governor, and thus addressed him: "I am the representative of the noblest and most ancient family in Egypt. My forefathers were the companions of the victories of Sesostris and Semiramis. It is true, that, owing to the princely generosity of my great ancestors, I am at present obliged to honour some wealthy inhabitants of this province, so far as to receive from them the means of subsistence. Emboldened, perhaps, by this circumstance, one of those persons lately presumed to ask my daughter in marriage, telling me that their hearts had long been united *by every tie of* the most tender affection. But I *drove the vile plebeian* from my presence; and had I not been prevented, would have sacrificed him to my just indignation."

At the close of this narrative, the governor hesitated for a moment, and then ordered the guards to conduct this noble personage to the hospital set apart for the reception of lunatics.

A gentleman whose train and whose appearance bespoke his consequence, now approached the throne, with a look and manner polished at the same time and assured. "I presume," said he to the governor, "you are not unacquainted with the name of Zoroes. In that council which the wisdom of our sovereign has established for the government of his Ethiopian dominions I hold a distinguished place; a situation which I owe to my own talents, having neither the influence of hereditary wealth, nor the pride of illustrious ancestry, to support me. But in the college of the priests at Memphis I was early taught qualities by which to compensate the want of those advantages; penetration to discover the weaknesses, and pliancy to conciliate the affections, of men. In that seminary likewise I acquired a power of eloquence to lead the passions, a subtlety of argument to confound the judgment. Endowed with such accomplishments, I obtained a seat in that council, which by the superiority of my talents I have since been enabled to guide. Amidst the divisions with which that council has been agitated, amidst the factions with which our province has been torn, the art of Zoroes has drawn from those divisions and those factions his power and his emoluments: he has wielded to his purposes the furious zeal of the multitude, and the jarring interests of their leaders; and has risen, by his command over the fluctuating opinions of mankind, to rank, to office, and to wealth." The governor looked sternly at him, and his face reddened with indignation: "I am not, indeed," said he, "a stranger to the name of Zoroes; I have heard of such a man, who lives on the mischiefs of faction, who foments divisions that he may increase his own consequence, and creates parties that he may guide them in the blindness of their course; who sows public contention that he may reap private advantage, and thrives amidst the storms that wreck the peace of his country."—He gave the signal to his guards, who hurried Zoroes to his fate. His punishment was cruel, but somewhat analogous to his character and his crimes. He was exposed in an island of the Nile to the crocodiles that inhabit it.

After witnessing this disagreeable exercise of justice, it was with pleasure I beheld a beautiful female, dressed with equal elegance and splendour, tripping towards the throne, and seemingly pleased with the admiration of the surrounding multitude. In a sweet accent, though with a manner rather infantine, she informed the governor, that some months ago she had married a man of fourscore, who had nothing to recommend him but his immense wealth, of which she previously stipulated that she should have the absolute disposal. "You see," said she, "the use I make of it. These jewels are esteemed the finest in the province; and I hope soon to possess a set still more precious." The governor, without hearing more of her prattle, pronounced a sentence which I confess I thought somewhat severe. He ordered her to be stript of all her costly ornaments, and to be sent home in a plain garment to the house of her husband, with instructions, that, during the remainder of his days, she should be constrained to live constantly with him, and permitted to see no other company whatever.

While I was commiserating the hard fate of the fair unfortunate, the crier pronounced my own name, in a deep and hollow tone of voice. This alarmed me so much, that I awaked in no small consternation, and was very well pleased to find myself quietly in my own bed in the good town of Edinburgh. Of all men living, a Lounger must ever be the most puzzled to give an account of his life, conversation, and mode of living; and therefore, however wise the law of Amasis may be, I fairly own that I was happy to find I was not subject to it.

M.

No. 48.] Saturday, Dec. 31, 1785.

Discipulus est prioris posterior dies. Sen.

To-day is the scholar of yesterday.

The Lounger having now "rounded one revolving year," may consider himself as an acquaintance of some standing with his readers, and, at this period of gratulations, may venture to pay them the compliments of the season with the freedom of intimacy and the cordiality of friendship. In the life of a periodical Essayist, a twelvemonth is a considerable age. That part of the world in which his subject lies he has then had an opportunity of viewing in all its different situations; he has seen it in the hurry of business, in the heyday of amusement, in the quiet of the country; and he now attends it in its course of Christmas festivity and holiday merriment.

Yet I know not how it is, that amidst the gratulations and festivity of this returning season, I am sometimes disposed to hear the one, and partake the other, with a certain seriousness of mind not well suited to the vacancy of the time; to look on the jollity around me with an eye of thought, and to impress, in my imagination, a tone of melancholy on the voices that wish me many happy years.

As men advance in life, the great divisions of time may indeed furnish matter for serious reflection, as he who counts the money he has spent naturally thinks of how much a smaller sum he has left behind. Yet, for my own part, it is less from anxiety about what remains of time, than from the remembrance of that which is gone, that I am led into this "mood of pensiveness." In my hours of thoughtful indolence, I am not apt to conjure up phantoms of the future; 'tis with a milder sort of melancholy that I sometimes indulge in recalling the shades of the past. To this perhaps the Lounger's manner and habits of life naturally incline him. To him leisure gives frequent occasions to review his time, and to compare his thoughts. By the Lounger a few ideas, natural and congenial to his mind, are traced through all their connections; while the man of professional industry and active pursuit has many that press upon him in succession, and are quickly dismissed. He who lives in a crowd gains an extensive acquaintance, but little intimacy; the man who possesses but a few friends enjoys them much, and thinks of them often.

Time mellows ideas as it mellows wine.—Things in themselves indifferent acquire a certain tenderness in recollection; and the scenes of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance nor feeling, rise up to our memory dignified at the same time and endeared. As countrymen in a distant land acknowledge one another as friends, so objects, to which when present we gave but little attention, are nourished in distant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of a tender kind, the ties which they had on the heart are drawn still closer, and we recall them with an enthusiasm of feeling which the same objects of the immediate time are unable to excite. The ghosts of our departed affections are seen through that softening medium, which, though it dims their brightness, does not impair their attraction; like the shade of Dido appearing to Æneas,

> "Agnovitque per umbram
> Obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense
> Aut videt, aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam;
> Demisit lacrymas dulcique affatus amore est."

The hum of a little tune to which in our infancy we have often listened; the course of a brook which in our childhood we have frequently traced; the ruins of an ancient building which we remember almost entire; these remembrances sweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderness and melancholy, at whose bidding the pleasures, the business, the ambition of the present moment fade and disappear.

Our finer feelings are generally not more grateful to the fancy than moral to the mind. Of this tender power which remembrance has over us several uses might be made; this disnity of memory, did we worship it aright, might lend its aid to our happiness as well as to our virtue.

An amiable and ingenious philosopher has remarked, that in castle-building no man is a villain.* In like manner it may perhaps be pronounced that every man is virtuous in recollection; he rests with peculiar satisfaction on the remembrance of such actions as are most congenial to the better parts of his nature, on such pleasures as were innocent, on such designs as were laudable. It were well if, amidst the ardour of pursuit, or the hopes of gratification, we sometimes considered that the present will be future, as well as that the future will be present, that we anticipated reflection as well as enjoyment. Not only in those greater and more important concerns, which are what Shakspeare calls "stuff o' the conscience," but in the lesser and more trivial offices of life, we should be more apt to conduct ourselves aright, did we think that we were one day to read the drama in which we now perform, and that of ourselves, and the other personages of the scene, we were to judge with a critical severity.

This indulgence of memory, this review of time, would blunt the angry and discordant passions that often prey on our own quiet as well as on the peace of others. Scarce any man is so hard of heart as to feel himself an enemy over the grave of his foe; and the remembrance of contests, however just, with those who are now no more, comes across an ingenuous mind with a sort of self-accusation. The progress of time, though it may not have swept our adversaries from the earth, will probably have placed both them and us in circumstances such as to allay, if not extinguish, our resentment. Prosperity to us, or misfortunes to them, may have soothed our anger into quiet, or softened it to pity. The lessons of Time may have taught us, what Wisdom or Prudence once preached to us in vain, that the object of our contention was not worth the struggle of the contest, that we mistook the value of the prize, or did injustice to the motives of our competitors; or perhaps we have altered those sentiments in which we were formerly so warm, and forsaken those tenets we were once so positive to maintain. The hand of Time, imperceptible in its touch, steals the colour from our opinions; and like those who look on faded pictures, we wonder at having formerly been struck with their force.

Though it is wisely ordered by Providence that we should not pause in the pursuits of life to think of its shortness, or undervalue every attainment from the uncertainty of its duration when attained; yet such a consideration may fairly enough mitigate a blameable eagerness in the chase, or a blameable depression from its disappointment. I was very well pleased with the philosophy of an old soldier, whom I once met with in the environs of London, leaning on a crutch, and rather accepting than soliciting the aid of the charitable. He told me, not without some importunity on my part, the hardships and the dangers he had encountered; the number of his campaigns, the obstinacy of his engagements, the length of his sieges; "yet I failed in getting Chelsea," said he, "because I was rendered incapable of the service in consequence of a rheumatism contracted in a winter encampment; and, more than all that, because my wife, somehow or other, had disobliged my commanding officer. But I forget and forgive, as the saying is; and, thanks to such as your Honour, I can make shift to live. It is true, I have seen others get halberts, ay, and commissions too, that were not better men than myself; —but that don't signify. It will be all the same an hundred years hence." Without all the happy stoicism of the soldier, we may often sooth the pangs of envy, and the pinings of discontent, by the consideration of that period when they shall cease to disquiet, when time shall have unplumed the pageantry of grandeur, narrowed the domains of wealth, and withered the arm of power.

Nor will this philosophy of time convey a less important lesson to the successful than to the unfortunate. It will moderate the luxurious indulgence of the rich, and restrain the wanton or useless exertions of the powerful. Every one who can look back on a moderately long life, will remember a succession of envied possessors of wealth and influence, whose luxury a thousand flatterers were wishing to share, whose favour a crowd of dependents were striving to obtain. Let those who now occupy their place attend to the effects of that wealth enjoyed, of those favours bestowed. Let them cast up the sum of pleasure which was produced by the one, of gratitude or self-satisfaction produced by the other. If there are any whom elevation has made giddy, or power rendered insolent, let them think how long that elevation can endure, how far that power can extend; let them consider in how short a space the influence of their predecessors has ceased to be felt, how soon their appointments have made room for the appointments of others; how few of their dependents and favourites survive, and of those few how very small a part acknowledge their benefactor. If some of the actions of such eminent persons there are which the world still remembers with approbation, and individuals own with gratitude, they are probably such as, in this review of the past, it will be useful for their successors to observe and to imitate. Those have obtained a victory over time, which is the noblest excitement and animation to virtue; that honest fame of which the consciousness gives its highest enjoyment to the present, which the future can neither reproach nor overcome.

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* Dr. Reid, in his "Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man."

Z.

No. 49.] Saturday, Jan. 7, 1786.

No subject tends to throw more light on the history of mankind, or their progress in the different situations of society, than their public amusements, or the state of those arts which contribute to their entertainment.

Comedy, which consists in the dramatic representation of human characters in a ridiculous point of view, makes a distinguished figure among the amusements of mankind. The following reflections are thrown together on the history of comedy, as they may afford some useful observations on the progress of manners and of arts, as well as introduce a continuation of the remarks I formerly made on the moral effects of the drama.

The first and original method in which ridicule exercised itself in dramatic representation appears to have consisted, not so much in giving a view of the character of the person to be exhibited on the stage, as in representing a particular individual in a ludicrous situation. To point out the feelings of the character,—to represent the turn of mind—to display the humour or internal features of the man, was not so much the object, as to bring the person himself on the stage, and to raise ridicule in the audience, by making him commit some action absurd, droll, out of place, or inconsistent. A man respected for dignity, and in a reputable situation, is brought upon the stage, not to exhibit his dignity as false and affected, not to represent the real or internal feelings of his mind, or to point out those features by which his assumed character may be exposed, but merely with a view to make him commit some absurd or mean action, inconsistent with the gravity and respectable tenor of his usual conduct.

Such is the exhibition of Aristophanes's Socrates. No history of human character is given, no display of the character of Socrates in particular; nor is any principle or feature of his mind represented. The author confines himself singly to making Socrates do things upon the stage unworthy of himself, or of his character; and the audience is entertained with the contrast, is amused with this performance of mean or little actions by a man of a grave and serious deportment. The ridicule in this case does not give a view of the character, but is confined to the joke arising from the action performed, compared with that of the man who performs it. Socrates is not made ridiculous by doing what is like, but what is unlike himself.

This observation needs not be confined to the Clouds of Aristophanes, but may be farther extended, and appears indeed to comprehend the general characteristic of all early comedies, written or represented before people have arrived at a great degree of refinement.

It is not difficult to assign the reason for this being the general characteristic of early comedies.

Men in an early age are not reasoners.—— The bulk of the people at least are not accustomed to make general conclusions and reflections on human character. They would not therefore be amused by general exhibitions of character, by comedies which represented actions as displaying only the internal features and original causes of human conduct. Such an exhibition would not be adapted to their taste, or the state of their minds. The rude representation of a particular person, who does actions absurd in themselves, or absurd in him to perform, is the only thing which can produce their laughter, or afford them a comic entertainment.

Men in an early age, who have not made much progress in refinement, will receive a peculiar pleasure in seeing the character of an individual, of a person known to themselves, exhibited on the stage; whereas, when men advance in refinement, they will come to feel uneasy at this representation of real characters; their delicacy will be shocked at the exhibition of so coarse an entertainment, and something of a purer kind will be substituted in its room.— Hence what was called the middle comedy was substituted among the Greeks in place of the old. The middle comedy was less coarse than the old, because the old represented real persons on the stage, under their real names; in the middle, feigned names were given to the real persons; but this improvement soon gave way to a much higher one, the new comedy, where both real names and real living persons were banished from the stage.

Should it be said that at the time Aristophanes wrote the Greeks were in a state o great advancement, were a learned and intelligent people; and that therefore Aristophanes should not be given as an example of a comic author in an early and unrefined period; it may be observed, that though the Greeks were certainly in the time of Aristophanes a very wise people, and possessed of the most eloquent and philosophical writers, yet at that time the Athenians were remarkably deficient in delicacy and politeness. Perhaps in so violent and turbulent a democracy as that of Athens, the people, amidst the acrimony of debate and rude contests of ambition, remain long in a state of barbarism as to manners. This has been observed, and endeavoured to be accounted for by several ingenious authors; one* of whom indeed cites, as an instance of it, this very circumstance of the amusement which the Athenians found in the lowest species of comedy. "They were so little judges," says he, "of propriety in wit and humour, as to relish the low ribaldry of an Aristophanes, at a period when they were entertained with the sublime eloquence of a Demosthenes, with the pathetic compositions of an Euripides or a Sophocles."

As the body of the people, however, advance in refinement or delicacy, this ancient species of comedy, as it did among the Greeks, will come to give disgust instead of entertainment.

Comic authors will then betake themselves to a different species of writing; and the next step seems to be, instead of the exhibition of a particular person, to give the history of some general passion, affection, or principle of the human mind. The bulk of men who frequent public places of amusement have then attained such a degree of improvement, by experience and reflection, as to relish a general representation of the history of the human heart in trying and interesting scenes; and hence views of characters in those situations will be relished and understood.

When this species of writing, however, first begins, the representations of character that are given will be confined to the more general views of the human mind, acting under the influence of some one leading principle. The nice features of that principle, the small deviations to which it is subject, its various combinations with other principles, or its discriminations arising from peculiar circumstances of situation or of habit, will not be attended to or held out to view. Before men go into particulars, they must be well acquainted with what is general; before they consider the nice, they must be intimate with the gross features.

Hence our early but improved writers, not only of comedy, but of every species of writing which represents characters, give only general representations. The ambitious, the envious, the avaricious man, is represented under the dominion of his guiding principle, but the nicer features of the principle are not delineated. Theophrastus wrote at a period of less delicacy, and when minute proprieties were less attended to, than La Bruyere; the characters therefore of the first are more general and less nice than of the latter.

Of all writers, indeed, the French seem to have paid most attention to the small and minute views of character, and to the different properties of life and manners. Living in an age of refinement and politeness, under a monarchical government, where the *agreeable* are the qualities which conduce to advancement, the elegant and recommendatory virtues are chiefly cultivated. A new species of morals, unknown and unattended to among the ancients, the term for which, *petites morales*, cannot even be translated into our language, has been introduced, and has become a principal object both in conduct and philosophy. Hence the nice perception which French authors have of all the delicate discriminations of character; hence their observance of all the deviations from what is becoming; and hence their talent of describing and representing all the proprieties and improprieties of human conduct. The English writers in general may be possessed of more metaphysical profoundness; but they have not the same lively talent at describing manners, nor the same delicate observation of the different tints and colourings in which they appear.

At the same time it may be observed, that even in Britain some authors have appeared, who have excelled in giving minute pictures of manners, and of the nice features of character. Of these Addison and Sterne may be mentioned as holding a distinguished place.

This is the last improvement which arises in the representation of human characters; when not only their general features, under certain great classes, are exhibited, but when writers descend to, and are able at the same time to point out, the smaller discriminations into which those general classes subdivide themselves, and appear in different men. When characters are represented in this manner, the writing of comedy is at its perfection; and as the moderns seem to have possessed more of this talent than the ancients, so the comedies of the former seem to excel those of the latter. The ancient comedies contain only the general characters of men and manners, young rakes, old men, parasites, lovers, slaves: but every old man is the same, every young rake is like every other rake; their pursuits are without distinctions; and their slaves have no other discrimination, than that the one half of them are old, faithful, trusty servants, and the other half lying, plotting, witty rascals.

It may, however, be observed, that this species of writing, in which the moderns have so greatly excelled, is much exposed to corruption and abuse. While the ancient manner of drawing characters is defective, by being too general, there is danger lest this other species become faulty, by being too particular. Men attentive to represent the minute lines may neglect the more important, and instead of representing a character which belongs to human kind, they may come to represent only those particular characters which distinguish individuals. Instead of comedies of nature, they may give comedies of manners, fleeting, volatile, uncertain, and as impossible to be reduced to rule as the flimsy modes of fashion. Thus, according to

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**Miller on the Origin* of the Distinction of Ranks.

the phrase, that *extremes always agree*, it may happen that the last improvement in comedy may degenerate into that very abuse for which the rudest and most ancient may be censured. Particular persons may come to be represented on the stage instead of general characters. Something of this kind was some time ago introduced on the English stage; though it may be observed, that this mode of writing owed its success more to the mimic qualities of its author than to its being approved of by the taste of the audience.

But this is not the only thing to be feared from men's giving minute attention to the smaller parts of character; there is also a danger of its having an improper effect on their own character and conduct. When their attention is chiefly bestowed on the little parts of conduct, they may come to neglect or overlook the greater. Manner may be put in the place of substance; and what is frivolous may be preferred to what is manly. As this species of corruption may be considered as the greatest in literary composition, so it is most certainly the greatest in morals. When what is trifling is only regarded, there never can be any splendid exertions of genius, there never can be any real greatness of character. All sublime and manly efforts will be at an end; all noble exertions in the field, and all genuine eloquence in the senate, will be extinguished. Our battles will be bloodless, and in our speeches prettiness will be preferred to simplicity and force. 'Tis the leading object in a late series of Letters on Education to represent the manner of doing a thing as preferable to the thing itself; to point out the frivolous and exterior accomplishments, the graces, as a surer road to advancement, than truth, integrity, or a spirit of independence, than the possession of the greatest knowledge, or the exertion of the most illustrious talents.

A.

No. 50.] Saturday, Jan. 14, 1786.

"Tragedy (according to the ancient definition quoted in a former paper) purges the passions by exciting them." Comedy wishes to purge vices and follies by ridicule. In a corrupt age, reason is so weak as to be obliged to call in such allies to her assistance: let her beware that they do not, like the Saxon auxiliaries of our ancestors, usurp the government which they were called to defend.

In the earliest periods of life, ridicule is naturally employed against reason and propriety.—The child who obeys its mother, who is afraid of its governess, who will not be concerned in little plots to deceive both, is laughed at by its bolder and less scrupulous companions. At every age, reason and duty are grave and serious things, in which ridicule finds a contrast that renders her attack more easy, and her sallies more poignant.

The refinement of polished times, as was observed in the foregoing Number, does not allow them to find amusement in that gross ridicule which provokes the laughter of a ruder people. But from this very source their subjects of comedy are often of a dangerous kind. They trench upon sacred ground; I mean not as to religion, but in morals; they paint those nicer shades of ridicule which are of an equivocal sort between virtue and vice, and often give the spectator leave to laugh, according to his own humour, either at the first or the latter.

In the Ecole des Femmes (and I shall hardly be reckoned unfair when I make the reference to Moliere) most of the maxims which Arnolphe makes Agnes read are really good moral precepts, which a prudent wife would do well to follow, for her own sake as well as her husband's. There is just as much prudery and suspicion thrown into them, as to allow those who would wish to be less guarded than a good wife ought to be to hold them in derision.

The George Dandin of the same author has been already criticised in this moral view by a very able writer. But he has not attended, say its defenders, to the proper moral of the piece; which is to correct a very common sort of weakness as well as of injustice in old men of low birth and great wealth, who purchase alliance with decayed nobility, and are vain enough to imagine that a wife, bought from her necessities, or from the necessities of her family, is to love and respect the husband who has purchased her. But besides that this corrective is applied to the party who may be the weakest, but is certainly the least wicked of the two, such examples, conveyed through the medium of comedy, are always more readily applied to those whom they may mislead than to those whom they may reform. The images which comedy presents, and the ridicule it excites, being almost always exaggerated, their resemblance to real life is only acknowledged by those whose weaknesses they flatter, whose passions they excuse. They who use the example of the scene for an apology can easily twist it into that form; they who wish to escape its correction easily discover the difference between the scenic situation and theirs.—The George Dandin and the *Cocu Imaginaire* of real life, neither meet with Lubins nor Pictures to abuse them; but the girl who thinks herself entitled to be the *Angelique* of the piece will find no difficulty in discovering her good man to be a Dandin; she who wishes her husband to be blind will never forget the prudent advice of Sganarelle:

"Quand vous verriez tout, ne croyez jamais rien."

Harpagon is held up to detestation by Moliere, for the correction of the old, the avaricious, the usurer, whom the world proscribes, whom his children must hate for his criminal parsimony. Alas! misers and usurers neither read nor see comedies; but the young and the thoughtless are taught to call prudence and economy covetousness and avarice, to be dissipated and extravagant out of pure virtue.

In the "Cheats of Scapin," the audience is always on the side of the rogue against the poor, deluded and abused old man. It is so in all comic scenes of the kind, from the slaves of Terence down to the valets of Moliere and Regnard. Ask any wise and discreet mother of a family, if she would allow her children to associate with the party-coloured gentlemen below stairs; she will tell you that it is of all things what she is at pains to avoid; because in their society her children would learn low manners, habits of cunning, of trick, and of falsehood.—Yet you bring them into such company in the comedies of the virtuous Moliere, where, if the valets are more clever and witty than those of ordinary life, they are only the more expert and agreeable rogues. We do not bring them into such society, you say, we only exhibit it to their view. But you show them people of equal rank with themselves mixed with that society, profiting by those rogueries, applauding the invention which gives them birth. If the drama is to have any effect at all, its operations in this case must be unfavourable to truth and to virtue.

In tragedy this effect does not require exhibition to give it force; on the contrary, it is perhaps in the reading that it fastens most strongly on young and susceptible minds. The softer feelings, to which it addresses itself, are more accessible in solitude and silence than in society. It is otherwise with comedy, ridicule operating more powerfully in company and in a crowd. There is besides no hero of a player equal to the hero of a tragedy: but the handsome figure, the showy garb, the assured countenance, the unembarrassed address, the easy negligence of many a comedian, is fully equal to the character he is to represent. The fine gentleman of real life is a sort of comic actor. When we consider how much imitation, how much art, how much affectation, go to make up his part, we shall not wonder, if even those who have often seen such exhibitions should sometimes mistake the player who personates for the character personated; but the young and the unexperienced naturally transfer the brilliancy of the character to his mimic representative. This gives a double force to the dialogue of the piece, and affords, in the person of a *pretty fellow of a player*, a very winning apology for whatever is exceptionable in the character he performs.

In the observations I formerly made on the moral effects of tragedy, I took notice of the consequences resulting from the almost uniform introduction of love, as the ruling motive of tragic action. To this objection comedy is equally liable; but there is an additional circumstance in which it is still more objectionable than the other department of the drama. As love is the principal action, marriage is the constant end of comedy. But the marriage of comedy is generally of that sort which holds forth the worst example to the young; not a union the result of tried attachment, of sober preference, sanctified by virtue and by prudence. These are the matches which comedy ridicules. Her marriages are the frolics of the moment, made on the acquaintance of a day, or of some casual encounter. In many comedies, amidst the difficulties of accomplishing the marriage on which the intrigue of the piece turns, and in the course of which its incidents are displayed, the restraints of parents and guardians are introduced only to be despised and out-witted; age, wisdom, experience, every thing, which a well-educated young person should respect and venerate, is made a jest of; pertness, impudence, falsehood, and dishonesty, triumph and laugh;—the audience triumphs and laughs along with them: and it is not till within a few sentences of the conclusion, that the voice of morality is uttered, not heard. The interest of the play is then over, the company is arraigning its departure; and if any one listens, 'tis but to observe how dull and common-place these reflections are. Virtue is thus doubly degraded, both when she speaks and when she is silent.

The purity of the British comedy in modern times has been often contrasted with the drama of our forefathers, in those days of licentiousness and immorality, when Wycherly and Congreve wrote for the rakes and libertines of a profligate court. I forbear to cite, in contradiction to this, the ribaldry with which, for some time past, our stage has been invested, in the form of comic operas and burlettas, by which the laugh and the applause of Sadler's Wells and Bartholomew fair have been drawn from the audiences of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane. But I must observe, that in this comparative estimate no account has been taken of a kind of licentiousness in which some of our latest comedies have indulged, still more dangerous than the indelicacy of the last century: those sometimes violated decency, but these attack principle; those might put modesty to the blush, or contaminate the purity of innocence; but these shake the very foundation of morality, and would harden the mind against the sense of virtue.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the French stage, formerly so proud of its *bienseance*, should have, nearly at the same period with that of England, assumed the like pernicious licentiousness. Figaro, though a less witty, is as immoral a play as the School for Scandal.

Dramas of this pernicious sort arose upon the fashionable ridicule against what was called *sentimental comedy*, which it had become customary to decry, as subverting the very intention of that department of the stage, and usurping a name, from which the gravity of its precepts, and the seriousness of its incidents, should have excluded it. This judgment, however, seems to be founded neither on the critical definition of comedy, nor on the practice of its writers in those periods when it had attained its highest reputation.—Menander and Terence wrote comedies of sentiment; nor does it seem easy to represent even follies naturally, without sometimes bringing before us the serious evils which they may produce, and the reflections which arise on their consequences. Morality may no doubt be trite, and sentiment dull in the hands of authors of little genius; but profligacy and libertinism will as often be silly as wicked, though, in the impudence with which they unfold themselves, there is frequently an air of smartness which passes for wit, and of assurance which looks like vivacity. The counterfeits, however, are not always detected at that time of life which is less afraid of being thought dissipated than dull, and by that rank which holds regularity and sobriety among the plebeian virtues. The people, indeed, are always true to virtue, and open to the impressions of virtuous sentiment. With the people, the comedies in which these are developed still remain favourites; and corruption must have stretched its empire far indeed, when the applauses shall cease with which they are received.

V.

No. 51.] Saturday, Jan. 21, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

I was much pleased with one of your late papers published on the last day of last year, in which you suggested several uses that might be made of a recollection of past events, and of a proper consideration of the power of Time.

The neglect of the improvement of Time is an evil of which every moralist has complained, on which therefore it were presumption in me to attempt to enlarge. But without repeating what has been so often and so well said on its waste or its abuse, permit me to take notice of that forgetfulness of its progress, which affects the conduct and deportment of so many in the different relations of life. In matters of serious concern, we cannot violate the rights of Time without rendering ourselves unhappy; in objects of smaller importance, we cannot withdraw from its jurisdiction without making ourselves ridiculous. Its progress, however, is unfortunately very apt to be unnoticed by ourselves, to whom its daily motion is gradual and imperceptible; but by others it will hardly fail to be marked, and they will expect a behaviour suitable to the character it should stamp upon us.

How often do the old forget the period at which they are arrived, and keep up a behaviour suitable, or perhaps only excusable in that which they have long ago passed? We see every day sexagenary beaux, and gray-haired rakes, who mix with the gay and the dissipated of the present time, and pride themselves on the want of that thought and seriousness which years alone, if not wisdom, should have taught them. This is the pitiful ambition of the weak and the profligate, who, unable to attain the respect due to virtue, or the credit of usefulness, wish to show the vigour of their minds, and the soundness of their constitutions, at a late period of life, by supporting a character of folly or licentiousness. But they should be told, that they generally fail in their object, contemptible as it is; the world only allows them credit for an attempt at follies, for an affectation of vice. "What a fine wicked old dog your father is!" said a young fellow, in my hearing, at the door of a tavern a few nights ago. "Why, yes," replied his companion, with a tone of *sang froid*, "he would if he could."

In the other sex, I confess, I feel myself more inclined to make allowance for those rebels against Time, who wish to extend the period of youth beyond its natural duration. The empire of beauty is a distinction so flattering, and its resignation makes so mortifying a change in the state of its possessor, that I am not much surprised if she who has once enjoyed it tries every art to prolong her reign. This indulgence, however, is only due to those who have no other part to perform, no other character to support. She who is a wife or a mother has other objects to which her attention may be turned, from which her respectability may be drawn. I cannot therefore easily pardon those whom we see at public places, the rivals of their daughters, with the airy gait, the flaunting dress, and the playful giggle of fifteen. As to those elderly ladies who continue to haunt the scenes of their early amusements, who sometimes exhibit themselves there in all the gay colours of youth and fashion, like those unnatural fruit-trees that blossom in December, I am disposed rather to pity than to blame them. In thus attending the triumphs of beauty, they may be of the same use with the monitor who followed the Roman heroes in their triumphal processions, to put them in mind, amidst the shouts of the people, and the parade of conquest, that, for all their glory, they were still but men.

But the progress of time is as often anticipated as it is forgotten, and youth usurps the privileges of age as frequently as age would retain the privileges of youth. At no period, perhaps, was this prematurity of behaviour more conspicuous than at present. We have boys discoursing politics, arguing metaphysics, and supporting infidelity, at an age little beyond that when they used to be playing at taw and leap-frog. Nor are these the most hurtful of their pretensions. In vice, as in self-importance, they contrive to get beyond "the ignorant present time;" and, at the years of boyishness, to be perfect men in licentiousness and debauchery. It is much the same with the young people of the female world. Girls, who formerly used to be found in the nursery, are now brought forward to all the prerogatives of womanhood. To figure at public places, to be gallanted at public walks, to laugh and talk loud at both, to have all the airs and all the ease of a fine lady, are now the acquirements of misses, who, in my younger days, Mr. Lounger, were working their samplers, learning white seam, or were allowed to spoil a mince-pie, by way of an exercise in pastry: and it is no uncommon thing, now-a-days, to see in the corner of a ball-room at midnight, leaning on the arm of her partner, and now and then answering some of his speeches with the rap of her fan, the same ungrown girl, who, not a great many years ago, would have courtesied to the company, kissed papa and mamma, and gone to bed supperless between eight and nine in the evening. In both sexes, the "ingenuus pudor," the becoming modesty and reserve, which were formerly the most pleasing characteristics of youth, seem now to be exploded: they have forgot to blush; and the present ruin of manners is such, that their parents do not blush for them. I confess, Sir, it is not without some indignation that I frequently see fathers and mothers smiling with complacency and pride on their children, for saying and doing things for which in my time, they would have been turned out of the room.—But I am an old man, apt perhaps to complain and be peevish. That I may not incur the other charge of the poet, the garrulity of age, I beg leave to conclude, by assuring you that I am, Sir, your admirer and humble servant,

SENEX.

After the severity of Senex's reprehension of the present times, on which he certainly has not looked with a favourable eye, it may be a relief to my readers to read a letter of a lighter sort, received from another correspondent, from whom the same paper to which Senex refers has drawn the following proposal.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

I HAD the honour of reading your paper for the New-Year, setting forth the natural reflections to which that returning period should give rise, and the moral uses of the recollection of past events. I am one, Sir, not much given to serious reflections, yet I acknowledge the use of remembrance, provided it does not go back an unreasonable time, and takes in only a certain set of events. I have long been an attendant and admirer of the fashionable world; and do not indeed think it worth my while to carry my philosophy down to the lower orders of the people. Of the fashionable world, I presume I need not inform you, Sir, that the New-year does not begin at the 1st of January; it used to be computed from the 18th; but this year, from some particular incidents, it is not, I believe, intended that it should begin so early. About the beginning of February, people will think of dating the commencement of the New-year, and may perhaps indulge the propensity you suppose, to recollect the events of the old. Of this persons of fashion have the greater need, that their years suffer an interruption unknown to the natural: they exist merely, in a state of oblivion, in the country, for five or six months of summer and autumn, and may therefore be very well supposed to forget the transactions of the last year, which ended so long a while before the present began. I would propose, Sir, to help their memories, by a sort of moral memorandum-book, which, I doubt not, as you are a philosopher and moralist, will meet with your approbation. My memorandum-book, however, will consist chiefly of things which they must remember to forget. I subjoin a few of the proposed memoranda, by which you may judge of the utility of the whole.

In the first place, then, people of fashion will please to

——forget Nature as much as possible.

Such of them as have not had the advantage of keeping in practice the rules of a polite education, during the summer months, at some of the watering places, will have been apt to let the rusticity of nature creep upon them. They may have learned several bad habits, which they must now by all means forget; such as, laughing at a merry, or crying at a moving tale; being themselves happy with happiness, or sad with sorrow; being pleased with the attentions of others, or pleasing others by their attentions; in short, a great many *sincerities* which might do well enough in the country, but which, like other natural productions, the winter always kills, among people of fashion in a town.

They will, secondly, remember to

—— forget their country acquaintance.

They may have received or bestowed many rural civilities, which it would be very improper to recollect here, and may meet with bows and courtesies from very odd or very good sort of people (for the terms are nearly synonymous) which they are to return only with a broad stare of surprise at the freedom used with them. If they have been so rusticated as not to find courage for that, the thing may be accomplished by *forgetting* their *eye-sight;* for which purpose they may resume their opera-glasses, which it is probable have lain quietly in their drawers since their departure from town.

It is a memorandum similar to the above to put them in mind that married persons of both sexes are to

——forget their husbands, wives, and children.

There is a manifest indecorum, or rather perhaps indecency, in the remembrance of such connections, of which no truly polite person will ever be guilty.

A direction somewhat akin to this is that of

——forgetting their fortunes,

of which the remembrance, when it interferes with the demands of pleasure, or of gayety, is one of the most vulgar and mechanical things in the world. It will at any rate be time enough to indulge it at the end of the season, when they may possibly be put in mind of it by other people. As they are, indeed, uniformly to shun all plebeian qualities, it is indispensable for them to

—forget their modesty.

A proper confidence in ourselves is one of the truest marks of having lived among persons of condition. Neither knowledge, genius, valour, nor virtue, can bestow it; 'tis so purely the gift of fashion and fashionable society, that the want of it is an absolute disqualification for the privileges which attend them.

Under this head of mental endowments, I may suggest the propriety of

——forgetting their religion.

It is possible that in the country they may have given way to some vulgar prejudices, which it were highly improper to retain in town. It may not be amiss, however, to inform them, in this place, what they might otherwise have scrupled to believe, that the church has of late become a place of fashionable resort in Edinburgh; and what is still more odd, that fine people actually attend to the sermon. The eloquence of some of our preachers, like the dagger of Macbeth, has "murdered sleep" there; for which reason, it will not be so convenient as formerly to go thither after a late supper, or a long party at whist, the night before.

In point of external qualities, the ladies are to

—forgot their complexion:

In the morning they are to be much paler, and in the evening much more blooming than they were in the country. If other people remember them from the one period to the other, there is no help for it;—as things go now, it does not much signify. *Very fine* ladies may sometimes forget to dress at all; it will show ease, and a certain contempt for their company, to which people of high fashion are entitled.

On the subject of dress, I may add, by way of caution, that the ladies would do well

——not to forget themselves.

I don't mean this in the common acceptation of the phrase, which it may be sometimes very proper and convenient to do. What I mean is simply to put them in mind, that a lady in town, in the modern dress, takes up so much more room than she does in the country, that very serious consequences might ensue from her not attending to the space which she necessarily occupies. An acquaintance of mine, who is somewhat of an antiquarian, observed to me what an opinion our great-grandchildren might be led to form of the size of the ladies' heads towards the close of the 18th century, if any of the fashionable *hats* should happen to be preserved in the cabinet of the curious. But in reply, I desired him to take notice, that they would be set right as to the dimensions of the race by examining the *walking-sticks* of the men, which are just as much below the medium standard, as the hats of the other sex are beyond it. By the hats, they might conjecture us to be bred of Patagonians; by the sticks, they would conclude us to be a generation of Laplanders.

But I find I am wandering from my subject. I must put myself in mind, that it is time to conclude this hasty scrawl, by having the honour to subscribe myself, with all possible consideration and respect,

Sir,
Your most obedient and
most devoted humble servant,
V. Memory Modish.

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No. 52.] Saturday, Jan. 28, 1786.

On peut ebaucher un portrait en peu de mots; mais le detailler exactment, c'est un ouvrage sans fin.
Marivaux.

It is easy to sketch the outline of character, but exceedingly difficult to fill up the shading.

"Most women have no characters at all." So says a poet of great good sense, and of much observation on human character. I own, however, that I am not very willing to acknowledge the truth of the proposition. I admit that there is a certain sameness in the situation of our women, which is apt to give a similarity to their manner and turn of mind; but I am persuaded there is a foundation of diversity in the characters of women as strong as in those of men. The features of the first indeed, are more delicate, less strongly marked, and on that account more difficult to be distinguished; but still the difference equally exists. In their faces, the features of men are stronger than those of women; but the difference of one woman's face from another is not therefore the less real. So it is, in my opinion, with their minds.

I have been lately more than ever disposed to deny the truth of Mr. Pope's observation, from an acquaintance with two ladies, who in situations nearly alike, without that difference which vicissitudes of fortune, or uncommon incidents in life, might produce, are in character perfectly dissimilar. I never, indeed, knew two characters more pointedly different than those of Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Hambden. Mrs. Williams is a woman of plain good sense, and of great justness of conduct. She was early married to a man of good understanding, and in a respectable situation of life. He married her, because he wished for a wife who could be a useful as well as an agreeable companion to him, and would make a good mother to his children. She married him, because she thought him a worthy man, with whom she could be happy. Neither the husband nor the wife are remarkable for taste or refinement; but they have both such a stock of sense, as prevents their ever falling into any impropriety. Mrs. Williams conducts the affairs of her family with the greatest regularity and exactness; and she never feels herself above giving attention to any particular of domestic economy. The education of her sons she leaves almost entirely to her husband; that of the daughters she considers as peculiarly belonging to her. Believing the great truths, and attentive to the great doctrines of religion, she never troubled herself with its intricacies; and following, in morality, the plain path of right, she never speculated on points of delicate embarrassment. To her daughters, in like manner, she never taught mystery in religion, nor casuistry in morals; but she instils into them the most obvious and useful principles in both. She allows them to mix with the world to a certain degree, and to associate with companions of their own age and rank; but she guards against every thing which might give them a romantic turn. Having little imagination herself, she removes from her daughters every thing by which theirs might be warmed; novels that melt, and dramas that agitate the mind, she is at pains to prevent their getting a taste for. Even a relish for music she seems to wish to discourage.

Mrs. Williams is in every thing candour itself. Indeed, she never feels any thing which she would wish to conceal. Her good sense makes her always fix on her plan of conduct with firmness; and as she is not perplexed with any difficulties, nor encumbered with any doubts about its being right, she always takes the direct road to accomplish the end she has in view. Upon the whole, Mrs. Williams is more respectable than many who seem formed to command more respect, and happier than many who seem to have more avenues for happiness.

Mrs. Hambden possesses a mind of a much superior order to that of Mrs. Williams. She is, indeed, one of the most accomplished women I ever knew. With an uncommon portion of acuteness and discernment, she possesses the highest degree of taste and refinement. Her conversation is ever animated and ever improving; and a delicate sense of virtue, as well as a warmth of sensibility, which runs through every thing she says, creates an attachment to her, and gives to her discourse (to use an expression of Sir William Temple's) that *race*, without which, discourse as well as wine is insipid. Intimately acquainted with human nature, she possesses the quickest discernment and the truest knowledge of every character that comes within her observation; and yet, from a native generosity of mind, she is ever willing to make allowance for the weaknesses or follies of others. With such accomplishments, and so much worth, it is natural to suppose that Mrs. Hambden will exhibit, in every part of her conduct, a pattern of perfection; and yet, from the very possession of those endowments, she seems to fail in those parts of conduct in which Mrs. Williams, with much inferior talents and accomplishments, appears to succeed. Mrs. Hambden's superior acuteness and penetration, far from enabling her to fix upon a certain, steady, uniform line of conduct, frequently produce only doubt, uncertainty, and hesitation. To whichever side she turns, she sees difficulties; difficulties which her discernment enables her to perceive, and her imagination tends to magnify. When resolved, she is but half-resolved; she begins to doubt that she has determined wrong; thinks of varying her plan, and becomes more and more uncertain how to proceed. Even after she is completely fixed as to the object, she wavers as to the means of obtaining it, and obstacles are constantly starting up in her idea which she knows not how to surmount. This not only produces a vacillancy in her conduct, but at times gives her the appearance of a want of fairness; she wishes to disguise her own perplexity to herself, and this leads her to assume somewhat of disguise to others. Uncertain of the justness or expediency of her own conduct, afraid of the light in which it may appear, she but half communicates resolutions of which she doubts the propriety, and half conceals intentions which she is afraid lo fulfil.

Mrs. Hambden was left, not long after her marriage, a widow, with one son and one daughter, and, since her husband's death, her whole care has centred in these children. From her anxiety with regard to her son, she has taken the management of his education upon herself. From her eager wish to conduct him in the paths of virtue, and to secure him from the snares of vice, she has kept him almost constantly under her own eye; she has prevented him from going to a public school, and has hardly allowed him any companions. The boy is now about fifteen, with wonderful learning and knowledge for his years, and possessed of the finest and most amiable dispositions; but, from his mode of education, he is awkward, timid, and perfectly ignorant of the world. With the world, however, he must soon mix; and what change this may produce in his character is uncertain. It is much to be feared, that that very purity and refinement of mind, of which he is possessed, and which certainly has been preserved by his seclusion from the world, may produce very fatal consequences to him on his entrance into life. If he retains this extreme purity and refinement untainted, there is danger lest he become disgusted with and unfit for a world, many of the maxims and practices of which he will find very different from the lessons he has received from too fond a mother. But the danger is still greater that his purity and refinement may leave him; being introduced into the world, not gradually, but all at once; not being taught by degrees to struggle with and resist the corruptions around him, he may fall into the very opposite extreme from that in which he has been led, and desert, from the refinement and severity of virtue, to the grossness and licentiousness of vice. He will meet with vice in colours that often dazzle rather than shock inexperience like his, and his weakness may sometimes yield where his inclination may not be seduced. The boldness of confident folly may overthrow his wisest resolutions, and the laugh of shallow ridicule triumph over his best-founded principles.

Mrs. Hambden's daughter is at this moment the most amiable girl I ever knew. Here I am at a loss whether to find fault with the education her mother has given her or not: Mrs. Hambden's object has been to bestow upon her every accomplishment which can adorn the female character: music and drawing, the French and Italian languages, she is mistress of; her reading is extensive, her taste exquisite, her judgment delicate: and yet, I confess, I am not less afraid than I am interested about this girl's fate. Her soul is too refined for the common, but useful and necessary departments of life. and that imagination which she has enlivened and cultivated, may be to her the source of infinite distress.—While her mother lives, even her support may not always protect her daughter, nor ensure that peace of mind, which feeling may betray or fancy mislead. But what a change in her situation must that parent's death produce! If she remains unmarried, I fear she will be little able to struggle with the harsh difficulties of a single state; for reading and refinement, far from enabling the female mind to grapple with its situation, have rather a tendency to soften and enfeeble it. Should she marry, and I am persuaded she never will, unless she finds a man whom she thinks worthy of her most ardent affection, in that state also she is not less exposed to unhappiness. Even supposing she should meet with a husband (and there are few such) every way worthy of her, it is to be feared that her extreme delicacy may give her many uneasinesses, and create an anxiety which it will not be easy to cure. If from that ignorance of the characters of the men, to which every woman is exposed, she should be unlucky in her choice, her danger is dreadful.

But I have wandered somewhat from my purpose, which was to illustrate the difference between the two ladies in question; and to show, against the too decisive apophthegm of the poet, the possible discrimination of female character. Yet, in tracing those different persons through the different plans of education for their children, I am not sure if I have not stumbled upon something intimately as well as usefully connected with my subject. If there are very distinguishing features in female as well as in male characters, it is for mothers to mark their features, to watch betimes their different propensities. Education can do much to confirm goodness, to correct depravity of temper and of disposition; and in characters more common than either of those extremes, education can give exertion to indolence, refinement to insensibility, strength to the weak, and support to the too susceptible mind,—can call forth talents into usefulness, and bestow happiness upon virtue.

P.

No. 53.] SATURDAY, FEB. 4, 1786.

Minima contentos nocte Britannos. JUV.

Britons contented with a short liv'd night.

IN a late paper, I laid before my readers a letter from a correspondent, subscribing himself Senex, on the little attention which is now-a-days paid to the rights and jurisdiction of Time. Since the publication of that paper, I received the following application from a personage who claims my attention and regard, by desiring me to observe, that she is still older than Senex, and has had more opportunities of witnessing that corruption of modern manners, of which he so warmly complains.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

The Humble Petition of NIGHT

SHEWETH,

THAT from the remotest antiquity your petitioner was acknowledged and understood to have right to the undisturbed possession of silence and quiet, and, in company with her relation *Darkness*, was invested with the power of staying the works and labours of men, and of consigning them to the dominion of your petitioner's ancient and approved ally *Sleep*. Sleep in his turn yielded them to the renewing power of *Day*, to whom was committed the charge of their active employments. That this regular distribution of Time was agreeable to the laws of Nature, and highly conducive to the interests of society and the welfare of individuals.

That, this notwithstanding, your petitioner has to complain, that for a considerable time past, in civilized and polite nations, there have been many violent and unjust inroads made into that province, which, in the order of nature, has been assigned her. That in the metropolis of the British empire, in particular, the distinguishing privileges above set forth, to which the petitioner conceives herself well entitled, have been violently infringed, insomuch that the hours over which she and her associates above-named ought to have had command and control, have been almost entirely appropriated to action, bustle, and disquiet, to the great disturbance of your said petitioner and her friends before-mentioned.

That certain persons, assuming to themselves the style and title of men of pleasure, had long since a licence of acting in their several occupations in despite of your petitioner's exclusive privileges, hereinbefore recited; and being confederated with the powers of Wine, Play, and other disorderly associates, had made forcible entries into the territories of your petitioner, and subjected her faithful vassals to much vexation and annoyance. But as those men of pleasure were in some sort acknowledged to be independent of Reason and Nature, from whom your petitioner holds in fief, she was contented to pass over their enormities for the present; being assured, from very great and respectable authority, that most of those persons would, at a future period, be particularly consigned to her power and dominion.

But of late your petitioner has observed, with the greatest alarm, that persons of business, and even those from whose high sanction such irregular proceedings will be most apt to come into example and precedent, have made very unwarrantable encroachments on her most acknowledged and determinate boundaries. Such persons, in order to conceal the injuries done by them to your petitioner, have added the crime of falsehood and forgery to their other offences; and have marked their proceedings, as if carried on under the sanction of Day, with the Latin words, "*Die Martis*,"—"*Die Jovis*,"—and so forth; though it is an undoubted fact, and can be proved by the most indisputable authority, that these were transacted within the jurisdiction and precincts of your petitioner. Some of the persons, indeed, chiefly and principally concerned in such transactions, were frequently observed to have in some sort allowed the authority of your petitioner, by submitting to the control and dominion of Sleep, her well-known and faithful associate above-mentioned.

That your petitioner, amidst all those injuries which she suffered, had yet the consolation of thinking that they were chiefly confined to the city of London and liberties of Westminster; but that in the country, and the metropolis of this ancient kingdom of Scotland, her proper and just rights were more acknowledged and attended to; and that there, associations both of business and amusement generally preserved a certain degree of respect for her dominion, and did not wantonly and violently encroach upon her boundaries. But within these few years she has seen, with equal surprise and regret, a remarkable alteration in this matter; and that in particular the last-mentioned persons, the partisans and followers of amusement in this city, never begin their course of action till that period arrives, which, by the original charter of your petitioner, was granted to her and her fellow proprietors hereinbefore particularly enumerated.

That your petitioner is not hardy enough to imagine, that she can prevail on those persons to relinquish the encroachments herein complained of. She is willing, therefore, for the sake of peace, to which she has always had a strong propensity, to give up such a portion of her territory and domain, as to accommodate them in their avocations and employments, provided she shall be ascertained in certain limits, to be henceforward observed without infringement; and she submits to you in behalf of herself and her sister Day, the under-written propositions on the subject. They contain a new Table of Time, to be observed by the polite and fashionable classes only, reserving to the good folks in the country, and the lower orders of mankind, their ancient and accustomed reckoning.

It is proposed then,

1st, That the year in Edinburgh shall commence from the 18th day of January, and shall end and determine the 18th of April. The lesser divisions of time, called months and weeks, to be nowise affected or affectable by such abridged computation of the year or season; except that, among the higher ranks and orders of the people, for whom this new computation is intended, the space commonly known by the title of *Honey-Moon*, shall be shortened in proportion to the comparative durations of this newly-computed year, and of that formerly established and observed.

2d, That the day shall begin at the hour of two in what is now called the afternoon, and end at six in what is vulgarly called the morning; the space between the latter hour and the former to appertain and belong to your petitioner.

3d, Day agrees to cede to your petitioner the Sun, and its various appendages; your petitioner, on her part, guarantees to her sister Day the Moon, with all its properties and appurtenances whatsoever.

4th, Day agrees, that notwithstanding the cession contained in the immediately preceding article, your petitioner may continue her amnesty to all those little irregularities which were formerly covered by her shade, and which she may in this period now settled happen to witness; because the fashionable circle, to which only this new calendar applies, is above being ashamed of such practices, and can let the sun look on them without blushing.

5th, During the period of this newly-settled year, which is too short to allow any interruption in its course, your petitioner's ally Rest gives up her ancient claim to every seventh day; on which seventh day, therefore, every fashionable employment, business, or diversion may be carried on as usual; any such ancient claim, law, or commandment, in any wise notwithstanding: Proviso, That such concession shall not bar people from sleeping in church on that day.

> Your petitioner humbly requests, That you will be pleased to take the premises into your consideration; and, on behalf of her and her sister Day, accede to the proposals above set forth, as well as publish them for the consent and concurrence of the polite world in this part of the kingdom.

Z. NIGHT.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH I hate writing, yet I am so very unhappy, that I am at last resolved to apply to you. Indeed I have no other means of relief; for telling my distresses to any body that knows me, would be worse than death itself. I must give you all my history, or you can have no idea of my misfortunes. I was eldest daughter to a gentleman of 700*l.* a year, who had four sons and two daughters. My sister and I were remarkably well educated; besides being three years at a boarding-school, we had a governess at home who had once been in France, and who understood thorough-bass perfectly. We had an excellent drawing-master, and were nine years at the dancing-school. Though nobody of taste thought the youngest near so handsome as her sister, yet, good heavens! only think how lucky she was!—married to a baronet with a fine fortune and a charming place. To be sure he is old and very ill-tempered, and she cries sometimes, and wishes she had never seen him; but I know that must be all affectation; for she has the loveliest carriage and the smartest liveries ever you saw! But why should I think of her? for it is just thinking of her that vexes me often; —yet I once despised her.—Well, Mr. Lounger, I was once happy myself, at least much happier than I am now. We lived in town always, except a month or two in the summer, and even then I did not tire so much as you would suppose; for we visited all our neighbours, and my brothers brought out their companions, and we had dances and parties of pleasure. But when winter came, how charming it was!—To be sure one had vexations now and then. To see other people better dressed, or have better partners, or more *tonish* matrons, is horrible; but then if one takes pains, and goes every where, they may soon be fashionable. Well, I went about constantly, and flirted, and danced, and played, and sung, and every mortal said I was so handsome, and so lively, and so accomplished, and so much the thing!—Oh! why do people ever grow older?—Then, as for lovers, I had I don't know how many. All the smart men used to dance with me by turns, invite me to private balls, and tell me how much they adored me: and though they did not just ask me to marry them, yet I thought that question must follow; that there was no hurry, I might divert myself, and perhaps get a better husband than any I had seen yet. It is but fair to say, I was not the least romantic. My mother warned me against that, and I had sense enough to be convinced, that if I got a fashionable man and a man of fortune, every thing else was nonsense. I made but one resolution; since my sister had married a baronet, I would have nothing lower, and perhaps insist upon a peer—Good heavens! to think I have got nobody!—now, Mr. Lounger, read what follows, and pity me. For some years I was the most contented soul alive; but alas! misfortunes at last began to come upon me. Silly baby-faced girls turned fashionable, and were taken notice of before me. Many of my companions were married, and could talk of their house, and their servants, and their carriage:—the fine men turned ill-bred fools. In short, I grew every day less comfortable, when to add to all, my father died, and left me just £1000. Then began misery indeed. My eldest brother married,—the rest were dispersed; my mother and I were forced to live alone; we have no carriage, no country house, no large parties; was ever any creature so unfortunate? I find myself more unhappy every day. Assemblies are detestable; I may sit there two hours before any mortal asks me to dance; and then some brute of a married man says, If I can do no better, he'll be happy to have the honour. The play-house is a degree more tolerable, though the horror of thinking who will hand one out, prevents one from being diverted. In company, I see every body more attended to than myself. At home I am miserable. What can I do? People talk of friends; one may get plenty of them: but unless they are fashionable, what the better are you? Besides, if one has no lovers to talk about, except to repeat scandal, and that one can always get, I don't see the use of them; for my part I have tried a great many, but though we were always monstrously fond at first, we very soon tired of one another.

Now, Sir, if you have the least compassion tell me what to do:—Is there any scheme on earth, by which I might be married? To say the truth, I plot for every man I see, but my plots never succeed. If you could assist me, I would be the most grateful creature on earth. No matter who he is, if he is but genteel and decently rich. If I were married I might soon make myself *tonish,* which is all I wish in the world. Never talk to me of giving up the rage for being so, or of settling my mind, and amusing myself with working and reading. I tell you they don't amuse me. I have worked purses, and painted trimmings for hours, without being the least diverted. And as for reading, what can I read! History I know perfectly; for we read an hour with the governess every day; and as for novels, though I get all the new ones, and they are the only books I like, yet, after all, they are a provoking sort of reading: they always talk of youth, and beauty, and lovers; and the men now are so different from what they should be, or what these books represent them, I cannot bear it. Now do, Sir, take pity on me, and help me; but pray convey the advice, so that nobody but myself may profit by it: for if the multitude in the same situation were all provided for, the world would grow intolerably good natured, and I would have none to exult over. At present I cry bitterly whenever I hear of a good marriage; it would be divine to think that two hundred were doing so at *mine*——Farewell, my dear Sir; forgive this *trouble, and believe* me your sincere friend, and *I hope soon, grateful* servant,

JESSAMINA.

No. 54.] SATURDAY, FEB. 11, 1786.

> *Ils ne tardent pas a obeir a cette maladie generale qui precipite toute la jeunesse de province vers l'abime de corruption.*
>
> TABLEAU DE PARIS.

> They are readily swept away by that universal infatuation which hurries our country youth into a vortex of corruption.

To the historian and the antiquary it is matter of curious investigation, to trace the progress of expense and luxury through the different stages of increasing wealth and advancing refinement in a country, and to observe the war which for some time is carried on between the restraining powers of grave and virtuous legislators, and the dissipated inclinations of a rich and luxurious people. In this contest, indeed, the inequality of the parties is easily discernible, and the effects of that inequality readily foreseen. The first sumptuary law that is passed is the signal of that growing opulence which is soon to overturn it; and the weak barriers of successive restraints and regulations are in vain opposed to a force which the progress of time and of manners daily renders more irresistible. Luxury, like a river, is harmless amidst the barren mountains where it first begins to rise; but in the fruitful valleys of its after-course, its size is enlarged, and its power increased in proportion to the mischief it may cause; and the mounds which were opposed to its encroachments, only serve to mark the desolation it has made. Great cities are the natural stages for luxury and dissipation of every sort. Against great cities, therefore, the lawgiver sometimes, as well as the moralist, has exerted his authority, and endeavoured to hinder people from crowding together, to waste their means, and to corrupt their principles, in that circle of extravagance, of vanity, and of vice, to which a town gives scope and encouragement. In Scotland, at a very early period, attempts were made to control this abuse, as it was thought, by law. More than three centuries ago, it was "statute and ordained, That the lords should dwell in their castles and manours, and expend the fruit of their lands in the countrie where their lands lay."—And King James I. of England, when transplanted into the richer soil of our sister kingdom, had not forgotten the wholesome restrictions of his ancestors. In his speech in the star-chamber, anno 1616, he inveighs against the overgrown size of London, which he declares was become a nuisance to the whole kingdom. After enumerating many pernicious consequences of which this was the cause, and ascribing the evil in terms rather ungallant as well as coarse, to the influence of the ladies,* he goes so far as to say, that he would have the new buildings pulled down, and the builders committed to prison.

In these days of liberty and enlarged ideas, the restraints of law, or the recommendations of royalty, are not employed to check abuses of that sort which do not violate the great bonds of society, or openly disturb the good order and government of the state. The law is contented to punish public crimes; private vices and private follies it leaves to the cognizance and the censure of the preacher and the moralist, or to the lighter correction of the satirist or the comedian. These reformers are of that milder class who are satisfied if they can circumscribe, though they do not extirpate the mischief. Indeed it is to be doubted if they desire to extirpate it; or whether they do not, like good sportsmen with foxes, only wish to run down part of the game, and leave a breed, for their own amusement, behind.

Of these hunters of folly and of dissipation, great cities have not failed to attract the notice, and awaken the censure. Rome, Paris, and London, have found Juvenals, Boileaus, and Johnsons, to attack them. But on this subject in general, I know nobody who has hit on a better idea for exposing them than the author of Tristram Shandy, who in some passage of that eccentric and witty performance, makes one of his personages propose that judges should be appointed at the avenues of every metropolis, where each person, when he arrives from the country, should be obliged to give an account of the business which brings him to town. Unfortunately, he has only started, without pursuing the thought; and the imagination is left to suppose the general effect of the inquiry, without being led to any particular examination of individuals.

I was mentioning this the other day to a brother Lounger of mine, whom I have for some time remarked as the humourist of his circle in the coffee-house where we occasionally meet. He catched the idea immediately; and having smiled some moments to himself as if inwardly enjoying it, "What a precious catalogue of fools," said he, "might one have had even here, if such an examination had taken place of those who resort to Edinburgh for the winter! But for this season I can in some degree supply the omission: you must know I am sworn brother, as Prince Hal says, to some of the most intelligent waiters at one or two of the hotels here in the neighbourhood; and these rascals, who are as smoky as the devil, entertain me now and then with an account of arrivals, as they call it, not only in their own houses, but in those around them; for they have all a hawk's eye for a post-chaise or a travelling coach, and mark those who go past as well as those who stop at their doors. I have actually taken down some memoranda of their intelligence; but I have not the pocket-book here at present: put me in mind and I will show it you to-morrow."—I did not fail to require the fulfilment of the promise; and next day my acquaintance being in a hurry, gave me the book home with me, from which I made some extracts, which I shall take the liberty of laying before my readers, along with the notes which the gentleman seemed to have set down as a sort of common place on the facts he had collected. They were entered under several leaves, on the first of which was this motto:

——— ——— They run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone.

December 20. A coach with eight insides, besides two boys and their governor in the dilly, came to town for the education of their children;—a large family; could not afford to keep them in the country; therefore taken a house in town at sixteen guineas a month, next door to Lady Rumpus.—The two eldest misses went straight to the milliner's over the way.—Mamma called for the assembly subscription-book.—Lady Rumpus had been so obliging as to set down her name; she added Miss Eliza's and Miss Sophia's:—"They must not," she said, "be foundered in their education."—The two young ladies returned from Mrs. Robertson's with new *hats* on their heads, new *bosoms*, and new *behinds* in a band-box.—(Note. *Verification of the cant vulgarism about a band-box.)*—Miss Sophia tore her hat in getting in at the parlour door.

January 2. Another family with three tall young ladies—come to town for husbands—'squired by a gentleman in a hunting uniform, on a handsome bay gelding. The housekeeper, who came some time after, mounted on a pad behind one of the footmen, said the gentleman on the bay gelding was an admirer of the eldest of the three young ladies; that they hoped it would have been a match before now, but people were so shy in the country; they would be better acquainted in town. The young gentleman's valet bespoke a room for his master next door to his sweetheart's.

In the afternoon, two ladies in mourning, in an old-fashioned chariot, drove by a fat coachman in jack-boots, and attended by a plough-boy on a rat-tailed coach-horse. Humphry called for a tankard of porter, and told all about the ladies, in the kitchen. The young one, an heiress, who has lately buried her brother, and taken possession of his estate, and is come to town to learn how to make a figure. The elder, a widow, a relation, who has been with her young kinswoman ever since her brother's death; a wise lady, who is to teach her young friend fashion and sentiment. Their carriage was stopped on the street by a drove of cattle, and one of them gored the rat-tailed horse behind. The widow scolded, and asked if they knew whose chariot it was they incommoded.

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* "One of the greatest causes of all gentlemen's desire, that have no calling or errand to dwell in London, is apparently the pride of the women; for if they bee wives, then their husbands, and if they bee maydes, then their fathers, must bring them up to London, because the new fashion is to be had no where but in London; and here, if they be unmarried, they marr their marriages; and if they bee married, they lose their reputations, and rob their husbands' purses."

Works of K. James, in folio, p. 567, 568.

(Note. *A parallel between the widow and the grazier; but he came to town to sell his* own *cattle.)*

January 3. Two young gentlemen and a pointer in a chaise and four, splashed to the eyes. The youngest called by his companion Sir John. Sir John pulled out his watch at the door—— "Run it in an hour and seventeen minutes, damme."—Gave the post-boys a crown. His companion ordered their beds, and every thing in the house for supper. Sent the boot-ketch to Hart's for a pair of Spanish boots; to Bruce's for patent spurs, a bludgeon stick, a pair of buckles and a tobacco-box.—Called for a bottle of gin, a caraff of water and a pack of cards, to take a hand at brag till supper-time.

(Note. *The young fellow in scarlet is at present a* natural; *his companion will turn him into a* maker.)

Same day. An elderly, grave-looking gentleman, with a gray-haired servant in a plush coat and velvet cap, riding after him, with a large portmanteau and a wax-cloth bag. An excise-officer, who was passing, talked of examining his baggage. John opened the portmanteau and bag, and showed him what was within. Nothing but parchments and papers relating to a law-suit about two roods of ground, which had lasted for six winter sessions, between him and his neighbour Dr. Testy.—A little squat man rode by him on a dun pony: John said this was his master's country lawyer, who had been of the greatest use to him in his process, and who indeed scarce did any thing else but attend to this gentleman's affairs.

January 5. A jolly, red-faced, middle-aged gentleman, with his servant in the chaise along with him, and a little medicine chest, as he called it, with square bottles, and lables upon them written in Dutch. Came to town to consult about his gout; but his man told the chambermaid, he always left the country when a club broke up in a little town near him, of which he was the oldest member. John said he wished *the* winter were fairly over, and they were got *safe out of* Edinburgh again; because it was hard living in this town of ours. "In the country," said John, "we get drunk but once a day, and are generally in bed by eleven."

January 6. In a return chaise from the west, Richard III. and Hamlet Prince of Denmark. Set down the Queen at the tap-room. Ophelia and her three children to come by the caravan.

Mem. to the waiter, who is an old acquaintance of Richard's, to send to the waggons for the parcels; my legs and back to my own lodgings: Falstaff's belly, and Bardolph's nose to Hallion's.

January 8. Passed a coach with ladies; two maid-servants, and an old servant, in a chaise behind, the gentleman and his son on horseback. Mr —— from ——shire, gone to his own house, No. 7.—Send word to the poor widow who lost her husband last week.——

Here the journal stopped short, for that gentleman's good actions are not easily traced; but I could supply the blank, for No. 7 is the house of my excellent friend Benevolus. From the country, where he has encouraged industry, and diffused happiness all around him, he comes at this season, like the sun, to cheer and gladden the inhabitants of another hemisphere. He comes to town to find a new scene for his own virtues, and to show his children that world which is to profit by theirs. The society which he enjoys, and into which he introduces his family, is chiefly of that sort which is formed to instruct and to improve them. If sometimes of a gayer or more thoughtless kind, it is, however, always untainted by vice and undebased by folly: for there are no social moments, however much unbent or unrestrained, on which a wise and good man does not stamp somewhat of the purity and dignity of his own nature. At Benevolus's table I have seen the same guests behave with the most perfect propriety and good manners, who but a few doors from him held a conversation and deportment equally repugnant to both. Nor does his benignity hold out less encouragement to the worthy, than his good sense and virtue impose reverence on the unthinking. At his table unassuming merit sits always at her ease, and conscious obligation feels perfect independence. Nobody ever cites his power or his rank, but to illustrate the nobleness of his mind; nor speaks of his wealth, but as the instrument of his benevolence.

Z.

No. 55.] Saturday, Feb. 18, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

"But indeed I have generally remarked, that people did so only because they could not do better." So says Colonel Caustic of the manners of certain individuals in his own days, who sometimes, as well as we, transgressed the bounds of strict decorum, and tried to make rudeness pass for raillery, or indecency for wit. I admit the fairness of his judgment in the cases there spoken of; and I heartily wish they were the only instances where we indulge our foibles under false pretences, and absurdly attempt to make a merit of our defects. But I am afraid there are few kinds of imposition which we are more given to practise on the world, and even on ourselves; and that too in particulars far more important than those so offensive to the colonel, though in this I should regret to be understood as meaning that the latter are of little moment.

I find, Sir, I am personally too much interested in this subject to speak long of it in general terms. At the same time I have no intention, like some of your correspondents, to give you a history of myself. Suffice it to know, that though by birth a gentlewoman, and educated to prospects which I well remember were the envy of my young companions, I was long ago reduced by the misfortunes of my family, to accept, and even to be thankful, for a very humble station; and have lived these many years as the attendant of a lady, who is indeed of the same blood with myself, but whom I now must needs call my superior. It is with her, as a striking example of the self-deception mentioned, that I mean to bring you and your readers acquainted; in hope, no doubt, at the same time to meet with some sympathy in my sufferings under her dominion.

Not that I would represent my patroness as without her share of merit neither; for good qualities she certainly has. But what has marred the whole fruit and harvest of them, this lady was born—with too strong feelings, to use her phrase for it,—or, to speak my own sense of the matter—with pretty violent passions. By proper means, employed at an early period of life, this vivacity of disposition might, at least to a certain degree, have been corrected. But while she was a child, her parents were too fond of her to chastise her faults, or perhaps to discern that she had any; and she lost these tutors before reaching the age when her behaviour to themselves might possibly have taught them the propriety of showing less indulgence. She had besides the misfortune, for such I must account it, of being reckoned, when she grew up, among the finest women of her time; a circumstance which did not much contribute to restrain the sallies of caprice, nor to engage her in the profitable but ungrateful labour of discovering her defects. Add to this, she was introduced to the world while yet a mere girl, and precisely at that era of fashion, when owing, I believe, to certain novels then recently published, and in the very height of their popularity, the style of conversation was wholly sentimental; and the women universally vied one with another (in which they were imitated by some of the men) in making proof of the strength and the delicacy of their feeling.

Miss Nettletop was of the very frame and constitution to be caught with the prevailing malady. Fond of admiration to excess, and delighted with the generous system that raised mere speculative sensibility, of which she had enough, to the very top of the list of virtues, she quickly distinguished herself among its declared votaries. The gospels of sentiment (if so I may call the books in question) were never out of her hands: she had their texts and phraseology at all times in her mouth; and thus by perpetual indulgence in one melting strain, having in time persuaded herself that she was in truth one of the tenderest and most refined of human beings, she gave herself up at last entirely to the direction of her feelings as instinctive guides, far surer and more infallible than observation or reflection.

Had her delusion stopped here it would have been comparatively innocent, and more properly the subject of ridicule than of serious complaint. But alas, Sir! what was a most unlucky oversight in learning to think thus favourably of her own heart, and to entertain this so profound respect for her emotions, she omitted to take the necessary pains for distinguishing the different kinds of emotion one from another, nor separated with perfect justice the amiable from the disagreeable; but inadvertently, among the multitude of those that had the sufferings of her neighbour for their object, contracted a leaning also toward some few others, hidden under the former, I suppose, which tended purely to her own gratification.

The truth is, that Miss Nettletop, perhaps without being conscious of it, had not been the less ready to enlist among the proselytes of sentiment, that she found, or thought she found, in their creed, the appearance of an apology for certain vivacities, which, as already hinted, it would have cost her some trouble to get the better of; and even saw a specious pretence, in various instances, for holding them out as so many perfections. No wonder she turned fond of a system in which she learned that the quickness of her temper was not a vice, as some would have her to believe, but at worst a pardonable, or rather amiable weakness, naturally attendant (as some mate of weakness will ever attend all human excellence) on a heart so much more alive than that of other people; and which often disguised her anger, or her spite, under the more pleasing form of excessive delicacy—a delicacy more unfortunate for herself than for others, since it rendered this or t'other small foible in her acquaintance insufferable, and distressed her with circumstances of minute offence, beyond the conception of vulgar and ordinary souls.

It was thus, Sir, that her eyes were early shut upon a part of her composition, which it much behoved her to guard against, and which is now the cause why, with several good qualities, and in spite of many good actions, she is the plague of all who live with her, and has hardly one real friend in the world. So long indeed as she was young and beautiful, and the world prospered with her, these were circumstances to keep her in good humour with herself, and to hinder the little feverish fits which she was subject to from changing into a settled habit. But Miss Nettletop has met with crosses in life, as who is there that passes through life without them? She was married to a Mr. Tempest, a man of large fortune, but dissolute manners. They lived but uncomfortably together, if the world may be believed, and he has now for some time resided apart from her, and abroad. She never had a child; and she was some years ago afflicted with a severe and tedious illness, which neither her health nor her looks are ever likely to recover. She is now, at any rate, of that time of life, when the love of admiration becomes rather a troublesome companion to one's self, and ridiculous to others. In these circumstances, it is obvious how fast her irritable habit of mind must gain strength, and how fatal it must prove, both to her own peace, and to that of all within her walls. One half of her time is spent in bemoaning her misfortunes. They are literally her business and her entertainment; she ruminates all day her dreadful fate; nor is there any thing that would more mortally offend her than an attempt to depreciate her miseries. Hence, Sir, she is quite overrun with melancholy, as she calls it; or rather (to call things by their right names) with discontent and chagrin: for her affliction, whatever she may think, is by no means of Viola's kind, that preys and consumes in silence; on the contrary, from her original cast of temper, her melancholy exerts itself full as much on those who are about her as on herself. She seems indeed convinced, that her unparalleled distress should render her the object of universal interest (an expectation in which she is by no means always gratified,) and that between these and her strength of feeling, which renders every thing a torture to her that is not pleasant, she has gained an unquestionable right to have her own way in all things and in all companies. The result of which is, that, sore to the annoyance of all her dependents, and I am afraid not much to her own comfort, every whim and humour, and every suggestion of passion, are implicitly obeyed, under the name of sensibility.

You will easily understand that it is among *her domestics* this frowardness of temper is *most severely felt:* I am sorry to add, I am myself the person that chiefly does penance under it. For though I sit at table with the mistress of the house, and am not called by my christian name like the other servants, nor indeed receive like them any recompense for my services, I am, in truth, no other than a servant, and my peculiar department is understood to be, that of keeping Mrs. Tempest quiet, or easy, as it is called; a task far harder than falls to the lot of any other of the household. I strive all I can to please her: but alas! to what purpose, when I have hourly the mortification to find, that I shock and discompose some refined and sublimated feeling, which I have not the least conception of? How to behave on these occasions I know not. For if I say nothing, I am sullen; if I explain but ever so gently, my violence is intolerable; and if I make acknowledgments, my submission is feigned; which I find, to a person of sentiment, is of all things the most provoking.

I am afraid I grow tedious; but it is some relief to speak of one's hardships. The publication of them, if of no use to me, may possibly be a lesson to some others; for I am afraid Mrs. Tempest may not be the only lady who gives the name of strong feelings to her strong passions, and lays claim to superior tenderness, on the ground of feeling more than common for herself. I remain, Sir, with all respect,

Yours, &c.

HANNAH WAITFORT.

I HAVE taken the first opportunity of publishing Mrs. Waitfort's letter, as I sincerely compassionate the unhappiness of her situation. Nothing is so provoking as this refined ill-humour, which takes the merit of sensibility from selfishness, and feels for every distress but those which it might cure.

Sentiment and feeling, however, had their day, but are now almost quite out of fashion. Mrs. Tempest may be told, that she might as well come to a modern assembly in the stiff brocade of her youthful birth-day balls, as put on, in these times, the affectation of sensibility for an ornament. Our fashionable ladies have brought up indifference with their gauzes and feathers; both (in the words of my friend the milliner of Prince's-street) "light easy wear, and fit for all seasons."

But not equally fit for all conditions. The highest fashions must always properly belong to certain orders of the people. This ease and indifference, in their greatest extent, should only be worn by privileged persons. It might not be amiss, if, like the *rouge* of the French, they were put on by married women only, who may be supposed to bestow all their feelings at home; or by ladies of very high rank, who (as travellers tell us of that calm that reigns on the summits of the Alps) have got into a superior region, undisturbed by the emotions of ordinary life. Something too might be claimed by a beauty, to which coldness or indifference is perhaps a safe, and has long been an acknowledged attendant. All things considered, I think the young lady who sat in one of the side boxes t'other evening, who was so immoderately diverted with the distresses of the tragedy, and preserved such an obstinate gravity during the drolleries of the farce, carried her *no-feelings* a little too far.

Z.

No. 56.] SATURDAY, FEB. 25, 1786.

Quæ virtus et quanta boni sit vivere parvo,
Discite, non inter lances, mensasque nitentes.
HOR.

What, and how great the virtue, friends, to live
On what the gods with frugal bounty give,
Come learn with me, but learn before ye dine,
Ere with luxurious pomp the table shine.
FRANCIS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

I TROUBLED you some time ago with a letter from the country; now that I am come to town, I use the freedom to write to you again. I find the same difficulty in being happy, with every thing to make me so here as there. When I tell this to my country friends, they won't believe me. Lord! to see how the Miss Homespuns looked when they came to take leave of me the morning we set out for Edinburgh;—I had just put on my new riding-habit which my brother fetched me from London; and my hat, with two green and three white feathers; and Miss Jessy Homespun admired it so much; and when I let her put it on, she looked in the glass, and said with a sigh, how charming it was!—I had a sad headache with it all morning, but I kept that to myself. "And, do my dear, (said she) write sometimes to us poor moping creatures, in the country. But you won't have leisure to think of us; you will be so happy, and so much amused." At that moment my brother's post coach rattled up to the door, and the poor Homespun's cried so when we parted! To be sure, they thought that a town life, with my brother's fortune to procure all its amusements, must be quite delightful.——Now, Sir, to let you know how I have found it.

I was content to be lugged about by my sister for the first week or two, as I knew that in a large town I should be like a fish out of water, as the saying is. But my sister-in-law was always putting me in mind of my ignorance: "and you country-girls,—and we who have been in London,—and we who have been abroad."—However, between ourselves, I don't find that she knows quite so much as she would make me believe: for it seems they can't learn many things in the Indies; and when she went out she knew as little as myself; and as for London, she was only a fortnight there on her way home.

So we have got masters that come in to give us lessons in French, and music, and dancing. The two first I can submit to very well. I could always get my tongue readily enough about any thing; and I could play pretty well on the *virginals* at home, though my master says my *fingering* is not what it should be. But the dancing is a terrible business. My sister-in-law and I are put into the stocks every morning to teach us the right position of our feet; and all the steps I was praised for in the country are now good for nothing, as the *cotillon* step is the only thing fit for people of fashion; and so we are twisted and twirled till my joints ache again; and after all, we make, I believe, a very bad figure at it. Indeed I have not yet ventured to try my hand, my feet I mean, before any body. But my sister-in-law, who is always praised for every thing she does, would needs try her cotillon steps at the assembly; and her partner Captain Coupée, a constant visitor at my brother's, told her what an admirable dancer she was; but in truth she was out of time every instant, and I heard the people tittering at her country fling as they called it. And so in the same manner (which I do not think is at all fair, Mr. Lounger) the captain one day at our house swore she sung like an angel (drinking her health in a bumper of my brother's champaign); and yet as I walked behind him next morning in Prince's-street, I overheard him saying to one of his companions, that Mushroom's dinners were damn'd good things, if it were not for the *bore* of the singing; and that the little *Nabobina* squalled like a peahen.

But no doubt it is good manners to commend people to their faces, whatever one may say behind their backs. And I perceive they have got fashionable words for praising things, which it is one of my sister's lessons and mine to have at our tongues ends, whether we think so or not. Such a thing, she tells me (as she has been taught by her great companion Miss Gusto) must be *charming*, another *ravishing*, (indeed, Mr. Lounger, that is the word,) and a third *divine*. As for me, I have yet got no farther than charming; I can only say ravishing in a whisper; and as for divine, I think there is something heathenish in it: though indeed I have been told, since I came here, that the Commandments were only meant for the country.

Here, as before, *comme il faut* (I can spell the words now that I am turned a French scholar) is still held out as a law to us. We have besides got another phrase, which is perpetually dinned into my ears by my sister-in-law, and that is the *ton*. Such a person is a very good kind of person, but such another is more the *ton*: such a lady is handsomer, more witty, more polite, and more good-humoured than another; but that other is much more the *ton*. I have often asked my sister, and even my French master, to explain the meaning of this word *ton*; but they told me there was no translation for it. I think, however, I have found it out to be a very convenient thing for some people. 'Tis like what my grandfather, who was a great admirer of John Knox, used to tell us of popish indulgences: folks who are the *ton* may do any thing they like, without being in the wrong; and every thing that is the *ton* is right, let it be what it will.

Alas! Sir, if the *ton* would let poor people alone who don't wish for distinction, there would be the less to complain of: but the misfortune is, that one must be in the *ton* whether one's mind gives them to it or not; at least I am told so. We have a French friseur, whom our maitre d'hotel Sabot recommended, who makes great use of this phrase. He screwed up my hair until I thought I should have fainted with the pain, and I did not sleep a wink all the night after, because he said that a hundred little curls were now become the *ton*. He recommended a shoemaker, who, he said, made for all the people of the *ton*, who pinched my toes till I could hardly walk across the room; because little feet were the *ton*. My staymaker, another of the same set, brought me home a pair of stays that were but a few inches round at the waist; and my maid and Sabot broke three laces before they could get them to meet; because small waists were the *ton*. I sat at two dinners without being able to eat a morsel; because (I am ashamed to tell it, Sir) my stays would not hold a bit. However, I would submit to the *ton* no longer in that article; and when I got home in the evening, I took out my scissors in a passion, and cut a great slash in the sides. I was resolved I would not be squeezed to death for all the *ton* in the world.

And moreover, the *ton* is not satisfied with tearing the hair out of our heads, with pinching our feet, and squeezing the pit of our stomach, but we must have manners which, under favour, Sir, I think very odd, and which my grandmother (I was bred up at my grandmother's) would have whipped me for, that she would, if I had ventured to show them when I was with her. I am told that none but a ninny would look down in the sheepish way I do; but that when I meet a gentleman in our walks, I must look as full at him as I can, to show my *eyes; and laugh,* to show my teeth (all our *family have white teeth)*; and flourish my ratten to show my shapes. And though in a room I am to speak as low and mumbling as I can, to look as if I did not care whether I was heard or not; yet, in a public place, I am to talk as loud and as fast as possible, and call the men by their plain surnames, and tell all about our last night's parties, and a great many other things, Mr. Lounger, which I can't do for the heart of me; but my sister-in-law comes on amazingly, as Miss Gusto says. But then she has been in India, and she was not brought up with my grandmother. I protest, though I would be ashamed to let Miss Gusto know it, that often, when I am wishing to practise some of her lessons, I think I see my grandmother with her bunch of keys at her apron-string, her amber-headed stick in one hand, and the Ladies' Calling in the other, looking at me from under her spectacles, with such a frown, Mr. Lounger!—it frightens the advice quite out of my head.

After all, I am apt to believe, that the very great trouble, and the many inconveniences to which we put ourselves to attain this distinction of the *ton* are in a great measure labour in vain; that our music, our dancing, and our good-breeding, will perhaps be out of fashion before we have come to any degree of perfection in all or any of these accomplishments; for some of the fine ladies and fine gentlemen who visit us, say, that the *ton* here is no *ton* at all, for that the true and genuine *ton* (like the true and genuine *milk of roses*) is only to be found in London. Nay, some of the finest of those fine ladies and gentlemen go a step farther, and inform us, that the *ton* of London itself is mere *twaddle*, and that the only right *ton* is to be found in Paris. I hope in goodness, however, that my sister, if she is determined, as she sometimes hints, to chase the *ton* that length, will drop me by the way, or rather allow me to return again to the country. Old sparrows (the proverb says, Mr. Lounger) are ill to tame.—Not that I am old neither; but I believe I am not quite young enough to learn to be happy in the sort of life we lead here: and though I try all I can to think it a happy one, and am sure to say so in every place to which we go, yet I can't help often secretly wishing I were back again at my father's, where I should not be obliged to be happy whether I would or not.

Your afflicted (if I may venture to say so)
humble servant,
MARJORY MUSHROOM.

P.S. La! what do you think, Mr. Lounger? they tell me we are to go to a masked ball. My sister-in-law is quite in raptures about it. "Mr. Dunn," she says, "is to open his whole *hotel*, bed-rooms and all, for the occasion; and she is to be a shepherdess, and Captain Coupée a shepherd; and they are to dance an *allemande* together." And she wants me to be a *nun*, or, as Captain Coupée advises, a *vestal virgin;* but I told them, I had no mind to be a nun, nor a vestal virgin neither, that I had not. But my sister says, it is only in sport; and Captain Coupée declares it will be the farthest in the world from making people nuns or vestals.—Well, I am half afraid, Mr. Lounger, and yet I think I shall go. Were my grandmother to lift up her head now! I will think no more of her till the masked ball is over.

Z.

No. 57.] SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1786.

Fortunate Senex. VIRG.

O fortunate old man! DRYDEN.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

THERE is nothing in which mankind have differed more than in the representations they have given of human life. One class of men describes it as full of happiness and enjoyment, as a path covered with flowers; another has presented us with descriptions which show nothing but disappointment and vexation, which represent life as a path strewed with thorns, as a vale of misery and tears. Truth perhaps lies somewhere in the middle between those two opinions; men were not born only to be miserable; and yet complete happiness is not the lot of any one on this side of the grave. Life is a chequered thing, a building of mosaic work, a road where flowers and thorns are both to be met with.

It has always, however, been my opinion, that as the giving amiable and fair pictures of life proceeds from a happier temperament of mind than the inclination to delineate those of a gloomy kind: so the indulging of such views contributes much more to happiness and virtue than the opposite impressions of a darker and more dismal nature. To think well of, and have respect for ourselves and the world around us, is one step to virtue and benevolence; but this step cannot be gained by a person who has been taught to consider himself and every thing around him in a gloomy and an unfavourable light.

There is one period of life which authors have been at pains to picture differently, according as they have been accustomed to take favourable or unfavourable views of the world in general.—Old age, that period at which all wish to arrive, and which it is the fate of few only to reach, has been described by one set of men as of all situations the most comfortless and the most gloomy; as the last stage of human infirmity and helplessness from which nothing but death can relieve; and the misery of which is enhanced by the dread of that very death, the only cure for all its woe. Another class of men has represented old age as one of the brightest periods of human life; as that period in which we may be said to enjoy life twice, having not only present comforts to enjoy, but all those of a life already past to reflect on.——"Fructus autem senectutis," says Tully, "est ante partorum bonorum memoria et copia."

The person who now addresses you is in this latter period; and though the case of one individual can be of little use in confirming a general opinion, yet I may perhaps be allowed to tell you, that I have never tasted more happiness than I have done for the last years of my life.

I entered upon the world with a small patrimony; but by close attention to my profession I was soon rendered superior to the fear of poverty; and have now retired from business with a fortune, though not large, yet fully adequate to all my wants, and which has been sufficient to rear a numerous family. My profession was such as led me to direct my labours to the immediate use and advantage of my fellow-creatures; and I would not forfeit for any consideration, the pleasure which, in my present advanced period of life, I receive from recalling to my mind the persons to whom I think my labours have been of some advantage.

I married early a lady whose views of life were similar to my own; and though the first rapture of love was quickly over, it was succeeded by a calmer and less tumultuous affection, more happy on the whole, and which has increased with our increasing years. Our mutual habits, our mutual attachments, our fondness for our children, have made us for a long course of time more and more one, and every year rendered dearer that union so long ago formed. My eldest son is now cultivating that profession from which his father has retired.—With what joy do I see his talents successful! with what satisfaction do I perceive him improving those lessons I have given him; and with the most engaging modesty, advancing much farther than his father's genius entitled him to advance! This is indeed living twice! With great sincerity, and with hopes that they are prophetic of my situation, can I use the words of Morni, in the poems of Ossian: "May the name of Morni be forgot among the people; may it only be said, behold the father of Gaul!"

My youngest boy is less advanced, but of no less promising parts, nor less amiable dispositions than his brother.

I have four daughters, and I cannot speak of them but with emotions of gratitude. They are obliged to me and to their excellent mother for the education we have given them; but how amply have they repaid that obligation! My eldest daughter, now many years married, was before her marriage my companion, and the helpmate of her mother: we used then to call her our little housekeeper. Her own merit, the good education she received, and the inducement of having for a wife the daughter of such a mother as my Hortensia, contributed to make her the wife of a very respectable man: and Hortensia and I now, with enraptured hearts, see her eldest child, our grand-daughter, holding the same station in her mother's family that her mother did in ours. After our eldest daughter's marriage, our second succeeded to her place, and she again, upon her marriage, was succeeded in her turn.—Our youngest, Maria, is the only one now left to us; and I think, I may say it without vanity, is in no respect inferior to any of the family. Her affection to me seems quickened in proportion to my advance in life; and if I feel any of the infirmities of age, they are much more than counterbalanced by her delicate attention: methinks I would not wish to be younger and stouter than I am, at the expense of losing the assistances of my dear Maria.

It is our custom every Saturday evening to have a general family-party. At tea I have all my grand-children round me; and the variety of gratifications I receive from this little society it is impossible to describe. At supper, my son, my daughters, and their husbands are with us; and my wife and I, I can assure you, make no unrespectable figure, seated in our elbow chairs. Had I any grievances to complain of through the week, which indeed I have not, this night would fully compensate them.

Amidst the amusements which this evening's party affords, I must mention one, the pleasure which we receive from the perusal of your Lounger. My wife gets it regularly delivered her every morning about nine; but no one is then allowed to read it. She herself carefully deposits it in her scrutoire, and it is not produced till after supper. It is then brought upon the table, and is read by my Maria, who does it all justice in the reading. I am sure it would give you much delight to hear the conversation it occasions; the remarks which are made, without affectation, and with perfect candour, upon the composition, the scenes it describes, the characters it represents, their similarity to other papers of the kind, and the like. Many things are said, which, I am persuaded, if collected together, would afford matter for a number of papers. One thing I shall mention, which came from Maria last Saturday. She observed, that there were many of the papers which introduced unmarried men and women, and she proposed that we would make up matches between them. This gave occasion to a good deal of pleasantry, most of which I have forgot; but I remember, that among other marriages, it was proposed, that Captain N. should be married to Miss Caustic, though Maria, grasping my hand, the tear half starting in her eye, objected to it, because it would be wrong to deprive the colonel of his sister. With regard to your correspondent Hortensius, the youngest of my married daughters, looking at her husband with inexpressible good humour, said, that if she were not already tied, she believed she could have married him herself.

Another source of our entertainment in reading your papers is a suspicion which I see prevails in the company, that some of its members are your correspondents, and have written in the Lounger. This suspicion gives birth to many a joke; and it is diverting to see upon whom the conjecture of having written this or that paper falls, and the different devices which are thought of to discover where the truth lies. Little do they imagine that their old father is at this moment employed as your correspondent.

But I must conclude; I am afraid ere this you will have thought that I have one quality of an old man about me, that of being a great talker. I shall only add, that if you think this account of a happy family worth your insertion, it will afford, on the evening of the Saturday on which it is published, a good deal of entertainment to the family-party I have described.

Aurelius.

I know not whether it be from vanity, or from some better motive, that I have given this letter to the public. I must own, that I have felt myself very sensibly gratified by the manner in which my papers are received in the family of Aurelius. It is to persons in the ordinary stations of life that the Lounger is addressed. The learned may perhaps think themselves above it; the vulgar, those who are employed in the servile offices of life, are below it. But as long as I can give one half-hour's amusement, mixed perhaps with a little instruction, to such a family as that of Aurelius, it shall neither be the indifference of the learned, nor the neglect of the multitude, which shall induce me to discontinue my labours. A.

No. 58.] Saturday, March. 11, 1786.

Inter sylvas Academi quærere verum. Hor.

——————and rove
In search of wisdom through the museful grove.
Francis.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

Among the various complaints which I observe

papers your correspondents occasion-
you, you may not, perhaps, have
more whimsical, or which at first
ear more unjust than mine. I
od, very few evils, either real or
n my lot; I am neither too rich nor
discontented; I am neither so dull
pleased with a good thing, nor so
as to be proud at finding faults in it; I
ther nervous in my body, nor tremblingly
in my mind; one thing only plagues and
xes me, and plagues and vexes the whole
amily in which I live. The evil of which I
complain, Mr. Lounger, is, I am told, one of
the "first of virtues:"—the evil I complain of
is *Truth*.

You must know I have a sister married to a very good and a very learned gentleman, in whose family, by his and his wife's pressing invitation, I have lived ever since his marriage; and for several years no set of people could be happier. But of late my brother-in-law has become a philosopher, and is perpetually hunting after truth; and a pretty chase she leads him! His poring over books in quest of her would only weaken his own eyes, and break his own rest; but his running after her wherever she is to be found, at all times, and in all companies, breaks the rest of every body around him. With my sister and me, he has but little play for his humour. His wife indeed is of so gentle and complying a temper, that she never disputes his propositions, as he calls them. I am not quite so yielding; and we have now and then little bouts at an argument: but with our guests and visitors he is constantly at it; and I believe in my conscience he often chooses companies as your chess-players do, because they are nearly matches at their favourite game; having observed that of late, since he took to this kind of sport, he generally invites those people oftenest who argue stoutest with him when they come. For these same truth-hunters, Mr. Lounger, seem, like true sportsmen, to find little pleasure in the chase when it is soon run down, or when there are no hazards in the way. They like to leap hedges and ditches; to scramble amidst briers and thorns; to splash through mire and bog; to be a terrible long while before they come to the end of their labour; and at last, as I am told it often happens in the field, they sometimes find themselves just where they set out.

But, as the frogs in the fable say, "This is sport to them, but death to us."——You cannot imagine what mischiefs and inconveniences it produces in our family. Before this disease of disputation took hold of him, Mr. Category was attentive to his affairs, kind to his friends, polite to his acquaintance, and one of the best husbands and fathers in the world; but now he neglects his business, quarrels with his relations, is rude to every body about him, and minds his wife and children no more than if they were so many broomsticks. Indeed I begin to be of opinion, that my sister has lost a good deal of his affection, from that same meekness of spirit which I mentioned her to be possessed of; and I think he likes me much better since I grew tired of yielding every point as I used to do for peace sake, and now and then wrangle a little with him.

It is not difficult to find an opportunity. Were it about important concerns alone, it would happen only now and then, and might be easily avoided or endured. But 'tis all one what the matter in dispute is, so it but affords a dispute. Every thing is fair game (to come back to the simile of the chase):—If we can't start a hare, a mole or a mouse will serve our turn. 'Tis but yesterday at dinner we had half a dozen battles between him and an odd sort of an old man he has lately taken a great liking to, who, I am told, was a tutor at one of the universities, till he lost all employment from this same crazy humour of truth-hunting. The soup was not half helped round when a question arose as to the Spartan broth. The fish introduced a dissertation about a mullet, I think it was at some great supper in Rome; and the cloth was no sooner taken away than a violent altercation arose about the favourite liquors of the ancients. My hair-dresser happening to call in the afternoon, set them off upon the head-dress of Poppea; and an old lady who drank tea with us, puzzling herself to trace the relation between our grandfathers, introduced an inquiry, which lasted till near supper-time, on the family of Sesostris.

Were he confined to those old out-of-the way topics, though the matter might never be exhausted, the number of the disputants would at least be abridged, and we might find a quiet hour when there was no scholar in the house but himself. But he is as keen about ascertaining modern facts as those of ancient times. If he can get hold of any body who has travelled where few have travelled before, if it is but a lame seaman, whom he has found begging in the street, there is no end of his questions. Not that he always acquiesces in what they tell him; on the contrary, he often disputes with them about things which they have seen, which he says cannot be true, because they are contrary to his philosophy; but, on the other hand, he tells them many things which they might have seen in those far countries, which they are obliged to confess they never either saw or heard of. Truth, he says, is not easily discernible by common eyes: truth, he says, according to the old proverb, lies in the bottom of a well. God forgive me, Mr. Lounger, I am sometimes tempted to wish he were there along with her.

Not but that I have an affection for him too, for he has many good qualities, and that makes me the more vexed at this strange humour he has got into, which, besides plaguing us all as it does, is often of real prejudice to him and to his affairs. For he is not contented with this search after truth in speculation only, but often carries it into practice in the ordinary concerns of life; and there too he always looks for her in some place where nobody ever thought of her being to be found. He was, I don't know whether fortunately or not, left a sufficiency by his father, to enable him to live without a profession; but during one half of the year, when we reside in the country, he is a very keen farmer, planter, and gardener. But his method of farming, planting, and gardening, is quite different from that of any body else, and, as he tells us, the only *true* one in the country. It happens, however, that he has scantier crops, less thriving trees, and worse flavoured fruit than any body around us; but that don't signify, he maintains the contrary, and has the pleasure of finding a dispute with every body that visits his farm, his plantations, or his garden. Last season he spoiled a whole crop of grass by a new method of haymaking. He was positive that it was excellent hay notwithstanding, and much more nourishing than if it had been made after the usual method: but he could not persuade his horses to eat it.

He is rather more successful in making experiments of a similar kind on himself. He once took it into his head, having found, as he told us, the most incontestible evidence of its truth, that men could live very well without sleep; and actually went the length of disturbing the whole house for two nights together, by having himself pinched and buffeted about to keep him awake. On another occasion, he took nearly the same fancy with regard to food, and lived three or four days on a few boiled potatoes and some water-gruel. This, however, was got the better of, by the warm fumes of a venison pasty, which happens to be a favourite dish of his. He insisted, however, on the superior healthfulness of the former diet; but owned, that in this, as in many other things, the wrong way was the pleasantest.

This rage of experiment, as well as of inquiry, may lead to very serious consequences, if indulged as far as he sometimes gives us reason to think him inclined to do. He told us t'other morning, he was not at all surprised at the ancient philosopher who leaped into Etna, to be satisfied about the causes of its burning; and we have received intelligence, that he has actually been in treaty for a seat in a *balloon* to resolve some doubts he has entertained on the subject of that singular invention. Now, Mr. Lounger, as however troublesome his doubts are to his family, we by no means wish to have them *cleared up* quite so soon; it would be conferring a great favour on us all, if you, who are a philosopher like himself, would try to persuade Mr. Category to be contented to take things a little more on credit than he is at present disposed to do; particularly, that he would neither think of burning himself alive, or breaking his neck, for the sake of coming at the truth all of a hurry, but submit, for the sake of his wife and children, to grope about a while longer in this world of errors. I am, &c.

MARY PLAIN.

P. S. Pray don't forget to put him in mind, that there will be no disputing in heaven.

No. 59.] SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1786.

ONE of the pleasures of which the idle are deprived, is that of relaxation from business. Those whom intricate and weighty affairs embarrass and fatigue talk with envy of the leisure of the unemployed, of the bliss of retirement. But in their hours of occasional amusement, they know not the grievance of listless days, and months, and years of idleness: nor when they pant for rest from their labours are they aware, that it is from labour alone that rest acquires its name, and derives its enjoyment.

When, in the course of my usual walk, I passed the other morning through the place where but a few days before I had met so many busy faces, and been jostled by so many hurried steps; when I saw the court doors shut, and heard no hum within; I confess it struck me with a melancholy sort of feeling. But the first lawyer whom I encountered had a smile of satisfaction on his countenance, and congratulated himself on the suspension of those labours which last week he said had lain so heavy on him. "You are free from that plague," said he; "you have no session or term-time."—"But you forget, my friend, I have no vacation."

I contrive, however, to get through the no-business of my life with tolerable satisfaction, and if at any time an hour hangs heavy on me, I do not carry my misfortune into the streets, but like decent beggars keep my distresses at home, and am relieved by the private contibutions of the humane and the charitable.

It is not so with every one who labours under the afflicting hand of time. When I had got a little further on my accustomed walk, I was catched in a shower, and took shelter in the house of an acquaintance in Prince's-Street. As I passed the coffee-house and confectioner's shop, I was struck with compassion at the sight of the many vacant and melancholy faces which appeared at the doors and windows. It was but a little after mid-day, and consequently the gentlemen to whom these faces belonged had a great while to look forwards to the hour when they could with propriety pull off their boots, and dress for the business of the table. The weather did not permit of their getting rid of this interval by a gallop, which is one of the happiest expedients for the purpose in the world, as it removes the head-ache of yesterday's dinner, gets through the time till the dinner of to-day, and gives an appetite for enjoying that meal when it comes. But my poor friends in Prince's-street had no hopes of getting through the tedious interval in the society of their horses: they had before them the dismal prospect of spending three long hours in their own company, or in the company of their fellow-sufferers; and, after all, of sitting down to dinner with muddy heads and squeamish stomachs.

"*Mentem mortalia tangunt*," says the poet. The distresses incident to humanity are the great nourishers of moral speculation. The mortals of Prince's-street touched my mind, and I could not think, without a great degree of commiseration, of the difficulty they would find in passing the time till the arrival of that important era in the history of the day—the hour of dinner. The more I reflected, the more I was distressed on their account: for I suspect that it is not only when the morning is rainy that our gentlemen of fashion find their time heavy. The languor and restlessness which are so frequently to be observed united in their looks and behaviour are too evident symptoms of this quotidian disorder, this malady of time, under which they have the misfortune to labour.

To say the truth, in spite of our complaints of the shortness of life, yet four-and-twenty hours returning every day are by far too much for persons who have no other object but amusement. Is is, almost impossible to continue longer in bed than eleven hours; few people are able to lie more than eight or nine. Here, then, upon the most moderate calculation, we have at least thirteen hours to be filled up every day, by people who have nothing to do but to be amused. Now, although a chase, a bottle of wine, a dance, and some other expedients, to which these gentlemen have recourse, may give occasional fillips to their spirits, yet it is not in a man, not even in a man of fashion, to be both idle and comfortable for thirteen hours together, day after day.

There seems to be here an incongruity which is not observable any where else in the works of nature. All the other animals have their duration pretty well adjusted to the purposes to which they seem to have been intended, or to their capacity for filling up the time allotted to them with tolerable satisfaction. The gay fluttering tribe of butterflies, who have no other business under the sun but pleasure, do not live long enough to have any languid intervals, or fits of the vapours. Geese, on the other hand, are very long-lived: but then it is to be observed, that geese undertake the important and laborious task of rearing a family every season—they have likewise many enterprising excursions to make both by land and water in search of their food; and besides, they can fill up their leisure hours agreeably by means of two very fortunate circumstances, their power of commanding sleep when they please, and their talent for conversation. By these means, geese, when they are saved from the hand of the poulterer, are able to go on to a respectable old age, without ever being at a loss how to kill the time.

But men of fashion are an anomaly in the creation. Indeed, to adjust matters, one of two things is necessary; either to abridge the duration of their life, or else to improve their means of enjoying it.

With regard to the first method of abridgment, I humbly conceive, that if, from the time when our men of fashion break loose from their parents and preceptors, with the full command of money or credit, they were to sink quietly to rest in the course of nature at the end of a twelvemonth, their life would be pretty nearly sufficient for all they have to do. They would not fail within that space to run round the whole circle of pleasure again and again, which is evidently what they consider as the chief end of man. At the same time, they would be seasonably delivered from the insipidity of pleasure, when it becomes too familiar, from the unhappy devices which they fall upon to diversify their amusements, and to saunter away a tedious lifetime. Many of our young men of fashion seem to be sensible of the justness of this observation; for they do what they can to get the better of their constitution, and to abridge their life to a duration more suitable to the use which they make of it.

In this attempt, however, they are not always sufficiently expeditious; and, at any rate, it is always extremely unpleasant; most men of fashion, like most other men, however disagreeable or useless they may find their lives, not choosing to die as long as they can easily avoid it. It would therefore be more acceptable, if it were possible to supply them with some means of passing more tolerably the thirteen or fourteen hours which they cannot lose in sleeping.

Here to be sure a moralist might assume a high tone of declamation, and call on these gentlemen to remember the duties which their country requires. He might tell them, that the eyes of mankind were directed to their conduct, and expected, from their station and fortune, examples of active and disinterested patriotism. He might tell them, that if they were unwilling to take a share in the legislature, or if the happy season of peace gave them no opportunity to display their martial talents and gallantry in the field, yet they could not be at a loss for occasions to display their activity and enterprise, by employing their wealth and influence to diffuse civilization and comfort, industry and good morals, among all ranks of their fellow-citizens. He might tell them, that from such occupations they would derive the most honourable, heartfelt, and lasting pleasures, and be followed with the gratitude, the blessings of thousands. He might likewise entreat them to consider the opportunities which their riches and leisure afforded them of extending their researches into science, and encourage them with the prospect of utility and reputation united with the most interesting and endless amusement. He might also point out the delightful relaxation from their labours and solace to their cares which literature would afford them—he might tell them how much it would contribute at once to polish and elevate the character, and how admirably it would supersede those frivolous or pernicious entertainments in which they waste their hours.

But it would be cruel to harass the poor gentlemen with these school-declamations. The employments here pointed out require not only temporary exertions, but also continued industry, which we can scarcely expect from them. All that can be attempted with any reasonable hope of success, is to find some occupations which are more innocent, but which require no greater labour than the bottle or the gaming-table, than low profligacy or treacherous intrigue.

Now, I have known several idle persons who contrived to amuse the vacant intervals between breakfast and dinner, and between dinner and supper, in a very inoffensive manner. According as the weather and season permitted, they employed all the first part of the day either in angling, shooting, hunting or skating. When they could not go abroad with comfort, they always contrived work at home; such as weaving nets, plaiting lines, dressing fishing-flies, cleaning guns, looking after the horses, and playing on the fiddle. In this manner, with the help of the newspaper, dressing for dinner, and now and then a game at whist or backgammon for a trifle in the evening, I have known some persons of no great fortune, who spent their time in the country from year's end to year's end, without much extraordinary sleeping, without much extraordinary yawning, without much extraordinary drinking, without doing any harm, and even without thinking on the amusements of the town.

I should therefore imagine, that the men of *fashion*, considering the accurate attention which *it is proper for them to* pay to their dress, and the superior advantages which they enjoy from the amusements of the town, excursions to watering-places, and trips to the continent, might contrive to occupy their time without hanging out their melancholy faces at coffee-house doors or confectioners' shops, without exposing their own fortunes to be pilfered, or trying to pilfer others at the gaming-table, without weakening their constitution, or injuring their fellow-creatures. It is true, their occupations would frequently be rather more insipid and less respectable than might be wished. But since, by some unaccountable irregularity in nature, the lives of men of fashion, although they have so much less to do than other men, are prolonged to fifty or sixty years; they might unquestionably contrive, by a succession of these little occupations, to pass through this long term far less uncomfortably, than by dividing their time between downright idleness, intemperance, and vice.

No. 60.] Saturday, March 25, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

As far as I can judge of myself, I am a man well entitled to your protection. My mind has been so much employed in projecting schemes for the benefit of mankind, and especially of my fellow-subjects, that I have been totally indifferent to my own affairs. At present I am poor and studious, and yet content that a long life has not passed in altogether a useless manner. In the year one thousand seven hundered and forty-four, the year in which Dean Swift died, I had the honour to present to a great man a list, consisting of three hundred and nineteen new taxes, the greater part of which, I perceive, have been adopted. I have in manuscript a number of treatises, which might be a load to an ordinary-sized porter, written in a small character, on a variety of subjects, with abundance of ease and spirit. Having a great part of my life reflected that only three great epic poems have appeared in six thousand years, I employed the whole force of my mind to collect into one focus the entire spirit of criticism, which has been, for twenty years past, dissipated and tossed from one great writer to another, without the desired success. Had I been prevailed on to publish this, it would have made a volume of five shillings; and I am inclined to think, that, with no other assistance, a man of moderate genius could have composed an epic poem with as much speed as a romance.

Another performance of mine is an essay deducing the degeneracy of present manners from electricity and the feudal system. The one I consider as the first or primary, the other as the promoting and assisting cause. From the latter proceeds the subordination of ranks, and from the former that inundation of feeling which was formerly confined to children, and fine ladies like children, but has now deluged the army, the navy, ministers of state, shoe-blacks, and footmen. The next discourse I call a scheme for reconciling all the sectaries in Great Britain.

But I proceed to mention what at present employs all my thoughts, and what by your means I wish to announce to the public. My hopes of success are founded on the wonderful avidity with which mankind receive weekly and monthly miscellanies. These are generally good things, translated from the French, copied out of old authors, or altogether new and original, the production of modern writers. My plan is entirely new. I wish to be director in a work of this kind, more adapted than any thing that has yet been published for the improvement of the fair sex. On no account will I admit any but female subscribers—and, excepting in some of the departments wherein I must toil myself, I will admit of none but female writers; for I incline to have this work altogether perfect, classical, and feminine. I consider this as the winding up of a long life; and I shall certainly lie down in my grave in more peace, reflecting, that I have added to the republic of letters one half of the human species, whom our foolish prejudices have hitherto in a great measure excluded.

I will divide this work into several departments, keeping in mind, however, for whose use and reading it is only intended.

The first shall consist of foreign intelligence, and this I doubt not to manage to the satisfaction of my readers. For, having travelled in my youth, there is scarcely a court in Europe wherein I cannot command a female correspondent to inform me of its gallantries and its fashions.—This will greatly enlarge the sphere of female knowledge; and make scandal, like Cayenne pepper in a high-seasoned dish, harmless by spreading it. The slips of a marchioness abroad will be as familiar as an actress at home; and the dresses of Russia as much known as those of a birth-day.

This will be occasionally interspersed with books of travels and voyages, in which particular and minute attention will be paid to the *marriage* ceremonies of distant countries, that being the part of such books which I have generally observed to bear the strongest marks of perusal, when I have at any time had the honour of opening them in a lady's library.

My next department will consist of sketches and interesting anecdotes of private characters, with the tea-table conversations, and the fashions of the *principal towns* in Great Britain. I will give names at full length; both to serve as a necessary check on the dissoluteness of manners, and preclude an improper application. To my tea-table dialogues I will add a dictionary of French phrases, and words of the latest introduction, to assist those of my readers who have not as yet arrived at much perfection in that excellent part of education. But my great intention in this department is, to enable my fair readers to be in and out of the mode in all parts of Great Britain precisely at the same time.—And although in my own private judgment I think I ought to publish my miscellany only once a month; yet if, from humour or taste, or the quick succession of customs and modes, this is not thought sufficient to answer the various purposes of my work, I will at all times cheerfully submit to a reasonable number of my subscribers. That my publication may not be deficient in any embellishment or illustration which other works of the same kind furnish to their readers, plates will be given from drawings by the best masters and mistresses, of the different articles of dress most approved in the fashionable world. As in books of architecture there are elevations of fronts and back-fronts, sections of arches and abutments, designs for frizes, stucco-cornices and pilasters; so, in my miscellany, similar assistances will be given to the artists of the female figure, and the inventors of female decoration.

The third division of my intended miscellany will be a section for female essayists; and I hope to make a proper, spirited, and entertaining choice. I will occasionally admit little affecting histories, to animate the female world to virtuous and worthy deeds. Nor will it be less necessary for this laudable purpose sometimes to record bad, as well as good actions, imprudencies and levities, as well as wise and discreet conduct. In this, I must own, I shall only have the merit of following the example set me by several of those works which are professedly written for the instruction of the female world. And indeed, how can ladies be instructed in morals, unless they know every side of the question? or how be taught to avoid the snares and dangers of the world, unless they are let into the whole secret of their effects and operation?

A critical review of books will be my fourth. But here I have not the most distant thought of intermeddling with the property of some worthy men, whom I honour and esteem. Books of humour or of philosophy, belles lettres, and history, if they be not the production of one who is, or may become my subscriber, I will not criticise. God forbid that I should presume to think myself qualified to judge and decide concerning the merit of all sorts of books. I will confine my remarks to novels, and plays, reserving to myself the liberty of dipping into the softest kind of poetry; and even in this I will endeavour to avoid two things wherein my fellow-labourers in this harvest have frequently erred. In the first place, I will on no account give the character of a book, unless it has had the approbation of the public for a dozen years at least. Singular as this may appear to be, it was the practice of the best ancient critics. And besides abridging my own labour, it will much abridge that of others: for I myself, led to think favourably of a book by a fair character in an old review, have made a tedious and fruitless search for it in both public and private libraries. Secondly, for the most part I will give my opinion in the way of specimen and extract only. I reluctantly censure an association of men, who have so often, and so justly, deserved well of mankind; but at all times I must speak truth. And I am forced to say, that my brethren, in criticising various departments of literature, have written such good sentences of their own, as frequently to lead both themselves and their readers quite away from the book they were giving an account of. This, to be sure, as Pope said of his own pastorals, though it is not criticism, is something better; but my modesty will not allow me to attempt it.

As a little poetry is thought necessary in works of this kind, I shall reserve my fifth department for the productions of the female muse. In this article I am excessively nice and delicate. My ear is naturally good, and my understanding as yet undebauched. At the same time I must confess, that what we find in the multitude of miscellanies, which daily come abroad, is poetry highly seasoned and refined; and were I well assured of the sex of the authors, I would not hesitate to admit it into mine. —But as this is doubtful, I shall only propose it as an excellent model to all my correspondents.

My sixth and last department I intend to make the largest, and my endeavours shall not be wanting to make it the most useful. It is wholly to consist of free-thinking. A thousand times have I been grieved to the soul, to think that that religion which emancipates the human mind from folly and prejudice, that religion which M. de Voltaire justly styles the mild, the benevolent, the unpersecuting, should in a great measure be confined to the most worthless of the human race, whose lives discredit their profession: of whom many, though they have not been persecuted for their opinions, have yet suffered for their crimes. Human laws, ever unmerciful, and, I may add unjust, to punish those for their actions, who have deserved rewards for the benevolence and freedom of their thoughts! In the sincerity of my heart, I hope none of the fair sex will think rashly of my endeavours, since I wish to convert them to a new religion, merely *that they may do honour to* it. Lest I should be *suspected of vanity, which* of all weaknesses I hate the most, I shall say nothing more than that I intend to give to each number an engraving of some woman who has distinguished, or who may distinguish, herself, either by her actions or her writings.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
PROJECTOR LITERARIUS.

No. 61.] SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1786.

IN treating of the moral duties which apply to different relations of life, men of humanity and feeling have not forgotten to mention those which are due from masters to servants. Nothing indeed can be more natural than the attachment and regard to which the faithful services of our domestics are entitled; the connection grows up, like all the other family charities, in early life, and is only extinguished by those corruptions which blunt the others, by pride, by folly, by dissipation, or by vice.

I hold it indeed as the sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it is insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seem to me one of the most comfortable circumstances in his lot. His situation with regard to either forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it amidst the bustle of public, or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of business.

In situations and with dispositions such as mine, there is perhaps less merit in feeling the benevolent attachment to which I allude than in those persons of more bustling lives and more dissipated attentions. To the Lounger, the home which receives him from the indifference of the circles in which he sometimes loiters his time is naturally felt as a place of comfort and protection—and an elderly man-servant whom I think I govern quietly and gently, but who perhaps quietly and gently governs me, I naturally regard as a tried and valuable friend. Few people will perhaps perfectly understand the feeling I experience when I knock at my door after any occasional absence, and hear the hurried step of Peter on the stairs; when I see the glad face with which he receives me, and the look of honest joy with which he pats

Cæsar (a Pomeranian dog who attends me in all my excursions) on the head, as if to mark his kind reception of him too; when he tells me he knew my rap, makes his modest inquiries after my health, opens the door of my room which he has arranged for my reception, places my slippers before the fire, and draws my elbow-chair to its usual stand; I confess I sit down in it with a self-complacency which I am vain enough to think a bad man would be incapable of feeling.

It appears to me a very pernicious mistake, which I have sometimes seen parents guilty of in the education of their children, to encourage and incite in them a haughty and despotic behaviour to their servants; to teach them an early conceit of the difference of their conditions; to accustom them to consider the services of their attendants as perfectly compensated by the wages they receive, and as unworthy of any return of kindness, attention, or complacency. Something of this kind must indeed necessarily happen in the great and fluctuating establishments of fashionable life; but I am sorry to see it of late gaining ground in the country of Scotland, where, from particular circumstances, the virtues and fidelity of a great man's household were wont to be conspicuous, and exertions of friendship and magnanimity in the cause of a master used to be cited among the traditional *memorabilia* of most old families.

When I was last autumn at my friend Colonel Caustic's in the country, I saw there, on a visit to Miss Caustic, a young gentleman and his sister, children of a neighbour of the colonel's, with whose appearance and manner I was peculiarly pleased.—"The history of their parents," said my friend, "is somewhat particular, and I love to tell it, as I do every thing that is to the honour of our nature. Man is so poor a thing taken in the gross, that when I meet with an instance of nobleness in detail, I am fain to rest upon it long, and to recal it often; as, in coming hither over our barren hills, you would look with double delight on a spot of cultivation or of beauty.

"The father of those young folks, whose looks you were struck with, was a gentleman of considerable domains and extensive influence on the northern frontier of our country. In his youth he lived, as it was then more the fashion than it is now, at the seat of his ancestors, surrounded with gothic grandeur, and compassed with feudal followers and dependents, all of whom could trace their connection, at a period more or less remote, with the family of their chief. Every domestic in his house bore the family name, and looked on himself as in a certain degree partaking its dignity and sharing its fortunes. Of these, one was in a particular manner the favourite of his master. Albert Bane (the surname, you know, is generally lost in a name descriptive of the individual) had been his companion from his infancy. Of an age so much more advanced as to enable him to be a sort of tutor to his youthful lord, Albert had early taught him the rural exercises and rural amusements, in which he himself was eminently skilful; he had attended him in the course of his education at home, of his travels abroad, and was still the constant companion of his excursions, and the associate of his sports.

"On one of those latter occasions, a favourite dog of Albert's, whom he had trained himself, and of whose qualities he was proud, happened to mar the sport which his master had expected, who, irritated at the disappointment, and having his gun ready cocked in his hand, fired at the animal, which, however, in the hurry of resentment, he missed. Albert, to whom Oscar was as a child, remonstrated against the rashness of the deed, in a manner rather too warm for his master, ruffled as he was with accident, and conscious of his being in the wrong, to bear. In his passion he struck his faithful attendant; who suffered the indignity in silence, and retiring, rather in grief than in anger, left his native country that very night; and when he reached the nearest town, enlisted with a recruiting party of a regiment then on foreign service. It was in the beginning of the war with France which broke out in 1744, rendered remarkable for the rebellion which the policy of the French court excited, in which some of the first families of the Highlands were unfortunately engaged. Among those who joined the standard of Charles was the master of Albert.

"After the battle of Culloden, so fatal to that party, this gentleman, along with others who had escaped the slaughter of the field, sheltered themselves from the rage of the unsparing soldiery among the distant recesses of their country. To him his native mountains offered an asylum; and thither he naturally fled for protection. Acquainted, in the pursuits of the chase, with every secret path and unworn track, he lived for a considerable time like the deer of his forest, close hid all day, and only venturing down at the fall of evening, to obtain from some of his cottagers, whose fidelity he could trust, a scanty and precarious support. I have often heard him, for he is one of my oldest acquaintances, describe the scene of his hiding place at a later period, when he could recollect it in its sublimity, without its horror.—"At times," said he, "when I ventured to the edge of the wood, among some of those inaccessible crags which you remember a few miles from my house, I have heard, in the pauses of the breeze which rolled solemn through the pines beneath me, the distant voices of the soldiers, shouting in answer to one another amidst their inhuman search. I have heard their shouts re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and seen reflected from the deep still lake below the gleam of those fires which consumed the cottages of my people. Sometimes shame and indignation well nigh overcame my fear, and I have prepared to rush down the steep, unarmed as I was, and to die at once by the swords of my enemies; but the instinctive love of life prevailed, and starting as the roe bounded by me, I have again shrunk back to the shelter I had left.

"One day," continued he, "the noise was nearer than usual; and, from the cave in which I lay, I heard the parties immediately below so close upon me, that I could distinguish the words they spoke. After some time of horrible suspense, the voices grew weaker and more distant; and at last I heard them die away at the further end of the wood. I rose and stole to the mouth of the cave; when suddenly a dog met me, and gave that short quick bark by which they indicate their prey. Amidst the terror of the circumstance, I was yet master enough of myself to discover that the dog was Oscar; and I own to you I felt his appearance like the retribution of justice and of heaven.—'Stand!' cried a threatening voice, and a soldier pressed through the thicket, with his bayonet charged.—It was Albert! Shame, confusion, and remorse, stopped my utterance, and I stood motionless before him. 'My master!' said he, with the stifled voice of wonder and of fear, and threw himself at my feet. I had recovered my recollection. 'You are revenged,' said I, 'and I am your prisoner.'—'Revenged! Alas! you have judged too hardly of me; I have not had one happy day since that fatal one on which I left my master; but I have lived, I hope, to save him. The party to which I belong are passed; for I lingered behind them among those woods and rocks, which I remembered so well in happier days. There is, however, no time to be lost. In a few hours this wood will blaze, though they do not suspect that it shelters you. Take my dress, which may help your escape, and I will endeavour to dispose of yours. On the coast, to the westward, we have learned there is a small party of your friends, which, by following the river's track till dusk, and then striking over the shoulder of the hill, you may join without much danger of discovery.'—I felt the disgrace of owing so much to him I had injured, and remonstrated against exposing him to such imminent danger of its being known that he had favoured my escape, which, from the temper of his commander, I knew would be instant death. Albert, in an agony of fear and distress, besought me to think only of my own safety.—'Save us both,' said he; 'for if you die, I cannot live. Perhaps we may meet again; but whatever becomes of Albert, may the blessing of God be with his master!'"

Albert's prayer was heard. His master, by *the exercise of talents*, which, though he had *always possessed*, adversity only taught him to use, acquired abroad a station of equal honour and emolument; and when the proscriptions of party had ceased, returned home to his own country, where he found Albert advanced to the rank of a lieutenant in the army, to which his valour and merit had raised him, married to a lady by whom he had got some little fortune, and the father of an only daughter, for whom nature had done much, and to whose native endowments it was the chief study and delight of her parents to add every thing that art could bestow. The gratitude of the chief was only equalled by the happiness of his follower, whose honest pride was not long after gratified by his daughter's becoming the wife of that master whom his generous fidelity had saved. That master, by the clemency of more indulgent and liberal times, was again restored to the domain of his ancestors, and had the satisfaction of seeing the grandson of Albert enjoy the hereditary birthright of his race.

I accompanied Colonel Caustic on a visit to this gentleman's house, and was delighted to observe his grateful attention to his father-in-law, as well as the unassuming happiness of the good old man, conscious of the perfect reward which his former fidelity had met with. Nor did it escape my notice, that the sweet boy and girl, who had been our guests at the colonel's, had a favourite brown and white spaniel, who they caressed much after dinner, whose name was Oscar.

Z.

No. 62.] Saturday, April 8, 1786.

Absentem rusticus urbem
Tollis ad astra levis. Hor.

A rustic grown, you vaunt into the skies
The absent town. Francis.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir, *Mushroom-Hall, 1st April*, 1786.

The indulgence which you showed to my correspondence when in town emboldens me to hope for the same favourable reception of my letters from the country. Here, Mr. Lounger, I have much more time to write; but unfortunately I have much fewer subjects; and those too none of the most enlivening. I think there is a sort of fatality in it, that I am always in low spirits when I sit down to write to you. These constant easterly winds do affect one's nerves so!

I told you in my last, that my sister-in-law talked of going to London, and perhaps to the continent; and how unwilling I should be to accompany her. She is actually gone some weeks, ago, and I was not asked to be of the party; but she has taken her favourite Miss Gusto, because she can talk French a little more glibly, having been bred at a London boarding-school; though my French master says it is execrable *patois*, and won't be understood by people of fashion. Well! I don't desire to detract from any body; but some people are singular in their favourites. But it don't signify; we can be very happy at home, though it was a little cross to leave Edinburgh just when one had got into the humour of it; and when one began to know people a little, and people began to know one, which takes some time, you know, Mr. Lounger, especially with people who are not quite so forward as some people, who are greater favourites with some people than other people are.

You must know that our society in Edinburgh had latterly become much more agreeable to me, from our intimacy with Mrs. Rattle, who came lately from Spa, where she had gone for the recovery of her health, being vastly subject to low spirits whenever she remains long in this climate. Mrs. Rattle was pleased to take very particular notice of me, being delighted, she said, with a certain *naiveté*, of which I was possessed; though Mrs. Mushroom, who was jealous of her attention to me, said it was only because I was the best *hearer* of her acquaintance. Be that as it may, she was always remarkably civil and obliging to me; declared she looked upon me as her particular *protegé*; and that, except one or two gentlemen with whom she had been acquainted abroad, I was the only person to whom she gave the constant *entré* to her *boudoir*. I was invited to most of her parties, which made the town appear quite a different thing to me from what it did when I wrote to you last. Unfortunately these pleasant days did not last long; my dear Mrs. Rattle was suddenly taken ill soon after her husband's arrival in Edinburgh, (for he did not come till some time after her), and was obliged to leave town without being able to see even me. My brother and Mrs. Mushroom, as I mentioned before, have set off for London with Miss Gusto; and so, Mr. Lounger, I am come back to the country again.

I had but a very disagreeable journey of it, though my maid (who was my sister-in-law's till she got a gentlewoman of Miss Gusto's recommending) and a very good sort of a young man, to whom my brother has promised a church on an estate he has bought lately, took all possible care of me by the way. But the roads were miserably bad, and the post-chaises terribly jolting and uneasy.——Though we talk so much of improvements, there must certainly be a great change to the worse in that article; for I remember travelling part of that road once before, along with my mother, in the Diligence, which we found a very comfortable easy sort of machine; and the roads were then remarkably smooth and well made. Nor is the accommodation at the inns fallen off from what it was at that time.

The weather has been dreadful since my arrival; and I have been perfectly starved with cold ever since I reached my father's; yet they tell me it was still colder some weeks before; though I am sure it was not so with us in town. Except one night at the play, when it was a very thin house, most of the fashionable company having gone to the dancing dogs; and one other time when I waited a great while in the lobby of the assembly-room for my sister and another lady, who had dined at Mrs. Midnight's, I don't recollect having felt it disagreeably cold all the time I was in Edinburgh. On that last occasion I caught a little cold, which, however, has been infinitely worse since I removed to the country: though they say change of air is good for a cough, I have found mine much more troublesome here than in Edinburgh. Indeed, one cannot stir out of doors without wetting one's feet; and I was t'other day over the shoes in dirt going to see my brother's Temple of Venus, which one of his improving advisers, Dr. ——, planned for him last autumn. Yet the doctor was at no small pains in making a walk to it, which consumed, as he told us, Lord knows how many waggon loads of gravel; but unfortunately one of the twists led into a bog; for it is so artfully twisted, that I have heard the doctor say, the temple, which is scarce 200 yards from the house as the crow flies, is a good half mile off by the serpentine. I am sure I thought it far enough when they would needs have me go and visit it. Besides, one meets cattle in this field, and dogs in that; and they are certainly grown much worse-natured since I left the country.

I am glad, however, to take a long walk, though it should be somewhat dirty and disagreeable, to pass off a while of the morning (afternoon they call it here) from one to three, as well as to get a little wearied, that I may be able to sleep when we go to bed by eleven. My cough plagues me so all the night long, and then I hear some of the out-o'-doors servants getting up when I have scarce slept a wink. It was but this very morning they broke off one of the charmingest dreams!—Methought I was at the masquerade (what a cross thing it was, Mr. Lounger, to give up the masquerade!) and there was my sister-in-law, and Captain Coupée, and Miss Gusto, and Lady Rumpus, and Mrs. Rattle, and goodness knows how many fine people besides; and a Highlander in his plaid and philabeg followed me up and down, and I was told it was a duke in disguise; and methought I was just standing up to dance a Strathspey with him—when I was waked by one of our brutes in the stable-yard bawling out something about the first yoking with the brown mare.—I could have cried, Mr. Lounger, when I thought that it was but a dream! and I had nobody whom I could even tell it to here; for neither my mother nor sisters know any thing about a masquerade, and they never saw Captain Coupée, nor Miss Gusto, nor Lady Rumpus, nor Mrs. Rattle.

The Homespuns, indeed, are very good girls, and they come to me as often as their father will let them; and we have long conversations about Edinburgh, and what I saw and heard there; and they are so charmed with what I tell them, and so distracted to get thither! We sometimes sit up talking of it two or three hours after all the rest of the family are quiet. My sister-in-law, to say truth, has not been unmindful of us since she has been gone, but has sent us down among other things, a parcel of new books and Magazines, which I now and then read to the Homespuns at those sittings up of ours. I dare not lend them the reading of any, since their father took it into his head to burn one, for having a new *tête-à-tête* in it.

To be sure, Mr. Homespun is a very odd sort of a man, and if it were not for Mrs. Homespun, there would be no bearing of him; he is always railing at fine gentlemen, and fine ladies, and new fashions—he is certainly ten times more rude and disagreeable than he was before I went to town; and he says, that since I came, I have infected his daughters with ridiculous small waists and large heads; and yet their mother and they all agree how much better they look since I brought them their new stays and heads. The first day they walked over here to welcome me home, they looked so red and so blouzy, I thought I never saw two such frights in my life: I could hardly believe they were the same girls I had left but four months before; and they were both astonished at my improvement in so short a time; only the eldest thought, as she has confessed to me since, that my complexion was somewhat of the palest. Now, to tell a secret, Mr. Lounger, I can mend that when I choose, though I never ventured to try but once, for diversion's sake, that I rubbed a very little out of Mrs. Rattle's French box on my cheeks, and every body observed how handsome I looked that day, and what a sparkle my eyes had; but I did not let any body know how they came by it.

Indeed, if there is any sin in't, I am sure it is not worth the while here; for there is nobody to see one needs care how one looks for. I used to be joked about our neighbour young Broadcast, who is reckoned one of the best matches in our neighbourhood, and my father brought him to see me the very day after my arrival. But he is grown so fat and so coarse since I left this, and talks and laughs so loud, and speaks of nothing but the value of land, and the laying out of farms! I received him very coldly, and he has not come back since: for my own part, I don't care if he should never come back.

There is, however, some pleasure in dressing one's self, to have the amusement of making the people stare and wonder as they do. It is very diverting to me to hear the observations of some of the good ladies our neighbours, when I put on some of my town things, on purpose to provoke them. La! what a head!—Good gracious! what a neck! and mercy upon us! what a bunch behind!—Sunday last, being the first opportunity for my appearing in public, I resolved to make a figure; and so I went to church with my head as well curled as my maid and I could make it, my newest-fashioned hat, and a round hoop Mrs. Mushroom had just sent me from London. Would you think it, Mr. Lounger, I had like to have been mobb'd in the coming out? and the peopled followed the carriage till it came to the church-way ford in our way home.

But this will only do now and then; and, on the whole, I find my time hang very heavy on my hands; though I try all I can to coax away a great part of the day too. As I am a person of some consequence since my late journey to town, they indulge me a good deal in the disposal of my time, even though it sometimes runs a little cross to the regularity of theirs; only my father growls now and then; but we don't mind that much. I seldom rise till near eleven, and generally breakfast in bed. I read the newspapers my brother sends down, all except the politics. I stroll out, as I told before, between one and three; then, if I dress, or perhaps alter the sit of my cap, or change my feathers before the glass, I am seldom ready till long past dinner-time: they put it back an hour ever since my brother came first home. In the evening I play the new minuets, teach my sisters cards, or we guess the riddles in the Lady's Magazine; and I think of the promenade in Prince's street, and of Dunn's rooms, and of being in Edinburgh next winter if I can.

I am told there is to be a ball in our county town, when the judges come this way on their circuit, in about a fortnight hence, which the Homespuns talk of with great glee. And they tell me there is a set of players who are to perform there at that time, and the German tumbler with his bear and dogs. But, for my part, I have very little inclination to go. After seeing Lamash, and Wilson, and Kipling; not to mention Woods and Mrs. Crawford.—But above all, to think of the German tumbler after Richer and Dubois; and his dogs forsooth after the dear little dogs at the Black Bull!—Oh! Mr. Lounger, as Macbeth says,

> What a falling off is there!

It will be really compassionate in you to give us a paper now and then about what is going on in town. And do, Mr. Lounger, let there be plenty of characters in it. I have told the Homespuns the owners of all the characters in your paper, from the very beginning without missing one. For, believe me, I am, dear Mr. Lounger, whether in town or country, your constant reader and admirer,

Z. MARGERY MUSHROOM.

No. 63.] SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1786.

An is mihi liber cui mulier imperat? cui leges imponit, prescribit, jubet, vetat, quod videtur?

CICERO.

Can he be called a free man who is ruled by a woman, and must submit to every restriction and privation that her whims suggest?

TO THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

I AM a middle-aged gentleman, possessed of a moderate income, arising chiefly from the profits of an office, of which the emolument is more than sufficient to compensate the degree of labour with which the discharge of its duties is attended. About my forty-fifth year I became tired of the bachelor-state; and taking the hint from some little twinges of the gout, I began to think it was full time for me to look out for an agreeable help-mate. The last of the juvenile tastes that forsakes a man is his admiration of youth and beauty; and I own I was so far from being insensible to these attractions, that I felt myself sometimes tempted to play the fool, and marry for love. I had sense enough, however, to resist this inclination, and, in my choice of a wife, to sacrifice rapture and romance to the prospect of ease and comfort. I wedded the daughter of a country gentleman of small fortune, a lady much about my own time of life, who bore the character of a discreet prudent woman, who was a stranger to fashionable folly and dissipation of every kind, and whose highest merit was that of an excellent housewife.

When I begin by telling you that I repent of my choice, you will naturally suppose, Mr. Lounger (a very common case), that I have been deceived in the idea I had formed of my wife's character. Not at all, Sir; I found it true to a tittle. She is a perfect paragon of prudence and discretion. Her moderation is exemplary in the highest degree; and as to economy she is all that I expected, and a great deal more too. You will ask, then, of what it is that I complain? I shall lay my grievances before you without reserve.

A man, Sir, who with no bad dispositions, and with some pretensions to common sense, has arrived at the age of five and forty, may be presumed to have formed for himself a plan of life, which he will not care hastily to relinquish, merely to gratify the caprices of another. I entered the matrimonial state with a firm resolution not to quarrel with my wife for trifles; but really, Sir, the sacrifices daily exacted on my part, and the mortifications I have been forced to submit to, are at length become so numerous and so intolerable, that I must either come to a downright rupture, or be hooted at for a silly fellow by all my acquaintance.

Before I married, having, as I already informed you, a decent income, I thought myself entitled to many of those little indulgences to which a social disposition inclines a man who is possessed of the means of gratifying it. The necessary business in which my office engaged me occupying several hours of the day, it was my highest pleasure to pass the evenings with a few sensible friends, either at my own lodgings, at theirs, or in the tavern. I found myself likewise a very welcome guest in many respectable families, where, as the humour struck me, I could go in at any hour, and take my part of a domestic meal without the formality of an invitation. I was a member too of a weekly club, which met on the Saturday evenings, most of them people of talents, and some of them not unknown in the world of letters. Here the entertainment was truly *Attic*. A single bottle was the *modicum*, which no man was allowed to exceed. Wit and humour flowed without reserve, where all were united by the bonds of intimacy: and learning lost her gravity over the enlivening glass. *O noctes cœnæque Deum!*

As my profession was a sedentary one, I kept, for the sake of exercise, a couple of good geldings, and at my leisure hours contrived frequently to indulge myself in a scamper of a dozen miles into the country. It was my pride to keep my horses in excellent order; and when debarred by business from riding them, I consoled myself with a visit to the stable. Shooting was likewise a favourite amusement; and though I could not often indulge it, I had a brace of springing spaniels, and a couple of excellent pointers. In short, between my business and amusement, my time passed most delightfully; and I really believe I was one of the happiest bachelors in Great Britain.

Alas, Sir, how little do we know what is for our good! Like the poor gentleman who killed himself by taking physic when he was in health,* I wanted to be happier than I was, and I have made myself miserable.

My wife's ruling passion is the care of futurity. We had not been married above a month before she found my system, which was to enjoy the present, was totally inconsistent with those provident plans she had formed in the view of a variety of future contingences which, if but barely possible, she looks upon as absolutely certain. The prospect of an increase to our family (though we have now lived five years together, without the smallest symptom of any such accident) has been the cause of a total revolution of our domestic economy, and a relinquishment on my part, of all the comforts of my life. The God of Health, we are informed, was gratified by the sacrifice of a cock; but the God of Marriage, it would seem, is not so easily propitiated: for I have sacrificed to him my horses, my dogs, and even my friends, without the smallest prospect of securing his favour.

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* Mr. Easy alludes to the Italian epitaph, "*Stava ben, ma ber star meglio, sto qui.*

In accomplishing this economical reformation, my wife displayed no small address. Lord, Sir, what ways women have of working out their points! She began by giving me frequent hints of the necessity there was of cutting off all superfluous expenses; and frequently admonished me that it was better to save while our family was small, than to retrench when it grew larger. When she perceived that this argument had very little force (as indeed it grew every day weaker,) and that there was nothing to be done by general admonition, she found it necessary to come to particulars. She endeavoured to convince me, that I was cheated in every article of my family expenditure. It is a principle with her, that all servants are thieves. When they offer themselves to be hired, if they demand what she thinks high wages, she cannot afford to pay at the rate of a dutchess; if their demand is moderate, she is sure they must make it up by stealing. To prove their honesty, she lays temptations in their way, and watches in a corner to catch them in the fact. In the first six months after our marriage we had five search warrants in the house. My groom (as honest a fellow as ever handled a curry-comb) was indicted for embezzling oats; and though the sleek sides of my geldings gave strong testimony to his integrity, he was turned off at a day's warning. This I soon found was but a prelude to a more serious attack; and the battery was levelled at a quarter where I was but too vulnerable. I never went out to ride, but I found my poor spouse in tears at my return. She had an uncle, it seems, who broke his collar-bone by a fall from a horse. My pointers, stretched upon the hearth, were never beheld by her without uneasiness. They brought to mind a third cousin who lost a finger by the bursting of a fowling-piece; and she had a sad presentiment that my passion for sport might make her one day the most miserable of women. "Sure, my dear," she would say, "you would not, for the sake of a trifling gratification to *yourself,* render your poor wife constantly *unhappy! yet I must be* so while you keep those vicious horses and nasty curs." What could I do, Sir? A man would not choose to pass for a barbarian.

It was a more difficult task to wean me from those social enjoyments I mentioned, and to cure me of a dangerous appetite I had for the company of my friends. If I passed the evening in a tavern, I was sure to have a sermon against intemperance, a warning of the too sensible decay of my constitution, and a most moving complaint of the heaviness of those solitary hours which she spent in my absence. Those hours indeed she attempted sometimes to shorten, by sending my servant to acquaint me that she had gone to bed indisposed. This device, however, after two or three repetitions, being smoked by my companions, I was forced to vindicate my honour before them by kicking the messenger down stairs.

Matters were yet worse with me, when I ventured to invite my old cronies to a friendly supper at my own house. In the place of that ease and freedom which indicates a cordial reception, they found on my wife's part a cold and stiff formality which repressed all social enjoyment; and the nonsensical parade of a figure of empty show upon the table, which convinced them of the trouble their visit had occasioned. Under this impression, you may believe, there is no great danger of a debauch in my house. Indeed my wife commonly sits out the company. If it happens otherwise, we have a stated allowance of wine; and if more is called for, it is so long in coming, that my friends take the hint, and wish me a good night.

But, even were I more at liberty to indulge my social dispositions than I unfortunately find myself, there are other reasons, no less powerful, which would prevent me from inviting my friends to my house. My wife, Sir, is absolutely unfit for any kind of rational conversation. Bred from her infancy under an old maiden aunt, who had the management of her father's household, and country farm, she has no other ideas than what are accommodated to that station. Unluckily her transplantation to town, by removing her from her calves, her pigs, and her poultry, has given her fewer opportunities of displaying the capital stock of her knowledge. She still finds, however, a tolerable variety of conversation, in the rise and fall of the markets, the qualities and prices of butcher-meat, the making of potatoe-starch, the comparative excellence of Leith and Kensington candles, and many other topics of equally amusing disquisition. Seriously, Sir, when alone, I can find refuge in books; but when with her in company, she never opens her mouth but I am in terror for what is to come out of it.

I should perhaps complain the less of being reduced to this state of involuntary domestication, if I saw any endeavours on her part to make my home somewhat comfortable to me. I am no epicure, Mr. Lounger; but I own to you I like a good dinner, and have somehow got the reputation of being a pretty good judge of wines. In this last article I piqued myself on having a critical palate; and this my friends knew so well, that I was generally consulted when their cellars needed a supply, and was sure to be summoned to give my opinion at the opening of a new hogshead or the piercing of a butt. You may believe I took care that my own small stock of liquors should not discredit my reputation; and I have often, with some exultation, heard it remarked, that there was no such claret in Edinburgh as Bob Easy's yellow seal.

Good claret, which I have long been accustomed to consider as a panacea for all disorders, my wife looks upon as little better than slow poison. She is convinced of its pernicious effects both on my purse and constitution, and recommends to me, for the sake of both, some brewed stuff of her own, which she dignifies with the name of wine, but which to me seems nothing but ill fermented vinegar. She tells with much satisfaction how she has passed her currant wine for cape, and her gooseberry for champaigne, but for my part I never taste them without feeling very disagreeable effects from it; and I once drank half a bottle of her champaigne, which gave me a colic for a week.

In the article of victuals, I am doomed to yet greater mortification. Here, Sir, my wife's frugality is displayed in a most remarkable manner. As every thing is to be bought when at the lowest price, she lays in during the summer all her stores for the winter. For six months we live upon salt provisions, and the rest of the year on fly-blown lamb and stale mutton. If a joint is roasted the one day, it is served cold the next, and hashed on the day following. All poultry is contraband. Fish (unless salt herrings and dried ling, when got a bargain) I am never allowed to taste.

Thus mortified in my appetites, divorced as I am from my friends, having "lost all my mirth, and foregone all custom of my exercise," I am told that even my face and figure are totally changed; and, in place of the jolly careless air of a *bon vivant*, I have got the sneaking look and starved appearance of a poor wretch escaped from a sponging-house, and dreading a dun in every human being that accosts him.—That it should come to this!—But I am determined no longer to endure it. My wife shall read this letter in my presence; and, while she contemplates her own picture, I shall take my measures according to the effect it produces on her. If she takes it as she ought, 'tis well;—if not, and a rupture is the consequence, still better—I shall be my own man again.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Robert Easy.

No. 64.] Saturday, April 22, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

That distress finds some consolation from revealing its misfortune is a trite observation, which perhaps is in no instance more strongly felt than where we have ourselves to blame for our calamities. There is something in making a confession, though but on paper (even if it should never be communicated to any one), which unloads the mind of a weight that bears it down in secret; and though it cannot pluck the thorn from memory, has certainly the effect of blunting its poignancy. Suffer me then, Sir, to tell you, or to write as if I were telling you, how unhappy I am, and by what means I have become so.

I was left by my father at the age of thirteen the eldest of two daughters, under the charge of one of the best and most indulgent of mothers. Our circumstances were affluent, our society respectable, and our education, from its very commencement, had been attended to with care, and provided for with the utmost liberality. No instruction was neglected, no accomplishment unattended so. In attaining these my sister was not quite so fortunate as I. Born, as I have been often told, with uncommon quickness of parts, I found no difficulty in mastering the studies that were taught me, or in acquiring the embellishments it was wished I should acquire. My sister was often deficient in the one and awkward at the other. She possessed, however, a sound, plain understanding and an excellent temper. My superiority never excited envy in her, and I think never vanity in me. We loved one another most sincerely; and after some years had blunted the grief which my mother felt for her husband's death, there were, I believe, few happier families than ours.

Though our affections were cordial, however, our dispositions were very different. My sister was contented to think as other people thought, and to feel as other people felt; she rarely ventured to speculate in opinion, or to soar in fancy. I was often tempted to reject, if not to despise, the common opinions of mankind, and to create to myself a warm, and, I am afraid, a visionary picture of happiness, arising from a highly refined sensibility. My mother was at pains to combat these enthusiastic ideas, and to represent the danger of indulging in them. From a desire, perhaps, of overcoming that tendency towards them which she perceived in me, her discourse, when we were alone, almost constantly turned on this subject. As she always allowed us the liberty of argument with her, I stood up in these conversations the warm defender of my own maxims, in contradiction to those prudent ones which she recommended. Hers, I am persuaded, admitted of better reasoning; but my cause gave greater room for eloquence. All my little talents were exerted in the contest; and I have often since thought that my mother had from nature a bent to my side of the question, which all her wisdom and experience had not been able to overcome; that though she constantly applauded the prudent system of my sister, she was in truth rather partial to mine, and vain of that ability with which I defended it. However that might be, I myself always rose from the dispute more and more convinced of the justness of my own opinions, and proud of that superiority which I thought they conferred on me.

We had not long attained a marriageable age, when we found ourselves surrounded with those whom the world terms admirers. Our mother's benevolence and sweetness of temper inclined her to society, and we were too innocent for prudery; we had therefore a number of visitors of the other sex, many of whom were so particular in their attentions, that women who wished to boast of conquests would have called them lovers. With us they did not always assume that title: my sister was too prudent, and I was too nice, easily to believe a man a lover.

Among those, however, were two gentlemen, whose attachment was declared to me in terms too strong to be misunderstood. Florio's person was universally allowed to be handsome; many, of whom I was one, thought it elegant. With external accomplishments his education had furnished him; his manner was easy and unembarrassed; some called it assuming, I thought it natural. His conversation was full of the language of sensibility; in my idea it spoke a mind replete with sensibility itself. Other people sometimes suspected him of shallowness and affectation; I praised him for avoiding the pedantry of knowledge, and the rusticity of men proud of its acquirements.

Alcander was the only son of a particular friend of my mother's, and therefore on a very intimate footing in our family. My mother, with whom he was a favourite, discovered in him a great fund of good sense and of useful knowledge. I was struck with the inelegance of his appearance and address, and the want of refinement in his sentiments and conversation. His goodness and candour were often the topics of my mother's commendation; I remarked his want of discernment, and the coldness of his attachments and aversions. My mother often repeated her own eulogiums of Alcander, and the criticisms of the world on Florio; I always heard her with a determined opposition of sentiment, and therefore rose from the conversation more averse to the first and more attached to the latter. Alcander, after persisting for some time under a very marked disinclination to him, gave up the pursuit; but as he still continued his visits to the family, particularly during any occasional absence of mine, he transferred by degrees his affections to my sister. When he had ceased to be my lover, I was willing to be very much his friend: my mother had always shown her partiality in his favour; my sister was won by his virtues, and after some time became his wife.

Florio's suit to me was opposed by my mother with rather more vehemence than was natural to her. She often insisted on the infatuation, as she called it, of that deception which I was under with regard to him, a deception which she predicted I should one day be convinced of. Her opposition, however, though it over-ruled my conduct, never overcame my attachment: I would not be his without the consent of my mother; but my affection it was not in her power to shake. Her love for me overcame her resolution; and at last she gave, however unwillingly, my hand to Florio.

I was now the happiest of women. The scenes I had often pictured of conjugal tenderness and domestic happiness I thought now realized in the possession of a man who, I had taught myself to believe, was to love me for ever, and was himself every thing I ought to love; and I often looked with a degree of pity on the situation of my sister, whose happiness (for she called it happiness) with Alcander was of a kind so inferior to mine.

How long this lasted I cannot exactly say. I fear I begun to be unhappy long before I would allow myself to believe it. I have often wept alone at the coldness and neglect of Florio, when on meeting him, a few words of seeming tenderness and affection made me again reproach my doubts of his love, and think my own situation the most enviable of any. Alas! he at length drove me from this last strong-hold in which my affection for him had entrenched itself. It is now three years since he has treated me in such a manner as to leave me no apology for his treatment. During the last, my mother's death has deprived me of one of the few comforts I had left. From my mother I carefully concealed my distress; but I believe in vain; she lived to guess at my misery; and I fear the sense of it added to the pressure of that disease which brought her to her grave.

After the loss of my husband's love, it is little to talk of my disappointment in his talents and accomplishments. It was long, however, before I allowed myself to see defects which less penetration than I have been flattered with possessing had long before discovered. My mother had often before our marriage expressed her surprise that one of my abilities should be so deceived, as not to see his inferiority: I believe it is by these abilities that the deception is aided. They are able to form a picture to which more ordinary minds are unequal; and in the weakness of their rash attachment, they find the likeness where they wish to find it.——

I was interrupted by my sister. Why are her looks so serene? and why does she tell me how much mine are altered? I am too proud to allow a witness to my distresses; and from her of all woman-kind I would conceal them. This dissimulation is due to my pride, perhaps to my duty; yet if you knew, Sir, such feelings as mine;—to act contentment all day long, and to retreat at night to my lonely pillow with the anguish my heart has treasured up all the while! —But the subject overpowers me.—Farewell.

CONSTANTIA.

J.

No. 65.] SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1786.

Malignitati falsa species libertatis inest. TAC.

Churlishness is a spurious kind of freedom.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

SOME time ago a female correspondent was obliged to enter into a complaint with you against one of the Virtues, and set forth the hardships which a family endures from the circumstance of its master's extreme cultivation of *Truth*. I am sorry, Sir, to be obliged to enter a similar complaint against another of the Virtues, of the same family with that of which the lady complains; and to relate to you the effects which I happened lately to witness from the extreme cultivation of *Freedom*.

The word Freedom, Sir, till this late incident in my life, carried with it a sound at once so sacred and so animating, as I thought was entitled to my warmest love and veneration. Yet a young man, and full of the classic remembrances of Roman virtue, I connected with the love of liberty every thing that dignifies and humanizes man; and I heard the cautions of some of my elder and more experienced acquaintance with the secret triumph of a superior mind, whose vigour was unsubdued by age, whose honest warmth was unextinguished by interest or the world.

By one of those advisers I was lately carried on a visit to the house of a common relation of ours, with whose person, as he resided in a different part of the country, I was not at all acquainted; but whose character, having often heard him celebrated as a warm partisan of liberty, I had long learned to revere; and I was happy to find that I should have now an opportunity of acquiring an intimate acquaintance with him, our visit being proposed to be as long as it was distant, and meant to last during the whole Easter holidays, according to their longest computation.

When we arrived at the house, and I was introduced to my cousin, I was somewhat disappointed with his aspect and manner, neither of which possessed a great deal of that dignity, which, from an assertor of freedom, according to my classic notions of the character, I had taught myself to expect. I found Mr. Wilfull a thick squat figure, with an appearance of great strength and freshness for his age, with a person rather lusty, and somewhat of rubicundity in his face. His motions were more quick than graceful, his voice rough and strong, which last, however, I was inclined, on the first hearing it, to call firm and manly. These qualities I afterwards found employed to give force and emphasis to a variety of oaths, of which the gentleman was very profuse in the course of his conversation. He gave us a very cordial welcome, and insisted on our recruiting ourselves after our journey with a glass of his cordial waters, which I found so strong as to make my eyes water the first mouthful I swallowed; but Mr. Wilfull himself took off a bumper, without seeming to feel any such inconvenience.

When dinner came, the ladies of the family appeared, who consisted of Mrs. Wilfull and two daughters, on whom our landlord bestowed a hearty scold for making us wait, as he said, a quarter of an hour for their damned hair-dressing. This reprimand the ladies bore with great submission. Mrs. Wilfull, indeed, made a silent sort of reply, by pulling out her watch, by which I saw it wanted several minutes of four. But Mr. Wilfull swore another oath, that a woman's watch was like her judgment, very little to be depended on; and desired her to take notice, that *his* watch was to be the only regulator in *his* house.

During the time of dinner, Mr. Wilfull made use of the same sort of freedom to criticise several dishes which were not quite dressed to his liking. On his lady making some attempts at explanation and apology, he told her he knew she must always have her own way, but that he could not help believing his own smell and taste: on some further remonstrance, though a very gentle one, he carried the liberty of his tongue a little farther; he swore at her, and cursed the cook.

The cloth had not been removed above a few minutes, when our landlord, by asking the ladies' toasts one after another as fast as they could be drank, gave them a hint that he expected they should retire, and leave us to enjoy "that liberty he loved." As the first-fruits of which, the door was scarce shut behind them, when he began to give us some toasts which seemed to have been at his tongue's end all the time they staid, and waited there impatient for utterance till they should be gone. At the close of these moral sentiments he gave us some political sentiments, (for Mr. Wilfull is extremely sentimental), which tended to fix the creed of the company in patriotism, as the former set of healths had established their principles in point of virtue and morality. The first of these, "Liberty and the constitution," we were desired to drink, not in the ordinary glasses of the table, but in an old-fashioned rummer of a particular shape and magnitude, which had been in his family for several generations, and was marked with certain words and figures more emblematical of freedom than of taste or politeness. This dose of wine it was absolutely incumbent on every guest to swallow at a draught; on somebody's venturing to remonstrate, that his making himself sick would tend neither to the increase of liberty, nor to the establishment of the constitution, his plea was immediately over-ruled in a very vociferous manner by our host, from whose decision I found there was no appeal. He contrived to furnish us with such a variety of bumper-toasts in favour of freedom, which none of us were at liberty to decline, that I was carried speechless to bed (as, I was afterwards told, were several other members of the company), and waked next morning with so violent a head-ache, that had I not been informed of Mr. Wilfull's being that day engaged at a county meeting on some public measure, I believe I should have hardly been prevailed on to rise.

When he took his departure after breakfast, which he did with some apologies, extremely unnecessary, for leaving us with his wife, I was very agreeably disappointed to find Mrs. Wilfull and the young ladies not at all so much given to silence as from their deportment on the preceding day I had been led to imagine them. I found the one had learned and the other inherited some of Mr. Wilfull's love of liberty, which they were exceedingly fond of exercising in the absence of that gentleman, and which showed itself in a very free discussion of his temper, disposition, and management of his family. In the course of this conversation, in which indeed I was a hearer only, I learned that Mr. Wilfull was perfectly the lord and master of his own house, in which he exercised the most dictatorial sway, no doubt according to the old Roman maxim, "Ne quid detrimenti Respublica capiat," for the pure good of the family. Of this, however, the family, as perhaps was sometimes the case with the state, were not quite so sensible as they should have been. Mrs. Wilfull complained that her husband was a little particular in his temper.—The daughters talked more plainly, and said that papa was one of the strangest out-of-the-wayest men in the world; that he would not allow them education like other girls in town, because, he said, in a town they would learn nothing but French dances and French fashions, both of which he hated, because the French were slaves. His son, it seems, he also kept at home with a tutor he had provided for him, who was but very little of a scholar—his scholarship, Mrs. Wilfull said, her husband did not much mind, as he had never found Greek or Latin of any use to himself; but that this young man was a favourite with him because of his stanch political principles, and being what he called a strong-headed fellow—but in what sense the word was applied Mrs. Wilfull did not explain. She added, that neither her son nor daughters had much opportunity of improvement from society, as political quarrels had estranged the principal families in the neighbourhood from their house.

In domestic matters Mrs. Wilfull hinted the difficulties she frequently laboured under to keep things tolerably quiet. The servants, she said, were frequently leaving them at short warnings; and that they had several law-suits with discarded footmen about wages and board wages. Mr. Wilfull, she said, was in the main a very good sort of man; but it must be confessed he liked his own way in every thing; and that he would not allow any body the liberty of giving him an answer.

From the parson of Mr. Wilfull's parish, who happened to come in during this conversation, I learned that his patron's tenants had all very short leases, as it was his principle, that a man's estate was not his own, if a low fellow had the use of it for twenty or thirty years. Afterwards, in the course of a walk with this same clergyman, I had an opportunity of seeing somewhat of the state and culture of Mr. Wilfull's estate. The barn-yards were but thinly stored, and the farm-houses but in indifferent repair. Several of the farms were in a state of open uncultivated wildness, with here a patch of broom, there a corner of furze, and now and then a ridge or two of rushes and thistles. A person of a sportive imagination might have traced an analogy between Mr. Wilfull's principles and the state of his ground: Xerxes chained the Hellespont because he was accustomed to govern slaves: Mr. Wilfull, one might say, left the very soil at liberty, and neither constrained it by culture, nor fettered it by inclosures.

This state of his private property, however, my companion partly accounted for from Mr. Wilfull's attention having been for some time much occupied by some public and national concerns, in which his love of liberty had involved him. There was a little town in the neighbourhood of his estate, in which it seems he had, from patriotic motives, projected a thorough reformation. It was at present, according to the parson's account, in the hands of about a dozen people, who, Mr. Wilfull complained, had the entire disposal of it. He wished its government to be in the people at large; by which, however, the clergyman frankly confessed his patron meant, if possible, to get the management of it to himself.—Meantime he had taught the inhabitants, every soul of them, proper ideas of freedom and independence; in cultivating these indeed they had lost some others, which people who don't know the value of liberty might reckon as useful. There were formerly one or two thriving manufactures in the town; but they had of late been driven out of it as hostile to its freedom. I asked the clergyman what branches they now carried on there? "Oh! now, Sir," said he, "they are all busy in making—reforms."

In short, Mr. Lounger (for I am afraid of tiring you with my recital), I found from this day's information, as well as my own experience during another which I spent at Mr. Wilfull's, that this gentleman is so very fond of liberty, that he is inclined to monopolize it entirely to himself. Not caring either to suffer in silence, or to quarrel with my kinsman by asserting my freedom, I contrived some apology for putting an end to my visit on the morning of the fourth day; and I confess was very happy to leave this champion for independence, to return to the government of an elderly aunt, who keeps house for me; who, though of old fashioned Tory principles, is yet very fond of her nephew, very indulgent to the servants, and very hospitable to the neighbours; and who, though she does not trouble herself about the good of her country, feeds the best fowls, makes the best mince-pies, and brews the best ale in the world.

I am, &c.

Liberculus.

Z.

No. 66.] Saturday, May 6, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

No complaints are more commonly made, or more readily listened to, than those of genius neglected, of talents unrewarded, of merit overlooked. That these complaints should often be made on slight pretences, may easily be accounted for from the effects of self-love and of conceit; and that people should attend to them with indulgence will not be wondered at, when we reflect that we are naturally inclined to favour those whose circumstances do not awaken our envy, especially if they furnish us with the means of decrying others whose situation excites it.

But even where genius is actually found to languish in obscurity, or to pine in indigence, the world is not always to be blamed for its neglect. Genius is often too proud to ask favours which the world is too proud to offer; or too bashful to display abilities which others are too busy to seek out. Besides that the splendid qualities of which it boasts are often less fitted for the province it has chosen than much more moderate abilities, it sometimes allows them to be mixed with failings, which render their possessor less easily made happy, and those around him less disposed to contribute to his happiness.—Temper, moderation, and humility, a toleration of folly, and an attention to trifles, are endowments necessary in the commerce with mankind; often as useful, and generally more attractive, than wisdom, learning, eloquence, or wit, when attended with arrogance, ill-nature, an ungracious manner, or a forbidding address.

It will likewise be considered, that, in general, those inferior minds, whom genius and talents are apt to despise, are much more easily made happy than those who occupy the rank above them. The measure of our desires is commonly enlarged in proportion to the comprehensiveness of our minds, and the catalogue of our evils frequently increased in proportion to the range of our imaginations. In many occurrences of life, genius and fancy discover evils which dulness and insensibility would escape, and delicacy of feeling mars that pleasure which thoughtless vivacity would perfectly enjoy.

You gave, in one of your earlier papers, an account of two gentlemen, both fortunate in life, but very differently affected by their good fortune: one, who was above the enjoyment of any ordinary good; the other, on whom every attainment conferred happiness, who had no eye for deformity, and no feeling for uneasiness. Allow me to illustrate the same power of a constitutional difference of temper upon the opposite situation, from the example of two persons, whose characters some late incidents gave me a particular opportunity of tracing.

Tom Sanguine and Ned Prospect, like your friends Clitander and Eudocius, were schoolfellows. Sanguine was the first boy in the school in point of learning, and very often its leader in every thing. The latter distinction it cost him many a black eye to maintain, as he generally had a battle with every lad who disputed his pre-eminence, or who objected to any project he had laid down for his companions.—Sometimes he was thrown entirely out of his command, and would be whole days in a state of proscription from his fellows, attended only by one or two little boys, whom he either awed or bribed to continue of his party.

Prospect had a certain influence too, but it was acquired by different means. He had no pretensions to learning, and almost constantly neglected or failed in the tasks that were set him—yet he was a favourite with his masters, from a certain liveliness which looked like genius, and a certain attention to them which looked like application; and with the boys he was always ready to join any plan which the forward could devise, or the bold could execute. He was in friendship with every one, and did not care with whom he was in friendship; of jealousy or rivalship he was perfectly devoid, and often returned the assistance which Sanguine afforded him at their exercises, by conciliatory endeavours to accommodate differences between him and some of their companions. As for himself, he never remembered quarrels or resented affronts: disappointments of every kind he forgot; indeed, if a school allusion may be allowed, there was scarce a past tense in his ideas; they always looked to the future.

When they rose into manhood and life, the two young gentlemen retained the same characteristic difference as when at school. Sanguine was soon remarked for his abilities, and easily flattered himself that every advancement would be open to them. He looked to the goal in business or ambition, without troubling himself to examine the ground between. Full of that pride and self-importance to which he thought his talents entitled him, he would not degrade them by an application to the ordinary means by which inferior men attain success. He would not stoop to solicit what he thought his merit gave him a right to expect: to conciliate the great, he called servility; to be obliged to his equals, he termed dependence. In argument, he was warm and dogmatical; in opposition haughty and contemptuous; he was proud to show the fallacy of reputed wisdom, and sought for opportunities of treating folly with disdain. His inferiors he loved to awe into silence; and in company with those above him, he often retired into a proud indignant silence himself.—To be easily pleased or amused, he thought the mark of a light and frivolous mind; and, as few people cared to be at the expense, he seldom received either pleasure or amusement. When he might have bestowed these on others, he often did not think it worth his while to bestow them. For his learning, his knowledge, or his wit, he demanded such an audience as he rarely could find; and among men of middling capacity, of whom the bulk of society is formed, one half of Sanguine's acquaintance dreaded his talents, and the other half denied them. In his friendships he was warm and violent—but they were generally connections in which he was rather to give than to find support, rather to confer than to receive obligation.

With such a cast of mind and disposition, Sanguine, notwithstanding all his natural and all his acquired abilities, has succeeded very ill *in life*. Of those (and they were but few) by *whom he was neither* hated nor feared, scarce any one was interested to promote his success. There is always so much of selfishness in our exertions for others, as to claim a sort of property in the good we do them; and him who, like Sanguine, does not allow that claim, we seldom wish to oblige a second time. Nor were his genius and knowledge, great as they were allowed to be, better suited to the ordinary affairs of the world than those of a much lower order. He often despised that mediocrity which was a fitter instrument for his purpose than all his boasted excellence. He laboured to shine where he should have been contented to convince; to astonish and to dazzle where it ought to have been his object to persuade and to win.

The neglects of the world Sanguine resented more than he endeavoured to overcome; and having long lost all hopes of success in it, now employs the powers of his fancy and of his eloquence, to degrade those dignities which he has failed to reach, and to depreciate those advantages he has been unable to attain. He saunters about in places of public resort, like the evil genius of the time, sickening at every prosperous, and enjoying every untoward event; suffering without compassion, and unfortunate without the dignity which a good mind allows to misfortune.

Prospect, whose abilities did not promise much eminence in any of the learned professions, was bred a merchant. His master found him not very attentive to his business—but exceedingly serviceable to him and his family in every thing else. He frequently forgot to make the proper entries in the books; but of the little commissions of his master's wife and children he took particular care; and once excused himself for a mistake with regard to a valuable cargo from the West Indies, by showing how much he had been occupied about a paroquet and a monkey for the young ladies. To himself he made a sort of apology for these neglects, from an idea, that in trade nothing was worth attending to but in the capital; and talked with great fluency, and an appearance of information, on the plans he had formed for entering upon a large scale of commerce in London. To London accordingly he went; but found there, that he was still distant from the immediate scene of the trade he had chiefly studied: and after spending, in amusement rather than in dissipation half the stock from which he was to have raised a princely fortune, he procured recommendations to a house in Jamaica, and embarked for that island with the full resolution of being as rich as Alderman Beckford before he returned. He failed of being as rich, but he was fully as happy; and in the course of that happiness spent all the remainder of his patrimony. He afterwards visited several of the American provinces, without any increase of fortune or decrease of good-humour; and at last returned home with no money in his purse, and but little information in his mind, but with that flow of animal spirits which no ill success could overcome, and that sort of buzzing idea of future good fortune, which the experience of disappointment has never been able to drive out of his head.

By the favour of a person of considerable interest, whom his officious civility had in some instance happened to oblige, he has obtained a small pension, on which he makes shift to live, and to get into very tolerable company, being admitted as a good-natured oddity, who never offends, and is never offended. He has now given up his plans for bettering his private fortune, except in so far as they are connected with the prosperity of his country, having turned his thoughts entirely to politics and to finance. I know not if it was an ill-natured amusement which I received the other morning from seeing him attack his old acquaintance Sanguine in the coffee-house, and drive him from the fire-place to the window, from the window to the door, and from the door out into the street, with a paper of observations on Mr. Pitt's plan for reducing the national debt. Sanguine was dumb with vexation and contempt, which Prospect (who was full of bustle and of enjoyment from this new-sprung scheme) very innocently construed into the silence of attention, and concluded his pursuit, by thrusting the paper into the other's hand, telling him, that when next they met he should be glad to have his sentiments on the probability of the plan, and the justness of the calculations.

It would, I believe, Sir, considerably increase the stock of human happiness, if you could persuade men like Mr. Sanguine, that misanthropy, comfortless as it is, is yet more an indulgence than a virtue: that a war with the world is generally founded on injustice; and that neither the yieldings of complacency, nor the sportfulness of good humour, are inconsistent with the dignity of wisdom.

I am, &c.

MODERATUS.

V.

No. 67.] SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1786.

Studiumque immane loquendi. OVID.

The profound study of the art of speaking.

NOBODY will deny the superiority of the modern over the ancient world in almost all the arts and sciences. But perhaps that superiority is not more observable when we think of the articles of modern acquirement in detail, than when we consider the facility which the present times have introduced in the art of obtaining knowledge in general; or, when that idea is applied to the young, the highly improved system of education which we have invented, so much simpler and more concise than that which the ignorance of our forefathers led them to adopt. Were it not beneath the dignity of the subject, one might apply to our present system of education what some venders of little books of arithmetic, mathematics, and astronomy, have advertised of their performances—it is education "made easy to the meanest capacities."

The ancient system for the acquisition of knowledge was by listening to the instructions of the wise and experienced; and in some of the old schools a probationary silence for a very long period was insisted on for that purpose. In those times, that might perhaps be suitable enough; but now when life, according to some philosophers, is so much shortened, and there are so many more things to talk about, the ancient mode would surely be very preposterous. Indeed there is much reason to doubt if, even in ancient times, this method of listening was so much practised as has sometimes been represented. Pythagoras, it is presumed, like some philosophers of our own days, chose to talk for all the rest of the company, and enjoined silence to his scholars, that he might have hearers; but Socrates, who had been taught better breeding by his wife, let them have more than word about with him. Plutarch, indeed, another of their wise men, says, in a Treatise upon Education, that "man has two powers, which give him the pre-eminence over all other animals, understanding and speech; that the first is made to command, and the latter to obey; that understanding or mind is superior to accident or fortune, that sickness or disease has no power over it, and that the wrinkles of age do not diminish its beauty; that time, which conquers all things, has no effect on it, but, by a privilege peculiar to itself, it maintains its youth in old age." This Plutarch, however, was himself one of the most talkative fellows in the world, and delighted in story-telling beyond any man of his time; and the description he has given us above, of understanding or intelligence, applies equally to the other faculty he meant to set it over, to wit, that of speech. We have every day examples to convince us, that neither loss of fortune, bad health, or old age, has any power over the tongue; to it indeed the circumstance of its superior vigour when old applies so strikingly, that one would almost suppose an error in the text, and that there was here a mistake, which those Greeks had a hard word to express, but which signified, that one had put first what should have been last: on this supposition, what the author really meant to say is, that it is the business of the tongue to command, and the part of the understanding to obey.

Now this, when so corrected, is pretty nearly the modern idea, which is, that knowledge is to be acquired fully as much, or rather more, by speaking than by hearing; and this rule, like other rules of education, is to be attended to from the earliest years. Mothers, who, according to the ablest opinions on this head, are the best instructors of early youth, have particularly an excellent method of inculcating this doctrine on their pupils. As they grow up, those pupils are to be confirmed in the practice of it. When brought into company, they are to be particularly cautioned against that antique bashfulness which used to disqualify young people from this attainment: as far indeed as youth might be used by way of argument for silence, they are to forget altogether their being young, and to talk, with the authority of experience and the loquacity of age, in all places, public and private. Neither the church nor the play-house is to be excepted; and in public exhibitions of greater moment, if a young man, for example, happens to get into the House of Commons, and gives himself any trouble about what is going on there, it is wonderful how much he may learn merely by speaking, as the daily examples of orators, who get up without knowing any thing of what they are to talk about, evince.

There is one part of the course of modern education, which might at first view be supposed unfavourable to this mode of acquiring knowledge—and that is, the article of travelling; because it often happens, that, from a want of the languages of those countries through which he is to pass, a young traveller cannot speak so much as is proper for the purpose. But this may be almost entirely remedied in Paris, and other capitals of every foreign country, by conversing with English only, or with such of the natives as already understand a little of the English tongue, and are very willing to learn more of it, as *friseurs, tailors, valets de place*, &c. From such companions, one not only may obtain a very competent knowledge of the manners and customs of such foreign countries; but one has also a favourable opportunity of communicating to them the manners and customs of one's own, which can be done with much more freedom and truth to such hearers than to others. In this manner travel, instead of a hindrance, will be of very great use in promoting this new and improved mode of education; it will promote speaking, and insure an audience, both while a young man remains abroad, and after he comes home; while abroad he will speak of nothing but his own country, which will enable him to speak of nothing but foreign countries when he returns.

This general maxim, which I am here endeavouring to enforce, must however be understood to apply to people of a certain fortune only. With those in less favoured circumstances, hearing and receiving instruction are necessary, at least in particular situations and societies. In the company of the great or the rich, which they are at all times to seek after and frequent, they must listen with as unlimited assent, though not quite so rigid a silence, as the disciples of the philosopher we first mentioned; but, when they leave this society, and get among their equals, they will then have the privilege of communicating what knowledge they have received, and are entitled to impose silence on their auditory, by the decisive authority of those great and rich men, of whose school they are. This leads me to mention a method of acquiring knowledge, the most easy and compendious of any, which is by growing rich or great one's self; a truth which I have seen many very wise and learned men confess, by the deference they paid to the opinions and information of one lately come to the possession of a fortune or a title, whom, before he had attained that wealth or rank, they had been obliged to pronounce very ignorant and uninformed.

But as those who are poor may acquire knowledge instantaneously by growing rich, so those who are rich may in some cases acquire knowledge very rapidly by growing poor. Adversity, says some ancient sage, is the greatest of all teachers; in some of her schools, however, people learn slowly, which was the old method; in others she communicates knowledge with astonishing rapidity, which is the new mode; as, for instance, that modern seminary of instruction, the gaming-table. It is indeed surprising what universality of knowledge is there to be attained, as may be judged of from the manner in which many people in eminent stations, both civil and military, have acquitted themselves, who had acquired the qualifications necessary for such appointments at that fountain of knowledge alone.

Another method by which a young man may attain knowledge with very little trouble to himself, is by purchasing a commission in the army. There is something in the bare putting on of a cockade which inspires knowledge, or at least the confidence of it, which answers most purposes as well, and which gives the title to speak, so essential to this modern system of education. Unless the course of his studies be interrupted by actual service, which is not often the case, there are many opportunities of improvement for a soldier, of which, in a civil capacity, he would be entirely deprived. During one half of the year at country quarters, he has the advantage of that solitude which so many philosophers and poets have panted after as the nurse of contemplation, as the mother of knowledge: the other half he can contrive, by a leave of absence, to spend in the edifying society of the capital. In the first case, he can avail himself of the science of the exciseman, the learning of the curate, and sometimes the knowledge of the squire; in the other he can resort to the sources of that multifarious information which is to be found at the coffee-house, the tavern, the play-houses, and Ranelagh.

As for the female world, the same rule of obtaining knowledge or educating themselves, by talking, not listening, is equally expedient, and indeed seems more particularly adapted to the genius of the sex. In this they may, by a prudent choice of their society among the other sex, be much assisted: as they can easily find a pretty numerous class of well-bred young gentlemen, who will never introduce any subject, nor treat any subject already introduced, but in such a manner as does not at all require being listened to; so that every member of the party may with great ease, and without any material injury, speak at one and the same time.

But as I enumerated some very easy and speedy methods of the men's acquiring knowledge, so there is one way, as easy as any of those, by which the ladies may attain it—I mean by being married; which perhaps is the reason why some prudent and economical mothers defer all sorts of instruction till that period, except some particular pieces of knowledge, which may tend to procure their daughters that opportunity of immediate improvement. In a married state, a young lady has an increased advantage of that power of talking which I have mentioned as so essential to the cultivation of the mind. Besides the superior privileges of a matron to use her tongue, she has by marriage acquired a necessary assistant for a speaker; she has provided herself with a hearer in her husband.

The Lounger *has been favoured with two communications from female correspondents, which, contrary to his established custom, he thinks himself obliged to acknowledge.*

Mrs. Invoice *has told her story in a very natural and forcible manner; and the wrongs of which she complains from the partner of her late husband exhibit such an impudent abuse of public indulgence, as justly deserves every reprehension a pen so able as hers can inflict.—But her recital admits of so directly personal an allusion, as, notwithstanding all its merit, unavoidably precludes its insertion. Though the pictures which this work occasionally exhibits, to be of any value at all, must be true to nature; yet it were equally averse to the feelings of the author, and to the dignity of his paper, to make them the portraits of individuals.*

The verses of Delia *are written with ease and spirit; there is but one objection to their being inserted, their very high praise of the* Lounger, *which, though it were ingratitude in him not to acknowledge, it might be deemed vanity to publish.*

V.

No. 68.] Saturday, May 20, 1786.

That "poet and creator are the same," is equally allowed in criticism as in etymology; and that, without the powers of invention and imagination, nothing great or highly delightful in poetry can be achieved.

I have often thought that the same thing holds in some measure with regard to the reader as well as the writer of poetry. Without somewhat of a congenial imagination in the former, the works of the latter will afford a very inferior degree of pleasure. The mind of him who reads should be able to imagine what the productive fancy of the poet creates and presents to his view; to look on the world of fancy set before him with a native's eye, and to hear its language with a native's ear; to acknowledge its manners, to feel its passions, and to trace, with somewhat of an instinctive glance, those characters with which the poet has peopled it.

If in the perusal of any poet this is required, Shakspeare, of all poets, seems to claim it the most. Of all poets, Shakspeare appears to have possessed a fancy the most prolific, an imagination the most luxuriantly fertile. In this particular he has been frequently compared to Homer, though those who have drawn the parallel have done it, I know not why, with a sort of distrust of their assertion. Did we not look at the Greek with that reverential awe which his antiquity impresses, I think we might venture to affirm, that in this respect the other is more than his equal. In invention of incident, in diversity of character, in assemblage of images, we can scarcely indeed conceive Homer to be surpassed; but in the mere creation of fancy, I can discover nothing in the Iliad that equals the Tempest or the Macbeth of Shakspeare. The machinery of Homer is indeed stupendous, but of that machinery the materials were known; or though it should be allowed that he added something to the mythology he found, yet still the language and the manners of his deities are merely the language and the manners of men. Of Shakspeare, the machinery may be said to be produced as well as combined by himself.—Some of the beings of whom it is composed, neither tradition nor romance afforded him; and of those whom he borrowed thence, he invented the language and the manners; language and manners peculiar to themselves, for which he could draw no analogy from mankind. Though formed by fancy, however, his personages are true to nature, and a reader of that pregnant imagination which I have mentioned above can immediately decide on the justness of his conceptions; as he who beholds the masterly expression of certain portraits pronounces with confidence on their likeness, though unacquainted with the persons from whom they were drawn.

But it is not only in those untried regions of magic or of witchery that the creative power of Shakspeare has exerted itself. By a very singular felicity of invention, he has produced, in the beaten field of ordinary life, characters of such perfect originality, that we look on them with no less wonder at his invention, than on those preternatural beings, which "are not of this earth;" and yet they speak a language so purely that of common society, that we have but to step abroad into the world to hear every expression of which it is composed. Of this sort is the character of Falstaff.

On the subject of this character I was lately discoursing with a friend, who is very much endowed with that critical imagination of which I have suggested the use in the beginning of this paper. The general import of his observations may form neither a useless nor unamusing field for speculation to my readers.

Though the character of Falstaff, said my friend, is of so striking a kind as to engross almost the whole attention of the audience, in the representation of the play in which it is first introduced; yet it was probably only a secondary and incidental object with Shakspeare in composing that play. He was writing a series of historical dramas, on the most remarkable events of the English history, from the time of King John downwards. When he arrived at the reign of Henry IV. the dissipated youth and extravagant pranks of the Prince of Wales could not fail to excite his attention, as affording at once a source of moral reflection in the serious department, and a fund of infinite humour in the comic part of the drama. In providing him with associates for his hours of folly and of riot, he probably borrowed, as was his custom, from some old play, interlude, or story, the names and incidents which he has used in the first part of Henry IV. Oldcastle, we know, was the name of a character in such a play, inserted there, it is probable (in those days of the church's omnipotence in every department of writing), in odium of Sir John Oldcastle, chief of the Lollards, though Shakspeare afterwards, in a Protestant reign, changed it to Falstaff. This leader of the gang, which the wanton extravagance of the Prince was to cherish and protect, it was necessary to endow with qualities sufficient to make the young Henry, in his society,

"doff the world aside,
And bid it pass."

Shakspeare therefore has endowed him with infinite wit and humour, as well as an admirable degree of sagacity and acuteness in observing *the characters of men*; but has joined those qualities with a grossness of mind, which his youthful master could not but see, nor seeing but despise. With talents less conspicuous, Falstaff could not have attracted Henry; with profligacy less gross and less contemptible, he would have attached him too much. Falstaff's was just "that unyoked humour of idleness," which the Prince could "a while unhold," and then cast off for ever. The audience to which this strange compound was to be exhibited were to be in the same predicament with the Prince, to laugh and to admire while they despised; to feel the power of his humour, the attraction of his wit, the justice of his reflections, while their contempt and their hatred attended the lowness of his manners, the grossness of his pleasures, and the unworthiness of his vice.

Falstaff is truly and literally "ex Epicuri grege porcus," placed here within the pale of this world to fatten at his leisure, neither disturbed by feeling nor restrained by virtue. He is not, however, positively much a villain, though he never starts aside in the pursuit of interest or of pleasure when knavery comes in his way. We feel contempt, therefore, and not indignation at his crimes, which rather promotes than hinders our enjoying the ridicule of the situation, and the admirable wit with which he expresses himself in it. As a man of this world, he is endowed with the most superior degree of good sense and discernment of character; his conceptions, equally acute and just, he delivers with the expression of a clear and vigorous understanding: and we see that he thinks like a wise man, even when he is not at the pains to talk wisely.

Perhaps indeed there is no quality more conspicuous throughout the writings of Shakspeare than that of good sense, that intuitive sagacity with which he looks on the manners, the characters, and the pursuits of mankind. The bursts of passion, the strokes of nature, the sublimity of his terrors, and the wonderful creation of his fancy, are those excellencies which strike spectators the most, and are therefore most commonly enlarged on; but to an attentive peruser of his writings, his acute perception and accurate discernment of ordinary character and conduct, that skill, if I may so express it, with which he delineates the plan of common life, will, I think, appear no less striking, and perhaps rather more wonderful; more wonderful, because we cannot so easily conceive that power of genius by which it tells us what actually exists, though it has never seen it, than that by which it creates what never existed. This power, when we read the works, and consider the situation of Shakspeare, we shall allow him in a most extraordinary degree. The delineation of manners found in the Greek tragedians is excellent and just; but it consists chiefly of those general maxims which the wisdom of the schools might inculcate, which a borrowed experience might teach. That of Shakspeare marks the knowledge of intimacy with mankind. It reaches the elevation of the great, and penetrates the obscurity of the low; detects the cunning, and overtakes the bold; in short, presents that abstract of life in all its modes, and indeed in every time, which every one without experience must believe, and every one with experience must know to be true.

With this sagacity and penetration into the characters and motives of mankind, which himself possessed, Shakspeare has invested Falstaff in a remarkable degree; he never utters it, however, out of character, or at a season where it might better be spared. Indeed his good sense is rather in his thoughts than in his speech; for so we may call those soliloquies in which he generally utters it. He knew what coin was most current with those he dealt with, and fashioned his discourse according to the disposition of his hearers; and he sometimes lends himself to the ridicule of his companions when he has a chance of getting any interest on the loan.

But we oftener laugh with than at him; for his humour is infinite, and his wit admirable. This quality, however, still partakes in him of that Epicurean grossness which I have remarked to be the ruling characteristic of his disposition. He has neither the vanity of a wit, nor the singularity of a humorist, but indulges both talents, like any other natural propensity, without exertion of mind or warmth of enjoyment. A late excellent actor, whose loss the stage will long regret, used to represent the character of Falstaff in a manner different from what had been uniformly adopted from the time of Quin downwards. He exchanged the comic gravity of the old school for those bursts of laughter in which sympathetic audiences have so often accompanied him. From accompanying him it was indeed impossible to refrain; yet, though the execution was masterly, I cannot agree in that idea of the character. He who laughs is a man of feeling in merriment. Falstaff was of a very different constitution. He turned wit, as he says he did "disease into commodity."—"Oh! it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders."

Z.

No. 69.] Saturday, May 27, 1786.

(Continuation of the Remarks on the Character of Falstaff.)

To a man of pleasure of such a constitution as Falstaff, temper and good humour was necessarily consequent. We find him therefore but once, I think, angry, and then not provoked beyond measure. He conducts himself with equal moderation towards others; his wit lightens, but does not burn; and he is not more inoffensive when the joker than unoffended when joked upon: "I am not only witty myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." In the evenness of his humour he bears himself thus (to use his own expression), and takes in the points of all assailants without being hurt. The language of contempt, of rebuke, or of conviction, neither puts him out of liking with himself or with others. None of his passions rise beyond this control of reason, of self-interest, or of indulgence.

Queen Elizabeth, with a curiosity natural to a woman, desired Shakspeare to exhibit Falstaff as a lover: he obeyed her, and wrote the Merry Wives of Windsor; but Falstaff's love is only factor for his interest, and he wishes to make his mistresses "his Exchequer, his East and West Indies, to both of which he will trade."

Though I will not go so far as a paradoxical critic has done, and ascribe valour to Falstaff; yet, if his cowardice is fairly examined, it will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle. In his very cowardice there is much of the sagacity I have remarked in him; he has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear. His presence of mind saves him from the sword of Douglas, where the danger was real; but he shows no sort of dread of the sheriff's visit; when he knew the Prince's company would probably bear him out: when Bardolph runs in frightened, and tells that the sheriff, with most monstrous watch, is at the door, "Out, you rogue! (answers he), play out the play; I have much to say in behalf of that Falstaff." Falstaff's cowardice is only proportionate to the danger; and so would every wise man's be, did not other feelings make him valiant.

Such feelings it is the very characteristic of Falstaff to want. The dread of disgrace, the sense of honour, and the love of fame, he neither feels, nor pretends to feel:

> "Like the fat weed
> That roots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf,"

he is contented to repose on that earthy corner of sensual indulgence in which his fate has placed him, and enjoys the pleasures of the moment, without once regarding those finer objects of delight which the children of fancy and of feeling so warmly pursue.

The greatest refinement of morals, as well as of minds, is produced by the culture and exercise of the imagination, which derives, or is taught to derive, its objects of pursuit, and its motives of action, not from the senses merely, but from future considerations which fancy anticipates and realizes. Of this either as the prompter, or the restraint of conduct, Falstaff is utterly devoid; yet his imagination is wonderfully quick and creative in the pictures of humour and the associations of wit. But the "pregnancy of his wit," according to his own phrase, "is made a tapster;" and his fancy, how vivid soever, still subjects itself to the grossness of those sensual conceptions which are familiar to his mind. We are astonished at that art by which Shakspeare leads the powers of genius, imagination, and wisdom in captivity to this son of earth; 'tis as if, transported into the enchanted island in the Tempest, we saw the rebellion of Caliban successful, and the airy spirits of Prospero ministering to the brutality of his slave.

Hence, perhaps, may be derived great part of that infinite amusement, which succeeding audiences have always found from the representation of Falstaff. We have not only the enjoyment of those combinations, and of that contrast, to which philosophers have ascribed the pleasure we derive from wit in general, but we have that singular combination and contrast, which the gross, the sensual, and the brutish mind of Falstaff exhibits, when joined and compared with that admirable power of invention, of wit, and of humour, which his conversation perpetually displays.

In the immortal work of Cervantes we find a character with a remarkable mixture of wisdom and absurdity, which in one page excites our highest ridicule, and in the next is entitled to our highest respect. Don Quixote, like Falstaff, is endowed with excellent discernment, sagacity, and genius; but his good sense holds fief of his diseased imagination, of his over-ruling madness for the achievements of knight-errantry, for heroic valour and heroic love. The ridicule in the character of Don Quixote consists in raising low and vulgar incidents, through the medium of his disordered fancy, to a rank of importance, dignity, and solemnity, to which in their nature they are the most opposite that can be imagined. With Falstaff it is nearly the reverse: the ridicule is produced by subjecting wisdom, honour, and other the most grave and dignified principles, to the control of grossness, buffoonery, and folly. 'Tis like the pastime of a family-masquerade, where laughter is equally excited by dressing clowns as gentlemen, or gentlemen as clowns. In Falstaff, the heroic attributes of our nature are made to wear the garb of meanness and absurdity. In Don Quixote, the common and the servile are clothed in the dresses of the dignified and the majestic; while, to heighten the ridicule, Sancho, in the half-deceived simplicity, and half-discerning shrewdness of his character, is every now and then employed to pull off the mask.

If you would not think me whimsical in the parallel, continued my friend, I should say, that Shakspeare has drawn, in one of his immediately subsequent plays, a tragic character very much resembling the comic one of Falstaff, I mean that of Richard III. Both are men of the world, both possess that sagacity and understanding which is fitted for its purposes, both despise those refined feelings, those motives of delicacy, those restraints of virtue, which might obstruct the course they have marked out for themselves. The hypocrisy of both costs them nothing, and they never feel that detection of it to themselves which rankles in the consciences of less determined hypocrites. Both use the weaknesses of others, as skilful players at a game do the ignorance of their opponents; they enjoy the advantage, not only without self-reproach, but with the pride of superiority. Richard indeed aspires to the crown of England; because Richard is wicked and ambitious: Falstaff is contented with a thousand pounds of Justice Shallow's; because he is only luxurious and dissipated. Richard courts Lady Ann and the Princess Elizabeth for his purposes: Falstaff makes love to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page for his. Richard is witty like Falstaff, and talks of his own figure with the same sarcastic indifference. Indeed so much does Richard, in the higher walk of villany, resemble Falstaff in the lower region of roguery and dissipation, that it were not difficult to show in the dialogue of the two characters, however dissimilar in situation, many passages and expressions in a style of remarkable resemblance.

Of feeling, and even of passion, both characters are very little susceptible: as Falstaff is the knave and the sensualist, so Richard is the villain of principle. Shakspeare has drawn one of passion in the person of Macbeth. Macbeth produces horror, fear, and sometimes pity; Richard detestation and abhorrence only. The first he has led amidst the gloom of sublimity, has shown agitated by various and wavering emotions. He is sometimes more sanguinary than Richard, because he is not insensible of the weakness or the passion of revenge: whereas the cruelty of Richard is only proportionate to the object of his ambition, as the cowardice of Falstaff is proportionate to the object of his fear; but the bloody and revengeful Macbeth is yet susceptible of compassion and subject to remorse. In contemplating Macbeth, we often regret the perversion of his nature; and even when the justice of Heaven overtakes him, we almost forget our hatred at his enormities, in our pity for his misfortunes. Richard, Shakspeare has placed amidst the tangled paths of party and ambition, has represented cunning and fierce from his birth, untouched by the sense of humanity, hardly subject to remorse, and never to contrition; and his fall produces that unmixed and perfect satisfaction which we feel at the death of some savage bea t that had desolated the country from instinctive fierceness and natural malignity.

The weird-sisters, the gigantic deities of northern mythology, are fit agents to form Macbeth. Richard is the production of those wordly and creeping demons, who slide upon the earth their instruments of mischief to embroil and plague mankind. Falstaff is the work of Circe and her swinish associates, who, in some favoured hour of revelry and riot, moulded this compound of gross debauchery, acute discernment, admirable invention, and nimble wit, and sent him for a consort to England's madcap Prince; to stamp currency on idleness and vice, and to wave the flag of folly and dissipation over the seats of gravity, of wisdom, and of virtue.

Z.

No. 70.] Saturday, June 3, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

After a residence of many years in the southern part of this island, business concurring with the natural desire one has of revisiting one's native country, induced me to make a journey to Scotland in the beginning of last autumn. As I travelled on horseback, with a single servant attending me, I was tempted frequently to strike out of the common road, for the purpose of enjoying some of those romantic scenes with which the northern counties of England abound. One evening about sunset, after traversing a part of the country of great beauty, but of a wild and uncultivated aspect, I entered suddenly a narrow valley, where every thing wore the appearance of high cultivation; and in the judicious blending of ornament with utility it was easy to perceive that industry had been guided by the hand of taste.

While I rode at leisure down a steep and winding path, indulging that pleasing species of reverie to which a scene of this kind naturally gives rise, a small column of smoke ascending from a thick tuft of trees at the bottom gave notice of a habitation; and on turning the corner of a hedged inclosure, a low mansion broke suddenly upon my view, having in front about an acre of open ground, of which the greatest part was laid out as a kitchen-garden and shrubbery. A level grass-plot surrounded the house, which was separated from the garden by a white rail. The house itself was of one story, extending, in a lengthened front, with two small wings, at either end of which a fruit-tree was trained around the window. A green garden-chair was placed on each side of the door.

While surveying with much pleasure this little elegant retreat, I passed upon the road a ruddy-coloured, middle-aged man, in a plain country dress, whose face it immediately occurred to me I had somewhere before seen. Uncertain, however, whether there might be any thing more than one of those accidental resemblances which we every day meet with (though I perceived that he at the same time viewed me with some attention), I passed on. Meeting afterwards with some labourers returning from work, I inquired the name of the proprietor of the little villa I had been contemplating, and was informed it was a Mr. Saintfort. The name struck me. I recollected to have known at college a Will. Saintfort, a young man of some fortune, of a lively turn, and quick parts, but in the greatest degree thoughtless and extravagant. I remembered to have since heard that he had married a fashionable wife, whose disposition was much a-kin to his own; and that he had in a very few years spent his whole fortune. "Can this," said I to myself, "be my old companion? Sure I thought I knew his face, and he too recollected mine. It must be so: yet how this metamorphosis?" Occupied with these thoughts, I had slackened my pace, and was surprised to find myself once more joined by the gentleman I had before passed. "If I mistake not," said he, "your name is D———."—"Yes, and yours Saintfort."—"The same. How unexpected this meeting!" ——After much mutual gratulation, "Come," said he, "you go no farther this night; nor, with my will, for some days. You must take a bed with your old friend, and see how Farmer Saintfort lives."

Entreaty was needless; for I was delighted with the rencounter; and I followed my friend, who led the way, to the stables, and assisted himself in putting up my horses. He then conducted me into the house, which within corresponded entirely with its external appearance. In a little hall through which we entered were some angling-rods and fowling-pieces, with a weed-hook and garden-rake. In the parlour stood a piano-forte, on which lay a violin and some music; and in a corner of the room, which was shelved for the purpose, were ranged a few books of husbandry and ornamental gardening, some volumes of English poetry, Hutcheson's Moral Philosophy, Horace, and a few of the other Latin classics.

An old servant now made his appearance, and received orders to acquaint his mistress to prepare the stranger's bed-room, and to get ready an early supper. In the interval we sauntered out into the fields, and passed the time in ordinary chit-chat about our old companions, till we were summoned to supper by a comely boy of twelve years of age, who, with a girl three years younger, were my friend's only children. Mr. Saintfort introduced me to his wife by the title of an old and valued acquaintance; and I found in that lady the most perfect politeness and affability, joined to that easy gracefulness of manner which distinguishes those who have moved in a superior walk of life. Our supper was plain but delicious: an excellent pullet, milk in a variety of forms, and fresh vegetables: our conversation interesting, animated, and good-humoured. In my life I never spent a more delightful evening. After Mrs. Saintfort had retired (like Eve, "on hospitable thoughts intent,") "There," said Saintfort, "there Mr. D———, is one of the first, the best of women. You knew me formerly; and I have marked the natural surprise you showed at finding me in this situation. You shall have my story; for to an old friend and companion, simple as it is, it cannot fail to be interesting.

"My father's death, which happened a few years after I entered to the university, made me, as you may remember, the envy of many of our common acquaintance, as it was generally supposed I had succeeded to a fortune of 2000*l*. a year. I had before this contracted many habits of extravagance; and the dissipation into which I now plunged, joined to an indolence of temper not uncommon at that period of life, prevented me for a considerable time from discovering that the free rents of my estate did not exceed one half of the income I was supposed to possess. Even after that discovery, the relish I had acquired for every species of fashionable dissipation, and the absurd vanity of supporting the appearance of a man of fortune, led me to continue my expenses, after I had become convinced that they were leading me to my ruin.

"My vanity was not a little flattered by the attention shown me by the ladies, who, it was easy to be perceived, regarded me as a young fellow of whom there was some honour in making a conquest. Lucinda N—— was at that time the ornament of the politest circles in town. What her figure was in those days you may guess from what you see it is at present. With every attraction of face and person, endowed with every fashionable accomplishment, and possessing a very handsome independent fortune, she had numberless admirers. It was no mean triumph when I perceived that this little despot, who exercised upon others all the capricious sovereignty of a coquette, maintained with me so opposite a manner as to convince me of her decided affection. I availed myself of the discovery, which gratified equally my pride and my passion; for I really loved her; and in my marriage with Lucinda, whose temper and taste were apparently much resembling my own, I flattered myself with the continued enjoyment of those fashionable pleasures, which I had now extended the means of procuring.

"When I look back to the first four years of my married state, it is like the confused remembrance of some tumultuous dream. In that perpetual dissipation in which we were now involved, and to which the gay and lively temper of my wife rather prompted than imposed any restraint, I did not perceive that her fortune, considerable as it was, was totally insufficient to repair the waste I had already made in my own. At length I was awakened from my lethargy by a refusal of my banker to make further advances without additional securities; and when I applied for that purpose to a friend, he frankly told me that I was generally considered as a ruined man.

"Instead of being overpowered by this intelligence, it brought me to my senses;—like those violent applications, which, by pain itself, put a stop to the delirium of a fever. I saw the folly of concealment, and the inhumanity of allowing my wife to learn our situation from any tongue but my own. But to make this terrible avowal occasioned a conflict of mind, such as it is impossible for me to describe. I passed two sleepless nights, without finding courage to unbosom myself; and Lucinda's anxious inquiries at length led to the discovery. The shock was severe, and for a moment she gave way to the natural feelings of a woman. It was but for a moment;—when, as if animated by a new soul, and inspired with a fortitude of mind which astonished me, 'Come, my dear Will,' said she, clasping me to her bosom, 'we have both been fools; it is fit that we should pay the price of our folly: but let us thence learn to be wise. Thank God we are blest with health, and with each other's affection; and there is yet much of life before us."——'But what,' said I, 'is to be done?'——'To be done,' said she;—'Justice, in the first place. Let us learn with accuracy the full extent of our debts, and the means we have to discharge them.'

"It was a struggle yet more severe to declare my situation to the world; and suffering under a feeling of false shame, I would have meanly wasted the time in useless procrastination: but the noble spirit of my Lucinda combated this unmanly weakness. It was no surprise to the world to learn with certainty what had long been expected. In a little time the amount of our debts and effects was ascertained with precision; and, setting apart a small proportion of my wife's fortune, which was secured to her by law, the rest, together with mine, fell short of the payment of our debts by 2000*l*. sterling. Having, however, made a fair surrender of all that was my own, I compounded with my creditors, and received their discharge.

"It remained to determine what was to be our plan of life for the future. An old domestic of my father's had been for several years settled in the north of England, where he rented this farm from the Earl of ——. Hither we proposed to retire for a few months, till we should arrange our future schemes. I was struck with the wild and romantic scenery of this beautiful dale; and, harassed as I had been with care and anxiety, my spirits were soothed for some time by the quiet and solitude of the country. I own to you, my friend, that this composure of mind was not permanent. The man of the world cannot at once assume the manners and taste of a recluse. The change was too violent, from the tumult of my former life, to the dead calm in which I now passed my time. After some weeks acquaintance had worn off the edge of novelty, I no longer saw the same beauties in the fields, the woods, the rocks, that had at first engaged me. The manners of the country people offended by their vulgarity; and in the society of a few of the neighbouring gentry I found nothing to amuse a cultivated mind or engage a lively imagination. I looked back with regret to the splendour and bustle of my former life; and impossible as it was for me to indulge in the same gratifications, I would gladly have returned to town; and would, perhaps, have performed the same humiliating part I have seen exhibited by the decayed minions of fashion, spendthrifts like myself, who haunt, like ghosts, the places of public resort, content to be the spectators of those scenes where they have formerly figured as the most brilliant actors. My Lucinda saw with anxiety this increasing disgust, and her good sense directed to its proper remedy. 'We grow tired,' said she, 'of this life of inactivity. We languish for want of an object to occupy us. I have been meditating a small experiment; and if you approve, we shall put it in execution. What if we should for a while become farmers ourselves? You are surprised at the proposal, but let me explain my meaning. Suppose our good landlord should transfer to us the remainder of his lease; that he should have the charge of management, with a suitable recompense, while the chance of profit, and the risk of loss, should be ours. I know he will agree to it, for I have sounded him on the subject. The laborious part, the business of agriculture, shall be his, while we occupy ourselves in decorating this little spot with a thousand embellishments, which nature points out, and which your good taste could easily execute. Remember, it is only an experiment. Our bargain must be conditional. If we tire of it, we can when we please drop the scheme, and pursue any other we choose to adopt.' To be short, Sir, I was pleased with the idea; our plan was soon arranged, and I became what you now see me, Farmer Saintfort.

" I set to work with alacrity in the business of improvement; and proceeding on the principle of uniting beauty with utility, I had, in the space of a few months, accomplished the outlines of that plan which I have been continually occupied since that time in finishing in detail. In this employment, in which the mind has much more share than is generally imagined, I found a source of pleasure infinitely beyond my expectation. Every day added to the beauties of my little paradise; and I had the satisfaction of finding that those operations which the motive of ornament had first suggested were frequently of the most substantial benefit. The beautiful variety of the ground was obscured by an undistinguished mass of brush-wood. I enlarged the extent of my arable ground, by opening fields to the sun, which had lain hid under a matting of furze and brambles. In the formation of a fish-pond I have drained an unwholsome fen, and converted a quagmire into a luxuriant meadow. At the end of the first year, my tutor in husbandry gave me hopes that the succeeding crop would double the returns which the farm had ever afforded under his management; and the event justified his prediction. How delightful, my dear friend, was it for me to perceive that the taste of my Lucinda seemed equally adapted with my own to our new mode of life! Far from inheriting that instability of mind with which her sex is generally reproached, her ardour was unabated, and every thought was centered in the cares of her household and the education of her children. Completely engaged in these domestic duties, while I superintended the labours of the fields and garden, we had no other anxiety than what tended to give a zest to our enjoyments. In place of feeling time lie heavy on our hands, we rose with the sun, and found the day too short for its occupations.

" We had now learned, by experience, how very moderate an income is sufficient to purchase all the real comforts of life. At the conclusion of the third year, on summing up our accounts, we found a clear saving of 400*l.* This sum we might, perhaps, without any breach of what the world terms honesty, have considered as our own. But (thank God!) slaves as we had been to the world, we had better notions of moral rectitude. It was unfit that we should accumulate for ourselves, while there existed a single person that could say we had done him wrong. We set apart this sum as the beginning of a fund for the payment of that equitable claim which yet remained to our creditors; and it is now some years since we could boast of having faithfully discharged the last farthing of our debts. The pleasure attendant on this reflection you may conceive, but I cannot describe. How poor, in comparison to it, are the selfish gratifications of vanity, the mean indulgence of pampered appetites, and all the train of luxurious enjoyments, when bought at the expense of conscience!

" Since my residence here, I have more than once made a visit to town on an errand of business. I there see the same scenes as formerly; and others intoxicated, like myself, with the same giddy pleasures. To me the magical delusion is at an end; and I wonder where lay the charm which once had such a power of fascination. But one species of pleasure I have enjoyed from these visits, which I cannot omit to mention; the affectionate welcome I have received from the most respectable of my old acquaintance. I read from their countenances their approbation of my conduct; and in their kindness mingled with respect, I have a reward valuable in proportion to the worth of those who bestow it. Nor is the pleasure less which I derive from the regard and esteem of my honest neighbours in the country. Of their characters I had formed a very unfair estimate, when seen through the medium of my own distempered mind; and in their society my Lucinda and I enjoy, if not the refined pleasures of polished intercourse, the more valuable qualities of sincerity, probity, and good sense.

"Such, Sir, for these fourteen years past, has been my manner of life; nor do I believe I shall ever exchange it for another. The term of my lease has, within that period, been renewed in my own name, and that of my son. If a more active life should be *his* choice, he is free to pursue it. I should be content with the reflection of having bestowed on him a better patrimony than I myself enjoyed,—a mind uncorrupted by the prospect of hereditary affluence, and a constitution tempered to the virtuous habits of industry and sobriety."

Here Mr. Saintfort made an end of his story. I have given it as nearly as I could in his own words; and judging it to afford an example not unworthy to be recorded, I transmit it in that view to the author of a work which bids fair to pass down to posterity.

I am, Sir, yours,
J. D.

No. 71.] Saturday, June 10, 1786.

Quærite nunc habeat quam nostra superbia causam.
Ovid.

Let's trace the causes of our swelling pride.

There is no complaint more common than that which is made against the pride of wealth. The claim of superiority which rests upon a circumstance so adventitious as that of suddenly-acquired riches is universally decried as the insolent pretension of mean and illiberal minds, and is resisted with a greater degree of scorn and indignation than perhaps any other encroachment of vanity or self-importance.

Yet one might observe in those who are loudest in the censure of this weakness a certain shame of being poor, which in a great measure justifies the pride of being rich. One may trace this in their affectation of indifference to all those pleasures and conveniences which riches procure, and in the eulogium they often make, in despite of their own real feelings, of the opposite circumstances. When they are at pains to declare how much better the plain dish and home brewed liquor suits their taste than the high-seasoned ragout and the high-priced wine, what is it but disguising their inability to procure the luxury under the pretence of their preferring its opposite? Poverty, in this case, flies from her own honourable tattered colours, to join the fresh and flaunting standard of Wealth; she allows the power of those very external circumstances by which Wealth lays claim to a superiority. The dignity of her station should be supported on other grounds: the little value of those external circumstances in which Wealth has the advantage, when compared with the virtues and qualities which money cannot buy, when set in competition with that native purity and elevation of mind which in the acquisition of wealth we frequently forfeit, and in its possession we frequently destroy.

Both in those who possess riches and in those who want them, false pretension often defeats itself. It would often be for the honour of Wealth if he could lay down his insolence, and for the happiness of Poverty if she could smooth her scorn. True benevolence and delicacy would teach both their proper duties, and preserve those cordial charities of life, which, in different stations and in different circumstances, promote alike the comfort of individuals and the general advantage of society.

But it is only over minds of a higher order that external circumstances do not possess a power to push them from that equilibrium in which virtue and happiness reside. Ordinary men will equally feel the inflation of prosperity, and the harshness of a less favourable situation; will in the one case incur the contempt and derision of the world, and in the other experience the grating of a ruffled spirit. Moderation and wisdom would teach the one to procure respect, and the other to attain good-humour.

I remember some years ago,—it was during the last war, and it is of no importance that I have forgot the exact date,—being invited to dine at the house of Mr. Draper, one of the most considerable merchants in this country. Mr. Draper twenty years ago was not worth a shilling; but by a course of industry, and great intelligence in his profession, he is reported since that time to have realized a very great fortune.

The principal part of our company, I found, upon entering the house, consisted of Sir William s lady, and children. Sir William gentleman, the representative of a espectable family, whose ancestors possession of a great estate; but a want of economy in some of its , and partly from the change in and the mode of living, it is now d down to an inconsiderable amount. William, however, still feels strongly the e of ancient family, and is apt to be hurt by e rise of those *new* men who are but of yestery, and yet overtop him in wealth.

When I entered the drawing-room, the company were pretty generally assembled. Sir William's manner attracted my notice, and I found in it the most finished complaisance and attention. There was a degree of politeness which carried in its appearance the utmost respect and condescension to Mr. Draper and his family; at the same time there was a formal distance which was calculated to prevent them from using any familiarity with him; and, instead of showing that Sir William really felt high reverence for the company, contained evident marks of his considering himself as much above them. We stoop as well as rise with difficulty; 'tis only on even ground that we carry ourselves easily.

Draper's manner was very different. Without being in the least moved by Sir William's formal obeisance, he went on in his usual way, giving a display of the richness of his house and furniture. I had not been long in the company when he took occasion to observe that he never knew the times so bad as now, and never was money scarcer. This very morning, continued he, I was applied to for payment of a bond for 10,000*l.* against next Whitsun-term; but instead of waiting for the term, I gave orders that the money should be paid immediately. Sir William looked and was silent.

At this time there came into the room a son of Mr. Draper's, a boy about ten years of age. The boy was at the public school of the city; and that very day, agreeably to a pretty general custom, the scholars had been making a present or offering, as it is called, in money, to their masters. It is the practice, in such cases, for children of rich parents to vie with one another who shall give the greatest present; and the vanity of the parents is generally as much interested on the occasion as that of the sons. "Papa," says young Draper, "I was king at school to-day, having given the highest offering." Sir William said nothing; but his son, a lively little fellow, about the same age, and in the same class with Mr. Draper's son, sprang forward and gave him a blow in the face, which set him a-crying. This incident produced some confusion, but the company was at length composed.

Dinner was now served up. It consisted of two magnificent courses and a dessert; and Mr. Draper frequently observed, that part of the dishes came from his little farm in the West Indies. Sir William eat but of one dish, observing that he always found his health and his appetite best when he dined plainly.

After dinner a great variety of wines were set upon the table. Sir William, instead of drinking the high-priced French and Hungarian wines, tasted nothing but a little Port and water; repeating his former observation, that as he eat, so he regulated his drinking, for his stomach's sake.

In a little time one of the servants brought in Mr. Draper's letters. Mr. Draper looked them over, and then began to talk of politics. He said he had got a variety of important intelligence in the despatches he had received, and talked with the confidence of a rich man, whose credit in point of information was as unimpeachable as in point of wealth. He mentioned, in particular, information which that day's post had brought him of the destination of a certain secret expedition then going on, and that he knew well the troops were about that time making good their landing at the appointed place. Sir William had just the day before received a letter from a cousin of his, the second in command on that expedition, telling him that the troops were not yet sailed, and that their object was still unknown. Sir William said nothing of this, but allowed Mr. Draper to plume himself on his superior information: only I, who knew the circumstance, observed a smile on the baronet's face, of which I could translate all the conscious superiority.

My attention was now turned to the younger members of the two families. I observed Mr. Draper's eldest son, a good looking lad of four-and-twenty, paying very particular attention to the eldest Miss Roberts, next whom he happened to be seated. This attention was not unobserved by the parents. Mr. Draper, with all his attachment to wealth, was not without the ambition of connecting his children with ancient blood; and an alliance with the family of the Robertses, who had long been at the head of the county, and had frequently represented it in parliament, would not have been disagreeable to him. As the Drapers had hitherto triumphed in their wealth, so now the Robertses began to triumph in their ancestry. Mr. Draper observed that his was as yet but a young family, and said something of the high respect he had for the family of Sir William Roberts; how happy it made him that his present company had eat a bit of mutton with him, and what satisfaction it would give him to cultivate a closer friendship and connection with them. He therefore proposed that the company should drink a bumper to their better acquaintance; and insisted that Sir William should give up his Port and water, and drink the bumper in Burgundy.——Upon this Miss Roberts drew off her chair as far as she could from young Mr. Draper: Lady Roberts bridled up—Mrs. Draper bridled up in return—Sir William drank off the bumper of Burgundy.

To break through the awkward silence which this had occasioned, I suggested that one of the young ladies should give us a song; which proposal was acquiesced in. Miss Draper sung an Italian air, which she had learned of a celebrated master. Her father took occasion to tell the price of his lessons.

"It is now your turn," said he to Miss Roberts. "She never sings," said her father, somewhat sternly.

His daughter blushed and was silent. Soon after the ladies withdrew. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in Sir William's drinking his Port and water, and in Mr. Draper and the greatest part of his company getting flustered in Burgundy and claret. When at last, upon a message from Lady Roberts, Sir William joined her and his children in the lobby, and went off in the family coach drawn by four horses, which had been employed in that service for fifteen years, and were driven by postilions with rich but old-fashioned liveries.

No. 72.] Saturday, June 17, 1786.

> ————*Sors ista Senectæ*
> *Debita.* VIRG.
>
> Such is the fated lot of age.

In every man's lot there are certain incidents, either regarding himself or those with whom he is closely connected, which, like mile-stones on a road, mark the journey of life, and call our attention both to that portion of it which we have already passed, and to that which it is probable we have still to go. The death or the marriage of a friend, his departure for a distant country, or his return from it, not only attract our notice to such events themselves, but naturally recall to our memories, and anticipate to our imaginations, a chain of other events connected with, or dependant upon, them. Those little prominent parts of life stop the even and unheeded course of our ordinary thoughts; and, like him who has gained a height in his walk, we not only look on the objects which lie before us, but naturally turn to compare them with those we have left behind.

Though my days, as my readers may have gathered from the accounts I have formerly given, pass with as much uniformity as those of most men; yet there are now and then occurrences in them which give room for this variety of reflection. Some such lately crossed me in the way; and I came home, after a solitary walk, disposed to moralize on the general tenor of life, to look into some of the articles of which it consists, and to sum up their value and their use. When Peter let me in, methought he looked older than he used to do. I opened my memorandum-book for 1775.—I can turn over the leaves between that time and this (said I to myself) in a moment—thus!—and, casting my eye on the blank paper that remained, began to meditate on the decline of life, on the enjoyments, the comforts, the cares, and the sorrows of age.

Of domestic comforts I could not help reflecting how much celibacy deprives us; how many pleasures are derived from a family, when that family is happy in itself, is dutiful, affectionate, good-humoured, virtuous. I cannot easily account for the omission of Cicero, who, in his treatise "*de Senectute*," enumerates the various enjoyments of old age, without once mentioning those which arise from the possession of worthy and promising children. Perhaps the Roman manners and customs were not very much calculated to promote this; they who could adopt the children of others were not likely to be so exclusively attached to their own, or to feel from that attachment a very high degree of pleasure; or it may be, the father of Marcus felt something on the subject of children, of which he was willing to spare himself the recollection. But though a bachelor myself, I look with equal veneration and complacency on the domestic blessings of a good old man, surrounded by a virtuous and flourishing race, in whom he lives over the best days of his youth, and from whose happiness he draws so much matter for his own. 'Tis at that advanced period of life that most of the enjoyments of a bachelor begin to leave him, that he feels the solitariness of his situation, linked to no surrounding objects, but those from which the debility or the seriousness of age must necessarily divorce him. The club, the coffee-house, and the tavern, will make but a few short inquiries after his absence, and weakness or disease may imprison him to his home, without their much feeling the want of his company, or any of their members soothing his uneasiness with theirs. The endearing society, the tender attentions of a man's own children, give to his very wants and weakness a sort of enjoyment, when those wants are supplied, and that weakness aided, by the hands he loves.

Though the celibacy of the female sex is still more reproached, and is thought more comfortless than that of ours, yet I confess it seems to me to possess several advantages of which the other is deprived.—An old maid has been more accustomed to home and to solitude than an old bachelor, and can employ herself in many little female occupations which render her more independent of society for the disposal of her time and the amusement of her mind. The comparatively unimportant employments of the female world, which require neither much vigour of body, nor much exertion of soul, occupy her hours and her attention, and prevent that impatience of idleness or of inactivity, which so often preys on men who have been formerly busy or active. The negative and gentler virtues which characterise female worth suit themselves more easily to the languid and suffering state of age and infirmity than those active and spirit-stirring qualities which frequently constitute the excellence of the male character. There are, no doubt, some females to whom this will not apply; to whom age must be more terrible than to any other being, because it deprives them of more. She whose only endowment was beauty must tremble at the approach of those wrinkles which spoil her of her all; she to whom youthful amusements and gayeties were the whole of life must dread more than death that period when they can be no longer enjoyed.

It need scarce be suggested, that to lessen the evils and increase the comforts of age in either sex, the surest means are to be found in the cultivation and improvement of the mind in youth: to have something, as it were, in bank, on which to subsist the mind when the sources of external supply are cut off; to allow it some room for its natural activity when external employments have ceased; to preserve that energy of soul without which life is not only useless but burdensome. The former exercise of the imagination creates numberless pleasures, and its former soundness prevents numberless evils, to an old man. In proportion to the excellence of those objects over which it has formerly ranged, the review of age will be delightful or dreary, will call up elegant or gross, comfortable or distressing, elevating or humiliating, remembrances.

When I say, that of this better-cultivated old age the remembrances will be more delightful, I do not mean that they will be always more gay. Of melancholy remembrances this state will naturally be more susceptible than those in which memory has less store, and active employment tends more to dissipate thought. But who would exchange melancholy remembrances for the apathy of him who thinks only of the present? Who would exchange, for unfeeling contentment, that creative memory which peoples the present time with past joys, past friendships, past love, though the recollection carries sadness along with it? The most melancholy of all reflections which an old man can make, when he looks around him, and misses the companions of his youth, the associates of his active days, and exclaims, in the natural language of Petrarch, "*Ed Io pur vivo!*"—even in this, to one of a good and pious mind, there is a certain elevation above the world, that sheds (so to speak) a beam of heavenly light upon the darkness around him.

A late correspondent, under the signature of Atticus, pleases and interests me much, by a natural, though it is not a new description of the various occupations and feelings of his old age. After mentioning the chequered nature of his past life, on the dark side of which he places the loss of an excellent wife, and several promising children, "the memory of those dear objects," says he, "and the soothing hope that we shall soon meet again, is now the source of extreme pleasure to me. In my retired walks in the country, I am never alone; those dear shades are my constant companions." Shenstone, with a felicity which perhaps our language could not have afforded him, has expressed this feeling in eight or nine words, to the force and tenderness of which I believe no other words could add. 'Tis in the inscription on Miss Dolman's urn, "*Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!*"

In recollecting those whom time has swept from our remembrance, there are some characters whom, though we less respected, and, reasonably speaking, must less regret, we cannot yet help remembering with a feeling, if not so tender, perhaps fully as sympathetic, as the loss of much more dignified personages might produce.—"Alas, poor Yorick!"——Even in what I have passed of life, I recall at this moment the jests, the sallies, the thoughtless gayety, of several such characters, with whom one cannot easily connect an idea so serious as that of death, whom I still wonder at not meeting in the accustomed haunts of their amusement, and cannot, without violence to my imagination, think of as gone for ever.

The regrets of the old for such companions may be the easier allowed, from the circumstance of their time of life preventing them from the acquisition of any such again. But though nothing less becomes an old man than the levity of youthful society and youthful amusements, yet to keep up such an interest in them as may preserve to himself the complacency of the young, and a certain enjoyment of their happiness, is one of the great ingredients of a happy old age. I smiled one day at seeing my friend Colonel Caustic busied in fitting up a fishing-rod for a school-boy, the son of a neighbouring gentleman, who wished to go an-angling on the stream that runs through the grounds. "You think me very foolishly employed," said the colonel; "but do not blame me, till your philosophy can show a happier face of its making than my friend Billy's there."

Some old men forget that they are old, and some that they ever were young; the first are ridiculous in the imitation, the latter peevish in the restraint of youthful gayety. This is, generally, the effect neither of good-nature in the one, or of wisdom in the other; but results, in the first, from a foolish vanity, and from an incapacity of those better employments and pleasures which suit their age; in the latter, from a splenetic regret of their incapacity for those employments and pleasures which suit it not.

Very different from this peevish intolerance of youth is that sort of gentle dissatisfaction with the present time, which some of the best tempered old men are inclined to show. As a young man, I never complained of this partiality which my seniors discovered for their own times, or the injustice they sometimes did to the present. 'Tis on the warmest and worthiest hearts that the impression of the former age remains the deepest. The "*Prisci conscius ævi*" is one whom his coevals loved, and whom his juniors, whom he sometimes under-rates, should regard; as he who is warmest in the cause of his absent friend is the man whose friendship we should be most solicitous to gain. Perhaps it may be accounted a sort of proof of my approaching the period of partiality for the past, when I observe, that the present race of young men seem not likely ever to recall their younger days with the enthusiasm which some of my older acquaintance express for theirs. That indifference which modern fashion teaches her votaries will have nothing hereafter to remember with delight, or to record with partiality. "What audience" (said the same excellent friend whom I have above quoted), "what audience will they find in the nineteenth century, for their eulogium of the size of buckles, the height of capes, or the fashion of boots, in the year 1785?"

Of the foibles of age, avarice has long been cited as the most unreasonable and preposterous; yet, I think, it is much less to be wondered at, though not less to be blamed, than the declamation of moralists has generally supposed. When excluded from the pleasures which the use of money might procure, we substitute, if I may be allowed the expression, the archetype of enjoyment for enjoyment itself, and prize wealth as the end, when it has ceased to be the means. Old men are niggard of their money as they are profuse of their talk, because the possession of wealth is one of those pleasures in which they can equal younger men; as daws and starlings can pilfer and hoard, who are destitute of plumage and of song.

But there are uses of wealth which some worthy and wise old men discover, that might supply this want of object for its appropriation. To bestow it in the purposes of beneficence is one of the ways of spending money for which a man is never too old; or if some are so unhappy as to have outlived the relish of this, it is only where they have been at little pains to keep up in their minds those better feelings which prompt and reward good deeds. That pleasure which Colonel Caustic mentioned, of making happy faces, is a sort of *fine art*, which some people never attain, and others easily lose.

Z.

No. 73.] Saturday, June 24, 1786.

Amidst the various branches of the fine arts in which ancient Greece excelled, there seems to be none in which her pre-eminence stands more undisputed than that of *sculpture*. In music she was far distant from any perfection; and indeed it is in modern times only that this art has received its highest improvements. In painting, too, whatever we may be told of the high admiration in which a Zeuxis and an Apelles were held by their countrymen, yet there is very good reason to believe that the moderns have far exceeded the ancients. In poetry, though we shall not presume to say that other nations have gone beyond the Greeks; yet surely it must be allowed that the Roman poets, as well as those of modern times, approach so near the Grecian models, as to suffer very little from the comparison. But in sculpture the Greeks stand confessedly unrivalled, as having attained the summit of perfection. All the productions, not only of modern, but even of Roman sculpture, are acknowledged to be inferior to those perfect and finished models which Greece produced. In short, however much the partizans of modern times may be inclined to dispute the palm with the ancients in others of the fine arts, yet in that of sculpture all seem to concur in confessing the superiority of the Grecian artists. And I think their arriving at such excellence in this art may be accounted for from very obvious and satisfactory causes.

Sculpture or statuary is one of the imitative arts which mankind would very early practise; and accordingly there are few, even of the most uncultivated nations, among whom we do not find some rude attempts to form images in wood or in stone, if not in metal. To represent with any correctness and accuracy a solid figure upon a plain surface would not so readily occur, as the idea of forming the resemblance of a man, or any other animal, in stone or marble. Painting, therefore, is of later invention than statuary; and being an art of much greater difficulty, would consequently be much slower of coming to any considerable degree of perfection.—To acquire the art of properly distributing light and shade, so as to make the several figures stand out from the canvass; to possess the power of animating those figures with the most natural and glowing colours; to throw them into groups of a pleasing form; to preserve that perfect proportion of size and distance which perspective demands; are those excellences of painting which it has required the efforts and the experience of many successive ages to attain. To form a finished statue is neither so complex nor so difficult an art. To be able, by means of the chisel, to bring the rude block of marble to present the exact resemblance of the most graceful human form, is no doubt a surprising and beautiful effort of industry and genius; and it would require a considerable time before such an art could attain perfection; but that perfection being obviously much more easily attainable than any excellence in painting, so it would necessarily be much sooner acquired. As more readily to be acquired, it would naturally be more generally practised; and this circumstance again would, in its turn, accelerate the progress of the art.

The athletic exercises of the Greeks, joined to the natural beauty of the human form, for which their country and climate were distinguished, furnished ready models for sculpture. To painting they afforded much less assistance. The mere muscular exertions of the body are favourite objects of imitation for the statuary, and from the successful copy he acquires the very highest degree of renown. Painting draws its best subjects from other sources; from the combination of figures, from the features of emotion, from the eye of passion. Groups in sculpture (if we except works in *relief*, which are much less distinct and striking than pictures) are perhaps too near nature to be pleasing. It is certainly true, as a most ingenious and excellent philosopher has observed, that we are not pleased with imitation when she presses too close upon reality: a coloured statue is offensive; and the wax-work figures of Mrs. Wright, which she dresses in the habits of the times, and places in various attitudes in different parts of the room, excite surprise indeed, but never produce delight. Sculpture, therefore, thus confined to single figures, seems little less inferior to painting, than was the ode recited by one person at the feast of Bacchus, to the perfect drama of Sophocles and Euripides.

When statuary reached its highest excellence in Greece, the art of painting had made but a slender progress. The admiration of the works which their painters produced seems to have proceeded more from a sense of the great difficulty of the art, and from surprise at the effects it produced, than from the pictures truly meriting the high praises we find bestowed upon them. To the eye of taste, the work of the statuary was the more complete and finished production; the art was accordingly more generally cultivated; and by the authors of antiquity the statues of Greece are more frequently mentioned than their paintings, are spoken of, and dwelt upon, in such terms as sufficiently show them to have been considered as the superior and more admirable exertions of the taste and genius of that elegant people.

If we admit these circumstances to account for the very high degree of perfection which Grecian sculpture attained, it will not be very difficult to explain why they have never been surpassed, and why the art itself has ever since declined. When any art has received a very high, or perhaps its utmost degree of perfection, this circumstance of itself necessarily destroys that noble emulation which alone can stimulate to excellence. Conscious of being unable to surpass the great models which he sees, the artist is discouraged from making attempts. The posts of honour are already occupied; superior praise and glory are not to be reached; and the ardour of the artist is checked by perceiving that he cannot exceed, and that, after all his efforts, he will not be able perhaps to equal, the productions of those masters who have already the advantage of an established reputation.

It is for these reasons, as has been justly observed, that when the arts and sciences come to perfection in any state, they from that moment naturally and necessarily decline; and if this be the case, then surely the more perfect degree of excellence any art has attained, the more certain must be its after decay. We may indeed carry the observation somewhat farther, and affirm, that if the art has arrived at the highest degree of perfection of which it is capable in any age, or in any situation, that art will not only naturally decline amongst the people where it so flourished, but that this circumstance will prevent its ever being again brought to any considerable pitch of improvement amongst any other people, while the first perfect models remain. The excellence of Homer, whatever might be its effects on his own countrymen, did not repress the genius of Virgil or of Lucretius; nor did the reputation of these great poets of antiquity check the ardour of Tasso or of Milton. But the difference of language, the infinite choice of subjects, and the variety of powers which poetry can employ, prevent the eminence of a poet in one country from having much effect in damping the efforts of the poets in another. With regard to sculpture, however, the case is widely different. No diversity of subjects, no variety of powers to exert, no difference in the mode of expressing his conceptions, fall to the share of a statuary. A correct representation of the exterior human form, marked perhaps with some of the stronger expressions of the countenance, the choosing a graceful or a striking figure, the throwing it into a pleasing or an interesting attitude, and the finishing the whole production with the most nice and exquisite workmanship, constitute the utmost limits of the sculptor's art. When the highest excellence in these, therefore, has been attained, and while those perfect models remain, they must ever after repress emulation in the art, and crush all the efforts of genius.

Together with this general cause, there is another which has very much contributed to the decline of the art of sculpture in modern times, and that is, the great improvements, and the extraordinary pitch of excellence which painting attained soon after the revival of arts and letters in Europe. This had naturally the effect of directing the attention of all ingenious artists to cultivate the art of painting, where glory and praise were sure to be acquired, rather than to statuary, where no laurels were to be won. The models of ancient statuary held the place of nature to the study and imagination of the great artists of that time: but imitative ingenuity and ambition had no room in working on marble, after marbles already perfect. To translate them (if I may be allowed the expression) into painting, was an object that gave emulation scope; and in fact it happened that the chisel of the Greeks was the great guide of the Roman pencil. Not only the novelty of the art of painting, in consequence of the improvements it had received, but also the greater field which it afforded for the exertions of genius, contributed to render it the great object of attention. The more perfect representation it exhibited of the human form by the aid of colouring, the variety of figures which it admitted of being introduced, and the opportunity it presented of interesting and engaging the passions of the beholder, were all circumstances which naturally concurred to make it be held the more favoured and estimable display of an artist's power.

D.

No. 74.] Saturday, July 1, 1786.

It is a well-known consolation to distress, to be told of the like infelicity which others endure. Perhaps, therefore, my late correspondent Mr. Easy may not be displeased to read the following letters, which will show him, if the relations of my correspondents are to be relied on, that matches of love, as well as of prudence, may have their disadvantages; that a wife's affection, as well as her economy, may imprison a man's person, may exclude him from his best society, and abridge his most innocent amusements.

TO THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

It was my misfortune to lose my father in a *few months after* I came into the world. He was a gentleman of family in the county of ——, where he possessed a moderate fortune, and had married my mother not much above a year before his death. When she was thus deprived of her husband, she had not finished her twentieth year, and possessed an uncommon share of beauty, heightened and improved by every graceful accomplishment. Warmly attached to my father, she found no relief from her sorrows, as I have often heard her say, but in those cares and in that attention which it was necessary to pay to me in my infancy. As I grew, I became the sole object of my mother's solicitude, and she transferred to me all the affection which she had borne to my father. I was not ungrateful for all this kindness; and in my mother I found not only a parent whom I respected, but a friend whom I loved; one to whom I was accustomed to unbosom myself with perfect freedom and confidence. Except a few years, which on account of my education we passed in town, we resided chiefly at the family-seat in the country. As we saw but few company, much of our time was spent in reading, which indeed came to be our favourite amusement. My mother's taste in books coincided entirely with mine. Though we sometimes read a little history, yet novels were our favourite amusement: and though my mother possessed taste enough to admire the elegance of a Robertson and the simplicity of a Hume, yet we read such authors as a sort of task, from which we returned with pleasure to the delightful page of a Richardson or Riccoboni. In this charming solitude my days glided sweetly along, and I never formed a wish to quit the society of my beloved mother, or to change the conditions of my life. Before I had finished my eighteenth year, proposals of marriage had been made to me by several gentleman of rank and condition. As it had ever been the avowed principle of my mother that in that important particular a woman ought to be left at perfect freedom, she upon every such occasion declined to give any opinion, telling me, that as the happiness of my life was to depend upon the choice I should make, I had only to consult the dictates and feelings of my heart. Thus left by the tenderness of my mother to the freedom of my own will, I found no difficulty in giving an answer to my suitors. Respectable as they might be, they could not bear a comparison with those characters which I had been accustomed to love and to admire in my favourite authors; and it had long been my fixed opinion, that without a certain hallowed sympathy of soul, a sacred union of hearts, there was a degree not of indelicacy only, but of criminality, in forming the nuptial bond.

One day as my mother and I were upon our way to pay a visit at the house of a lady in the neighbourhood, our road led us along the side of a river, whose high banks, covered with wood, formed a most romantic and delightful scene. While we were admiring the beauties of it, some accident scared our horses on the very brink of a steep precipice; and in all likelihood the consequence would have proved fatal, had not a gentleman at that instant come to our assistance, and rescued us at the hazard of his own life. Charmed with the spirit of our deliverer, I had now time to examine him with a little more attention. In the bloom of youth, he possessed one of the finest forms I ever beheld, with a countenance animated and interesting in the highest degree. Perhaps the little adventure which introduced him to us disposed me to view him at that moment with a partial eye. Little accustomed as I was to conceal the emotions of my mind, he must have been blind indeed if he did not perceive that I was pleased at finding he was going to the same house where my mother and I intended to pay a visit. If the first appearance of the stranger pleased me, his address, and manner, and conversation charmed me still more. In a word, Sir, I found in him all the graces of a Lovelace, all the virtues and accomplishments of a Grandison, all the sentiments and tenderness of a Lord Ossory. Sir W. Denham (for that was his name) appeared to me the most amiable man I had ever seen. I need not trouble you with a recital of the progress of our acquaintance. Suffice it to say, that he made a complete conquest of my heart, and that I consented to give him my hand.

Immediately after our marriage we went to his family-seat in the country. There the tenderness and the attachment of my husband seemed daily to increase. He lived but to gratify my wishes, and I fondly fancied myself the happiest of woman-kind. Alas, Sir! what a cruel thing it is to have known felicity, and then to be plunged in wretchedness; I, Sir, am now as miserable as once I was happy. Not to keep you in suspense, I have lost the affections of my husband. Of this I have hourly the most mortifying and the most unequivocal proofs. The first symptom I discovered of an alteration in his sentiments was the pleasure I found he took in other society, and the amusements of which I could not partake. When his country neighbours come to visit him, he will sit a whole evening over his bottle with them, while I languish alone, neglected and forlorn. Nay, Sir, before we were many months married, he had the barbarity to leave me for a whole fortnight, which he spent in the Highlands, on a shooting party, as he called it. Not only does he prefer those frivolous amusements to me, but he even abandons my society, on a pretence that the management of his affairs requires it. At this moment he is at an estate he has in a distant county, where he says he will be detained by business for several weeks. What is business or affairs to me, who would with pleasure have descended from a throne to make him happy!

I am persuaded, Sir, you will enter into my distress, and feel the justice of my complaints. As my husband is a constant reader of your paper, I hope that the picture of my situation may strike him, and lead him to alter a conduct which I own I am unable longer to endure.

Yours, &c.

Louisa Denham.

I had hardly done reading this letter, when I received the following:

Sir,

At the age of twenty-two I succeeded to a paternal estate of 2000*l*. Soon after the death of my father, to whom I was indebted for an excellent education, I set out on my travels; and after making the grand tour, I returned to my native country at the age of twenty-six, and found myself possessed of a fortune more than sufficient for my wishes, with a sound constitution, a disposition to enjoy all the pleasures of society, and a heart susceptible of friendship and attachment. Soon after my return, a fortunate accident introduced me to the acquaintance of Miss Louisa M———. Although accustomed to see and to admire beauty, yet I could not help being forcibly struck with that of Miss M———. Beauty, however, though it may dazzle for a moment, seldom makes a lasting impression on one who had seen so much of the world as I had. But there was something at once interesting in the looks and engaging in the manners of Louisa, that attracted me with an irresistible charm. Even her artless simplicity, and her ignorance of the world, rather pleased from its novelty; accustomed to the *coteries* of Paris, and the society of women whose conversation, ideas, and manners differed little from that of the men with whom they lived, I was charmed with the *naivete* of Louisa. In her observations there was a remarkable delicacy and justness of thought, often, it is true, accompanied with a degree of romantic wildness and enthusiasm, which, so far from displeasing, served rather to throw an additional charm around her.

I soon found that I was not indifferent to Miss M———; and having paid my addresses to her, was honoured with her hand. For some time after our marriage I was completely happy; and would have continued so, were it not for one single weakness in my Louisa, which has occasioned much uneasiness to us both, and will, I fear, if not corrected, embitter all our future days. 'Tis of such a sort, Mr. Lounger. that I have no term by which to blame it; I can only describe it by instances. When I went home after my marriage, my neighbours naturally came to pay their compliments on the occasion. Although I sometimes would rather have dispensed with their presence, which I could not help feeling as an interruption to that happiness which I experienced in the conversation of my Louisa, yet common civility required that I should receive them with politeness. One day Sir George Hearty, an old friend of my father's, and ever warmly attached to the interest of our family, came to dine with me. As I knew that Sir George liked his bottle, I, though naturally averse to any approach to excess in the way of drinking, could not help indulging the good old man in a glass extraordinary. When we rose from table, I found my wife in her apartment dissolved in tears. Astonished and affected to the last degree, I inquired the cause with all the impatience of the most anxious solicitude. At length she, with a look of melancholy that distressed me to the soul, said that she found no happiness in any society but mine; and that if I loved like her, I could find no pleasure but in hers.

Not long after, I received a letter from the son of an English nobleman, with whom I had been educated at school and at college, and with whom I had ever after lived in habits of the strictest friendship, putting me in mind of an engagement I had come under when last in London, to show him some parts of the Highlands in Scotland, and to pass some time with him there in grouse-shooting. I immediately made the necessary preparations for this excursion, and not doubting that my wife would be happy to show every mark of attention to the chosen friend of my youth, I wrote to him to hasten his journey to Scotland. When he arrived, it was with pain that I observed that my Louisa, so far from participating the joy I felt at the sight of my friend, seemed to sink in spirits in proportion as I was overjoyed on the occasion.

I left her in a situation which distressed me at the time, and the reflection of which damped all the joy I should otherwise have found in the society of my friend. I shortened our excursion, although I saw it rather disappointed him, in order to get home as soon as possible. Instead of being received by my Louisa with that pleasure which I experienced in seeing her after this short absence, I found her still oppressed with that melancholy in which I had left her. It is needless, Sir, to detain you with a detail of further particulars. In a word, I find that my wife considers my partaking in any amusement, joining in any society, or engaging in the most necessary and essential business, as a mark of want of attachment and affection to her. That romantic turn of mind, which at first charmed me so much, and which her natural good sense has not enabled her to restrain within due bounds, leads her to see every object through a medium very remote from the occurrences of ordinary life. As she is a reader of the Lounger, I beg you will favour us with a paper on the danger of encouraging this engaging sort of delusion, so apt to captivate a young and a virtuous mind, but which I find, from fatal experience, leads to much misery and distress.—Yours, &c.

W. Denham

It might be supposed that the Lounger, who has somehow been led to confess himself a bachelor, would not be much dissatisfied at receiving, in such letters as the above and Mr. Easy's, a sort of testimony of the inconveniences of marriage. He must however declare, that they afford him no kind of satisfaction; nor indeed do the complaints of those correspondents induce him to think at all unfavourably of that state in which they have found the embarrassments they describe. Want of judgment in our choice, or ridiculously sanguine expectations from what we possess, will in every article of life, produce disappointment and chagrin: and the situation from which the greatest felicity may be drawn must necessarily be that from which most uneasiness may spring. But the relations of misfortune are generally exaggerated. From Mrs. Easy I have received a letter denying more than half of her husband's assertions. My correspondent Alcander's relation, on the other side of the question, meets with perfect credit from me. I myself know several couples as happy as his Euphanor and Almeria; it is probably owing to the truth of its recital, that his letter seems to me not so well calculated for the entertainment of my readers as those which perhaps borrow a little from fiction, to furnish out their distresses. The epistles of to-day, in particular, I have taken the liberty to read to some of the most creditable of my married acquaintance, who are unanimous in declaring the distress of which they complain to be perfectly out of nature.

E. V.

No. 75.] Saturday, July 8, 1786.

E' troppo barbara quella legge, che vuol disporre del cuor delle donne a costo della loro rovina.

Goldoni.

When the affections of a woman are, by tyrannical custom, made a mere affair of purchase, her ruin is the consequence.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir, *Avignon, May,* 1786.

You will perhaps be surprised at receiving a letter from this place; but if you possess the benevolence which from your writings one is led to ascribe to you, the unfortunate from any quarter may claim some of your notice. My story, I believe, will not be without its use; and if you knew that sort of melancholy indulgence which I feel in addressing a letter to my native country!—But I will not give way to feeling; I mean simply to relate; and situated as I am, banished from the world, and lost to myself, I can tell my story,—I think I can,—as that of a third person, in which, though I may be interested, I will yet be impartial.

My father possessed a small patrimonial estate in the county of ——, and married, in early life, a lady whose birth was much above her fortune, and who unluckily retained all the pride of the first, though it but ill suited the circumstances of the latter. The consequences were such as might naturally be looked for. My father was involved in an expensive style of life, which in a few years obliged him to sell his estate for payment of his debts. He did not live to feel the distresses to which he might have been reduced; and after his death my mother took up her residence in a country-town, where the pittance that remained from the reversion of my father's effects, assisted by a small pension from government, which a distant relation of my mother's procured for us, enabled her to educate me on that sober plan which necessity had now taught her to adopt.

Our situation, however, still allowed her to mix something of the genteel in my education; and the place in which we lived was inhabited by several families, who, like us, had retired from more public and expensive life, and still retained somewhat of that polish which former intercourse with the fashionable world had conferred. At the age of seventeen, therefore, I was, I believe, tolerably accomplished; and though I knew nothing of high life, nor indeed wished to know it, yet I possessed a degree of refinement and breeding rather above what the circumstances of my mother might have been expected to allow.

Of my beauty, I was, like other girls, somewhat vain; but my mother was proud to an extreme degree. She looked upon it as a gift by which my fortune and hers were to be made, and consequently spared no possible pains to set it off to advantage. Its importance and its power were often inculcated on me; and my ambition was daily inflamed by the recital of the wealth and station which other girls had acquired by marriages to which their beauty alone had entitled them. I think I heard those instances with more indifference than my mother wished I should; and could not easily be brought to consider all happiness as centred in riches or in rank, to which her wishes and hopes were constantly pointed.

These hopes, however, accident put it in her power to accomplish. At the house of one of the genteelest of our acquaintance (who had two daughters nearly of my age) we met with Mr. M——, a gentleman whom the lady of the house introduced particularly to us, as a man of great fortune and singular worth. Mr. M—— was past the meridian of life; he had the look and air of a man who had seen the world, and talked on most subjects with a degree of shrewd and often sarcastic observation, which met with much applause from the older part of the company, but which was not at all calculated to please the younger. The enthusiasm of attachment, of feeling, and of virtue, which our reading sometimes induced us to mention, he ridiculed as existing only in the dreams of poetry, or the fanciful heroes of romance; but which sense or experience neither looked to find in others, nor ventured to indulge in ourselves. In short, my companions and I hated and feared him; and neither our aversion nor our fear was at all removed by the lectures of our mothers on his good sense and agreeable manners.

These lectures were at last bestowed with particular emphasis on me, and after a day or two's preamble of general commendations, he was formally proposed to me by my mother, as a husband. He himself, though he made his court chiefly to her, was now pretty sedulous in his attentions to me; and made many speeches to my beauty, and protestations of his love, which I heard with little emotion, but which my mother, and her friend, whose guests we were, represented as the genuine expressions of the most sincere and ardent attachment. Of love I had formed such ideas as girls of my age generally do; and though I had no particular preference for any one else, I did not hesitate in refusing him, for whom I had hitherto conceived nothing but disgust. My refusal increased the ardour of my lover in his suit: to me he talked in common-place language of the anguish it caused him; to my mother he spoke in the language of the world, and increased his offers in point of settlement to an exorbitant degree. Her influence was proportionally exerted. She persuaded, implored, and was angry. The luxury and happiness of that state which I might acquire were warmly painted; the folly, the impiety, of depriving myself and her of so comfortable an establishment was strongly held forth; the good qualities and generosity of Mr. M—— were expatiated on; those ideas which I ventured to plead as reasons for my rejection were ridiculed and exploded——At my time of life, unused to resistance, fond of my mother, and accustomed to be guided by her; perhaps, too, somewhat dazzled with the prospect of the situation which this marriage would open to me; it is not surprising that my first resolutions were overcome. I became the wife of Mr. M——.

For some time the happiness they had pro-mixed seemed to attend me. My husband was warm, if not tender in his attachment; my wishes for myself were not only indulged, but prompted; and his kindness to my mother and my friends was unbounded. I was grateful to Mr. M——; I regarded, I esteemed, I wished to love him. On the birth of a son, which happened about a year after our marriage, he redoubled his assiduities about me. I was more happy, more grateful; I looked on my boy, his father caressed him: and then it was that I loved Mr. M—— indeed.

This happiness, however, it was not my good fortune long to enjoy. Some projects of political ambition, in which Mr. —— was engaged, called him from those domestic enjoyments which seemed for a while to have interested him, into a more public life. We took up our residence in the capital, and Mr. M—— introduced me to what is called the best company. Of his own society I soon became to enjoy but little. His attachment for me began visibly to decay, and by degrees he lost altogether the attentions which for a while outlived it. Sullen and silent when we were alone, and either neglectful or contemptuous when we had company, he treated me as one whom it would have degraded him to love or to respect; whom it was scarce worth while to hate or to despise. I was considered as merely a part of his establishment; and it was my duty to do the honours of his table, as it was that of his butler to attend to his side-board, or of his groom to take care of his horses. Like them too, I was to minister to his vanity, by the splendour of my appearance; I was to show that beauty of which he was master, in company and at public places, and was to carry the trappings with which he had adorned it, to be envied by the poor and admired by the wealthy. While my affection for him continued, I sometimes remonstrated against this. His answers were first indifferent, and then peevish. Young, giddy, and fond of amusement, I at last began to enjoy the part he assigned me, and entered warmly into that round of dissipation, which for a while I had passed through without relish, and often with self-reproach. My son, who had been my tie to home, he took from me, to place him in the family of a former tutor of his own, who now kept a French academy; and I never had a second child. My society was made up of the gay and the thoughtless; women who, like me, had no duty to perform, no laudable exertion to make, but who in the bustle of idleness, were to lose all thought, and in the forms of the world all honest attachment.

For a considerable time, however, a sense of right, which I had imbibed in my infancy, rose up occasionally to embitter my pleasures, and to make me ashamed of the part I was acting. Whenever Mr. M—— took the trouble of perceiving this, it served him but as a subject for ridicule. The restraints of religion, or nice morality, he was at pains to represent as the effects of fanaticism and pedantry; and when I seemed surprised or shocked at the principles he held forth, he threw in a sneer at my former situation, and hinted that but for him I had been still the awkward ignorant thing he found me.

Yet this man expected that I should be virtuous, as that word is used by the world; that I should guard that honour which was his, while every other principle of my own rectitude was extinguished.—For a long time it was so. My horror at that degree of depravity was not to be overcome, even amidst the levity, to call it no worse, of manners which I saw continually around me, and which, as far as it was a mark of fashion, he seemed to wish me to participate. Still in the possession of youth and beauty, I did not escape solicitations; but I repelled them with a degree of resentment which I often heard the very man whose honour it guarded treat as affectation in any woman who should pretend it. He would frequently repeat from the letters of Lord Chesterfield, that a declaration of love to a woman was always to be ventured, because, even though it was rejected, she would accept of it as a compliment to her attractions. I had soon opportunities of knowing that Mr. M—— was as loose in his practice as in his principles. His infidelities, indeed, he was not at much pains to conceal; and while I continued to upbraid him, was at almost as little pains to excuse.

In such circumstances, was it to be wondered at if my virtue was not always proof against the attacks to which it was exposed? With a husband unequal in years, lost to my affection, as I was cast from his, and treating me as one from whom no love or duty was to be expected; a husband whose principles were corrupt, whose conversation was loose, whose infidelity gave a sort of justice to mine; surrounded at the same time by young men whose persons were attractive, whose manners were engaging, whose obsequious attentions were contrasted with my husband's neglect, and whose pretended adoration and respect were opposed to his rudeness and contempt:—Was it wonderful that thus situated, exposed to temptation, and unguarded by principle, I should forget first the restraints of prudence, and then the obligations of virtue?

Resigned as I now am to my situation, I can look on it as a kind interposition of Providence, that detection soon followed my first deviations from virtue, before I had lost the feelings of shame and contrition, before I had wandered an irrecoverable distance from duty, from principle, from religion. Here, in this place of banishment which the mercy of my husband allotted me, I have met with some benevolent guides, who have led me to the only sources of comfort for misery and remorse like mine; who have given me a station in which, amidst the obloquy of the world, amidst the humiliation of repentance, I can still in some degree respect myself; who have taught me to cultivate my mind, to improve its powers, to regulate its principles; who have led me to a juster value of this life, to a sincere hope of the next.

Humbled, and I trust improved by affliction, I will not indulge either vindication or resentment; the injuries I have done my husband I am willing to expiate (as, alas! he knows I do) by penitence and by suffering; yet for his own sake, and for the warning of others, let me ask him, If, for these injuries to him, and sufferings to me, he never imputes any blame to himself? I am told he is loud in his charges of my ingratitude and perfidy. I again repeat, that I will not offer to apologise for my weakness or my crimes. But it would be more dignified in him, as well as more just, were he to forget rather than to reproach the woman whose person he bought, whose affections he despised, whose innocence he corrupted,—whose ruin he has caused!

Sophia M——

V.

No. 76.] Saturday, July 15, 1786.

This day's Paper I devote to correspondents. The first of the following letters I was particularly desirous to insert soon, as its subject is of that transient kind which might suffer from delay. In dress, as well as in character, there is often, in these times of change, "the Cynthia of the minute.'

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Brown Square, Edinburgh,
July 6, 1786.

Sir,

I understand that gentlemen who formerly held the same sort of office which you now exercise among us were in use to appoint certain deputies, to whom they committed particular departments. As you, Sir, seem now to be so well established in yours, that you may possibly think of following their example, I make bold to solicit an appointment, or failing of that, your patronage at least to an undertaking, of which this town seems to stand much in need, and for which I flatter myself I am tolerably well qualified.

One of your extensive observation, Mr. Lounger, must have remarked how defective we are in point of general or early information in dress, and how long it is before we accommodate ourselves universally to that perfect standard which the metropolis of England affords. We are often miserably in the rear of the fashion; and except one or two favoured ladies, who have been accidentally in London, the bulk of our fine women don't get into the mode till it is quite upon the wane among our southern neighbours. The ostrich head did not make its appearance here till half a season after it had been worn in London. The other end of the ostrich was still later in reaching us. That was indeed partly owing to an accident; the first set (as it is a bulky article) was coming down by sea in a ship that was wrecked, and a friend of mine, who had the merit of the first commission, lost considerably in bottomry on the vessel. At this very moment I see pass my door a great many brimstone ribbons, though it is two months since my letters from London inform me they were quite out there. As long ago as the Commemoration, there were none but celestials present, not a single brimstone in the abbey.

This inconvenience, Sir, might easily be remedied by a speedier communication of intelligence between the capitals of England and of Scotland; more especially if a public appointment were made of some person from whom such intelligence could, here be obtained, and who should be answerable for its authenticity. 'Tis for this office, Mr. Lounger, I venture to propose myself. I have been at a good deal of pains, Sir, to establish such a correspondence at London, and even at Paris, as I trust will enable me to supply myself, not only with intelligence, but with models of every article of dress, as soon as it grows into confirmed fashion; and I will take care to exhibit at certain stated seasons a set of *poupées*, which I flatter myself will convey from my shop window a perfect idea of the reigning dress and undress of the fashionable world. At present, the little figures which are stationed there are looked on merely as toys for children; but I hereby give notice that, with your leave, Mr. Lounger, I shall, on the first day of the ensuing race-week, convert them to a more dignified as well as a more useful purpose; that they will then represent, on one side of my window, a set of fashionably dressed gentlemen, and on the other a party of fashionably dressed ladies.

There never, I imagine, Sir, was a period when such a standard was of so much importance in this country. The proportion of the value of dress to that of the wearer, particularly in the fair sex, is wonderfully increased of late years in Edinburgh. Of the first I think I am a tolerably good judge, and can estimate, I believe, within a few shillings (supposing the underworks to be of the ordinary materials), the value of any lady's apparel. Of the value of the lady herself I do not pretend to be a judge;

in some instances within my little experience, I have observed the estimate, to differ considerably at two different periods, as it happened to be made by the lover or the husband; at the first, they bore a premium, as we say in business; at the latter, there was rather a discount. But taking things at an average, I am told, our mothers and grandmothers were as precious in themselves as our wives and daughters. But as for their covering, there is, in all ranks, a great increase of cost, even in my time: for though the old points and brocades came high at first, they went through generations, like an entailed estate: our dress has much the advantage in variety as in elegance; it does not outlast a lady's fancy. 'Twas but t'other morning I sold some of my bloom of roses to the wife of a grocer of my acquaintance, who looked at some of my toys from beneath a bonnet that must have stood her in a couple of guineas at the least; yet were she to be set up to auction—but I wish to avoid all personal reflections, Mr. Lounger.

You, Sir, who understand such subjects, might perhaps wish to correct the disproportion between apparel and station, between the gaudiness of dress and the age and character of the wearer: I only pretend to regulate it according to the mode, or perhaps a little according to the complexion. In both I see the greatest mistakes at present. There is a lamentable neglect among us of all propriety in that matter. We are ill informed even of the names of the articles we wear. People come to years of discretion scarce know the difference between a plain hat and a Lunardi; and I have heard a lady, who I was told had a very good education, mistake a Parachut for a Fitzherbert.

Besides the knowledge of dress in the abstract, Mr. Lounger, there is another branch of instruction, which lies, if I may presume to say so, in the middle between your province and mine, that is, the art of making the most of one's self in one's dress, after one has got it on. I believe, Sir, I can find an assistant who will undertake this department; who can teach the ladies the smart toss suitable to the new-fashioned turned-up hat, the languish of eye that is to be practised under the curtain of the Lunardi, and the hoydenish roll that becomes the Laitiere; and in the same way, who will show the gentlemen the lolling air that suits the open waistcoat and slender switch, and the fierce one that accords with the knotted neckcloth and short thick bludgeon. In the meantime, however, I shall content myself with exhibiting my figures in a quiet state: if I meet with suitable encouragement, I may, with my friend's assistance, turn them into *automata*, and teach them to go through their exercise after the most approved method.

I have the honour to be, with great respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

W. Jenkin.

I own I was a little surprised at the style of Mr. Jenkin's letter, till, turning over the leaf, I found a postscript, in which (after urging a plea of favour on account of the late imposition of the perfumery-tax which was to take place the very day his letter is dated) he candidly acknowledges that the substance only of the letter is his own, but that his proposal was put into shape by a neighbour and customer of his. I am perfectly satisfied of the usefulness of his plan; and, as far as I may assume any jurisdiction in the matter, am extremely willing to invest him with the appointment in question, provided the gentleman who wrote his letter continues to act as his secretary.

As to his proposal of teaching young ladies and gentlemen the exercise of dress, I shall take time to consider of it. At present I am rather inclined to believe it unnecessary. I think he does my countrymen and countrywomen injustice in supposing them to require instruction in that particular. On some late field-days, or rather field-evenings, at which I happened to be present, I have seen some of them go through their evolutions in a very masterly and mistressly manner.

The second letter was left at my editor's, as the shop-boy informed Mr. Creech, by a short round-faced gentleman, who seemed, when he gave it in, to be very much out of humour.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

I can't help complaining to you of a grievance which I do not remember to have seen taken notice of, at least not exactly in the way it affects me, in any treatise on conversation.

Here in the coffee-house I frequent (and you, for aught I know, may have often witnessed the thing in your proper person) is one Mr. Glib, who is the greatest questioner I ever met with in the whole course of my life. This, however, though plague enough of itself, is but half the injury of which we have to complain from him. Mr. Glib, Sir, not content with the question, always takes the answer upon him likewise; so that it is impossible to get in a word. I shall illustrate my meaning by giving you, verbatim, his conversation this morning. He came in wiping his forehead, and, as I hoped, out of breath; but he was scarcely seated when he began as usual: "Mercy on us! how hot it is! Boy, fetch me a glass of Port and water. Dr. Phlogiston, did you observe what the thermometer stood at this morning? Mine was at 76 in the shade.—Well, this has cleared my throat of the dust a little.—What a dust there is in the

entlemen, were any of you in
ce breakfast? I went to call
at the farther side of the
have been smothered.—
entertained at the play
playing was admirable.
l at the thinness of the
ot taste, rules every thing.
but a crowd within, and a
and they don't care a pin
ce of the entertainment.—Cap-
raph, how long is it since the post
I got my paper about an hour ago.—
it thought parliament will rise? I have
at says the 12th.—Mr. M'Blubber, you
ghlander, what is your opinion of those
agements to the fishery? I have no great
n of building towns; find the birds, say
and they will find nests for themselves.—Mr.
upee (you have been in India), what do you say to this impeachment? I am inclined to think it will come to nothing.—Pray, what is the exact definition of a bulse? I understand it to be a package for diamonds, as a rouleau is for guineas.—Ha! is not that Mr. Hazard walking yonder, who came yesterday from London? Yes, it is, I know him by his gait.—Sir, is my cane any where near you? Oh! yes, I left it in the corner of the box.—Boy, how much did I owe the house since yesterday? Eighteen-pence.—Here it is."

Now, Mr. Lounger, you must be satisfied what an aggravated offence this way of talking of Mr. Glib's is, against other people who wish to have some share in the conversation. The most unconscionable querists, if they keep within their own department, are contented with half the talk of the company: Mr. Glib cuts it in two, and very modestly helps himself to both pieces. When he has set the fancy agog, and one's tongue is just ready to give it vent, pop, he comes between one and the game he has started, and takes the word out of one's mouth. Do write a few lines, Sir, to let Mr. Glib know how unreasonable and how ridiculous his behaviour is; 'tis as if one should play at shuttle-cock alone, or take a game at piquet, one's right hand against one's left, or sit down with three dead men at whist.—I should never have done, were I to say all I think of its absurdity.

I am a married man, Mr. Lounger, and have a wife and three grown-up daughters at home. I am a pretty constant frequenter of the coffee-house, where I go to have the pleasure of a little conversation; but if Mr. Glib is to come there every morning as he does at present, never to have done asking questions, and never to allow any body but himself to answer them, I may just as well stay at home.

Yours, &c.

GABRIEL GOSSIP.

Before I stir further in this matter, Mr. Gossip will be kind enough to inform me whether it would satisfy him, if Mr. Glib were allowed to ask questions, and he, Mr. Gossip, to answer them, for all the rest of the coffee-house.

Z.

No. 77.] SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1786.

Species Virtutibus similes. TAC.

The semblances of virtue.

BESIDES the great incitements to depravity or ill-conduct which passion and interest hold forth, there are other temptations to vice, other apologies for the want of virtue, which as they less shock the ingenious feelings of our nature, are perhaps fully as dangerous as motives which apparently are of a much more powerful kind. We are often led astray by habits, which in single actions seemed unimportant or venial. We are seduced by opinions, to which a sort of plausible fallacy gives the show of reason. Sometimes we hide our errors and our weakness under the veil of virtue, and ascribe to ourselves the merit of good qualities, from circumstances which, if justly considered, should cover us with blame. At other times we are contented to wear the livery, though we are not in the service of virtue, and pride ourselves on speaking her language, though we do not conform our actions to her precepts.

I happened lately to spend a day in company with a gentleman whose appearance prepossessed me much in his favour, and whose conversation and deportment did not less conciliate my good opinion. There was a certain delicacy in his remarks, which bespoke an uncommon elegance of mind; a warmth in his sentiments, which seemed to flow from a high principle of disinterestedness and generosity. After he was gone, I could not help expressing myself very warmly in his commendation, in which the friend at whose house we were did not join in so cordial a manner as I expected. When I pressed him a little on that score, he told me that Woodfort (so the gentleman was called) had long been a subject of his speculation on human character and conduct. "Woodfort (said he,) in manner and conversation, is always the elegant and interesting man you saw him. Nay, he possesses, I believe, in reality those feelings which he knows so well how to express. I have frequently found him weeping at the perusal of a tender novel, and have seen him struggling to keep down the emotions of his heart at the representation of a tragedy. You saw how his eye kindled at the recital of a benevolent or a generous deed, and at that moment I am persuaded that Woodfort was benevolent, was generous. Yet, in real life (for I have had the best opportunities of knowing it), Woodfort's feeling and generosity unaccountably forsake him. Scarcely ever has he been known to relieve the distresses he is so willing to pity, or to exercise the generosity he is so ready to applaud. The tenants on his estate are squeezed for rents higher than their farms can afford; his debtors are harassed for payments, in circumstances which might often plead for mitigation or delay. Nay, I know some of his pretty near relations, for relief of whose necessities I have applied with success to others, after having in vain solicited Woodfort's assistance to relieve them."

I confess I did not thank my friend for thus undeceiving me, and felt something painful in being obliged to retract an opinion which it had afforded me so much pleasure to form. But afterwards, when I had time to recover from this little shock to my feelings, which my friend's information had given, I began, like him, to speculate on this seeming contrariety of character; and though that of Woodfort may perhaps appear singular, I am afraid that, in a certain degree, there are not wanting many instances of a similar kind: and that if we look around us with observation, we shall frequently discover men who appear to feel, nay who really feel, much tenderness at the tale of wo, and much applause at the recitals of generosity, who yet, in real conduct and in active life, seldom discover either much generosity or much sensibility.

To account in some measure for this appearance, it may be observed, that when a representation is given of fictitious distress, it is done in such a manner, and with such circumstances accompanying it, as have the most powerful tendency to affect the heart. In a tragedy, where the object is to move, or in a novel, where the author means to produce the sensation of pity, every circumstance which can produce that effect is collected, and every thing which can diminish it is carefully removed. Thus a representation is given of characters and situations, which, though not unnatural, seldom exist: the detached parts may frequently be seen; but all the incidents united together, attended with those circumstances in which they are held out, and accompanied with none of a different or discordant sort, are seldom beheld in real life. The mind, therefore, may be affected with a fictitious story, or a tale of wo, when it will not be affected with a real event occurring in common life; because that real event cannot be perceived in all those strong colours, and mingled with all those attracting circumstances, with which a romantic story may be wrought up. Some circumstances may occur which will diminish our interest in the persons who really suffer, while *there may be* others wanting which would increase our sympathy with their situation. Thus Woodfort may be exceedingly moved by a well-written novel, founded on the oppression of the rich and powerful over the poor and humble; yet, in the case of his own tenants, he may not be affected with their hardships. He may persuade himself, it was their own indolence which produced their distress; he may quote instances of landlords who had bettered the condition of their tenants by raising their rents; and set up ideas of public improvement against the feelings of private compassion.

It may be observed further, that when a fictitious story of distress is told, or when a melancholy event happens, which has no connection with ourselves, there is no interfering interest or inclination of our own to diminish our pity or our sensibility. The mind is led to give the sensations that are excited their full sway, and to indulge in them to their utmost extent. Observers upon human nature have frequently remarked, that the contemplation of objects of distress gives a melancholy pleasure to the mind. Persons of sensibility are well acquainted with this pleasure; and when a story of distress is set before them, they feel much enjoyment, from indulging in it. The mind in this situation dwells and feeds upon its object, and every tender emotion is called forth. But when, a real event happens in life with which we ourselves may be in some respect connected, instead of dwelling upon it, or nourishing the feeling of distress which it produces, we may endeavour to avoid it, and to shut it out from our thoughts, because its indulgence may interfere with some other favourite feeling or inclination. Woodfort, though affected with the representation of distress, produced by poverty or want in those with whom he had no connection, was not affected with that of his own relations, probably because it hurt his mind to think that he had relations who were poor; and he therefore thrust the subject from his thoughts, as people shun those scenes in which they once delighted, if they recall misfortune or record disgrace.

It must also be remarked, that the indulgence in that sensibility which arises from the contemplation of objects of distress, is apt to produce and flatter a conscious vanity in the mind of the person who gives way to such indulgence. This vanity turns and rests upon itself, and without leading to action, it fosters a selfish and contracted approbation of our own feelings, which is catched hold of, and serves as a kind of substitute in place of the consciousness of real goodness.

It ought likewise to be attended to, that the sensations which arise from the indulgence in representations or tales of distress with which we ourselves are unconnected, require no sort of exertion; the mind reposes quietly upon the contemplation of the object, without being called forth to action; but when the distress of others occurs in real life, if we are to relieve it, some exertion is necessary, and some action of our own must be performed. Now, a man may take pleasure in the passive feelings of sensibility (if that expression may be used), when he will avoid every thing which requires active exertion. Hence the mind may be open to the feelings of compassion and tenderness, may take delight in indulging them, and by that means acquire great acuteness of sensibility, when it may harden and shut itself against every object, where the giving way to the feelings which such object produces requires real activity and exertion.

To this it may be proper to add, that the very indulgence in the passive feelings of sensibility has a tendency to produce indolence, languor, and feebleness, and to unfit the mind for any thing which requires active and firm exertion. While the mind contemplates distress, it is acted upon, and never acts; and by indulging in this contemplation, it becomes more and more unfit for action: the passive feeling of compassion may increase, but the power requisite to relieve will diminish. On the other hand, a man who has not the same degree of sensibility, or the same disposition to indulge in the contemplation of objects of distress, may, by the possession of a firmer mind and greater habits of activity, perform many more benevolent and generous actions. The more the passive habit of compassion is indulged without the active,* the weaker will the disposition to activity become: but, on the other hand, though by the exertion of the active habit the passive may be diminished; yet by a frequent repetition of benevolent acts, the mind will become more and more disposed to repeat them, and will find the performance more and more easy. He whose nervous sensibility could not bear the sight of a wound, would, in such a case, be incapable, were he otherwise qualified, to assist in its cure; while a person of less delicate feelings, and who is less affected with the sore, will be both more able and more willing to lend his aid in giving relief.

If the above observations be well founded, may we not conclude, that there is often much danger, in the education of children, of softening their minds too much, of rendering them too susceptible to general representations of distress, and of affecting them too frequently and too deeply by fictitious tales of wo? The mind thus affected may be insensible to the proper impression, when the influence of romantic deception is removed, and when real objects of distress, unattended with the colours in which novelists and poets exhibit them, are placed before it. Accustomed to be affected with objects only that are removed from ourselves, and where there can be no competition with our own interests, we may be unmoved when our own interests or other inclinations interfere. In use to indulge solely in feeling, and gratified with the consciousness of that feeling, we may shrink from the labour of active benevolence, and find in the experience of real life, that the very habit of indulging in the contemplation of distress, though it may add to our natural sensibility, yet by fatiguing and exhausting the mind, will give it a feebleness, and a languor, which is inconsistent with every vigorous and every proper exertion. While therefore a certain degree of sensibility ought to be cultivated, we ought at the same time to be upon our guard not to push it too far; and habits of action ought carefully to be intermixed with our habits of contemplation. We ought ever to have impressed in our minds the sentiments of one of the most illustrious men that ever lived; of a man who united the most sublime views of contemplation with the most splendid exertions of activity, in the greatest theatre that history has exhibited to our view; of Marcus Aur. Antoninus, that "neither virtue nor vice consist in passive sentiment, but in action;" *ουδε η αρετη και κακια εν πεισει, αλλα ενεργεια.*

Z.

No. 78.] Saturday, July 29, 1786.

THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

One of your earliest correspondents gave us an account of a worthy baronet, a relation of his, who spent all his life intending to do many things, without ever having actually done any thing. Though this may not be a useful, it seems to me a very harmless way of passing one's days. I am the wife, Sir, of quite another kind of gentleman. My husband, Mr. Bustle, always does things first, and then thinks of them afterwards.

One of the most important concerns of his life, I must own to you, he conducted in this manner, and I was his accomplice. We married on three days' acquaintance at the house of a relation of his, where we happened to meet on a visit. We have, however, been a very decently happy couple, and have a family of very fine children. Mr. Bustle indeed does not depend very much on us for the happiness of his life, and he has no time for conferring much happiness or bestowing much attention on us. He is of so active a spirit, so busy, so constantly employed, that the pleasures of a domestic or quiet kind do not enter at all into his plan of life.

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* See Butler's Analogy.

His father was a careful economical man, and left him in a very comfortable situation, with a large estate, a set of thriving tenants, a good house, a well-laid-out farm, and a well-stocked garden. When we went home, we had nothing to do, as the saying is, but to draw in our chairs and sit down. But sitting, however, much at his ease, was not my husband's way. He soon made a great deal of business, though he had found none. It was discovered that the principal apartments of our house were too low; so it was unroofed, to have some feet added to its height, and a new lead-covered platform put a-top, to command a view of a particular turn of the river that runs through the grounds. This kept us two winters in one of our tenant's houses, in which too, all the time we were in it, something or other was a-doing; so that the carpenter's hammer was heard every hour of the day. We had scarce got back to our own house again, when it was found that the water came through our lead-covered platform; so he had the pleasure of having that changed into a cupola, with a roof of a different construction, for the view of the river was still to be preserved. But next year my husband discovered that a plantation was necessary on a particular knoll; so the view of the river we had paid so much for was shut out by a clump. The garden was the next subject of amendment, in which an excellent fruit-wall was pulled down to have it rebuilt on a new plan; by which new plan we have got a very beautiful wall, and trees admirably well dressed, but unfortunately we have lost all our fruit. The same thing happened by our acquisition of a new pigeon-house, which, notwithstanding the well-known superstition of its boding the death of the wife, my husband ventured to build. Luckily I survive the omen; but we have scarcely had a pigeon-pie since. In point of ornamental alteration, the same variety has taken place: we had first a smooth green lawn, though at the expense of cutting down some of the finest timber in the country; we then got a serpentine shrubbery, which within these two years has been dug up, to make room for a field with dropping trees, fenced by a ha-ha!

While he was beautifying his house and grounds, Mr. Bustle was not inattentive to the improvement of his estate. After getting a new survey made of it by a very fine gentleman who came from your town in a post-chaise and four, he sat down one morning with a plan before him, a scale, and a pair of compasses in his hand, and that gentleman at his elbow; and while I was pouring out their tea, they raised the rents of it 200 per cent. as Mr. Quadrant was pleased *to express himself.* Presently all our former *tenants were turned* out of their farms, except a few young men whom the late Mr. Bustle, for what reason I know not, had marked in his rent roll with a †, and a new set put into possession, who, as Mr. Quadrant said, knew the capabilities of ground. Then there was such a pulling down of walls to make little fields large, and a planting of hedges to make large fields little; every thing, in short, was turned topsy-turvy; but what won't people do to get rich? Mr. Quadrant's calculations, however, have not answered with all the exactness we expected. The estate, indeed, as our old steward told me, was considerably increased in its rent; "but a-well-a-day! my lady," said he, "it nets nothing." So Mr. Bustle was obliged to alter that plan, after he had tried it for several years. He has got some of the old tenants back again; but a considerable part of his estate he has reserved in his own hands, of which he says he will treble the produce by turning it into a sheep-walk. During this period, likewise, he has made several attempts to discover coal; and about three years ago narrowly missed being worth 10,000*l.* a year by the unexpected failure of a lead-mine. These are Mr. Bustle's serious occupations; his amusements are no less various, and he is equally ardent in his pursuit of them. He is a hunter, a shooter, and an angler; breaks his own horses, trains his own dogs, and is reckoned the most expert cocker within a hundred miles of us.

To do him justice, however, he is by no means selfish, either in his business or his pleasures. If any of his neighbours have an estate to be sold, a farm to be let, a garden to be laid out, a house to be built, a horse to be broke, or a pointer to be made; Mr. Bustle will ride half a dozen miles at any time to give them his assistance and advice.

Unfortunately his own family are almost the only persons of whom he does not busy himself in the management and superintendence. To our two daughters I have endeavoured to give some little education at home; for my husband was always so occupied, either with his own affairs or the affairs of other people, that though I often pressed him to send them to some place where they could acquire the accomplishments suitable to their sex and rank in life, he always delayed the measure till somehow or other the opportunity was lost. As for our three boys, they have cost me many an uneasy moment. They were sent to an academy in Yorkshire, to grass, as my husband phrased it, at first, with a long plan for their education afterwards; but at grass they continued till within these few months, when they returned home perfect colts indeed, with abundance of health and strength to be sure, but without a word of language that could be understood in their mouths, or a single idea worth the having in their heads. They had acquired, it is true, some knowledge, of which their father has made considerable use since their return, and with which he appears so well pleased as to have little thoughts of sending them any where else. I have heard him declare with much exultation that he would back them at riding a horse, trowling for a pike, or trimming a cock, against any three boys of their age in the kingdom.

He finds the more occasion for their assistance as deputies in matters of this kind, as of late he has betaken himself chiefly to the business of the public, having taken a very strong inclination to promote the good of his country. The death of a gentleman who had been long in the commission of the peace has thrown the business of that department chiefly on Mr. Bustle, who now does little else but study law-cases, convene meetings about highways, turnpikes, bridges, and game licences, and ride all over the country, dispensing justice, redressing wrongs, removing nuisances, and punishing delinquents. In this the activity and eagerness of his nature has sometimes, I am afraid, in the practice of his office, got the better of the knowledge he had stored upon the theory of it. Besides receiving several incendiary letters, which he did not value a rush, and even I should have had the courage to despise, there are two or three actions of assault and false imprisonment raised against him, for acts done in the course of keeping the peace of the country. Indeed his plans for keeping the peace have turned out, like some others formed with the best intention in the world, exactly the reverse of what he expected from them, the country having been in perpetual war ever since he began putting them in execution. There have been such bickerings amongst the gentlemen about widening of roads, removing of dunghills, pulling down cottages, and punishing of vagrants, that one half of the neighbours are scarce in speaking terms with the other. Some of them, who are enemies to the patriotic measures of Mr. Bustle, have, I understand, privately stirred up and supported those law-suits in which his public spirit has involved him. These I cannot help being uneasy about, as of very serious consequence to his fortune and family; but he himself seems not to regret them in the least. He assures me he shall carry them all with costs, and talks rather with satisfaction of going to town to assist in their management. If you should happen to meet with him, Mr. Lounger, I should be happy, for my part, if you could teach him somewhat of your love of ease and indolence. I have many reasons for wishing to forego all the reputation he will acquire by his activity, for a little peace and quiet. There is a saying of his father's, which I have heard the same old steward I mentioned before repeat very often, but Mr. Bustle would never pay any regard to it: "When things are well as they are, he's a fool who tries how they may be."

I am, &c.

Barbara Bustle.

Z.

No. 79.] Saturday, Aug. 5, 1786,

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

My father was a country clergyman, a man of worth and probity, and who had the reputation both of learning and abilities. Being his eldest child, and, as he, perhaps partially, thought, of no unpromising capacity, it was his pleasure to instruct me in various branches of knowledge, to which he judged my understanding was equal, and to cultivate my taste by an early acquaintance with the best authors in our own language. Preposterous acquisitions, Mr. Lounger, for persons in my station of life!—He died about three years ago, leaving my mother and four children, with no other fund for their maintenance than that slender pension which in this country is provided for the widows and children of the clergy. There were indeed about 150 sermons of my father's composition, together with many other manuscripts relating to church-history and antiquities; from all which my mother for some time had formed to herself many golden expectations; but on offering them for sale to a bookseller, he refused to give more than five pounds for the whole parcel, and she rather chose to retain them in her own hands.

To relieve her of part of the burden of her family, a gentleman, who was a distant relation of my father's, was kind enough to take charge of the education of one of my brothers; and as I was now seventeen, and, besides the less useful acquisitions I have mentioned, was moderately skilled in most of the ordinary accomplishments of my sex, it cost some deliberation, whether I should look out for the place of a lady's waiting-maid, or aspire to the more honourable occupation of a mantua-maker. While my plan was yet undetermined, the same gentleman who had taken my brother under his protection wrote to my mother, informing her, that an elderly lady of rank, with whom he had the honour of being acquainted, was in search of a young person, to reside with her rather as a companion than as a servant; and that he had no doubt, if that establishment were agreeable to me, it would be in his power to procure it for me. He represented my Lady Bidmore (the lady in question) as a mighty good sort of woman; and though he owned she had some particular whims, he doubted not that I could easily accommodate myself to them, as they did not proceed from any fault of temper, but a singularity of taste, which a lady of great fortune might easily be excused for indulging herself in. In short, Sir, my mother and I judged this opportunity not to be neglected; and within a few days, our good friend acquainting us that he had arranged every thing for my reception, I set off for town in the stage-coach, to wait on my Lady Bidmore in the capacity of her gentlewoman or humble friend.

It is proper, Sir, to inform you, that this lady owed her birth to a decayed tradesman of this metropolis, and her education to a charity school. At the age of eighteen she had gone to reside with a relation in London, where it was her good fortune to engage the affections of an eminent pawn-broker. With him she lived thirty years; and being left a widow, with a fortune, as was said, of 20,000*l*. she soon after received the addresses of Sir Humphrey Bidmore, knight, alderman and grocer, then in the 70th year of his age. After a year and a half, Sir Humphrey dying without children, her ladyship lost a very affectionate husband, but gained an addition of 15,000*l*. to her fortune. On her marriage with the knight, she had sold the good-will of her shop and warehouse: a transaction that, now she was a second time a widow, she never ceased to repine at; and she has often been heard to regret, that since her dear Sir Humphrey was to die, it was a thousand pities he did not do it a twelvemonth sooner. As it was, however, to no purpose to reflect on what could not be amended, and as her title of ladyship was indeed an obstacle to her resuming a profession for which both genius and inclination had eminently qualified her, she made up her mind to her change of situation, and determined to pass the remainder of her days with ease and dignity in her native country.

To this lady's house I repaired immediately on my arrival in town. If it is not always right to suffer ourselves to be influenced by first impressions, it must be allowed that we often find the features of a character pretty strongly delineated on its outside. I was no sooner announced, than her ladyship, who happened to be standing, seated herself, with great gravity, in her arm-chair; and beckoning me to approach, began to survey me with one of those searching looks which I suppose the famous Justice Fielding (bating that he was blind) would have employed to scan the countenance of a young thief. My face happening luckily to give no offence, her next attention was bestowed on my dress; every article of which she not only examined with her eyes, but her fingers, feeling the stuff of my gown, and holding my apron between her and the light, to observe the quality of the gauze and the texture of the lace. "Is this suit your own, child; or have you borrowed it for the occasion?"—"My own, ma'am." "So much the worse. Why, this is a lace at twelve shillings the yard: Was there ever such extravagance! But perhaps you had it cheap at an old clothes shop? Tell the truth, child; for I abominate liars." I began now to see a little into her character, and resolved to take no offence. In fact she had guessed the real history of the apron, which I had bought that morning in my way to her ladyship's house; and I owned it was so, and that I had it at a third of the value. "Why, that's right again, child. I like you the better for that:—'Tis a good thing to be sharp at a bargain. Such pennyworths as I have in my day!—and now that I can't bustle so well as I once could, a body like you may be useful.—Was you ever at a sale,—a rouping you call it in this country?" "No, madam; I came to town only last night.—"Why then you shall go with me to a sale to-morrow. Let me see;—(taking out a little memorandum book.) Tuesday, Lady Fanstick's: Tea and table china.—Wednesday, Mrs. Griskin's: Kitchen-furniture.—Thursday, Mr. Grimcrack's: Antiquities, books, and pictures; I don't understand them things.—Friday, Mrs. Thrifty's: Bed and table-linen, feather-beds and blankets, damask in the web, eider-down quilts, chintz curtains, and chair-slips; Ay, there will be some rare bargains: every thing of the best sort, I warrant it. Poor Thrifty! she went to the devil through pure economy.—Saturday. The elegant furniture of a gentleman just going abroad. A mere bite of Vamp the auctioneer's—his own old trumpery."——Thus she went on; and I found her ladyship had made a regular entry in her books, for ten successive days, of every sale there was to be in town. "Why sure, madam," said I, "your ladyship does not mean to attend all the sales you mentioned?——"Yes, I do mean it, and as many more every week, if I can find them.—How else do you think I could pass my time? Tell me now what was your favourite occupation.—How did you spend your time in the country?—"Time, madam, never lay heavy on my hands. I assisted my mother in the care of her family, and at my leisure hours amused myself with reading and writing."——"Why that's right;—so you shall do here. You shall help me in the family-matters; and for reading and writing, you shall read all the newspapers, and write down the advertisements of all the sales. But come," said she, "I must show you what is to be your house-hold occupations."

Her ladyship then conducted me through her house; and here I beheld a museum of a new and most extraordinary nature. Her ladyship occupied a large old house, every room of which was so completely filled with furniture, that it was impossible to find one's way from one end to the other, without winding through a labyrinth of chests of drawers, commodes, cabinets, and boxes, which occupied the whole floors, walls, and even windows. Yet in this apparent confusion there was much order and regularity; for each room had its distinct class of articles, to which it was exclusively appropriated. But the two apartments which her ladyship considered as the most valuable of her museum, and which she never suffered to be entered but in her own presence, were her china-room and wardrobe. In the former were piles of plates and dishes, and pyramids of cups and saucers, reaching from the floor to the ceiling. In one quarter was a rampart of tureens and soup-dishes, in another an embattlement of punch-bowls, caudle cups, and porringers. The dark blue of Nankeen was contrasted with the ancient red of Japan, the production of Dresden was opposed to the manufacture of Seves, and the mock Saxon of Derby to the mock Indian of Staffordshire. In the ornamental porcelain, the eye was completely lost in a chaos of pagodas, wagging-headed mandareens, and bonzes, red lions, golden dogs, and fiery dragons. In the other apartment, the wardrobe, was reposited every article of female apparel that had been in use during the last sixty years. To attempt an enumeration is utterly impossible; for in the two years I have been with her ladyship, I have not learnt half the names of these wonderful accoutrements. As the most exact order was observed in arranging the different articles of dress, it might even have amused you, Mr. Lounger, as a philosopher, to have marked the various fluctuations of fashion in the habits of our whimsical sex, and the fantastical coverings in which we have chosen, at different periods, to disguise our natural shapes. Here, Sir, you might observe the gradual progress of the hoop, both in its increase and wane, the alternate elevation and depression of the stays, the stages of gradation from the stiff jacket and farthingale to the sack, and from the negligée to the polonaise; the regular succession of laced hoods, caps, mobs, French night-caps and Robin Grays; the progress of bonnets from the Quaker to the Shepherdess and Kitty Fisher, and thence to the Werter, the Lunardi, and Parachute.

Her ladyship was now pleased to inform me of those services she expected from me as her attendant and companion; and lest I should scruple at the severity or menial nature of any of my tasks, she took care to inform me that I was to be but an assistant to herself in every one of them. They consisted in cleaning and sweeping out the several apartments, airing the feather-beds and blankets, turning and ranging the suits of linen; pinching, plaiting and folding the different articles in the wardrobe; washing, dusting, and blowing the china; rubbing and polishing, with bees-wax, the chairs, tables, and cabinet-work, and scouring the kitchen-furniture. In these two last departments, however, we were to have the additional aid of the cook and chambermaid.

Early next morning (her ladyship always rises at five o'clock) I entered upon office; and being furnished with an apron and stomacher of blue flannel, went to work upon the tables and chairs; and in this I acquitted myself so much to her ladyship's satisfaction, that she declared me a good clever girl: and added that she had seldom seen a better hand at a rubber and hard-brush. At eight we had tea and buttered toast, her ladyship mixing a table-spoonful of brandy in every cup, which she said was good against wind in the stomach; and after breakfast she walked out, leaning on my arm, to the before-mentioned auction of china at Lady Fanstick's.

Here, Sir, I had an opportunity of observing the importance of her ladyship's character, who no sooner made her appearance than the auctioneer, laying down a lot which he was just joing to knock off, called out for a chair to Lady Bidmore, and courteously making a sign to the company to give way, beckoned to her ladyship to take her seat at his right hand. Then handing to her the lot, which he called a round tureen, he desired her ladyship to observe the strength and solidity of the manufacture, and the beauty of the colouring. After a short examination, and ringing it, to try if it was without a flaw, she returned it into the auctioneer's hands, declaring it a piece of true dragon. Hereupon two or three additional bidders stepped into the field; and the lot, which was a few minutes before going at ten shillings, sold for twenty-five. Her ladyship was now consulted on every article that was exposed, either by handing it down for her inspection, or by turning it to the side whence she could have a proper view of it; and her opinion was sometimes given in a few decisive words, and sometimes expressed by a significant nod or wink to the auctioneer. These decisions were generally indeed much more to his satisfaction than that of the rest of the company, many of whom cursed her ladyship, for enhancing their bargains: and one gentleman, with more plainness than politeness, swore he believed there was roguery in the business, and that the old pawnbroker was either selling her own goods, or had poundage on every article in the sale. These reflections her ladyship (from being quite accustomed to them) heard with the utmost indifference; and she bought herself many of the capital lots. She returned home in great spirits; and we spent the afternoon in disposing to advantage her new purchases, which occasioned some alteration of arrangement in the china-room, and gave us sufficient occupation for the greatest part of the evening. Such is the history of the first day I passed in her ladyship's service; and so uniform is the tenor of her life, that the history of one day is as good as that of a thousand.

Hitherto, Sir, I have informed you of nothing in her ladyship's character, or mode of living, to which a person in my dependent circumstances might not have endeavoured, even cheerfully, to accommodate herself. Nor am I sure that what I have yet to inform you of will be sufficient to justify me in the opinion of all your readers, for the resolution I have taken of quitting her ladyship's service; at a time too when I stand so high in her favour, that she has repeatedly declared she could not live without me. Be that as it may, I owe it in justice to myself to inform you of the cause of my dissatisfaction with my present situation.

I had very early observed in her ladyship's disposition that selfishness we often remark in low minds: a sensibility limited to their own pains and pleasures, with a total unconcern for those of others. It was however only by degrees I came to discover to what lengths this principle was capable of extending. I am now disposed to believe there are persons whose nature partakes not in the smallest degree of the humane or benevolent affections.

In the course of my attendance on her ladyship at those sales which she daily frequents, I have occasionally witnessed scenes which none but the most obdurate natures could have beheld with unconcern. An auction of the effects of a private person is frequently the most melancholy of spectacles. It is the signal of the dissolution of a family, the breaking up of all the tenderest ties of human nature: and it often happens, that in those scenes poverty is superadded to calamity. I attended her ladyship one day lately to a sale in the house of Mr. S——, who, about a month before, had lost a most amiable wife, the mother of five children. He had been unfortunate in business; and losing with this event all resolution to struggle with the world, he had determined to retire with his family to a distant part of the country. Amidst the confusion of the house, there was one room in which the children were kept, under the care of a maid-servant. Lady Bidmore, prying in the spirit of a harpy into every corner, entered this room, having in her hand a small dressing box, which she had just bought. A beautiful boy, of four years of age, ran up to her, and endeavoured to seize the box: "That's my mamma's," said he;—"you shall not carry it away; 'tis my own mamma's."—"Mamma, my dear," whispered the maid, "has no use for it."—"Hold your peace, little Mr. Prateapace," cried my Lady Bidmore, "'tis my box now, and I have paid pretty well for it. Nurse, young master must have a whipping, to teach him better manners."—

Her ladyship has many poor relations, among the rest two sisters who have numerous families. One of these is a widow, whom having once accommodated with the loan of ten pounds, which she was unable to repay, this circumstance furnishes, at present, an excuse for allowing her and her family to starve. The other having the misfortune to be married to a spendthrift and a drunkard, it would be an unworthy use of her ladyship's money to supply his extravagance and debaucheries. Thus, while in my lady's repositories I have counted the complete furnishings of twenty beds, her two sisters have scarce a blanket to cover them; and while there are, to my knowledge, in one single chest, thirty pieces of uncut nankeen, there are six of her nephews at this moment running the streets without breeches. These, however, are her ladyship's heirs, unless supplanted by some favourite like myself. For she has repeatedly assured me, I shall find a proof of the strength of her affection in her will.—Silly girl that I am, to forego those brilliant expectations! Yet such is the misfortune of some feelings, with which I believe I was born, and some principles, which have been strengthened in me by an erroneous system of education.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
Alice Heartly.

No. 80.] Saturday, Aug. 12, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Dic mihi, cras istud, Posthume, quando venit?
Mart.

When will that long desired To-morrow come?

Sir,

I flatter myself you will not think me unworthy of your correspondence. Most of the members of my family have taken the liberty of communicating the particulars of their situation, or of praying redress of their grievances from the authors of periodical works of the time; and a certain dark-complexioned relation of mine has had a petition to yourself laid before the public in your 53d number. I think, Mr. Lounger, I may say without much arrogance, I am not less deserving of your favour than her. She, I know, pretends to have sometimes assisted you in your labours; but it is to me you look for their reward.

Of that relation, Mr. Lounger, since I have mentioned her, I may first complain. She was naturally of a serious and rather melancholy cast. But of late a fashionable life has quite altered her disposition. She has become intolerably light-headed, gay as her friends call it, and allows her affairs to get into the greatest confusion and disorder: all of which it falls upon me to re-establish and put to rights again. Her gayety, when carried the ridiculous length to which in town she frequently pushes it, is the occasion of much sadness to me; her festivity gives me many a headach; her extravagance has frequently threatened me with a jail; and her impertinence brought me in danger of my life.

I am, generally speaking indeed, the most unfortunate person in the world, in regard to my predecessors. They got a thousand things upon trust, which they have left me to answer for. With all ranks and conditions of men, I am constantly the scape-goat for every thing that is amiss, the bail for all misdemeanours, the security in all obligations. My burdens are now become so intolerable, that I am resolved (through your channel, if you will allow me) to rid myself of them at once, and to take out a commission of bankruptcy in the Lounger. What sort of division my circumstances will allow, you will please to signify to the principal classes of my creditors in your next paper.

Tell such of them as may look for me at court, that I do not hold myself bound for above one shilling in the pound of the promises and notes of hand of my ancestors. With some people in place there I have pretty long accounts to settle; but to these I know they do not pay much attention, for a very good reason indeed, that the balance is generally against them.

Let that class who frequent courts of law know, that I will not pretend to clear above a tenth part of the incumbrances that are there laid upon me. In all the courts, I must leave the other nine parts to be settled by my successors. In chancery I don't know whether my great-great-grandson will be able to discharge them.

Be so kind as acquaint the projectors of various denominations, who are so deep in my books, that I cannot answer above one in a thousand of the draughts they will probably make upon me. Nay, I will frankly tell them, that it is likely they may lose more than even the money they were made to advance for me. But as most of them expected usurious interest, their losses do not touch me very nearly.

I must inform those lovers who have trusted me, that they are of all my creditors the most likely to be offended with me. They are indeed in a very singular situation with regard to the securities of mine in their possession. If they receive payment, it is a hundred to one but they will be undone by it.

My bonds to beauties must suffer a very great discount. They are indeed of such a nature that prescription soon bars them; and most of them are so conceived, that coverture or marriage in the obligee renders them absolutely void.

Authors will be often disappointed in the claims they pretend to have upon me. I never receive a fiftieth part of the books that modern-writers desire their booksellers to send me. In order, however, to conciliate your favour, Sir, I will give you my promise (though it is but fair to confess that I sometimes forget my promises), that the Lounger shall make one of my library.

Your most obedient servant,

To-Morrow.

I have lately received several letters on the subject of the stage, and among others, one signed Nerva, censuring in very strong terms that boisterous and noisy kind of applause which, in the midst of the most affecting passages of a tragedy, the bulk of a British audience are disposed to indulge in. It seems to have been written during the time of Mrs. Pope's late performance in our theatre, whose tones of pity and of tenderness, my correspondent complains, were often interrupted or rendered inaudible by the drumming of sticks and the clapping of hands in the pit and gallery. He was the more struck with the impropriety, he says, from his being accompanied by a gentleman, a native of Italy, though enough a proficient in our language to understand the play. He describes "the surprise and horror of the susceptible Albani," (so it seems the stranger is called), accustomed as he had been to the decorum of the Italian stage, to find, instead of silence and involuntary tears, the roar and riot with which our audience received the most pathetic speeches of one of the best of our tragedies.

"On Sunday," continues my correspondent, "Albani and I went to church. The plainness of the edifice, and the simplicity of our worship, struck him much: yet he was pleased with the decency which prevailed, and charmed with the discourse. 'I am surprised,' said he, as we walked home, 'that so elegant a preacher is not a greater favourite with the public.'—'You are mistaken,' I replied; 'he has long been their favourite.'—'Nay,' said he, 'do not tell me so; you saw they did not give him a single mark of applause during the whole discourse, nor even at the end.'—I laughed, Mr. Lounger, so perhaps will you; but I believe you will find it difficult to assign any good reason why silence, attention, and tears, which are thought ample approbation in the one place, should be held insufficient in the other; or why that boisterous applause, which is thought so honourable in the theatre, should be thought a disgrace to merit in the pulpit or at the bar."

I cannot, however, perfectly agree with my correspondent in this last observation. At the bar, indeed, the clapping of hands, and the beating the floor with people's sticks, might do well enough; but at the bar it is a rule never to make a noise for nothing. In the church, not to mention the indecency of the thing, disturbances of that kind are perfectly averse to the purpose for which many grave and good Christians go thither.

In the playhouse, besides the prescriptive right which the audience have now acquired to this sort of freedom, I think that part of the house by which it is commonly exercised have much to plead in its defence. The boxes frequently contrive to drown the noise of the stage, and it is but fair that the pit and gallery should in their turn drown the noise of the boxes.

My correspondent seems to allow this sort of applause at the representation of comedy, or at least of farce; and indeed I am inclined to think, that in some of our late farces, a very moral use may be made of it, as the less that is heard of them by the boxes the better. The cudgels of the audience, of the barbarity of which Nerva complains so warmly, cannot be better employed, except perhaps they could be applied to recompense the merit of the author, instead of the talents of the actors. Moral writers on the subject of the stage used to vent their reproaches against the comic authors of the last age, who mixed so much indecency with their wit. The censure does not exactly apply to the *petite piece* writers of our days; for they keep strictly to the unity of composition, and mix no wit with their indecency. I fairly confess, that I have been obliged to abate somewhat of the severity of my former opinion with regard to the wicked wits of the old school, and am content to go back to Wycherly and Congreve, having always thought, with my friend Colonel Caustic, that if one must sin, it is better to sin like a gentleman. Besides, a very dull or a very innocent person may possibly miss the allusion of a free speech, when it is covered with the veil of wit or of irony. But the good things of our modern farce-mongers have nothing of disguise about them; the dishes they are pleased to serve up to us are not garlicked ragouts, but ragouts of garlic. I was much pleased with the answer which I heard a plain country gentleman give to another in the pit some weeks ago, who observed to him, that the farce was droll and laughable enough, but that there was a good deal of *double entendre* in it. I don't know what you may think *double*, said he, in reply; but in my mind, it was as plain *single entendre* as ever I heard in my life. V.

* * *

No. 81.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1786.

THE love of fame, "that last infirmity of noble minds," though it may sometimes expose its votaries to a certain degree of blame or of ridicule, is in the main a useful passion. In the present age, I have often thought, that instead of being restrained, a love of fame and of glory ought to be encouraged, as an incitement to virtue, and to virtuous actions. From various causes, which I mean not at present to investigate, this passion seems to have lost its usual force; it has almost ceased to be a motive of action; and its place seems now to be supplied by a sordid love of gain, by which men of every rank and of every station appear to be actuated. In the camp, as upon 'Change, profit and loss is the great object of attention. When a young soldier sets out on an expedition against the enemies of his country, he does not now talk so much of the honour and reputation he is to acquire, as of the profit he expects to reap from his conquests. Accordingly we have seen gallant officers metamorphosed into skilful merchants, who, though they had spirit enough to expose themselves to the "cannon's mouth," were very much disposed to seek something there more solid than "the bubble reputation."

The Roman triumph, which to us wears so barbarous an appearance, was intended to excite this love of glory; and if we may judge from consequences, it was a wise and useful institution. In our own country, it rarely happens that distinguished military merit is allowed to pass unnoticed and unrewarded. There is something indeed so dazzling in the glory of a hero, that, when not restrained by motives of jealousy or of envy, we are apt rather to heighten than to detract from it. If, therefore, it be true that our fleets and armies have of late made a less distinguished figure than in former times, it certainly cannot be attributed to any want of public honour or public applause.

But there is a species of merit less brilliant, though not perhaps less useful or less praiseworthy, which often is disregarded by the world, and in general entitles its possessor to little attention while alive, and to little fame after his death. There is a sort of military spirit and honour which is sometimes opposed to the same qualities in a civil sense; and a young man, when he puts on his uniform, often thinks himself exempted from the obligation of certain duties which he allows to be commendable enough in the sons of peace. A want of attention to his own interest, or the interest of those connected with him, a degree of dissipation and extravagance equally hurtful to both, are held as venial offences in a soldier, whose business is to march and to fight, but who is not bound to think or to feel. Yet true nobleness of mind is every where the same, and may be equally shown in the honourable dealings of private life, as in the most splendid exertions of spirit or valour. As the historian of character and manners (in which light a periodical author, to be of any use at all, must be considered), I am happy when I have an opportunity of recording any example of that more humble merit which other annalists have no room to celebrate. In this view, I was much pleased with an anecdote I was told t'other day, of General W——, one of Queen Anne's generals. It is not, however, as a soldier (although he possessed great professional merit) that I wish to introduce General W—— to my readers.

Mr. W—— obtained an ensigncy in the army when rather more advanced in life than most of the captains of the present times, who make so fine a figure upon all occasions, in their green, red, and white feathers, and whose heads at every assembly rival those of our most fashionable ladies. From the time Mr. W—— joined his regiment, he was distinguished for an unwearied attention to the duties of his station. When he appeared in public, or upon duty, his dress and deportment were always decent and proper. Of his manner of life in private even his brother officers were for some time ignorant. He did not mess with them, and he partook of none of their expensive pleasures and amusements. At length it was discovered, that he fared worse, and lived on less, than any private soldier in the regiment. The good sense and the known spirit of Mr. W—— preserved him from the ridicule and contempt with which this discovery might otherwise have been attended. His merit as an officer meanwhile recommended Mr. W—— to the notice of his superiors; he was promoted from time to time; but no promotion ever made any alteration on his mode of life. After serving with distinguished reputation under King William, Mr. W—— went to Flanders in the beginning of the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns, in the course of which he was promoted to the rank of general, and obtained the command of a regiment. Although his income was now great, he still lived with the utmost parsimony: and even those who esteemed him the most were obliged to allow that his love of money (which they considered as a sort of disease) exceeded all bounds. His enemies, however, were forced to acknowledge, that in all his transactions he was perfectly honourable, and that his love of money never led him to commit injustice.

In one of the last years of the war, General W—— and his regiment went into winter-quarters at Ghent. About the middle of winter his officers were astonished at receiving an invitation to dine with their colonel for the first time. Most of the principal officers in the garrison received with equal surprise a similar invitation. Upon the day appointed they went to the general's house, where they were received with a kindly cheerful welcome, proceeding from a mind at ease, and satisfied with itself, more engaging to the feelings of our guests than the most finished politeness. After an elegant dinner, wines of every kind were placed upon the table; and as the general knew that some of his guests did not dislike their glass, he pushed the bottle briskly about. The company were more and more astonished; at length some of them took the liberty to express what all of them felt. "I do not wonder at your surprise," said General W——, "and in justice to myself I must take this occasion to explain a conduct which hitherto must have appeared extraordinary to all of you. You must know, then, that I was bred a linen-draper in London. Early in life I set up in business, which for some time I carried on with success, and to a considerable extent. At length, by various misfortunes, I was obliged to stop payment. I called my creditors together, and laid my affairs before them; and though they lost very considerably, they were so satisfied with my conduct, that they immediately gave me a full discharge, and some of them even urged me to engage in business anew. But I was so disheartened with my former ill-success, that I could not think of hazarding myself in the same situation again. At length I resolved to go into the army, and by the interest of one of those creditors who was satisfied of the fairness of my conduct, and who pitied my misfortunes, obtained an ensigncy. But though my creditors were satisfied, I was far from being so. The idea that they had suffered by me dwelt upon my mind, and I felt that I could enjoy nothing while my debts remained unpaid. Happily I have at length accomplished that object. The last packet from England brought me a full acquittance from my creditors of all I owed them, principal and interest. Till now I possessed nothing which in justice I could call my own. Hitherto you have seen me act as a rigid steward for others; now I must entreat that my friends will assist me to enjoy an income far beyond my wants."

I believe my readers will agree with me in thinking that the conduct of General W—— was truly noble. Of men's actions in public life it is often difficult to form a just estimate. The statesman may be applauded for measures which are not his own, and a general or an admiral may be indebted for all his fame to a lucky accident, which, "without his stir," has crowned him with victory unmerited and unexpected. But General W——'s merit was all his own, and ought to be rated the higher for this reason, that it was not of that splendid kind which figures most in the imagination of mankind.

To excite to virtue, by exhibiting pictures of excellence and worth, is certainly the pleasantest, if not the best and most effectual mode of instruction. To cite opposite examples in our own time, by way of contrast to this instance in the reign of Queen Anne, would be an ungrateful task. I may mention, however, in order to take off the idea of that distinction which some men have arrogated to themselves, from a contempt of the obligations of justice, that the pre-eminence which rank or high life formerly used to claim in that respect is now in a great measure lost. Now-a-days there are tradesmen who dissipate their own money, and waste that with which others have entrusted them, with all the *sang froid* of the best bred people of fashion; and we may meet with more than one man of spirit behind a counter, who can cock his hat in the face of his creditors, as valiantly as if there was a cockade or a feather in it.

R.

No. 82.] Saturday, Aug. 26, 1786.

Je n'arme contre lui que le fruit de son crime.
CREBILLON.

He reaps the fruit of his own crime.

THE effects of moral instruction and precept on the mind have been rated very highly by some grave and worthy men, while by others the experience of their inefficacy, in regulating the conduct of the hearer or reader, has been cited as an indisputable proof of their unimportance. Among those, say they, on whom moral eloquence has employed all her powers, who have been tutored by the wisest and most virtuous teachers, and have had the advice and direction of the ablest and most persuasive guides, how few are there whose future conduct has answered to the instruction they received, or the maxims which were so often repeated to them. Natural disposition or acquired habits regulate the tenor of our lives: and neither the sermon that persuades, nor the relation that moves, has any permanent effect on the actions of him who listens or who weeps.

Yet, though examples of their efficacy are not very frequent, it does not altogether follow that the discourse or the story are useless and vain. Stronger motives will no doubt overpower weaker ones, and those which constantly assail will prevail over others which seldom occur. Passion therefore will sometimes be obeyed when reason is forgot, and corrupt society will at length overcome the best early impressions. But the effects of that reason, or of those impressions, we are not always in condition to estimate fairly. The examples of their failure are easily known, and certain of being observed; the instances of such as have been preserved from surrounding contagion by their influence are traced with difficulty, and strike us less when they are traced.

Formal precepts and hypothetical cautions are indeed frequently offered to youth and inexperience, in a manner so ungracious as neither to command their attention nor conciliate their liking. He who says I am to instruct and to warn, with a face of instruction or admonition, prepares his audience for hearing what the young and the lively always avoid as tiresome, or fear as unpleasant. A more willing and a deeper impression will be made, when the observation arises without being prompted, when the understanding is addressed through the feelings. It was this which struck me so forcibly in the story of Father Nicholas. I never felt so strongly the evils of dissipation, nor ever was so ashamed of the shame of being virtuous.

It was at a small town in Brittany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumstances had induced me to take up my residence for a few weeks. They had some pictures which strangers used to visit. I went with a party whose purpose was to look at them: mine in such places is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the shifting scene which prompts observation, we see in such secluded societies a sort of still life, which nourishes thought, which gives subjects for meditation. I confess, however, I have often been disappointed; I have seen a group of faces under their cowls, on which speculation could build nothing; mere common-place countenances, which might have equally well belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Most of those in the convent I now visited were of that kind: one, however, was of a very superior order; that of a monk, who kneeled at a distance from the altar, near a Gothic window, through the painted panes of which a gleamy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark Rembrandt shade on the hollow of a large black, melancholy eye. It was impossible not to take notice of him.

He looked up, involuntarily no doubt, to a picture of our Saviour bearing his cross; the similarity of the attitude, and the quiet resignation of the two countenances, formed a resemblance that could not but strike every one. "It is Father Nicholas," whispered our conductor, "who is of all the brotherhood the most rigid to himself, and the kindest to other men. To the distressed, to the sick, and to the dying, he is always ready to administer assistance and consolation. Nobody ever told him a misfortune in which he did not take interest, or requested good offices which he refused to grant; yet the austerity and mortifications of his own life are beyond the strictest rules of his order; and it is only from what he does for others that one supposes him to feel any touch of humanity." The subject seemed to make our informer eloquent. I was young, curious, enthusiastic; it sunk into my heart, and I could not rest till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured, from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. "It is not usual," said he, "my son, for people at your age to solicit acquaintance like mine. To you the world is in its prime; why should you anticipate its decay? Gayety and cheerfulness spring up around you; why should you seek out the abodes of melancholy and of wo? Yet though dead to the pleasures, I am not insensible to the charities of life. I feel your kindness, and wish for an opportunity to requite it."——He perceived my turn for letters, and showed me some curious MSS. and some scarce books, which belonged to their convent: these were not the communications I sought; accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the knowledge I valued more, the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the story of his sorrows, the cause of his austerities.

One evening when I entered his cell, after knocking at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling before a crucifix, to which was affixed a small picture, which I took to be that of the blessed Virgin. I stood behind him, uncertain whether I should wait the close of his devotional exercise, or retire unperceived as I came. His face was covered with his hand, and I heard his stifled groans. A mixture of compassion and of curiosity fixed me to my place. He took his hands from his eyes with a quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence: he laid hold of the picture, which he kissed twice, pressed it to his bosom, and then, gazing on it earnestly, burst into tears. After a few moments, he clasped his hands together, threw a look up to heaven, and muttering some words which I could not hear, drew a deep sigh, which seemed to close the account of his sorrows for the time, and rising from his knees, discovered me. I was ashamed of my situation, and stammered out some apology for my unintentional interruption of his devotions.——"Alas! (said he) be not deceived; these are not the tears of devotion; not the meltings of piety, but the wringings of remorse. Perhaps, young man, it may stead thee to be told the story of my sufferings and of my sins: ingenuous as thy nature seems, it may be exposed to temptations like mine; it may be the victim of laudable feelings perverted, of virtue betrayed, of false honour and mistaken shame."

My name is St. Hubert; my family ancient and respectable, though its domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I lost my father before I knew the misfortune of losing him; and the indulgence of my mother, who continued a widow, made up, in the estimation of a young man, for any want of that protection or of guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having passed with applause through the ordinary studies which the capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother sent me to Paris, along with the son of a neighbouring family, who, though of less honourable descent, was much richer than ours. Young Delaserre (that was my companion's name) was intended for the army; me, from particular circumstances which promised success in that line, my mother and her friends had destined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchase of a charge for me when I should be qualified for it. Delaserre had a sovereign contempt for any profession but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inspiring me with the same sentiments. In the capital I had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. The *fierté* of every man who had served, the insolent superiority he claimed over his fellow-citizens, dazzled my ambition and awed my bashfulness. From nature I had that extreme sensibility of shame, which could not stand against the ridicule even of much inferior men. Ignorance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, from his superior effrontery; and the best established principles of my mind would sometimes yield to the impudence of assuming sophistry or of unblushing vice. To the profession which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and sober manners were naturally attached; having once set down that profession as humiliating, I concluded its attendant qualities to be equally dishonourable. I was ashamed of virtues to which I was naturally inclined, a bully in vices which I hated and despised. Delaserre enjoyed my apostasy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At school he was much my inferior, and I attained every mark of distinction to which he had aspired in vain. In Paris he triumphed in his turn; his superior wealth enabled him to command the appearances of superior dignity and show; the cockade in his hat inspired a confidence which my situation did not allow; and, bold as he was in dissipation and debauchery, he led me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had first trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill-judging kindness supplied me with the means of those pleasures which my companions induced me to share, if pleasures they might be called, which I often partook with uneasiness and reflected on with remorse. Sometimes, though but too seldom, I was as much a hypocrite on the other side; I was self-denied, beneficent, and virtuous by stealth; while the time and money which I had so employed, I boasted to my companions of having spent in debauchery, in riot, and in vice.

The habits of life, however, into which I had been led, began by degrees to blunt my natural feelings of rectitude, and to take from vice the restraints of conscience. But the dangerous connection I had formed was broken off by the accident of Delaserre's receiving orders to join his regiment, then quartered at Dunkirk. At his desire I gave him the convoy as far as to a relation's house in Picardy, where he was to spend a day or two in his way. "I will introduce you," said he in a tone of pleasantry, "because you will be a favourite; my cousin Santonges is as sober and precise as you were when I first found you." The good man whom he thus characterised possessed indeed all those virtues of which the ridicule of Dalaserre had sometimes made me ashamed, but which it had never made me entirely cease to revere. In his family I regained the station which, in our dissipated society at Paris, I had lost. His example encouraged and his precepts fortified my natural disposition to goodness; but his daughter, Emilia de Santonges, was a more interesting assistant to it. After my experience of the few of her sex with whom we were acquainted in town, the native beauty, the unaffected manners of Emilia, were infinitely attractive. Delaserre, however, found them insipid and tiresome. He left his kinsman's the third morning after his arrival, promising, as soon as his regiment should be reviewed, to meet me in Paris. Except in Paris, said he, we exist merely, but do not live. I found it very different. I lived but in the presence of Emilia de Santonges. But why should I recall those days of purest felicity, or think of what my Emilia was! for not long after she was mine. In the winter they came to Paris, on account of her father's health, which was then rapidly on the decline. I tended him with that assiduity which was due to his friendship, which the company of Emilia made more an indulgence than a duty. Our cares, and the skill of his physicians, were fruitless. He died, and left his daughter to my friendship. It was then that I first dared to hope for her love; that over the grave of her father I mingled my tears with Emilia's, and tremblingly ventured to ask, if she thought me worthy of comforting her sorrows? Emilia was too innocent for disguise, too honest for affectation. She gave her hand to my virtues (for I then was virtuous), to reward at the same time, and to confirm them. We retired to Santonges, where we enjoyed as much felicity as perhaps the lot of humanity will allow. My Emilia's merits were equal to her happiness; and I may say without vanity, since it is now my shame, that the since wretched St. Hubert was then thought to deserve the blessings he enjoyed.

Z.

No. 83.] SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1786.

Continuation of the Story of Father Nicholas.

IN this state of peaceful felicity we had lived something more than a year, when my Emilia found herself with child. On that occasion my anxiety was such as a husband who dotes upon his wife may be supposed to feel. In consequence of that anxiety, I proposed our removing for some weeks to Paris, where she might have abler assistance than our province could afford in those moments of danger which she soon expected. To this she objected with earnestness, from a variety of motives; but most of my neighbours applauded my resolution; and one, who was the nephew of a farmer-general, and had purchased the estate on which his father had been a tenant, told me the danger from their country accoucheurs was such, that nobody who could afford to go to Paris would think of trusting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and absolutely determined for the journey. To induce my wife's consent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at last consented, and we removed to town accordingly.

For some time I scarce ever left our hotel: it was the same at which Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of those scenes, tender and interesting as they were, spread a sort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual society, by which the company of any third person could scarcely be brooked. My wife had some of those sad presages which women of her sensibility often feel in the condition she was then in. All my attention and solicitude were excited to combat her fears. "I shall not live," she would say, "to revisit Santonges: but my Henry will think of me there: in those woods in which we have so often walked, by that brook to the fall of which we have listened together, and felt in silence what language, at least what mine, my love, could not speak."—The good father was overpowered by the tenderness of the images that rushed upon his mind, and tears for a moment choked his utterance. After a short space he began, with a voice faltering and weak.

—Pardon the emotion that stopped my recital. You pity me, but it is not always that my tears are of so gentle a kind: the images her speech recalled softened my feelings into sorrow; but I am not worthy of them. Hear the confession of my remorse.

The anxiety of my Emilia was at last dissipated by her safe delivery of a boy; and on this object of a new kind of tenderness we gazed with inexpressible delight. Emilia suckled the infant herself, as well from the idea of duty and of pleasure in tending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurse to be trusted. We proposed returning to the country as soon as the re-establishment of her strength would permit: mean time, during the hours of rest, I generally went out to finish the business which the trust of my deceased friend had devolved upon me.

In passing through the Thuilleries, in one of those walks, I met my old companion Delaserre. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I scarce expected from my knowledge of his disposition, or the length of time for which our correspondence had been broken off. He had heard, he said, accidentally of my being in town, but had sought me for several days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one whom I was the most afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded dissipation and extravagance; and there were some stories to his prejudice which were only not believed from an unwillingness to believe them in people whom the corruptions of the world have not familiarised to baseness; yet I found he still possessed a kind of superiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuse, by forcing myself to think him less unworthy than he was reported. After a variety of inquiries, and expressing his cordial satisfaction at the present happiness I enjoyed, he pressed me to spend that evening with him so earnestly, that though I had made it a sort of rule to be at home, I was ashamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our company consisted only of Delaserre himself, and two other officers, one a good deal older than any of us, who had the cross of St. Louis, and the rank of colonel, whom I thought the most agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingness with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different sort of party where I was going, made me feel the present one doubly pleasant. My spirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that constraint I was prepared for, rose in proportion to the pleasantry around me, and the perfect ease in which I found myself with this old officer, who had information, wit, sentiment, every thing I valued most, and every thing I least expected in a society selected by Delaserre. It was late before we parted; and at parting I received, not without pleasure, an invitation from the colonel to sup with him the evening after.

The company at his house I found enlivened by his sister, and a friend of hers, a widow, who, though not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impressed one much more in her favour than mere beauty could. When silent, there was a certain softness in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expression which her conversation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unused as I was to the little gallantries of fashionable life, I rather wished than hoped to make myself agreeable to her. She seemed, however, interested in my attentions and conversation, and in hers I found myself flattered at the same time and delighted. We played, against the inclination of this lady and me, and we won rather more than I wished. Had I been as rich as Delaserre, I should have objected to the deepness of the stakes: but we were the only persons of the company that seemed uneasy at our success, and we parted with the most cordial good-humour. Madame de Trenville (that was the widow's name), smiling to the colonel, asked him to take his revenge at her house, and said, with an air of equal modesty and frankness, that as I had been the partner of her success, she hoped for the honour of my company, to take the chance of sharing a less favourable fortune.

At first my wife had expressed her satisfaction at my finding amusement in society, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my absence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almost every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the same, she could not help expressing by her countenance her dissatisfaction at my absence. I perceived this at first with tenderness only, and next evening excused myself from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it used to be: thoughtful, but afraid to trust one another with our thoughts, Emilia showed her uneasiness in her looks, and I covered mine but ill with an assumed gayety of appearance.

The day following Delaserre called, and saw Emilia for the first time. He rallied me gently for breaking my last night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my wife insisted on my keeping. Her cousin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wish Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have staid, but for the shame of not going. The company perceived my want of gayety, and Delaserre was merry on the occasion. Even my friend the colonel threw in a little raillery on the subject of marriage. 'Twas the first time I felt somewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party.

We played deeper and sat later than formerly: but I was to show myself not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I lost considerably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I saw Emilia next morning, whose spirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct, and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did so.—Delaserre came to take me to his house to dinner. He observed as he went, that Emilia looked ill.

"Going to the country will re-establish her," said I.—"Do you leave Paris?" said he.—"In a few days."—"Had I such motives for remaining in it as you have."—"What motives?"—"The attachment of such friends; but friendship is a cold word: the attachment of such a woman as de Trenville." I know not how I looked, but he pressed the subject no farther: perhaps I was less offended than I ought to have been.

We went to that lady's house after dinner. She was dressed most elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had seen her. The party was more numerous than usual, and there was more vivacity in it. The conversation turned on my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country manners, of country opinions, of the insipidity of country enjoyments, was kept up with infinite spirit by Delaserre, and most of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and sometimes looked at me as if the subject was too serious for her to be merry on. I was half ashamed and half sorry that I was going to the country; less uneasy than vain at the preference that was shown me.

Z.

No. 84.] Saturday, Sept. 9, 1786.

Conclusion of the Story of Father Nicholas.

I was a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to screen myself from a discovery that might have saved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my visits to Madame de Trenville's, under the pretence of some perplexing incidents that had arisen in the management of those affairs with which I was intrusted. Her mind was too pure for suspicion or for jealousy. It was easy even for a novice in falsehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able assistant in Delaserre, who now resumed the ascendancy over me he had formerly possessed, but with an attraction more powerful, from the infatuated attachment which my vanity and weakness, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

It happened that just at this time a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of hers in the neighbourhood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature-painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doted on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his sleep. The young painter was pleased with the idea, provided she would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the sake of surprising me with the picture when it should be finished. That she might have a better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a sort of satisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my absence.

She knew not what, during that absence, was my employment. The slave of vice and of profusion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the most artful and worthless of women, and losing the fortune that should have supported my child and hers, to a set of cheats and villains. Such was the snare that Delaserre and his associates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generosity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe that she was every way the victim of her affection for me. My first great losses at play she pretended to reimburse from her own private fortune, and then threw herself upon my honour, for relief from those distresses into which I had brought her. After having exhausted all the money I possessed, and all my credit could command, I would have stopped short of ruin; but when I thought of returning in disgrace and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I had not resolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the remains of my estate, and staked the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The event was such as might have been expected.

After the dizzy horror of my situation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me such a reception as suited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falsehood, and of that ruin to which she had been employed to lead me, flashed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which she received with the coolness of hardened vice, of experienced seduction. I rushed from her house, I knew not whither. My steps involuntarily led me home. At my door I stopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had shrunk back some paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unspeakable horror, and my knees smote each other. It was night, and the street was dark and silent around me. I threw myself down before the door, and wished some ruffian's hand to ease me of life and thought together. At last the recollection of Emilia, and of my infant boy, crossed my disordered mind, and a gush of tenderness burst from my eyes. I rose and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up softly to my wife's chamber. She was asleep, with a night-lamp burning by her, her child sleeping on her bosom, and its little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She smiled through her sleep, and seemed to dream of happiness. My brain began to madden again; and as the misery to which she must awake crossed my imagination, the horrible idea arose within me,—I shudder yet to tell it,—to murder them as they lay, and next myself!—I stretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—The infant unclasped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle pressure wrung my heart; its softness returned; I burst into tears; but I could not stay to tell her of our ruin. I rushed out of the room, and gaining an obscure hotel in a distant part of the town, wrote a few distracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence should wipe out my offences, and my industry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which she had never offended. Having sent this, I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles from town before it was light. At sunrise a stage-coach overtook me. 'Twas going on the road to Brest. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and sat in sullen and gloomy silence in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with several other passengers, regardless of food, and incapable of rest. But the second day I found my strength fail, and when we stopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the passage of the inn. I was put to bed, it seems, and lay for more than a week in the stupefaction of a low fever.

A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in the inn, attended me with the greatest care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man ministered to my soul, as he had done to my body, that assistance and consolation he easily discovered it to need. By his tender assiduities I was now so far recruited as to be able to breathe the fresh air at the window of a little parlour. As I sat there one morning, the same stage-coach in which I had arrived stopped at the door of the inn, when I saw alight out of it the young painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room, and amongst others the young man himself. When they had restored me to sense, I had recollection enough to desire him to remain with me alone. It was some time before he recognized me; when he did, with horror in his aspect, after much hesitation, and the most solemn entreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more. The shock which my letter gave, the state of weakness she was then in had not strength to support. The effects were a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her. In the inverval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bed-side; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her last breath charged him, if he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He put it into my hand. I knew not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst; and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death I was placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to that spot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever since remained. My story is unknown, and they wonder at the severity of that life by which I endeavour to atone for my offences.—But it is not by suffering alone that Heaven is reconciled; I endeavour, by works of charity and beneficence, to make my being not hateful in its sight. Blessed be God! I have attained the consolation I wished.—Already, on my wasting days a beam of mercy sheds its celestial light. The visions of this flinty couch are changed to mildness. 'Twas but last night my Emilia beckoned me in smiles; this little cherub was with her!"——His voice ceased,—he looked on the picture, then towards Heaven; and a faint glow crossed the paleness of his cheek. I stood awe-struck at the sight. The bell for vespers tolled—he took my hand—I kissed his, and my tears began to drop on it.—"My son," said he, "to feelings like yours it may not be unpleasing to recall my story:—if the world allure thee, if vice ensnare with its pleasures, or abash with its ridicule, think of Father Nicholas—be virtuous, and be happy."

Z.

No. 85.] Saturday, Sept. 16, 1786.

Non adeo inhumano ingenio sum, Chærea,
Neque tam imperita, ut quid amor valeat nesciam.
Ter.

Chærea, I'm not so lost to human feeling,
Nor so unlearn'd, as not full well to know
What love can do.

"Why," says one of my correspondents, who writes in a fair Italian hand, and subscribes herself *Imoinda*, "Why have you so little of love in the Lounger?" I answer, because there is so little of it in the world. "Love," says an author, who is probably of Imoinda's acquaintance, "Love, the passion most natural to the sensibility of youth, has lost the plaintive dignity he once possessed, for the unmeaning simper of a dangling coxcomb; and the only serious concern, that of a dowry, is settled even among the beardless leaders of the dancing-school.* It is undoubtedly true, that our young men now-a-days begin very early to see the propriety of mingling in love-affairs the *utile dulci*; which may be translated, that they think fully as much of the fortune as of the lady.

The present age, amidst all its acquirements and all its polish, has lost a good deal of that spirit of gallantry, and delicate respect for the ladies, which former times possessed. If we trace the history of their power, from the days of chivalry and romance down to the present less heroic times, we shall find it gradually declining, till now that there is little more than a mere sovereignty of form, but scarce any thing of the empire of sentiment remaining.

The prevailing rage for play, which is almost the only amusement (if it may not rather be called a business) which interests the fashionable world, has perhaps, of all circumstances, the most direct and powerful tendency to level the supremacy of the sex, and to stifle the feelings of respectful and delicate affection. Besides that the passions it excites are of that ungentle kind which "scare the little loves," there is at a whist or a pharaoh table a sort of business and money-transaction with the ladies, which necessarily abates the prerogative of sex, and abolishes that humble homage which they were wont to claim, which we were flattered to pay.

In the intercourse of ordinary life, the late founder of a school of politeness recommended a certain indifference or nonchalance of manner, as the characteristic of a well bred man. The system has since his time flourished and prevailed in a most extensive degree; and, like all other systems that war on nature, has been carried a good deal farther by the disciples than it is probable their masters intended. "Nous avons changé tout cela," says the mock doctor of Moliere, when his patient's father ventured to suppose that the heart lay on the left side of the body. The fine gentleman of Lord Chesterfield has made a change still greater; the heart is struck out of his anatomy altogether.

Nor is it only in the resorts of fashionable, or of dissipated life, that Love has lost its votaries. In the walk of letters, in the haunts of meditation, the studies of modern times tend also to exclude his power. The modern discoveries in natural history, and in the mechanical arts; the researches into the various properties of matter, which the chemist and the naturalist have pushed to so extraordinary a length, however useful to the purposes of life, are unfavourable to that enthusiasm which formed the lover and poet. The "shadowy tribes of mind" are much less cultivated than formerly. Fancy and imagination give place to sober reason and to certain truth; and the young man who in the academic shades was wont to dream majestic things, and to weave the myrtle garland for his mistress, now watches the progress of experiment, or unravels the maze of demonstration. Poetry is almost extinguished among us; and its decline may not unfairly be supposed to hold an equal pace with that of love, and to proceed from causes of a similar kind.

Of all the "pensive cares of life," none have a greater tendency to purify and exalt the mind than those of a delicate and virtuous love. The inspiration of its melancholy soars above the grossness of vice, and the meanness of worldly and low-thoughted care. Its tender distresses humanize and soften the heart; and the hope or the pride of its more fortunate state is the strongest incentive to great and noble achievements.

I have been led into this strain of reflection from the perusal of an elegant little poem, with which I was lately favoured by an unknown correspondent. My readers, I am persuaded, will hold themselves indebted to me for its insertion. The Muse of later times, like a beauty in the days of her decay, has been in use to trick herself out in artificial ornaments, to load her language with epithet, and to twist her expression with inversions. The verses of my correspondent are free from that defect; he breathes the artless sentiments of ingenuous love, and clothes them in a suitable simplicity of language.

Z.

ODE TO A LADY GOING ABROAD.

I.

Far, far from me Delia goes,
And all my prayers, my tears, are vain;
Nor shall I know one hour's repose,
Till Delia bless these eyes again.

Companion to the wretched, come,
Fair Hope! and dwell with me a while·
Thy heavenly presence gilds the gloom,
While happier scenes in prospect smile.

Oh! who can tell what Time may do?
How all my sorrows yet may end?
Can she reject a love so true?
Can Delia e'er forsake her friend?

Unkind and rude the thorn is seen,
No sign of future sweetness shows;
But time calls forth its lovely green,
And spreads the blushes of the rose.

Then come, fair Hope, and whisper peace,
And keep the happy scenes in view;
When all these cares and fears shall cease,
And Delia bless a love so true.

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* Man of Feeling.

II.

Hope, sweet deceiver, still believed
In mercy sent to soothe our care:
Oh! tell me, am I now deceived,
And wilt thou leave me to despair?

Then hear, ye Powers, my earnest prayer,
This pang unutterable save;
Let me not live to know despair,
But give me quiet in my grave!

Why should I live to hate the light,
Be with myself at constant strife,
And drag about, in nature's spite,
A useless, joyless load of life?

But far from her all ills remove,
Your favourite care let Delia be,
Long blest in friendship, blest in love,
And may she never think on me.

III.

But if, to prove my love sincere,
The Fates awhile this trial doom;
Then aid me, Hope, my woes to bear
Nor leave me till my Delia come;

Till Delia come, no more to part,
And all these cares and fears remove:
Oh, come! relieve this widow'd heart,
Oh, quickly come! my pride, my love!

My Delia come! whose looks beguile,
Whose smile can charm my cares away;—
Oh! come with that enchanting smile,
And brighten up life's wintry day;

Oh, come! and make me full amends,
For all my cares, my fears, my pain;
Delia, restore me to my friends,
Restore me to myself again.

No. 86.] Saturday, Sept. 23, 1786.

I happened to spend some days lately in the country, at the house of a gentleman distinguished in the republic of letters, and whose conversation is at all times in the highest degree instructive and entertaining. On my road home from his house, my whole thoughts were taken up with the agreeable entertainment I had received from his company, and I was employed in treasuring up in my mind the many useful observations that had fallen from him. When I arrived in town, the first person I met with was my old acquaintance Symposius. Symposius is what is called a good bottle companion; that is, one who thinks none, talks little, and drinks a great deal. He is much in company, and good company too; because he keeps his seat quietly, has a steady hand at decanting a bottle, never forgets where the toast stands, never interrupts a story except by filling a bumper, can make punch, brew negus, and season a devil. With this combination of qualities Symposius is oftener seen at good dinners than any man in town; and were it not for the liquor he consumes, would be as harmless as e'er a bottle-slider at the table. At some house of my acquaintance he had heard of my country-excursion, and where I had passed my time. "You are a happy man," said he, "in possessing an intimacy and friendship so valuable as that of Mr. ——. I was once accidentally at his house: he had the finest batch of wine of any man in the country. I never drank such old hock in my life."

I could not help smiling at Symposius' idea of a valuable friendship; and yet, when I considered the matter a little more closely, I began to think that in most men the same disposition might be traced, to value others according to the standard of themselves; to form their opinions and their attachments from circumstances as partial, though not so ridiculous, as the friendship of Symposius for the cellar of Mr. ——

I had not long parted with Symposius when I met with my old college-companion, Dr. Syntax. He was, when I knew him first, a tutor at one of the universities, which he left on the death of a relation in India, who bequeathed him a considerable annuity for life. When at the university, he was remarkable for his skill in the Latin language, and still considers the knowledge of that tongue as the only thing which can conduct a man to eminence. I remember to have had some conversation with him about a gentleman, who in his younger years was one of Syntax's pupils. This gentleman had been bred to the bar; and after having figured in his profession, he became a member of the legislature, and was considered as one of the ablest speakers in the house in which he sat. "Yes," said my learned friend, "I always knew the lad would do well. When he was under my care, he wrote Latin verses faster than any boy I ever knew, and composed the best discourse I ever read upon Patavinity." I took care not to let Syntax know that the first thing his pupil did was to endeavour to forget almost all he had learnt from his master, and that to this he principally ascribed his success in life.

But it is not only amongst men of learning that this narrowness of opinion is to be met with: it is to be found in all professions and in every situation. Ditticus is a man of fortune, and indeed he has this merit, that it has been principally made by himself. To men whose wealth is of their own acquirement it naturally appears of the highest value, as the Israelites worship-ped the golden image they had made. Ditticus supposes that the possession of wealth constitutes the great happiness of life. In this perhaps, however false the supposition, Ditticus is not singular; but he carries the matter a good deal farther, and thinks that wealth confers not only every blessing, but every talent and accomplishment. He thinks meanly of the sense, the learning, or the taste of any man who walks on foot, a little better of one who rides a-horseback; but his idea of supreme excellence is confined to the person who lolls in his coach and six. When you see Ditticus with a stranger, you may judge of the weight of his purse from the degree of complaisance and attention which Ditticus pays to his opinions. Ditticus would not for the world be thought to be intimate with a poor man, and avoids as much as possible being seen with persons suspected of poverty; and if he should be so unlucky as to encounter with any of them, he takes care to show, by his behaviour, in what repute he holds their abilities and understanding. If he has a rich man at his table, he sends him a larger slice of his mutton than to any other person, as if his stomach were proportionally capacious to his purse; if he is engaged in a party at cards, he chooses the wealthiest man of the set for his partner, as if riches could give skill in the game. I dined t'other day with Ditticus, when, upon his telling me a story that appeared not a little improbable, I expressed some difficulty to give entire credit to it; Ditticus, with great earnestness, assured me it was most certainly true; for he had heard it from a gentleman of 3000*l.* a-year.

The character of Valens is very different from that of Ditticus, but he is guided by principles equally absurd. Valens has the good fortune to be possessed of a hale robust constitution. Valens is not only sensible of the advantage arising from this circumstance, but prizes it so highly as to think it communicates every other advantage; and that the want of it is connected with every thing that is mean and unworthy. Valens never sees a man with broad shoulders, brawny legs, or an open chest, but he looks upon him with respect, and wishes to become his friend; while he starts back with horror from, and avoids, as he would do a thing contaminated, a man who has the appearance of a weak and sickly constitution. In short, good health with Valens is like the crust of loaf bread, which Peter told his brothers was the staff of life, in which was contained the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard. As Valens is a man of some education, he has formed a theory, in order to justify his conduct and principles. If you attempt to reason with him, he will tell you, that health must be the foundation, not only of good morals, but of every thing else that is valuable; that without a robust constitution no man can possess firmness and intrepidity of mind, or give that application and attention which is requisite for the purposes of life; that it is health alone which can give cheerfulness, and its attendants, good-will and benevolence to others; that without health a man becomes peevish, chagrined, morose, and discontented, displeased with himself, and unfriendly to all the rest of mankind. When he has a mind to be more diffuse, as he is a man of some humour, he will tell you, that John Knox could never have brought about the Reformation, had he not been a man of a strong make and a firm constitution; that Marlborough would never have been able to stem the power of France, had he not been of that figure of body which gives strength and vigour to the mind; that Cicero's long neck produced that feebleness of soul, which threw such a cloud over his other qualities; and that had not Alexander the Great been a man of small stature, he would not only have conquered the world, but have been able to hand down the empire he had won undivided to his successors.

The character of Pallidus forms an exact counter-part to that of Valens. Pallidus inherited from nature a feeble constitution; and the effeminate education which he received from his doting parents, who had no other child, did not tend to correct or to strengthen it. As Pallidus's state of health is very different from that of Valens, so he has formed a system directly opposite. Pallidus is constantly telling you, and he is uneasy if you do not believe him, that it is only men of delicate constitutions who can be susceptible of the delicacies of virtuous feeling: that men who are robust and hardy acquire a ferociousness and a hardness of mind which destroys all the finer principles of the soul. Pallidus is at times eloquent upon the subject; he will run you over a long list of names of men who had been confessedly allowed to be possessed of the finest genius; and concludes with assuring you, it was the extreme delicacy of their health that gave birth to their exquisite sensibility of mind, which exerted itself in those displays of imagination and of science which have rendered them immortal. Pallidus is exceedingly fond of the society of the ladies, and courts their company, but he was never known to be attached to a woman remarkable for the goodness of her constitution, who was able to bear fatigue, or to share those exercises which require bodily strength. Pallidus has ever in his mouth that remark of Dean Swift's, "That he never knew a woman who was good for any thing that had a constant flow of health and good spirits." Nay, Pallidus carries the matter so far, that he cannot endure to see a female eat with an appetite; and would no more allow his sister or his niece to associate with a woman of a good stomach than with one of a tainted reputation.

In all these characters, I perceived, upon a little reflection, the same leading propensity to bring the happiness, the excellence, or the defects of others, to our own standard; and I am persuaded, were we narrowly to examine those around us, we should find among the busy, the idle, the ambitious, or the dissipated, the same colouring of objects, according to their own prevailing taste or humour; and that, though the examples might not sound so ludicrously, the principle would still be found the same, would still, in the eye of a philosopher, be the old hock of Symposius.

A.

No. 87.] Saturday, Sept. 30, 1786.

——*Sed in longum tamen ævum*
Manserunt hodieque manent vestigia ruris. Hor.

And yet some traces of this rustic vein
For a long age remained, and still remain.
Francis.

That there is Nobody in town, is the observation of every person one has met for several weeks past, and though the word Nobody, like its fellow-vocable Everybody, has a great latitude of signification, and in this instance means upwards of threescore thousand people, yet undoubtedly, in a certain rank of life, one finds, at this season, a very great blank in one's accustomed society. He whom circumstances oblige to remain in town feels a sort of imprisonment from which his more fortunate acquaintance have escaped to purer air, to fresher breezes, and a clearer sky. He sees, with a very melancholy aspect, the close window-shutters of deserted houses, the rusted knockers, and mossy pavement of unfrequented squares, and the few distant scattered figures of empty walks; while he fancies, in the country, the joyousness of the reapers, and the shout of the sportsman enlivening the fields; and within doors, the hours made jocund by the festivity of assembled friends, the frolic, the dance, and the song.

Though the prevailing incidents of my latter part of life have fixed it almost constantly to a town, yet nobody is more enthusiastically fond of the country than I; and amidst all my banishment from it, I have contrived still to preserve a relish for its pleasures, and an enjoyment of its sports, which few who visit it so seldom are able to retain. I can still weave an angling-line, or dress a fly, am at least a hit-and-miss man a-shooting, and have not forgotten the tune of a View Holla, or the encouraging Hark forward! to a cautious hound. But though these are a set of capacities which mark one's denizenship to the country, and which therefore I am proud to retain, yet I confess I am more delighted with its quieter and less turbulent pleasures. There is a sort of moral use of the country, which every man who has not lost the rural sentiment will feel; a certain purity of mind and imagination which its scenes inspire, a simplicity, a colouring of nature on the objects around us, which correct the artifice and interestedness of the world. There is in the country a pensive vacancy (if the expression may be allowed me) of mind, which stills the violence of passion and the tumult of desire. One can hardly dream on the bank of some nameless brook without making a better and a wiser man. I early took the liberty of boasting to my readers, that, as a Lounger, I had learned to be idle without guilt, and indolent without indifference. In the country, methinks, I find this disposition congenial to the place; the air which breathes around me, like that which touches the Eolian harp, steals on my soul a tender but varied tone of feeling, that lulls while it elevates, that soothes while it inspires. Not a blade that whistles in the breeze, not a weed that spreads its speckled leaves to the sun, but may add something to the ideas of him who can lounge with all his mind open about him.

I am not sure if, in the regret which I feel for my absence from the country, I do not raise its enjoyments higher, and paint its landscapes in more glowing colours, than the reality might afford. I have long cultivated a talent very fortunate for a man of my disposition, that of travelling in my easy-chair, of transporting myself, without stirring from my parlour, to distant places and to absent friends, of drawing scenes in my mind's eye, and of peopling them with the groups of fancy, or the society of remembrance. When I have sometimes lately felt the dreariness of the town, deserted by my acquaintance; when I have returned from the coffee-house, where the boxes were unoccupied, and strolled out from my accustomed walk, which even the lame beggar had left; I was fain to shut myself up in my room, order a dish of my best tea (for there is a sort of melancholy which disposes one to make much of one's self), and calling up the powers of memory and imagination, leave the solitary town for a solitude more interesting, which my younger days enjoyed in the country, which I think, and if I am wrong I do not wish to be undeceived, was the most elysian spot in the world.

'Twas at an old lady's, a relation and godmother of mine, where a particular incident occasioned my being left during the vacation of two successive seasons. Her house was formed out of the remains of an old Gothic castle, of which one tower was still almost entire; it was tenanted by kindly daws and swallows. Beneath, in a modernized part of the building, resided the mistress of the mansion. The house was skirted with a few majestic elms and beeches, and the stumps of several others showed that they had once been more numerous. To the west a clump of firs covered a rugged rocky dell, where the rooks claimed a prescriptive seignory. Through this a dashing rivulet forced its way, which afterwards grew quiet in its progress; and gurgling gently through a piece of downy meadow-ground, crossed the bottom of the garden, where a little rustic paling inclosed a washing-green, and a wicker seat fronting the south was placed for the accommodation of the old lady, whose lesser tour, when her fields did not require a visit, used to terminate in this spot. Here, too, were ranged the hives for her bees, whose hum, in a still, warm sunshine, soothed the good old lady's indolence, while their proverbial industry was sometimes quoted for the instruction of her washers. The brook ran brawling through some underwood on the outside of the garden, and soon after formed a little cascade, which fell into the river that winded through a valley in front of the house. When hay-making or harvest was going on, my godmother took her long stick in her hand, and overlooked the labours of the mowers or reapers; though I believe there was little thrift in the superintendency, as the visit generally cost her a draught of beer or a dram, to encourage their diligence.

Within doors she had so able an assistant, that her labour was little. In that department an old man-servant was her minister, the father of my Peter, who serves me not the less faithfully that we have gathered nuts together in my godmother's hazel bank. This old butler (I call him by his title of honour, though in truth he had many subordinate offices) had originally enlisted with her husband, who went into the army a youth, though he afterwards married and became a country gentleman, had been his servant abroad, and attended him during his last illness at home. His best hat, which he wore a Sundays, with a scarlet waistcoat of his master's, had still a cockade in it.

Her husband's books were in a room at the top of a screw stair-case, which had scarce been opened since his death; but her own library, for Sabbath or rainy days, was ranged in a little book-press in the parlour. It consisted, as far as I can remember, of several volumes of sermons, a Concordance, Thomas à Kempis, Antoninus's Meditations, the Works of the Author of the Whole Duty of Man, and a translation of Boethius; the original editions of the Spectator and Guardian, Cowley's Poems, Dryden's Works (of which I had lost a volume soon after I first came about her house), Baker's Chronicle, Burnet's History of his own Times, Lamb's Royal Cookery, Abercromby's Scots Warriors, and Nisbet's Heraldry.

The subject of the last-mentioned book was my god-mother's strong ground; and she could disentangle a point of genealogy beyond any body I ever knew. She had an excellent memory for anecdote; and her stories, though sometimes long, were never tiresome; for she had been a woman of great beauty and accomplishment in her youth, and had kept such company as made the drama of her stories respectable and interesting. She spoke frequently of such of her own family as she remembered when a child, but scarcely ever of those she had lost, though one could see she thought of them often. She had buried a beloved husband and four children. Her youngest, Edward, "her beautiful, her brave," fell in Flanders, and was not entombed with his ancestors. His picture, done when a child, an artless red and white portrait, smelling at a nosegay, but very like withal, hung at her bed side, and his sword and gorget were crossed under it. When she spoke of a soldier, it was in a style above her usual simplicity; there was a sort of swell in her language, which sometimes a tear (for her age had not lost the privilege of tears) made still more eloquent. She kept her sorrows, like the devotions that solaced them, sacred to herself. They threw nothing of gloom over her deportment; a gentle shade only, like the fleckered clouds of summer, that increase, not diminish, the benignity of the season.

She had few neighbours, and still fewer visitors; but her reception of such as did visit her was cordial in the extreme. She pressed a little too much perhaps: but there was so much heart and good-will in her importunity, as made her good things seem better than those of any other table. Nor was her attention confined only to the good fare of her guests, though it might have flattered her vanity more than that of most exhibitors of good dinners, because the cookery was generally directed by herself. Their servants lived as well in her hall, and their horses in her stable. She looked after the airing of their sheets, and saw their fires mended if the night was cold. Her old butler, who rose betimes, would never suffer any body to mount his horse fasting.

The parson of the parish was her guest every Sunday, and said prayers in the evening. To say truth, he was no great genius, nor much a scholar. I believe my god-mother knew rather more of divinity than he did; but she received from him information of another sort; he told her who were the poor, the sick, the dying of the parish, and she had some assistance, some comfort for them all.

I could draw the old lady at this moment!—dressed in gray, with a clean white hood nicely plaited (for she was somewhat finical about the neatness of her person), sitting in her straight-backed elbow-chair, which stood in a large window scooped out of the thickness of the ancient wall. The middle panes of the window were of painted glass—the story of Joseph and his brethren. On the outside waved a honeysuckle tree, which often threw its shade across her book, or her work; but she would not allow it to be cut down. "It has stood there many a day," said she, "and we old inhabitants should bear with one another." Methinks I see her thus seated, her spectacles on, but raised a little on her brow for a pause of explanation, their shagreen-case laid between the leaves of a silver-clasped family-bible. On one side, her bell and snuff-box; on the other, her knitting aparatus in a blue damask bag.—Between her and the fire an old Spanish pointer, that had formerly been her son Edward's, teased, but not teased out of his gravity, by a little terrier of mine.—All this is before me, and I am a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants, and its business. In town I may have seen such a figure; but the country scenery around, like the tasteful frame of an excellent picture, gives it a heightening, a relief, which it would lose in any other situation.

Some of my readers, perhaps, will look with little relish on the portrait. I know it is an egotism in me to talk of its value; but over this dish of tea, and in such a temper of mind, one is given to egotism. It will be only adding another to say, that when I recall the rural scene of the good old lady's abode, her simple, her innocent, her useful employments, the afflictions she sustained in this world, the comforts she drew from another; I feel a serenity of soul, a benignity of affections, which I am sure confer happiness, and I think must promote virtue.

Z.

No. 88.] Saturday, Oct. 7, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

In a late paper you have given to the public, you presented us with the character of a gentleman possessed of sensibility and delicacy of feelings, but destitute of virtuous exertion. Allow me to introduce to your readers the character of another, considerably different, the view of which may not perhaps be altogether without its use, and may make some addition to the number of original portraits you have given to the public.

Dormer is a man who is not only free from vice, but who is possessed of a considerable regard for virtue; and yet when his character comes to be considered attentively, it will be found defective in many very important respects. Dormer's great object is the public good, and to this he dedicates his whole time and labour.

Part of the year he lives in the country; and when there he is constantly occupied in contriving schemes for the advancement of agriculture and the improvement of manufactures. He has written a number of little treatises upon those subjects, and his house is constantly filled with those pamphleteers and projectors, who, like him, talk of nothing but the good of their country. At county-meetings he never fails to attend, and there he constantly supports or opposes some scheme, as beneficial or pernicious to the public good. When any plan is proposed, which by theoretical deduction it can be shown may possibly be attended with some general advantage, but which will certainly be very hurtful to some individuals, Dormer is sure to give it his warmest approbation and support. His constant maxim is, that the interest of individuals should never be put in competition with that of the public. From a steady adherence to this maxim, he thinks nothing of demolishing houses, rooting out inclosures, or dispossessing tenants. I have known him, for the purpose of widening a highway only a few feet, pull down a house, by which a widow and a numerous family of children were turned out to the open air.

The same love of public utility attends Dormer when he comes to town. He views with admiration the public works which are going on, and visits with great satisfaction the different improvements. He talks with apparent philanthropy of the rapid progress this country is making, and blesses himself for having lived at a period of so great advancement.

He says it ever shall be his object to contribute as much as a poor individual can to every thing which is of national importance. Actuated by such motives he is a good subject to government; and one of his favourite tenets is, that the powers that are should be implicitly submitted to. To every magistrate, and every person in public office, he pays the most passive obedience; and when once a law is enacted, he is for enforcing it without mitigation, though it should produce the ruin of the most innocent individuals. At a circuit he constantly waits upon the judges, values himself on the respect and attention he pays them; and on all occasions is for inflicting rigorous punishments on the persons convicted of crimes, without paying regard to any alleviating circumstances in their case

I do not wish to find fault with these, or at least with all these particulars in Dormer; nor do I mean to say that he is not sincere, or that his conduct does not proceed from a real concern for the good of the public. But when I allow this, I allow him all he is entitled to,—that he has a regard for the public interest.—This is the whole merit of his character.

But are there not private virtues, are there not private interests and attachments, that are as important as necessary to constitute a virtuous character, as a regard for the public interest?—And ought general considerations of utility to supersede the attention to every thing else? In the conduct of Dormer they certainly do.

His love for the public is such, that he pays no attention to his family; the public engrosses him to such a degree, that he has no time for private friendship, or for the exercise of private virtues. His wife and daughters are unattended to at home; and his son, an excellent young man, is despised by him, because he does not like public meetings, and does not choose to bustle for the good of his country. No one can tell of any charitable deed performed by Dormer; of any person in distress relieved by his generosity. To give this relief would be contrary to his principles, as he holds charity and generosity to be bastard virtues; he says, that if there were no charity there would be no idleness.

By unavoidable misfortunes in trade, a cousin of his, of the fairest and best character, was reduced in his circumstances. Dormer was applied to for his name to a subscription for this gentleman's relief and that of his family; but he refused; said he thought it wrong to try to keep them in a genteel style; that the lowest station in society is the most useful; and that, in his opinion, the sons should be bred mechanics, and the daughters put out to service.

I have already said, that I do not mean to deny that Dormer is sincere in what he professes, in having the real good of the public at heart; but yet this admission which I have made must be taken with some allowance. His regard for the public, the concern which he takes for projects of advancement in agriculture, manufactures, and public works, does not so much proceed from a feeling of the happiness which this advancement will produce, as from a love of theory, of what is calculated to promote that theory, from a fondness for order, and for every thing conspiring to one great and general end.—Were his views directed by a concern for the happiness produced by his plans, he would in some cases allow the comfort of individuals to enter into his regards.

A very ingenious philosopher, who possesses a singular power of illustration, joined to an uncommon depth of thinking, in speaking of the reason why utility pleases, has remarked, "That the fitness, the happy contrivance of any production of art is often more valued than the very end for which it was intended; and that the exact adjustment of the means for attaining any conveniency or pleasure is frequently more regarded than that very conveniency or pleasure, in the attainment of which their whole merit would seem to consist.

"When a person," continues this author, "comes into his chamber, and finds the chairs all standing in the middle of his room, he is angry with his servant; and rather than see them continue in that disorder, perhaps takes the trouble himself to set them all in their places, with their backs to the wall. The whole propriety of this new situation arises from its superior conveniency in leaving the floor free and disengaged.—To attain this conveniency, he voluntarily puts himself to more trouble than all he could have suffered from the want of it, since nothing was more easy than to have set himself down upon one of them, which is probably what he does when his labour is over. What he wanted, therefore, it seems, was not so much this conveniency, as that arrangement of things which promotes it; yet it is this conveniency which ultimately recommends that arrangement, and bestows upon it the whole of its propriety and beauty.

"A watch, in the same manner, that falls behind above two minutes in a day, is despised by one curious in watches. He sells it perhaps for a couple of guineas, and purchases another at fifty, which will not lose above a minute in a fortnight. The sole use of watches, however, is to tell us what o'clock it is, and to hinder us from breaking any engagement, or suffering any other inconveniency by our ignorance in that particular point. But the person so nice with regard to this machine, will not always be found either more scrupulously punctual than other men, or more anxiously concerned upon any other account to know precisely what time of day it is. What interests him is not so much the attainment of this piece of knowledge, as the perfection of the machine which serves to attain it."

The same author afterwards observes, that it is a similar principle which frequently serves to recommend those institutions that tend to promote the public welfare.

Something of this kind may afford the key to Dormer's character. In all his schemes, in all his projects, it is not so much the end which he has in view, as the mode of producing that end. For this he sacrifices the happiness of individuals; nay, the aggregate happiness of a whole society does not fill or interest his mind so much, as the fitness of the measure by which, after many hardships and oppressions, that object may be produced.

I am, &c.

T. L.

If the account which is given by my correspondent of Dormer's character be a just one, and

I am persuaded, by my own observation, that it is not out of nature, several useful lessons may be learned from it. We may be taught the danger of suffering attention to one part of our conduct to swallow up our regard for every other; we may perceive the hazard of allowing notions of public utility to extinguish private virtues. These last are indeed indispensably necessary to constitute the perfection of any character, and to all of us, except a very few, are the only virtues within our reach.

It may be told those men, who, like Dormer, arrogate to themselves the praise of public spirit, and look down with contempt on the humbler virtue of such as are occupied in the private concerns of life, that they are not quite so remote from selfishness as they would sometimes have the world to believe. The theories of Dormer are as much his children as that son and daughter, whom perhaps he will call it virtue to disregard, in his violent attention to the good of his country; and when he canvasses with success at county-meetings for the family of his projects, he feels as much selfish satisfaction, and much more selfish vanity, than if he obtained a pension for his wife, or an appointment for his unfortunate relation. From Dormer's, and other such ostentatious characters, we may learn, that there may be often much pretension to virtue, and even some virtuous conduct, without much humanity, or much virtuous feeling.

P.

No. 89.] Saturday, Oct. 14, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

I read with infinite satisfaction your 87th Number, on the Pleasures of the Country, and the moral use of that "rural sentiment," the effects of which you know so well how to paint. But thus it is that brilliant fiction ever delights us; while you were describing in town, I was witnessing in the country. I have just returned from an excursion into a distant county, "a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants and its business." 'Twas at the house of Mr. L——, a relation and intimate acquaintance of mine, where I have been pressingly invited these several years past, to spend a month or two of the autumn; to leave the thick air and unwholesome streets, the bustle, cares, and dissipation of the town, for the pure breeze, the healthful walk, the quiet, the peacefulness, and sobriety of the country. I had often heard of my friend L——'s charming place, his excellent house, his every thing, in short, that great wealth (for he is a man of a very large estate) could bestow, and taste (for every body talked of his and Mrs. L.——'s taste) could adorn. I pictured his groves, his lawns, and his water-falls, with somewhat of that enthusiasm for country scenery which you seem to feel; and I thought of his daughters (two elegant girls, whom I had just seen for a few minutes in their way from London) as the wood-nymphs of the scene. All this "rural sentiment" I set out with; and the sight of my friend's country-seat and beautiful grounds, which I reached on the third evening, did not belie it. How it has improved by my stay there, you shall judge by a short sketch of the country-life people lead at L—— Hall.

The party there, which my relation had told me was to be a select one, and which made him doubly urgent in his desire to have me there this autumn, consisted of an elderly dowager of rank and fortune, and her two unmarried daughters; a member of parliament, and his brother, a clergyman from England; and two young officers of family, companions of Mr. L——'s eldest son, who has been about a year in the army. These, with your humble servant, in addition to Mr. L——'s own family, made up the standing establishment of the house. There were besides, every day, numerous occasional visitors from the neighbourhood; Mr. L—— representing the county in parliament, and receiving the instructions of his constituents at this time of the year only.

The night of my arrival I took the liberty of retiring before the rest of the company, being a good deal fatigued with my journey. Next morning, however, I got up betimes to enjoy the beauties of the season, and of the calm clear landscape around me. But when I would have gone out, I found the house door locked. After various unsuccessful attempts to discover the retreat of the servants, I met a ragged little fellow, who told me he was boy to the porter's man, and the only creature beside myself stirring in the house; for that Mr. L——'s gentleman had given a supper to the servants who had lately arrived from town, and they had all sat up to cards till five in the morning. By the interest of this young friend, I at last procured the key, and was let out. I strolled the way of the stable, of which I found the entry much easier than the exit from the house, the door being left very conveniently open. The horses from town had not been quite so well entertained as the servants; for they were standing with empty mangers, and the dirt of the day before hardened on their skins. But this was not much to be wondered at, as a pack of cards certainly affords a much pleasanter occupation than a curry-comb.

Having rubbed down a favourite pony, which I had brought to the country for an occasional ride, and locked the stable-door, I turned down a little path that led to the shrubbery; but I was afraid to enter any of the walks, as it was notified, by very legible inscriptions, that there were men-traps and steel-guns for the reception of intruders. I was forced, therefore, to restrict myself to a walk amidst the dust of the high-road till ten, when, on my return to the house, I found no less dust within doors, and was obliged to take refuge in my bed-room till the breakfasting parlour was put in order. By one of the servants, whom, from his surly look, I supposed to be a loser of the preceding night, I was informed that breakfast for some of the company would be ready by eleven.

At eleven I found some of the company assembled accordingly. The dowager did not appear, nor Mrs. L—— herself, but had chocolate in their different apartments; it seems they could not be made up, as one of the young ladies expressed it, so early: their daughters seemed to have been made up in haste; for they came down in rumpled night-caps, and their hair in a brown paste upon their shoulders. The young gentlemen joined us with the second tea-pot; their heads were in disorder too, but of a different kind; they had drank, as they told us, three bowls of gin-toddy after the rest of the company had gone to bed. The master of the house entered the room when breakfast was nearly over: he asked pardon of his brother senator and the clergyman for being so late; but he had been detained, he said, looking over his farm: for he is a great improver of the value as well as the beauty of his estate. "Did you ride or walk, Sir?" said I. Mr. L—— smiled. "I walked only to the easy chair in my library; I always view my farm upon paper: Mr. Capability, my governor in these matters, drives through it in his phæton, and lays down every thing so accurately that I have no occasion to go near it."

Breakfast ended about one. The young gentlemen talked of going out a-shooting; but the weather was such as to scare any but hardy sportsmen; so they agreed to play billiards and cards within doors, in which they were joined by all the senior gentlemen except myself. I proposed to take myself to the library; but I found an unwillingness in our host to let me take down any of the books which were so elegantly bound and gilt, and ranged in such beautiful order, that it seemed contrary to the etiquette of the house to remove any of them from the shelves; but there was a particular selection in the parlour which the company was at liberty to peruse: it was made up of Hoyle's Games, the List of the Army, two Almanacks, the Royal Register, a file of the Morning Herald, Boswell's Tour, the Fashionable Magazine, the Trial of the Brighton Tailor, and an odd volume of the last Collection of Farces.

Mrs. L——, and her friend the dowager, *made their appearance* about two. As I was *neither of the billiard* nor the whist party, and had finished my studies in the parlour, they did me the honour to admit me of their *conversazione*. It consisted chiefly of a dissertation on some damask and chintz furniture Mrs. L—— had lately bespoke from the metropolis, and a dispute about the age of a sulky set of china she had bought last winter, at a sale of Lord Squanderfield's. In one of the pauses of the debate, the day having cleared up beautifully, I ventured to ask the two ladies if they ever walked in the country. The dowager said, she never walked on account of her corns; Mrs. L—— told me, she had not walked since she caught a sore throat in one of the cold evenings of the year 1782.

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the young ladies, with half a score of packing-boxes, just received by a ship from London. These changed the current of the discourse to the subject of dress, to caps, feathers, hats, and riding-habits. The military men now joined us, and made a very valuable addition to this board of inquiry, by their commentaries on walking boots, riding slippers, clubs, buckles, and buttons. We had, not long after, an opportunity of judging of the practice as well as theory of those branches of the fine arts. Dinner was half cold, waiting for the dowager's eldest daughter, and the major. They had spent about two hours at their toilets: yet the hurry of the major appeared, by his man having forgot to put in the false straps to his buckles; and of the young lady, from one cheek being at least half a shade redder than the other. The ladies went to tea at nine o'clock, and we joined them at eleven, after having discussed the prices of different sets of burghs at one end of the table, and the qualities of several race-horses and game-cocks at the other.

Such, Sir, is the detail of one day at the rural retirement of my friend Mr. L——, which may serve for the history of most of those I spent there. We had, however, our Sabbath day's employment, and our Sabbath day's guest, as well as your god-mother. The first Sunday after my arrival being a rainy one, Mrs. L——, and most of our party accompanying her, went to the parish church. The English clergyman would not consent to so wicked a thing as going to a Presbyterian place of worship, and therefore staid at home to look over a party at piquet in the dowager's dressing-room between her and his brother. I went with the church-going people for that one time, but shall never do so profane a thing again. The young folks nodded and laughed all the time of the service, and during the sermon drew back their chairs from the front of the gallery, eat nuts, and pelted the shells. The major only was more seriously employed, in drawing caricatures of the congregation below, for which, it must be confessed, some of them afforded no unfavourable subjects.

The parson of the parish, like your old lady's, was always a Sunday visitor at L—— Hall. He had been tutor to the heir and his second brother, and had the honour of inspiring them both with a most sovereign contempt and detestation of learning. He, too, like your god-mother's clergyman, communicated information; to the ladies he related the little scandalous anecdotes of the parish, and gave his former pupils intelligence of several coveys of partridges. Himself afforded them game within doors, being what is commonly called a butt to the unfledged arrows of the young gentlemen's wit. To their father he was extremely useful in drawing corks, and putting him in mind where the toast stood. In short, he seemed a favourite with all the branches of the family. As to religion, it fared with that as with the literature he had been employed to instil into his pupils; he contrived to make all the house think it a very ridiculous thing.

About a fortnight after I went to L—— Hall, the arrival of an elderly baronet from town, an old club companion of Mr. L——'s, added one other rural idea to the stock we were already in possession of; I mean that of eating, in which our new guest, Sir William Harrico, was a remarkable adept. Every morning at breakfast we had a dissertation on dinner, the bill of fare being brought up for the revisal of Sir William. He taught us a new way of dressing mushrooms, oversaw the composition of the grousesoup in person, and gave the venison a reprieve to a certain distant day, when it should acquire the exact proper fumet for the palate of a connoisseur.

Such, Mr. Lounger, is the train of "rural sentiment" which I have cultivated during my autumn abode at L—— Hall. I think I might, without leaving town, have acquired the receipt for the mushroom ragout, and have eat stinking venison there as easily as in the country. I could have played cards or billiards at noon-day with as much satisfaction in a crowded street, as in view of Mr. L——'s woods and mountains. The warehouse in Prince's-street might have afforded me information as to chintz and damask chair covers; and your ingenious correspondent, Mr. Jenkin, could have shown me a model of the newest fashioned buckle on the foot of some of his little scarlet beaux, or of a rouged cheek on one of the miniature ladies of his window. In short, I am inclined to believe, that folly, affectation, ignorance, and irreligion, might have been met with in town, notwithstanding the labours of the Lounger: that I might have saved myself three days' journey, the expense of a post-chaise, and a six weeks loss of time; and, what was perhaps more material than all the rest, I might have preserved that happy enthusiasm for country pleasures which you seem still to enjoy, and which, in the less-informed days of my youth, I also was fortunate enough to possess.

I am, &c.

V. Urbanus.

No. 90.] Saturday, Oct. 21, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

Though, from my rank in life, being a tradesman's daughter, left an orphan at six years old, I had little title to know any thing about sensibility or feeling; yet having been very kindly taken into a family, where there were several young ladies who were great readers, I had opportunities of hearing a good deal about these things. By the same young ladies I was made acquainted with your Paper, and it was a favourite employment of mine to read the Lounger to them every Saturday morning. In one of the numbers published some time ago, we met with Mrs. Alice Heartly's account of an old lady with whom she lives; and from the experience of our own feelings, could not help pitying the connection with one so destitute of all tender sentiment as my Lady Bidmore. I had soon after occasion to congratulate myself on a very different sort of establishment, having been recommended by my young patronesses to a lady, who used frequently to visit at their house, whom we all knew (indeed it was her pride, she used to say, to acknowledge her weakness on that side) to be a perfect pattern, or, according to her own phrase, a perfect martyr of the most acute and delicate sensibility. At our house I saw her once in the greatest distress imaginable, from the accidental drowning of a fly in the cream-pot; and got great credit with her myself, for my tenderness about a goldfinch belonging to one of our young ladies, which I had taught to perch upon my shoulders, and pick little crums out of my mouth. I shall never forget Mrs. Sensitive's crying out, "Oh! how I envy her the sweet little creature's kisses!" It made me blush to hear her speak so; for I had never thought of kisses in the matter.

That little circumstance, however, procured me her favour so much, that, on being told of my situation, she begged I might, as she was kind enough to express it, be placed under her protection. As I had heard so much of her tender-heartedness and her feeling; as she was very rich, having been left a fortune; as she had nobody but herself in family, so that it promised to be an easy place; all these things made me very happy to accept of her offer; and I agreed to go home to her house immediately, her last attendant having left her somewhat suddenly. I heard indeed, the very morning after I went thither, that her servants did not use to stay long with her, which gave me some little uneasiness; but she took occasion to inform me, that it was entirely owing to their cruelty, and want of feeling, having turned them all off for some neglect or ill usage of her little family, as she called it. This little family, of which I had never heard before, consists of a number of birds and beasts, which it is the great pleasure of Mrs. Sensitive's life to keep and to fondle, and on which she is constantly exercising her sensibilities, as she says. My chief employment is to assist her in the care of them.

The waiting on this family of Mrs. Sensitive is not so easy a task as I at first flattered myself it would have been. We have three lap-dogs, four cats, some of the ladies of which are almost always lying-in, a monkey, a flying squirrel, two parrots, a parroquet, a Virginia nightingale, a jackdaw, an owl, besides half a hundred smaller birds, bullfinches, canaries, linnets, and white sparrows. We have a dormouse in a box, a set of guinea-pigs in the garret, and a tame otter in the cellar; besides out-pensioners of pigeons and crows at our windows, and mice that come from a hole in the parlour wainscoting to visit us at breakfast and dinner time. All these I am obliged to tend and watch with the utmost care and assiduity; not only to take care that their food and their drink be in plenty, and good order; not only to wash the lap-dogs, and to comb the cats, to play on the bird-organ for the instruction of the canaries and goldfinches, and to speak to the parrots and jackdaws for theirs; but I must accommodate myself, as my mistress says, to the feelings of the sweet creatures; I must contribute to their amusement, and keep them in good spirits; I must scratch the heads of the parrots; I must laugh to the monkey, and play at cork-balls with the kittens. Mrs. Sensitive says she can understand their looks and their language from sympathy; and that she is sure it must delight every susceptible mind to have thus an opportunity of extending the sphere of its sensibilities.

She sometimes takes an opportunity of extending something else with poor me. You can hardly suppose what a passion she gets into, if any thing about this family of hers is neglected; and when she chooses to be angry, and speak her mind to me a little loud or so, her favourites, I suppose from sympathy too, join in the remonstrance, and make such a concert!—What between the lap-dogs, the parrots, the jackdaw, and the monkey, there is such a barking, squalling, cawing, and chattering!—Mrs. Sensitive's ears are not so easily hurt as her feelings.

But the misfortune is, Mr. Lounger, that *her feelings are only* made for brute creatures, and don't extend to us poor Christians of the family. She has no pity on us, no sympathy in the world for our distresses. She keeps a chambermaid and a boy besides myself; and I assure you it does not fare near so well with us as it does with the lap-dogs and the monkey. Nay I have heard an old-milk woman say, who has been long about the family, that Mr. Sensitive himself was not treated altogether so kindly as some of his lady's four-footed favourites. He was, it seems, a good-natured man, and not much given to complain. The old woman says, she never heard of his finding fault with any thing, but once that Mrs. Sensitive insisted on taking into bed a Bologna greyhound, because she said it could not sleep a-nights, from the coldness of the climate in this country. Yet she often talks of her dear, dear Mr. Sensitive, and weeps when she talks of him; and she has got a fine tomb-stone raised over his grave, with an epitaph full of disconsolates, and inconsolables, and what not. To say truth, that is one way even for a human creature to get into her good graces; for I never heard her mention any of her dead friends without a great deal of kindness and tender regrets; but we are none of us willing to purchase her favour at that rate.

As for the living, they have the misfortune never to be her liking. Ordinary objects of charity we are ordered never to suffer to come near her; she says she cannot bear to hear their lamentable stories, for that they tear her poor feelings in pieces. Besides, she has discovered that most of them really deserve no compassion, and many sensible worthy people of her acquaintance have cautioned her against giving way to her sensibility in that way: because, in such cases, the compassion of individuals is hurtful to society. There are several poor relations of her husband's, who, if it had not been for a settlement he made in her favour a short time before his death, would have had, I am told, by law, the greatest part of his fortune, to whom she never gave a shilling in her life. One little boy, her husband's godson, she consented to take into the house; but she turned him out of doors in less than a week, because of a blow he gave to Fidele, who was stealing his bread and butter.

Some of the other members of the family are almost tempted to steal bread and butter too. Mrs. Sensitive is an economist, though she spends a great deal of money on these nasty dogs and monkeys, and contrives to pinch it off us, both back and belly, as the saying is. The chambermaid has given her warning already on this score; and the boy says he will only stay till he is a little bigger. As for me, she is pleased to say that I am of an order of beings superior to the others; and she sometimes condescends to reason with me. She would persuade me, Sir, that it is a sin to eat the flesh of any bird or beast, and talks much of a set of philosophers, who went naked, I think, who believed that people were turned into beasts and birds; and that therefore we might chance to eat our father or mother in the shape of a goose or a turkey. And she says, how delighted she would be in the company of those naked philosophers, and how much their doctrines agree with her fine feelings; and then she coaxes me, and says that I have fine feelings too: but indeed I have no such feelings belonging to me; and I know her greens and water don't agree with my feelings at all, but quite to the contrary, that there is such a grumbling about me. ——And as for people being changed into birds and beasts, I think it is heathenish, and downright against the Bible; and yet it is diverting enough sometimes to hear her fancies about it; and I can't help having my fancies too; as t'other morning when the great horned owl sat at table by her, on the chair which she has often told me her dear, dear Mr. Sensitive used to occupy, and the poor creature looked so grave, and sat as silent as mum-chance;—but then she was so kind to the owl! I don't know what her squirrel was changed from, but it is always getting into some odd corner or other. 'Twas but yesterday I got a sad scold for offering to squeeze it when it had crept Lord knows how far up my petticoats; and my mistress was in such a flurry, for fear I should have hurt it! She lets it skip all about her without ever starting or wincing, for all her feelings are so fine. But these fine feelings are not like the feelings of any other body; and I wish to get into the service of some person who has them of a coarser kind, that would be a little more useful. If Mrs. Heartly, therefore, continues in her resolution of quitting Lady Bidmore's on account of that old lady's want of feeling, I would be much obliged to you to recommend me to the place. I think I can bear a pretty good hand at a rubber and hard brush; and as for keeping the furniture clean, it would be perfect pastime only, in comparison of my morning's cleaning out Mrs. Sensitive's living collection. I hope Lady Bidmore, from her education, has never heard any thing of the naked philosophers; and if any other set have taught her that people are changed into commodes, chests of drawers, or bedsteads, it signifies very little, as we shall take exceeding good care of them, and the belief will have no effect on our dinners or suppers.

I am, &c.

BARBARA HEARTLESS.

I.

No. 91.] SATURDAY, OCT. 28, 1786.

It is the observation of an elegant author,* "That there is a sublime and tender melancholy, almost the universal attendant of genius, which is too apt to degenerate into gloom and disgust with the world." I have frequently had occasion to mark the justice of this observation; and it is with much regret that I have sometimes seen men of taste, and delicacy of feeling, have a tendency to indulge in habits of gloom, despondency, and disrelish of the world. There is a certain standard of virtue and propriety, which a man of delicacy is apt to form in his own mind, but which, in the common events of the world, is rarely to be met with; there are certain ideas of elevated and sublime happiness which a man of a highly cultivated mind has a disposition to indulge, which it is hardly possible can be realized. When, therefore, a person of this disposition comes abroad into the world, when he meets with folly where he expected wisdom, falsehood in the room of honour, coarseness instead of delicacy, and selfishness and insensibility where he had formed high ideas of generosity and refinement, he is apt to fall under the dominion of melancholy, and to see the world in a gloomy point of view. Such a man, if he is not at pains to guard against it, runs some risk of contracting a degree of habitual disgust at mankind, and becoming misanthropical to a certain extent.

It will not, however, be that species of misanthropy which takes delight in the miseries of mankind; on the contrary, it will be a feeling of disgust arising from disappointed benevolence, mingled with pity and compassion for the follies and weaknesses of men. I doubt much if there exists in the world a complete misanthrope, in the darkest sense of that word, a person who takes pleasure in the wretchedness of others. If there does, it is impossible to conceive sufficient detestation at such a character. But the misanthropy of which I speak is of a much softer kind, and borders nearly on the highest degree of philanthropy. It seems indeed to be the child of philanthropy, and to proceed from too much sensibility, hurt by disappointment in the benevolent and amiable feelings.

It is a common and a just remark, that where a strong friendship has subsisted, if that friendship is once broken by the fault of either party, it is difficult to prevent a certain degree of hatred and disgust from taking place. The more susceptible the two persons were of the strong attachments of friendship, the more warmly and the more closely they were once united, so much the more difficult does it become to bring about a re-union or reconcilement. The sanguine and romantic opinions they had formed of one another's worth, and the disappointment which both or either of them feel from the behaviour of the other, inflicts a wound which rankles in the soul, and prevents all future confidence. The same conduct in another person not so dear, with whom there was not so close a union, would have been passed over, and made little impression; the former distant and cold acquaintance would have gone on as usual, and forgiveness would easily have taken place.

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* Dr. Gregory.

Somewhat similar to the situation of a person who has been disappointed in the conduct of one from whom he expected much happiness and much friendship, is that of him who, having conceived warm and elevated notions of the world, has been disappointed in all these better expectations. The world, with its pursuits, will appear in an unfavourable light; he will be apt to quit its society, and to indulge in solitude his gloomy reflections. His dislike of the world, however, will be of a calm and gentle kind; it will rather be pity than hatred: though he may think ill of the species, he will be kind to individuals; he may dislike man, but will assist John or James.

Shakspeare, from whose writings much knowledge of the human heart is to be acquired, has presented us, in several of his characters, with a history of that melancholy and misanthropy I have described above.

Of the character of Hamlet, one of my predecessors * has given a delineation which appears to me to be a just one. Naturally of the most amiable and virtuous disposition, and endued with the most exquisite sensibility, he is unfortunate; and his misfortunes proceed from the crimes of those with whom he was the most nearly connected, for whom he had the strongest feelings of natural affection. From these circumstances he is hurt in his soul's tenderest part; he is unhinged in his principles of action, falls into melancholy, and conceives disgust at the world; yet amidst all his disgust, and the misanthropy which he at times discovers, we constantly perceive that goodness and benevolence are the prevailing features of his character; amidst all the gloom of his melancholy and the agitation in which his calamities involve him, there are occasional outbreakings of a mind richly endowed by nature, and cultivated by education. Had Hamlet possessed less sensibility, had he not been so easily hurt by the calamities of life, by the crimes of the persons with whom he was connected, he would have preserved more equanimity, he would not have been the prey of dark desponding melancholy; the world and all its uses would not have appeared to him, "stale, flat, and unprofitable; an unweeded garden that grows to seed, possessed merely by things rank and gross in nature."

In the play of "As you like it," there is brought upon the stage a personage of a more fixed and systematic melancholy than that of Hamlet. Hamlet's melancholy and disgust with the world is occasioned by the particular nature of the misfortunes he meets with. But in Jaques we see a settled and confirmed melancholy, not proceeding from any misfortune peculiar to himself, but arising from a general feeling of the vanity of the world, and the folly of those engaged in its pursuits. His melancholy is therefore more settled than that of Hamlet, and is in truth more deeply rooted. He takes no share in the enjoyments of life, but abandons society, and lives in solitude. Hamlet, wounded to the heart by the misfortunes which befall him, and irritated by the crimes of others, feels more poignantly at the time. The feelings of Jaques are more general, and therefore the more calm, but from that very cause are deeper and more fixed. It is to be observed, however, that the melancholy and misanthropy of Jaques, like that of Hamlet, proceeds from excess of tenderness, from too much sensibility to the evils of the world, and the faults of mankind. His moralizing on the poor sequestered stag is a most beautiful illustration of his tenderness, and of his nice perception and sorrow for the follies and vices of men;—as his comparison of the world to a stage affords a highly finished picture of the estimation in which he holds human life.

In "Timon of Athens," we are presented with a character in many respects different from that of Hamlet or Jaques. Here we have misanthropy of a much darker hue. Soured with disappointment; fallen from the height of prosperity into the lowest state of adversity; deceived by flattering friends; forsaken by the buzzing attendants on wealth and greatness, Timon conceives disgust at the world and its enjoyments; and that disgust produces hatred and aversion at mankind. Yet even here it is observable, that with all Timon's misanthropy, there is a great mixture of original goodness and benevolence. At his first outset in life he was unsuspicious, and wished to contribute to the happiness of all around him. "Being free himself, he thought all others so." Disappointed in the opinion he had formed of the world, and shocked with the ingratitude he met with; "brought low," as he is said to be, "by his own heart, undone by goodness," he becomes a prey to deep gloom and misanthropy: but with all his misanthropy, he preserves a sense of honour and of right.

It is to be admitted, however, that as Timon's is a character much inferior to, and much less amiable than that of Hamlet or of Jaques, so his misanthropy is of a much blacker and more savage nature. Hamlet's misanthropy arises

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* *Mirror*, No 99, 100.

from a deep sense of the guilt of others;—Jaques's from a general impression of the follies and weaknesses of the world;—Timon's is produced by a selfish sense of the ingratitude of others to himself. His disgust at the world, therefore, is not mixed with the same gentleness and amiable tenderness which are displayed by the other two; and he possesses as much misanthropy of the blackest sort as it is possible for human nature to arrive at. Shakspeare indeed holds him forth as a person altogether bereft of reason. He seems to have thought, that such a degree of misanthropy as Timon is described to be possessed of was inconsistent with the use of that faculty.

In the criticism on Hamlet which I before quoted it is observed, that amidst all his melancholy and gloom, there is a great deal of gayety and playfulness in his deportment. The remark is certainly just, and it may be extended to the other characters of Shakspeare above taken notice of. Notwithstanding the settled dejection of Jaques, he is described as possessing an uncommon degree of humour. He himself tells us, "he is often wrapped in a most humorous sadness."—The account which he gives of the motley fool he met with in the forest, and the description of the seven ages of human life, are lively instances of this strong feature in his character.

Even Timon, black as his melancholy appears, is not without an humour in his sadness. The joke put by him on his worthless friends, in inviting them to dinner when he had none to give them, the conversation between him and Apemanthus, and the last scene with the poet and painter, are sufficient confirmations of this remark.

The disposition in all these characters to a certain degree of jocularity and sportiveness is far from being unnatural. On the contrary, I am disposed to think that something of this kind takes place in every person who is under the influence of melancholy. There is no doubt that the mind may be so much overwhelmed, as to be incapable of relishing any degree of sportiveness or of gayety; but when the first paroxysms of grief are over, when the violent effects of overwhelming distress, which cannot long continue, have subsided, and when the mind has assumed a tone perhaps equally distressing, but more lasting and calm, and even more thoughtful, there is no time when the effect of a joke will be more easily perceived, or better understood.

This may perhaps be accounted for by a few observations on the state of the mind in such circumstances, with which I shall conclude the present paper.

A person under the influence of melancholy, or indeed of any passion whatever, must frequently become a spectator of his own mind;* must often be led to view his own feelings in the light in which they will appear to others. Viewing them in this light, and in the situation of persons not under the same prejudice, they may appear to him very differently from what is his own habitual impression; and in this situation he may entertain somewhat of a disposition to smile at himself, and to admit of a joke even at his own expense. The gentleness of Hamlet's spirit made him anxious to accommodate himself and bring down his own feelings to a level with those of the persons around him; and therefore, on all occasions, even in the deepest melancholy, he engages in pleasantry of conversation; he even ventures to joke with Horatio on his mother's marriage, which was the great cause of all his sorrow.

If, as some philosophers have maintained, ridicule arises from contrast, there is no situation, provided we are capable of perceiving ridicule at all, in which the ridiculous will appear in a stronger point of view than when the mind is under the dominion of melancholy. The very situation must heighten the contrast. The circumstance of Cromwell and his associate bedaubing one another's faces with ink, while they were in the act of signing the warrant for the death of the king; or that of Lord Lovat with the suds on his beard kissing Hogarth, who had come to steal a drawing of him, the day before his execution; would have been childish at any other time.

When a person is in a melancholy frame of mind, such a melancholy as leads him to view the world and all its pursuits in a gloomy point of view, this is apt to produce a sort of elevation above the world, and an indifference about every thing that is going on in it. The great and the low, the rich and the poor, the busy and the idle, are all seen with equal unconcern, as passing through a few years to that period, when all their projects will be buried in the grave.

> Divesne, prisco natus ab Inacho,
> Nil interest, an pauper, et infima
> De gente, sub dio moreris,
> Victima nil miserantis Orci.
> Omnes eodem cogimur.——

Such a person may feel some gratification in letting himself down from the melancholy eminence from which he views human life; and considering all its occupations as frivolous alike, it will rather flatter than hurt his pride, to join in the trifling jest or idle merriment.

He who is under the pressure of grief, under the influence of sorrow, occasioned by some calamity, may at times feel a sort of gratification in escaping from his own mind, and from the dominion of his melancholy. To use the words of an author who has a peculiar talent at expressing the nice feelings of the human heart: "there is a certain kind of trifling, in which a mind not much at ease can sometimes indulge itself. One feels an escape, as it were, from the heart, and is fain to take up with lighter company. It is like the theft of a truant boy, who goes to play for a few minutes, while his master is asleep, and throws the chiding for his task upon futurity."

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* See Theory of Moral Sentiment.

Such a disposition of mind, however, with all that interest which it excites in us, with all the privileges it may claim, and all the pleasantry it may at times enjoy, is nevertheless deeply to be regretted in others, and anxiously to be avoided in ourselves. I must the more earnestly warn my readers against the indulgence of this sort of melancholy disposition; because, in the first stages, there is something gratifying, something which flatters and captivates; but if allowed to grow into a habit, it unhinges every better faculty of the mind; it destroys the usefulness, and blasts the enjoyment, of life.

A.

* * *

No. 92.] Saturday, Nov. 4, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

A correspondent of yours has described the uneasiness he feels from a wife of a romantic turn of mind. It is my misfortune to be yoked to a husband who would have pleased that lady to a T, but who is a perpetual distress to me; who teases me from morning to night with what he calls sentiment; and talks for ever of something which he terms fineness of mind.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of moderate fortune in the south of Scotland, who, early in life, married a lady who brought him no fortune indeed, but soon enriched him with four sons and five daughters, of whom I am the eldest. By the assistance of a great man, whose interest in the county my father had espoused, my brothers were soon shipped off to India, and some other far-off places, to shift for themselves, and push their fortune as they best could. It was more difficult to dispose of us. My mother proposed to breed some of us to business, to put us in a way, as she said, of earning an honest livelihood for ourselves. The pride of my father could not submit to this proposition, and he thought it better that we should starve like gentlewomen descended from an ancient family.

We were accordingly kept at home in the old and crazy mansion-house, where we received such an education as my mother, assisted by our parish-minister, (who happened to be a relation of hers), could give us. As to my father, he was so much occupied in managing his farm, and in labouring to make the two ends of the year meet, that he had little leisure to bestow any attention upon us. If at any time he addressed himself to me and my sisters, it was to check any thing that appeared to him like extravagance in our dress, to recommend economy and attention to household affairs, and to praise those happy times when men were not scared from marriage by the extravagance of wives; and when, of course, every daughter of a respectable family was sure of a good husband as soon as she was brought from the nursery.

A continual flow of animal spirits, and a cheerful disposition, enabled me to support this life, without feeling much uneasiness, or much desire to change my situation. When I had entered my twentieth year, a female relation of my father's, who resides chiefly in town, honoured us with a visit. She was pleased to express much satisfaction with my looks and appearance, blamed my father for not sending me to town; and said, that were I once properly introduced into the world, I might be certain of a good marriage. These observations were accompanied with a warm invitation to pass the next winter at her house, where she told my father it would cost him nothing but a mere trifle for my clothes, and that he might think himself very happy to be able to dispose of a daughter at so easy a rate.

These arguments at length prevailed, and it was agreed that I should attend my cousin to town. I will fairly own, Sir, that I felt a certain degree of uneasiness at the thoughts of being exposed as it were to sale, and condemned to give my hand to the highest bidder. My parents, it was plain, sent me to town with no other view than that I might find a husband there; and when I took leave of them, I could easily see they laid their account that I was not to return without one.

These reflections were soon lost amidst the gayety and hurry of a town-life; I enjoyed its pleasures and amusements without thinking of consequences; and would have forgotten the object of my journey, had not my prudent kinswoman recalled my attention to it from time to time, and inculcated, in terms sufficiently strong, the absolute necessity of changing my state.

Meanwhile the season passed away; and though I met with a sufficient degree of attention at all public places, and though my cousin spared no pains to set me off to the best advantage, nothing like a serious proposal of marriage ever was made.

Such was the natural lightness of my spirit, and easiness of my disposition, that, without much difficulty, I reconciled myself to the idea of returning to my father's; and nothing gave me any disquietude, but the thoughts of continuing a burden on him. But the solicitude of my cousin, who had in a manner undertaken to dispose of me, increased daily, and afforded me, I must confess, rather amusement than uneasiness. When she saw me led out to dance by a younger brother, she could not conceal her chagrin; and from her manner and conversation, a person unacquainted with her motive might have been led to think, that there was something baneful in the touch of a man who did not possess a certain fortune.

While matters wore this unpromising aspect, and the period fixed for my return to the country approached, we went with a party to the theatre, to see the celebrated Mrs. Siddons play in the tragedy of The Gamester. The distress of Mrs. Beverley soon engaged my attention so completely, that it was some time before I observed, that by an accidental change of places in the box, a gentleman somewhat advanced in life, and whom I had never seen before, was placed by me. He seemed deeply affected by the play; and after it was over, addressed to me some observations on the piece and the performers. He appeared to be pleased with a remark or two which I happened to make on the play, praised the feeling I had shown during its representation, and then entered more deeply into the subject of plays and of feelings. I cannot say that I understood all he said; but either he did not perceive my ignorance, or kindly wished to instruct me; and so continued talking till it was time to retire.

When we got home, my cousin observed, that I had been well placed that evening. "Mr. Edwards," said she, "is not one of those young, giddy, extravagant fops whom one generally meets with at public places. He has lately succeeded to a large fortune by the death of an elder brother, and the world says he is looking out for a wife. He is just the sort of man I should wish for you, and I have engaged him to dinner on Monday next: so I desire you may be at home.

The imagination of my good kinswoman dwelt constantly on Mr. Edwards, whom she seemed to consider as my last stake, and many a good advice I received as to my conduct and behaviour on this important Monday. "Mr. Edwards," said she, "is a sedate, sensible man: you must not therefore talk at random, and laugh, as you sometimes do. You must, above all, be attentive to him, and do not engage in any idle talk with the rest of the company." When the day came, my cousin attended my toilet in person; and, had I been going to a birth-day ball, could not have bestowed more pains than she did in dressing me out in the manner that appeared to her most likely to make an impression on the devoted Mr. Edwards.

You may well believe that I was much entertained with this anxiety to please a person I had seen but once, and who I could not suppose had ever bestowed one thought on me. When the company assembled, I found that, in the selection she had made, my cousin had done me ample justice. The females were either old or uncommonly plain in their appearance. By some manœuvre I was placed next to Mr. Edwards at dinner; but there, the ridicule of my own situation added to my natural flow of spirits, and forgetting all the prudent advices I had received, I yielded without reserve to the disposition of the moment, and was highly amused with the looks I from time to time received from the head of the table, which, though unobserved by the rest of the company, were to me sufficiently intelligible.

My artless unpremediated manner was, however, more successful than my cousin expected, or I could foresee. Mr. Edwards repeated his visits, and after some time offered me his hand in the most respectful and delicate manner. In marrying Mr. Edwards I did no violence to my own inclinations. Though I cannot say that I loved him, I esteemed his character; I was grateful for the distinctions with which he had honoured me, and I was firmly determined to discharge all the duties of a wife.

Soon after our marriage, he carried me on an excursion to England; and as he wished, he said, to enjoy my conversation without interruption, we travelled alone. For the first day or two I endeavoured to amuse him as I best could, by talking of the face of the country, the towns through which we passed, the gentlemen's seats we saw, and such like common topics. One day, however, he at once struck me dumb, by asking whether I was most pleased with Marivaux or Riccoboni? I was at length obliged to confess, that I did not know the meaning of his question. "Gracious Heavens!" exclaimed he, "have you never, Matilda (for so he always calls me, though I have told him a thousand times that I was christened Martha), perused the delightful pages of these celebrated authors?" In a word, Sir, had I told him that I had never read the scripture, he could not have testified more astonishment.

Our jaunt was shortened, and we hurried into the country, that I might, without interruption, apply myself to the study of the French language, without which my husband plainly insinuated that I could never be a companion for a rational creature. To this I had no objection; and I resolved, by assiduous application, to make up for the deficiencies in my education. But this will not satisfy my husband; and I now plainly perceive, that were I as accomplished as any of my sex, it would not mend the matter one bit. If I happen to be in good humour when he is in a grave fit (which, to say the truth, he frequently is), he ascribes it to want of attachment, and tells me, that if I felt that sympathy of soul in which true happiness consists, I could not behave in that manner. If I receive my friends and neighbours with common attention, he says, that if I loved like him, I could not dedicate so much of my time to the gratification of others. If I quit him to look after my household concerns, he talks of vulgar cares and unfeeling solicitudes; though, at the same time, with all his sentiment and refinement, he is by no means indifferent to the pleasures of the table; and it was but yesterday that he was out of humour the whole day, because the mutton was over-roasted, and the cook had put too much garlic into an omelet.

Under favour, Sir, I have been sometimes led to suspect that the unhappiness of my husband proceeds from a certain degree of selfishness, which he has not been at pains to restrain within due bonds. I would willingly, however, do every thing in my power to remove his uneasiness, but find myself altogether at a loss how to act. His distresses are so various, and often of so peculiar a nature, that when I exert myself the most to please him, I frequently give him the greatest pain. In this hard situation I at length resolved to apply to you for advice and assistance; which will much oblige

Your constant reader,

MARTHA EDWARDS.

All this comes of not marrying a younger man. Had Miss Martha (or Matilda, since her husband will have it so) wedded one of the young gentlemen of the present mode, she would have found him perfectly indifferent as to what feelings she possessed, or what authors she read; but he would probably have asked some preliminary questions about her fortune, which Mr. Edwards seems to have overlooked. As to the niceties of the table, that is a feeling common to both schools, in which the new indeed rather surpasses the old; that study therefore I would recommend to Mrs. Edwards. The codes of "sentiment and fineness of mind," are so voluminous, that I know not how to desire her to undergo a course of them: but it will not be difficult for her to make herself mistress of Hannah Glasse.

R.

No. 93.] SATURDAY, Nov. 11, 1786.

Fortunatus et ille Deos qui novit agrestes. VIRG.

And happy too is he, who decks the bowers
Of sylvans, and adores the rural powers—

DRYDEN.

ONE of the great pleasures of a periodical essayist arises from that sort of friendly and cordial intercourse which his publication sometimes procures him with worthy and respectable characters. The receipt of the following letter has added to the list of my acquaintance a gentleman whose person indeed I am ignorant of, but whose sentiments I respect, whose sorrows I revere, and whose feelings I am persuaded many of my readers (even in these days, which he holds not very susceptible of such emotions) will warmly participate.

'TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

SIR,

I, AS well as your correspondent Urbanus, was very much pleased with your late paper on the moral use of the country, and the portrait of the excellent lady it contained. I am an old man, Sir, but, thank God, with all my faculties and feelings entire and alive about me; and your description recalled to my memory some worthy characters with which my youth was acquainted, and which I am inclined to believe, I should find it a little difficult, were I even disposed to look out for them, to supply now. At my time of life, friends are a treasure which the fortunate may have preserved, but the most fortunate can hardly acquire; and, if I am not mistaken in my opinion of the present race, there are not many friendships among them which I would be solicitous to acquire, or they will be likely to preserve. It is not of their little irregularities or imprudences I complain; I know these must always be expected and pardoned in the young; and there are few of us old people who can recollect our youthful days without having some things of that sort to blush for. No, Mr. Lounger, it is their prudence, their wisdom, their foresight, their policy, I find fault with. They put on the livery of the world so early, and have so few of the weaknesses of feeling or of fancy! To this cause I impute the want of that rural sentiment which your correspondent Urbanus seems to suppose is banished only from the country retreats of town dissipation, from the abodes of fashionable and frivolous people, who carry all the follies and pleasures of a city into scenes destined for rural simplicity and rural enjoyments. But in truth, Sir, the people of the country themselves, who never knew fashionable life, or city dissipation, have now exchanged the simple-hearted pleasures which in my younger days were common amongst them, for ideas of a much more selfish and interested sort. Most of my young acquaintance there (and I spend at least eight months of the year in the country) are really arrived at that prudent way of estimating things which we used to be diverted with in Hudibras:

' For what's the value of a thing
But as much money as 'twill bring?

Their ambition, their love, their friendship, all have this tendency, and their no-ambition, their no-love, their no-friendship, or, in one word, their indifference about every object from which some worldly advantage is not to be drawn, is equally observable on the other hand. On such a disposition, Mr. Lounger, what impression is to be made by rural objects or rural scenery? The visions which these paint to fancy, or the tender ties they have on remembrance, cannot find room in an imagination or a heart made callous by selfish and interested indifference. 'Tis with regret rather than resentment that I perceive this sort of turn so prevalent among the young people of my acquaintance, or those with whom I am connected. I have now, alas! no child of my own in whom I can either lament such a failing, or be proud of the want of it.

I think myself happy, Sir, that, even at my advanced period of life, I am still susceptible of such impressions as those which your 87th number imputes to rural contemplation. At this season, above all others, methinks they are to be enjoyed. Now, in this fading time of the year, when the flush of vegetation, and the glow of maturity is past, when the fields put on a sober, or rather saddened appearance, I look on the well-known scenery around my country dwelling, as I would on a friend fallen from the pride of prosperity to a more humble and a more interesting situation. The withering grass that whistles on the unsheltered bank; the fallen leaves strewed over the woodland path; the silence of the almost naked copse, which not long ago rung with the music of the birds; the flocking of their little tribes that seem mute with the dread of ills to come; the querulous call of the partridge in the bare brown field, and the soft low song of the red-breast from the household shed; this pensive landscape, with these plaintive accompaniments, dimmed by a gray October sky, which we look on with the thoughts of its shortened and still shortening light; all this presses on my bosom a certain still and gentle melancholy, which I would not part with for all the pleasure that mirth could give, for all the luxury that wealth could buy.

You say, truly, in one of your late papers, that poetry is almost extinguished among us: it is one of my old-fashioned propensities to be fond of poetry, to be delighted with its descriptions, to be affected by its sentiments. I find genuine poetry a sort of opening to the feelings of my mind, to which my own expression could not give vent; I see in its descriptions a picture more lively and better composed than my own less distinct and less vivid ideas of the objects around me could furnish. It is with such impressions that I read the following lines of Thomson's Autumn, introductive of the solemn and beautiful apostrophe to philosophic melancholy.

> " But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
> Shade deepening over shade, the country round
> Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
> Of every hue, from wan-declining green
> To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
> Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
> And give the season in its latest view.
> Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
> Fleeces unbounded ether : whose least wave
> Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
> The gentle current : while illumin'd wide
> The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
> And through their lucid veil his soften'd force
> Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
> For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
> To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
> And soar above this little scene of things ;
> To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet,
> To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
> And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks."

About this time three years, Sir, I had the misfortune to lose a daughter, the last survivor of my family, whom her mother, dying at her birth, left a legacy to my tenderness, who closed a life of the most exemplary goodness, of the most tender filial duty, of the warmest benevolence, of the most exalted piety, by a very gradual but not unperceived decay.

When I think on the returning season of this calamity, when I see the last fading flowers of Autumn, which my Harriet used to gather with a kind of sympathetic sadness, and hear the small chirping note of the flocking linnets, which she used to make me observe as the elegy of the year! when I have drawn her picture in the midst of this rural scenery, and then reflect on her many virtues and accomplishments, on her early and unceasing attentions to myself, her gentle and winning manners to every one around her; when I remember her resignation during the progress of her disorder, her unshaken and sublime piety in its latest stages; when these recollections fill my mind, in conjunction with the drooping images of the season, and the sense of my own waning period of life; I feel a mixture of sadness and of composure, of humility and of elevation of spirit, which I think, Sir, a man would ill exchange for any degree of unfeeling prudence, or of worldly wisdom and indifference.

The attachment to rural objects is like that family-affection which a warm and uncorrupted mind preserves for its relations and early acquaintance. In a town, the lively partiality and predilection for these relations and friends is weakened or lost in the general intercourse of the multitude around us. In a town, external objects are so common, so unappropriated to ourselves, and are so liable to change and to decay, that we cannot feel any close or permanent connection with them. In the country, we remember them unchanged for a long space of time, and for that space known and frequented by scarce any but ourselves. "Methinks I should hate," (says a young lady, the child of fiction, yet drawn with many features like that excellent girl I lost), "methinks I should hate to have been born in a town. When I say my native brook, or my native hill, I talk of friends, of whom the remembrance warms my heart." When the memory of persons we dearly loved is connected with the view of those objects, they have then a double link to the soul. It were tender enough for me to view some ancient trees that form my common evening-walk, did I only remember what I was when I first sported under their shade, and what I am when I rest under it now; but it is doubly tender, when I think of those with whom I have walked there; of her whom but a few summers ago I saw beneath those beeches, smiling in health, and beauty, and happiness, her present days lighted up with innocence and mirth, and her future drawn in the flattering colours of fancy and of hope.

But I know not why I should trouble you with this recital of the situation and feelings of an individual, or indeed why I should have written to you at all, except that I catched a sort of congenial spirit from your 87th number, and was led by the letter of Urbanus to compare your description of a personage in former times, with those whose sentiments I sometimes hear in the present days. I am not sure that these have gained in point of substance what they have lost in point of imagination. Power, and wealth, and luxury, are relative terms; and if address, and prudence, and policy, can only acquire us our share, we shall not account ourselves more powerful, more rich, or more luxurious, than when in the little we possessed we were still equal to those around us. But if we have narrowed the sources of internal comfort and internal enjoyment, if we have debased the powers or corrupted the purity of the mind, if we have blunted the sympathy or contracted the affections of the heart, we have lost some of that treasure which was absolutely our own, and derived not its value from comparative estimation. Above all, if we have allowed the prudence or the interests of this world to shut out from our souls the view or the hopes of a better, we have quenched that light which would have cheered the darkness of affliction, and the evening of old age, which at this moment, Mr. Lounger, (for, like an old man, I must come back to myself), I feel restoring me my virtuous friends, my loved relations, my dearest child!

I am, &c.

Adrastus.

Z.

No. 94.] Saturday, Nov. 18, 1786.

Vos lene consilium et datis, et dato
Gaudetis. Hor.

Gracious from you the lenient counsels flow.
Francis.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

Though you, and other writers of your sort, are constantly recommending benevolence and social affection, as not only the most laudable, but as the happiest dispositions of mind; yet I confess I am inclined to doubt at least one half of the proposition. The care we take of our neighbours is oftener praised than rewarded, and sometimes it has the misfortune to meet neither with approbation nor recompense. That I have some reason to say so, Mr. Lounger, I fancy you will be inclined to allow, when I tell you how it has fared with myself.

I was, from my earliest years, disposed to think more of other people's advantage than of my own. When at school, I was the great prompter both of study and amusement, though I was nowise remarkable for excelling in the one or enjoying the other. I showed the first boys of our class the easiest way of getting their lessons and performing their exercises; but I could seldom be at the trouble to get or to perform my own. I laid excellent plans for new games, truant expeditions, and little plots of mischief; but being of a weakly constitution, and of not a very resolute mind, I seldom was an actor in the amusement or the adventure: as I had, however, a sort of vanity, which was flattered by the imputation of the advice, I was often flogged for tricks I had not played, and idle diversions in which I had not partaken. I was generally pitched on as a sort of ambassador when a play-day was to be asked, or a boy begged off; because I liked to put myself forward, and was readier with my tongue than my hand. But in this office I was very ill rewarded for my trouble; I was sometimes whipped in place of him whose pardon I had the assurance to ask, and often left out of the party whose play I had been so lucky as to obtain.

These disappointments, however, did not damp the natural ardour of my disposition to serve my friends. Genius, it has been observed, rather grows upon control; my genius was that of giving advice, and it seemed rather to increase than to abate as I grew up into life. I chose a profession which was very well calculated for indulging this propensity, that of a physician, and went through a regular course of education to qualify myself for a degree; which, however, I failed of obtaining at the university in which

I studied, having incurred the displeasure of the professors, from being the promoter, as they said, of certain cabals among the students, which disturbed the peace of the community. For obtaining that honorary distinction, I was obliged to go to a foreign university, where, from a want of the language, I was prevented from giving so much good advice as I should otherwise have been inclined to bestow.

When I returned to my native country, I was resolved to make up for this unprofitable interval of silence, by a liberal use of my talent for advising. But I don't know how it happened, except from that disposition which genius has rather to voluntary than to expected exertion, I had not half the pleasure in giving advice as a physician, that I felt in offering my counsel in any other case of doubt, or of difficulty. It might perhaps be owing to this that I was little consulted; and in some houses into which I got access as a doctor, it was alleged that I raised such a ferment by my non-medical advice, as all my sedatives were unable to allay. On my skill as a physician I bore attacks without much emotion; but, conscious of the purity of my intentions, I was surprised to hear my conduct as a man arraigned; astonished, when an adviser like myself cautioned me against intermeddling with other people's affairs; told me, that nothing was so hurtful to one's self as the telling people disagreeable truths; and that if I was not on my guard, I would soon be shunned as a busy body and an incendiary, who set every family into which he was admitted by the ears.

In consequence of the caution offered me by this teller of agreeable truths, I was determined, notwithstanding my natural philanthropy, to withhold the counsel of which I saw most of my neighbours stand so much in need, when an incident happened that put me a good deal in spirits with myself, and in favour of the world. An uncle died, and left me the heir to a considerable sum which he possessed in the funds. By his death I found myself to have acquired a great deal of wisdom and persuasion, as well as money; and while that money lasted seldom met with a man or a woman who did not find my advice perfectly prudent and useful. It was indeed frequently given in a way exactly the reverse of what my profession (which I now followed only for my amusement) should have taught me. The fee commonly accompanied the prescription, in the form of a loan, a present, a subscription, or some such genteel denomination; and I had among my patients persons of very great consideration, and of the most eminent talents. I scarce remember any who obstinately and bluntly refused my advice except one author, whom I earnestly advised to suppress a dedication he showed me to a small volume of poems, with which he was about to favour the public. This was a matter too in which I thought I had the best title to offer my opinion, as the book was to be dedicated to myself, and I had set down my name for one hundred copies.

In the disposal of the riches with which this unexpected death of my relation had endowed me, I was equally benevolent and disinterested as in the other parts of my conduct. The effects of this were, as in other cases, more beneficial to my friends than to myself; by that hospitality with which I repaid the gratitude of those whose measures I prompted or advised; by the facility with which I entered into money engagements, in aid of those measures; by becoming a sharer in several projects, of which I had the chief management and direction, and in which therefore I generally had the honour of making the first and largest advances; and by laying out money according to the advice of some of the ablest men in that department, (for after I grew rich I had got advisers too;) by all of these means, Mr. Lounger, in the course of ten or twelve years I found my uncle's inheritance almost entirely exhausted, and I was left in the decline of life with no other provision than a very small annuity, which the wreck of it enabled me to purchase.

I was, however, always of a sanguine, thoughtless disposition, and not easily put out of temper with the circumstances in which fortune had placed me. My annuity, small as it was, enabled me to keep up a decent appearance; and my degree gave me a convenient, and, in this country, a respectable appellation. I had gained, too, some experience during the vicissitudes of my fortune, and in my days of prosperity had, as I mentioned above, known what it was to receive as well as to offer advice. On this experience, and an attention to my own feelings, I built the system of my future conduct; and by a diligent attention to the feelings of others, I have been able to pursue it with very tolerable success. I still continue my profession of adviser; but I now give advice after a manner perfectly different from that in which I set out, not according to the case in which I am consulted, but according to the inclination of him or her who consults me.

You cannot easily imagine, Sir, how much good-will this deportment has gained me. Instead of the distant acquaintance and cold reception which in the days of my honest counsel I generally met with, I now find myself surrounded by friends and well-wishers wherever I go. I dine six days in the week at good tables, have frequent invitations to parties of pleasure; nay, I might have even some professional advantage, if I was inclined to lay hold of it, and might be fed for prescribing remedies to people of fashion, of which themselves have first told me the infallibility. I had a present of a gold snuff-box from an old gouty lord, for listening to his account of the virtues of sulphur-water; and my Lady Notable lately sent me a suit of damask of her own making, for having staid to witness some experiments with her favourite worm-powder.

Not only indeed in medicine, in which I might be supposed to have some knowledge, but in most other arts and sciences, this same echo-counsel has given me the character of being very skilful and well informed. I have acquired a great character for connoisseurship in painting, by advising the great collector, Mr. Tinto, to purchase, as an original Vandyke, a picture which his ordinary counsellor in these matters had insisted, in spite of his patron's assertion, was but a copy; and an author of great reputation has mentioned me as one of the justest critics of his acquaintance, because I gave it as my opinion, that he should by all means retain a simile in his new tragedy, which an actor would have had him cut out as too long and unnatural. At the theatre my advice is followed, even by that most unadvisable of all professions, the players, ever since I told Mr. —— that he was an incomparable Macbeth, and advised Mrs. —— to play Juliet, in her grand climacteric.

I sometimes make friends, and establish my reputation for taste, as much by dissuading from what should not, as by advising what should be done. I have eat venison half a dozen times at Lord Visto's country-seat, ever since I begged him not to think of building such a clumsy temple as his neighbour Sir Paul Prospect has lately erected; and have been very much a man *à bonnes fortunes* in the good graces of Miss Trippet, since one morning that I dissuaded her from wearing a gipsy hat with pink ribbons, which made Lady Bell Airy look so frightful at the assembly a few evenings before.

On one occasion only I recollect my method of giving counsel to have failed of being acceptable: in my young days, when I had the foolish way of advising inconsiderately, I had given a decided opinion against a friend's marrying his maid servant, who a few days after first showed his being estranged from me, by leaving me out of the company he invited to the christening of his first child. In my wiser days, I was consulted by another friend on a similar occasion. I advised him by all means to marry. I did not see him till a twelvemonth after; he seemed to bear me no good-will for my advice; and the first token of reconciliation I received from him was a few weeks ago, by a letter to his wife's funeral.

I have thus very candidly communicated to you, Mr. Lounger, my method of giving advice, so agreeable to the advised, as well as so highly advantageous to the adviser. I communicate it to you from a very friendly motive; because I think I have observed, that in many of your papers you have rather shown a disposition to give counsel to your readers in my first manner, which, before I had been taught better things, made me so unwelcome a guest and so disagreeable a companion. Believe me, you will find it much more expedient to perform this friendly office according to the improved system which at present I follow with so much applause and success. But I forget that it is probable you design your work rather for posterity than the present times; in which case you are certainly very much in the right to adopt the opposite plan: and in that view of the matter, it has my entire approbation.

I have the honour to be, &c.

VALERIUS VELVET.

Z.

No. 95.] SATURDAY, Nov. 25, 1786.

Here HUNT *may box or* MAHOMET *may dance.*

JOHNSON.

WHEN I returned from my morning's walk one day of last week, Peter informed me that a young gentleman had called, who would not tell his name, but promised to call again in the evening, and in the mean time left a letter which he said would inform me who he was. "I think, Sir," said Peter, while I was opening the letter, "that were he a little older, and had a major wig instead of his own brown hair in round curls on his neck, that one might discover a likeness between him and Colonel Caustic." There was some reason for the resemblance; for in fact it was a young relation of the colonel's who had been two or three years at an English university, and is now come hither for the winter to study some particular branches at ours. He brought me a letter of introduction from my worthy friend his kinsman, which gave him, in the colonel's delicate way, a great deal of commendation, though I am persuaded, from what I have seen of him, no more than he merits. "He is really a fine boy," said the colonel's letter, "and I think you will like him the better that he pretends to be no more. He has neither learned to be a fop nor a prig at college; and though a little flighty and light-headed now and then, has a soundness at heart that never deceives one. The lad has a classical taste, and has written some love verses that would not have disgraced better times, when the women were worthy of them."

When he came in the evening, I found his appearance very prepossessing, and not the less so, that I really imagined I saw some of that resemblance which Peter's sagacity had discovered. Peter laid two covers without my bidding; and the young gentleman accepted the invitation they implied. After our little supper we got so well acquainted, and found ourselves so much related through the connection of Colonel Caustic, that the young man, as I wished, forgot the difference of our age, and the lateness of his introduction, and we quoted Horace, told college anecdotes, repeated college verses, and laughed at college puns, till midnight.

He pleased me much with the affection he expressed for my old friend and his sister, with whom he had spent several weeks previous to his coming hither. "Don't you think Miss Caustic, Sir," said he, "one of the most excellent women in the world? and then her brother's affection for her! methinks I like both the better every time he speaks of his sister. We were talking one day of a book of receipts which she had copied.—"There wants one here," said the colonel, "which my sister possesses beyond any body I know; a receipt for making people happy."——She has a way of doing kind things with so little pretension! She had talked lately of getting some pieces of dress from town, and when she heard of my setting out, had put twenty guineas into my hand as her agent in the business; but when she took leave of me, she said, "she found she should have no occasion for any addition to her wardrobe this year.—But you must lay out the twenty guineas," said she, "in looking at the fashionable dresses of this winter, that you may be able to instruct me in my purchases for the next."

"You never saw the colonel (continued his young friend) in better health or spirits than he is at present. He put one of two of his old guns in order on my account, and walked out with me himself to show me the grounds where the game was to be found, which he says was almost as plentiful this season as it was when he was a shooter."—"Why does he not come to town?" said I.—"I asked him that question, Sir; but he told me he did not intend to be in town; and yet I believe he was much better for his last excursion hither."—"I am persuaded the journey would be of service to him."—His young relation smiled. "I believe it was not so much the journey to Edinburgh, as the follies he saw there, that did him so much good. He swallowed a thousand impertinences, he says, when here; and his sister tells me he has chewed the cud on them ever since. Every time he related any of them to her or to me, he seemed to be better pleased with himself, and with the times which he calls his own; though I am happy to believe that he will live these dozen years, to tell us that he has nothing to do with the present times. He says, he does not intend being in town again, because the novelty that amused him the last time he was there is over. I should only find, said he, the same follies and the same vices; the same course of frivolous men, and the same vulgar or giddy women, I saw there two winters ago."

"But you may assure him," said I, "he is mistaken: that I have received undoubted intelligence, that there is to be no folly, no vice, among us this winter; that our private society is to be decent and well-bred, our public places orderly and well-regulated; that there will be no bludgeon'd beaux to jostle him in his walks, nor female cavaliers to stare him out of countenance; that our dinners are to afford the elegant entertainment of Attic conviviality, 'the feast of reason, and the flow of soul;' that the tea-tables of the ladies are to be schools of delicacy, refinement, and instructive conversation; that Lady Rumpus has learned silence, old —— sobriety, and his son decorum; that our assemblies, instead of fine ladies lolloping through country dances with fine men, are to be filled with fine women, who are to dance minuets with fine gentlemen; that at our concerts people of fashion are to listen to the music, and that the music is to be worth the listening to; that our theatre——But you shall hear what it is to be from better authority. I received this very morning a letter on that subject, which, among other novelties, you may communicate to the colonel. Here it is, sealed with a Shakspeare's head, and dated from Holyrood-house."

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

I presume, from the uniform practice of your predecessors, and indeed from several of your earlier papers, that the state of the theatre is by no means a subject of indifference to you. In this belief, I make bold to trouble you with a letter concerning our Scottish stage, which I hope will meet with your attention. I think, Sir, I may presume to say, that I am not an unqualified correspondent on that subject, having passed most of my life behind the scenes, in different parts of the kingdom, and have reason to flatter myself with having been of considerable use to the stage, though my labours have not proved so advantageous to myself as I had reason to look for. I was the first who brought any thing like discipline among Bayes's Light Horse; I had a very principal hand in the sea in Harlequin's Invasion; and gave the plan for the construction of the famous cloud which took up the deities in Midas. These, and many other services of equal importance, have been long forgotten. I will make no personal reflections, Sir; but managers are well known not to be always so attentive to merit as they ought to be. I know it has been said, that I was dismissed from the London theatre, on account of an unfortunate accident, to wit, the falling of a flying dragon, which I had invented for a new pantomime; by which the Devil and Dr. Faustus were both killed on the spot. But, in the first place, the story is false in itself, the Doctor having only broke his nose, and the Devil his tail, by the accident; and at any rate, the dragon was not of my construction, but one borrowed from the Opera-house, which had been foundered by hard riding in the ballet of Jason and Medea.

I understand, Sir, that it is intended this winter to make a very material improvement on the theatre at Edinburgh, by bringing down the Sadler's Wells company, to perform there during a considerable part of the season. I will not have the vanity to say, that this was entirely owing to a suggestion of mine; yet it is certain that I hinted at such an improvement several months ago, at the house of a gentleman, an old acquaintance, with whom I sometimes take a Sunday's dinner, who is on very intimate terms with the gentleman who dresses the manager. But whoever may claim the honour of the invention, Sir, I cannot help congratulating this country on the event, which I look on as proceeding from the same liberal and enlarged spirit that has given rise to the commercial treaty with France. Undoubtedly a free and full communication and interchange of commodities is of advantage both among nations and theatres; and the jealousies and rivalships that used to subsist between contending houses were extremely hurtful to all parties. It is the duty of every good citizen to promote an object so desirable as that of a friendly intercourse and mutual co-operation between such societies, for the entertainment of the public. With such good intentions, I beg leave to lay before you the sketch of a plan for the more close and intimate union of the theatrical and dancing, or tumbling kingdoms, by their not only occupying the same ground, and alternately exhibiting on the same stage, but by their mutually coalescing and incorporating with one another, so as to give a play all the decoration and movement of a dance or a tumbling, and a dance or a tumbling all the interest and business of a play. What an excellent entertainment, for instance, would Macbeth or Hamlet afford, if the plan of the drama were preserved, according to the ancient theatrical mode, and the unfolding and progress of it brought forth, according to the new or Sadler's Wells school. The soliloquies might be turned to hornpipes, the battles into country bumpkins, and the respective courts of Scotland and Denmark might exhibit themselves to great advantage in a cotillon; or the solemn scenes might be performed on the slack wire, the more animated from the tight rope, and the bustle of a full stage would naturally fall into feats of *agility* and lofty tumbling. In Macbeth the *little Devil would* be quite in his element. In the tragedy of Venice Preserved, what a brilliant high dance might Pierre in the senate-house perform in his chains, (which is indeed but one step beyond his ordinary style of acting in that scene;) and the senators (such of them at least whose robes would bear looking at behind) might join the inferior conspirators as figurantes.

Comedy will easily and naturally slide into the department of her sister-arts; and as she has already betaken herself almost entirely to singing on the English stage, she may with great propriety become a dancer on the Scotch theatre. As to farces or petites pieces, I think they may admit of a different set of performers, and be played with applause by actors of the animal creation. General Jackoo, of the Sadler's Wells company, who I'm told has a very quick study, might soon be made perfect in Fribble; and the wonderful English bull-dog be brought out in the part of Major Sturgeon. It could not but afford pleasure to every rational and philosophic mind thus to see the lower orders of creation brought forward a step in the scale of being, and assuming, on the stage of Edinburgh, a rank and consequence which partial nature has denied them.

But though the superstructure of dancing and tumbling is thus proposed to be raised on the old theatrical foundation; yet, Sir, it is by no means any part of my plan to discard or render unnecessary the present incumbents of the theatre. Their exertions will necessarily be united with their new associates from Sadler's Wells, to get up, as it is called, the pieces which are to be performed in this new manner; and I have too much knowledge of the extent and versatility of their genius, not to be convinced that they will easily accommodate themselves to the change. Some of the best tragedians of our present company will readily acquire the walk of the tight-rope; most of the ladies, I am sure, will have no objection to put themselves under the tuition of the devil, in the tumbling way; and several of the most celebrated comic performers are already so excellent in the posture line, as to give assurance of their arriving at the first degree of eminence in that department.

And now, Sir, give me leave to state some of the obvious advantages that will arise from this new and improved mode of conducting the drama.

1*mo*, As the entertainment would be addressed to the eyes, it would allow perfect liberty to the tongues of the audience; of the restraint, in this particular, which arises from the present method of conducting the drama, the most respectable part of the house have great reason to complain, as the players on the stage speak almost as loud as people of the first distinction in the side-boxes.

2do, There would be none of that improper or unbecoming freedom or *double entendre*, against which some of the more rigid moralists inveigh, in the dialogue of our late comic performances. If any part of the pantomime should happen not to be quite so pure as it ought (a grievance which even the spoken plays are liable to in the hands of some actors), it will be easy for the ladies to turn their eyes half aside, or to cover them with the sticks of their fans: putting one's fingers in one's ears is not so graceful an attitude.

3tio, It will very much improve the catastrophe of some of our best English tragedies. George Barnwell may then be played, as I once heard a gentleman of this city propose to a manager, with the hanging thrown into action instead of narrative, as the swing of several actors of the new company can easily be made to imitate that polite entertainment; and some of them who at present show such dexterity in twisting their bodies into the collared-eel, and other beautiful forms, will have no difficulty of allowing themselves to be broke on the wheel in the part of Pierre, which being a novelty, and somewhat more natural and affecting than the mere preparatives at present exhibited, cannot fail of drawing great houses.

4to, It will evidently tend to facilitate the profession of an actor, and to widen the range from which excellence in that line is to be drawn. As things are at present, the British stage, from the circumstance of language, is open only to the natives of England and Ireland; but if plays are to be danced instead of spoken, their language, like that of music, will be universal. This will remove a hardship, peculiar to this part of his majesty's dominions, which, from its provincial pronunciation, is almost entirely excluded from the stage; but in a natural talent for dancing and feats of agility, is supposed rather to have the advantage of its sister-kingdoms. If the plan I propose is adopted, I shall not be surprised, if the district of Strathspey should produce a successor to Garrick, and a rival to Mrs. Siddons.

Lastly, It will save a great deal of trouble to authors, who are often exceedingly at a loss how to carry on the dialogue of a piece through the space of five or even of three acts. In the improved method I have taken the liberty to suggest, an author will not only, like some of our modern dramatists, have no occasion to write well, but he or she may actually compose a very good play, without having ever learned to write or read at all.

Many other advantages might be shown to result from this proposed alteration of the mode of representing theatrical pieces; but I flatter myself, that even the imperfect announcement of the plan which I have given will be sufficient to entitle it to the favour and patronage of persons of taste and knowledge; among whom, without flattery Sir, I class the author of the Lounger in a very distinguished rank.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Richard Buskin.

I doubt not but it will afford pleasure to Mr. Buskin to be told, that my young academical friend approved very much of his proposal. "In ancient Greece," said he, "though they did not carry this matter quite so far as your correspondent proposes, yet dancing made a chief part of the entertainment in dramatic representations. The verses indeed of Sophocles and Euripides were recited, but as we have no Sophocleses or Euripideses now, and scarce any actors who could speak their verses if we had, I believe Mr. Buskin's plan to be a very expedient one. I remember one of our fellows at college, who liked eccentric anecdotes, used to tell us of a company of comedians he fell in with in a country excursion, who having, by some little misfortune, lost their principal actor, gave out their next day's bill in these words: "On Monday will be presented the tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark; the part of Hamlet, for that night, to be left out."

I.

No. 96.] Saturday, Dec. 2, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.

Virg.

The rural life from golden Saturn sprung.

Sir,

As in reading, either for instruction or entertainment, one is always most struck with what comes nearest to one's self, we who are in the country have been particularly attentive to your rural papers. The family of which I am a member at present have been very much entertained with them. We have found out several of our acquaintance in the letter of Urbanus; and even the picture of your godmother, though a little antiquated, was too strongly marked for some of our party not to discover a resemblance to it. Adrastus's portrait of himself was too serious for our meddling with. We never allow our imaginations to sport with the sacredness of sorrow.

Since the receipt of those papers, it has become an amusement here to draw sketches for the Lounger; and some of us last night after supper proposed, that every one should paint his neighbour. To this fancy and a rainy morning you owe this letter. I will try to give you the whole group; I am sure, if I could do it justice, it should please your benevolent readers better than the picture of Urbanus, though I give that gentleman perfect credit for the fidelity as well as the power of his pencil. But a family-piece of Greuze is more pleasing, though perhaps less valued, than one of Hemskirk or Teniers.

That I may, however, take no advantage, I will begin with myself. I am not of so serious a disposition as Adrastus, yet I am not altogether without some of that rural sentiment which he indulges, and which you describe. I own I had acuter feelings some five and twenty years ago; but having now lived half a century, I am become a good deal less heroic, less visionary, and less tender than I was; yet I have not forgotten what my own feelings were, and I can perfectly understand what those of younger men are; I confess I like to see them as warm as I myself was at their age, and enjoy a sort of self-flattery in thinking that I have learned to be wiser, by being a little older, than they. Something of the same reflection I venture now and then to indulge, from the circumstance of being a bachelor; I think myself as well as I am, and yet I am pleased to see a husband and a father happy. And as I am neither from age nor situation quite condemned to celibacy, I have that sort of interest in an amiable woman or a promising child, that makes their company very agreeable to me, and I believe mine not unpleasant to them. I have, thank God, good health and good spirits; was bred somewhat of a scholar by my father, who lived in town, and a pretty complete sportsman by my grandfather, who resided in the country. When at school I stole an hour or two in the evening to learn music, and had a tolerable knack at making bad verses when at college. In short, there are few things come across me in which I am quite left out, and I have not the vanity of excellence to support in any of them.

I generally spend some months of autumn in the country, and this season have passed them very agreeably at the house of a gentleman, who, from particular circumstances, I am pretty confident is the person you once mentioned under the appellation of Benevolus. A general idea of his character you have given in the paper I allude to: of his family and their country life, will you allow me to try a little sketch now?

You have hinted at the use Benevolus makes of his wealth. In the country, as far as we can gather from those around him, he gives largely; but as it is neither from the impulse of sickly sentiment nor shallow vanity, his largesses tend oftener to incite industry that to supply indigence. Indeed I have been forced to observe, that to nurse poverty is, politically speaking, to harbour idleness and vice; to prevent it is much the better way; for a man seldom thrives that does not deserve to thrive; and, except from some unfortunate accidents, which Benevolus is ever ready to pity and to redress, a man is seldom poor without deserving to be so. The occupiers of Benevolus's estate are generally thriving: he says, that to promote this is not an expensive indulgence; but, on the contrary, that he gains by it. 'Tis some money advanced at first, says he; but no capital is more productive than that which is laid out on the happiness of one's people. Some plans indeed have been suggested to him for doubling the revenue of his estate, by dispeopling it of three-fourths of its inhabitants, but he would never consent to them. If I wished for money, he replied to an adviser of these schemes, there are many trades you should rather recommend to me; but the proudest property of a country gentleman is that of men. He has not, however, that inordinate desire for extending the bounds of his estate, that some great proprietors have. A gentleman, whose family had been reduced in its circumstances, offered his land to him for sale. Benevolus expressed his sorrow for the necessity that forced the neighbour to this measure, and, after examining into his affairs, gave him credit to the extent of his debts. The young man went abroad, and from the recommendation of his honesty and worth, and great assiduity in business, acquired a fortune sufficient to redeem his affairs. Somebody observed what an enviable purchase that gentleman's land would have been to Benevolus. "But those acres would not have dined with me with such a face of happiness and gratitude as Mr. —— did to-day."

Such faces, indeed, are a favourite part of the entertainment at Benevolus's table. One day of the week, which he jokingly calls his wife's rout day, there is an additional leaf put to the table, for the reception of some of the principal farmers on his estate, from whose conversation, he says, he derives much useful knowledge in country business, and in the management of his affairs. He behaves to them in such a way as to remove all restraint from the inequality of rank; and talking to every man on the subject he knows best, makes every man more pleased with himself, and more useful to those who hear him. The reception indeed of those guests strongly marks the propriety of feeling and of behaviour of the family. There is none of that sneer and tittering which one sees among the young gentlemen and ladies of other tables; the children strive who shall help the senior farmers of the set: they ask questions about the different members of his household, and sometimes send little presents to his children. I have had the charge of some parties of the young people, who dined with the farmers in return; and then we have so many long stories when we come back in the evening. There are no such eggs, nor fowls, nor cream, as we meet with in those excursions. I am always appealed to as a voucher; and I can safely say, that we thought so, especially when we took a long walk, or fished or shot by the way.

Benevolus has four sons and three daughters. Their education has been scrupulously attended to; and there are perhaps no young people of their age more accomplished. When I speak of their accomplishments, I do not mean only their skill in the ordinary branches of education, music, dancing, drawing, and so forth. I have seen such acquirements pass through the memory and the fingers of young people, yet leave little fruit behind them. It is not so with my young friends here; not only are the faculties employed, but the mind is enriched by all their studies. I have learned a great deal of true philosophy, during the rainy days of this season, from the little philosophers in Benevolus's library; and when I indulge myself in a morning's lounge beside the young ladies and their mother, I always rise with sentiments better regulated, with feelings more attuned, than when I sat down. The young people's accomplishments are sometimes shown, but never exhibited; brought forth, unassumingly, to bestow pleasure on others, not to minister to their own vanity, or that of their parents. In music their talents are such as might attract the applause of the most skilful; yet they never refuse to exert them in the style that may please the most ignorant. Music their father confesses he is fond of, beyond the moderation of a philosopher. 'Tis a relaxation, he says, which indulges without debasing the feelings, which employs without wasting the mind. The first time I was here, I had rode in a very bad day through a very dreary road; it was dark before I reached the house. The transition from the battering rain, the howling wind, and a flooded road, to a saloon lighted cheerily up, and filled with the mingled sounds of their family concert, was so delightful, that I shall never forget it.

There is, however, a living harmony in the appearance of the family, that adds considerably to the pleasure of this and every other entertainment. To see how the boys hang upon their father, and with what looks of tenderness the girls gather round their mother! "To be happy at home," said Benevolus one day to me, when we were talking of the sex, "is one of the best dowries we can give a daughter with a good husband, and the best preventive against her choosing a bad one. How many miserable matches have I known some of my neighbours' girls make, merely to escape from the prison of their father's house; and having married for freedom, they resolved to be as little as they could in their husband's."

Benevolus's lady, though the mother of so many children, is still a very fine woman. That lofty elegance, however, which, in her younger days, I remember awing so many lovers into adoration, she has now softened into a matron gentleness, which is infinitely engaging. There is a modest neatness in her dress, a chastened grace in her figure, a sort of timid liveliness in her conversation, which we cannot but love ourselves, and are not surprised to see her husband look on with delight. In the management of her household concerns, she exerts a quiet and unperceived attention to her family and her guests, to their convenience, their sports, their amusements, which accommodates every one without the tax of seeing it bustled for. In the little circles at breakfast, where the plans of the day are laid, one never finds those faces of embarrassment, those whispers of concealment, which may be observed in some houses. Mamma is applied to in all arrangements, consulted in schemes for excursions, in the difficulty of interfering engagements, and is often pressed to be of parties, which she sometimes enlivens with her presence.

Benevolus, in the same manner, is frequently the companion of his son's sports, and rides very keenly after an excellent pack of harriers, though they say he has gone rather seldomer out this season than he used to do, having got so good a deputy in me. He was disputing t'other day with the clergyman of the parish, a very learned and a very worthy man, on the love of sport. "I allow, my good Sir, (said Benevolus), that there are better uses for time; but, exclusive of exercise to the body, there are so many dissipations more hurtful to the mind, (dissipations even of reading, of thinking, and of feeling, which are never reckoned on as such), that if sport be harmless, it is useful. I have another reason for encouraging it in my son. It will give him an additional tie to the country, which is to be the chief scene of his future life, as a man likes his wife the better that, besides more important accomplishments, she can sing and dance; and in both cases a man of a feeling mind will connect with the mere amusement, ideas of affection, and remembrances of tenderness. Methinks I perceive an error in the system of education which some country gentlemen follow with their sons. They send them, when lads, to study at foreign universities, and to travel into foreign countries, and then expect them, rather unreasonably, to become country-gentlemen at their return. My son shall travel to see other countries, but he shall first learn to love his own. There is a polish, there are ornaments, I know, which travel gives; but the basis must be an attachment to home. My son's ruffles may be of lace, but his shirt must be of more durable stuff."

In this purpose Benevolus has perfectly succeeded with his son, who is now eighteen, with much of the information of a man, but with all the unassuming modesty of a boy. 'Tis his pleasure and his pride to acknowledge the claims which his native scenes have upon him. He knows the name of every hamlet, and of its inhabitants; he visits them when he can be of use, gives encouragement to their improvements, and distributes rewards to the industrious. In return, they feel the most perfect fealty and regard to him. The old men observe how like he is to his father; and their wives trace the eyes and the lips of his mother.

The same good sense in their management, and a similar attention to their happiness, is shown to every inferior member of Benevolus's household. His domestics revere and love him; yet regularity and attention are nowhere so habitual. Attention to every guest is one of the first lessons a servant learns at this house, and attention of that useful and benevolent sort which is exactly the reverse of what is practised at some great houses in the country, where a man is vastly well attended, provided he has attendants of his own that make it needless; but a person of inferior rank may wait some time before he can find a servant whose province it is to take any care of him. At Benevolus's, it is every man's province to show a stranger kindness; and there is an aspect of welcome in every domestic one meets. Even the mastiff in the court is so gentle, so humanized by the children, and "bears his faculties so meek," that the very beggar is not afraid of Trusty, though he bays him.

In such quarters, and with such society, I do not count the weeks of my stay, like your correspondent Urbanus. The family talks of not visiting Edinburgh sooner than Christmas, and it is not improbable that I may stay with them till that time: so if your coffee-house friend takes notes of arrivals this winter, he may possibly mark me down in my seat in the coach destined for No. 7, answering the questions of two cherub-faced boys, who are a sort of pupils of mine here in all the idle branches of their education.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
V. W. G.

No. 97.] SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1787. 1786

To the feeling and the susceptible there is something wonderfully pleasing in the contemplation of genius, of that supereminent reach of mind by which some men are distinguished. In the view of highly superior talents, as in that of great and stupendous natural objects, there is a sublimity which fills the soul with wonder and delight, which expands it, as it were, beyond its usual bounds, and which, investing our nature with extraordinary powers, and extraordinary honours, interests our curiosity and flatters our pride.

This divinity of genius, however, which admiration is fond to worship, is best arrayed in the darkness of distant and remote periods, and is not easily acknowledged in the present times, or in places with which we are perfectly acquainted. Exclusive of all the deductions which envy or jealousy may sometimes be supposed to make, there is a familiarity in the near approach of persons around us, not very consistent with the lofty ideas which we wish to form of him who has led captive our imagination in the triumph of his fancy, overpowered our feelings with the tide of passion, or enlightened our reason with the investigation of hidden truths. It may be true, that "in the olden time" genius had some advantages which tended to its vigour and its growth; but it is not unlikely, that, even in these degenerate days, it rises much oftener than it is observed; that in "the ignorant present time" our posterity may find names which they will dignify, though we neglected, and pay to their memory those honours which their contemporaries had denied them.

There is, however, a natural, and indeed a fortunate vanity in trying to redress this wrong, which genius is exposed to suffer. In the discovery of talents generally unknown, men are apt to indulge the same fond partiality as in all other discoveries which themselves have made; and hence we have had repeated instances of painters and of poets, who have been drawn from obscure situations, and held forth to public notice and applause by the extravagant encomiums of their introductors, yet in a short time have sunk again to their former obscurity; whose merit, though perhaps somewhat neglected, did not appear to have been much undervalued by the world, and could not support, by its own intrinsic excellence, that superior place which the enthusiasm of its patrons would have assigned it.

I know not if I shall be accused of such enthusiasm and partiality, when I introduce to the notice of my readers a poet of our own country, with whose writings I have lately become acquainted; but if I am not greatly deceived, I think I may safely pronounce him a genius of no ordinary rank. The person to whom I allude is Robert Burns, an Ayrshire ploughman, whose poems were some time ago published in a country-town in the west of Scotland, with no other ambition, it would seem, than to circulate among the inhabitants of the county where he was born, to obtain a little fame from those who had heard of his talents. I hope I shall not be thought to assume too much, if I endeavour to place him in a higher point of view, to call for a verdict of his country on the merit of his works, and to claim for him those honours which their excellence appears to deserve.

In mentioning the circumstance of his humble station, I mean not to rest his pretensions solely on that title, or to urge the merits of his poetry when considered in relation to the lowness of his birth, and the little opportunity of improvement which his education could afford. These particulars, indeed, might excite our wonder at his productions; but his poetry, considered abstractedly, and without the apologies arising from his situation, seems to me fully entitled to command our feelings, and to obtain our applause. One bar, indeed, his birth and education have opposed to his fame, the language in which most of his poems are written. Even in Scotland, the provincial dialect which Ramsay and he have used is now read with a difficulty which greatly damps the pleasure of the reader: in England it cannot be read at all, without such a constant reference to a glossary, as nearly to destroy that pleasure.

Some of his productions, however, especially those of the grave style, are almost English. From one of those I shall first present my readers with an extract, in which I think they will discover a high tone of feeling, a power and energy of expression, particularly and strongly characteristic of the mind and the voice of a poet. 'Tis from his poem entitled the Vision, in which the Genius of his native country, Ayrshire, is thus supposed to address him:

With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or, when the North his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Strike thy young eye.

Or when the deep-green mantled earth
Warm-cherish'd every flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

When ripen'd fields and azure skies
Call'd forth the reapers rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering, shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To sooth thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild, send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.

Of strains like the above, solemn and sublime, with that rapt and inspired melancholy in which the poet lifts his eye "above this visible diurnal sphere," the poems entitled Despondency, the Lament, Winter, a Dirge, and the Invocation to Ruin, afford no less striking examples. Of the tender and the moral, specimens equally advantageous might be drawn from the elegiac verses, entitled Man was made to mourn, from The Cottar's Saturday Night, the Stanzas To a Mouse, or those To a Mountain-Daisy, on turning it down with the plough in April, 1786. This last poem I shall insert entire, not from superior merit, but because its length suits the bounds of my paper.

* Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neighbour sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mong the dewy weet
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward springing blythe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above thy parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High-sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random bield
Of clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stubble field,
Unseen, alane.

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* *Wee*, little; *maun*, must; *stoure*, dust; *weet*, wet, a subtantive; *cauld*, cold; *glinted*, peeped; *bield*, shelter; *stane*, stone; *wa's*, walls; *histie*, dry, chapt, barren.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head,
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By Love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low in the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd;
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To Misery's brink,
Till, wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He ruin'd sink.

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine——No distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

I have seldom met with an image more truly pastoral than that of the lark, in the second stanza. Such strokes as these mark the pencil of the poet, which delineates Nature with the precision of intimacy, yet with the delicate colouring of beauty and of taste.

The power of genius is not less admirable in tracing the manners, than in painting the passions, or in drawing the scenery of Nature. That intuitive glance with which a writer like Shakspeare discerns the characters of men, with which he catches the many changing hues of life, forms a sort of problem in the science of mind, of which it is easier to see the truth than to assign the cause. Though I am very far from meaning to compare our rustic bard to Shakspeare, yet whoever will read his lighter and more humorous poems, his Dialogue of the Dogs, his Dedication to G—— H——, Esq. his Epistles to a Young Friend, and to W. S——n, will perceive with what uncommon penetration and sagacity this Heaven-taught ploughman, from his humble and unlettered station, looked upon men and manners.

Against some passages of those last mentioned poems it has been objected, that they breathe a spirit of libertinism and irreligion. But if we consider the ignorance and fanaticism of the lower class of people in the country where these poems were written, a fanaticism of that pernicious sort which sets faith in opposition to good works, the fallacy and danger of which, a mind so enlightened as our poet's could not but perceive; we shall not look upon his lighter Muse as the enemy of religion (of which in several places he expresses the justest sentiments), though she has sometimes been a little unguarded in her ridicule of hypocrisy.

In this, as in other respects, it must be allowed that there are exceptionable parts of the volume he has given to the public, which caution would have suppressed, or correction struck out; but poets are seldom cautious, and our poet had, alas! no friends or companions from whom correction could be obtained. When we reflect on his rank in life, the habits to which he must have been subject, and the society in which he must have mixed, we regret perhaps more than wonder, that delicacy should be so often offended in perusing a volume in which there is so much to interest and to please us.

Burns possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of a poet. That honest pride and independence of soul which are sometimes the Muse's only dower, break forth on every occasion in his works. It may be, then, I shall wrong his feelings, while I indulge my own, in calling the attention of the public to his situation and circumstances. That condition, humble as it was, in which he found content, and wooed the Muse, might not have been deemed uncomfortable; but grief and misfortunes have reached him there; and one or two of his poems hint, what I have learnt from some of his countrymen, that he has been obliged to form the resolution of leaving his native land, to seek under a West-Indian clime that shelter and support which Scotland has denied him. But I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place; and that I do my country no more than justice, when I suppose her ready to stretch out her hand to cherish and retain this native poet, whose "wood-notes wild" possess so much excellence. To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit; to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the world; these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride.

Z.

No. 98.] Saturday, Dec. 16, 1786.

——— *Nec domos potentum*
Noscimus, nec imagines superbas. MART.

——— The mansions of the great,
And all their empty grandeur, I despise.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

It is a long time since my last correspondence with you; and indeed I did not know that your paper continued to come out, till lately that I saw it at a certain great house where I was out on a visit. Of that visit, Mr. Lounger, if you will give me leave, I will tell you some particulars. Since I find that some of the great folks take in your paper, it may do them no harm to be told a little how things are about them; or if, as I am apt to believe, they are not easily to be mended, it will at least give us little folks some satisfaction to get out our thoughts of them.

Your predecessor, the author of the Mirror, who was kind enough to take some interest in my family, was well acquainted with its connection with Lady ——, the great lady who first set my wife and daughters' heads agog about fashion and finery. In my last to you, I informed you of our having luckily lost her acquaintance, though I had got into another hobble by our intimacy with my rich neighbour, young Mushroom. I am ashamed to tell you, Sir, how things have come about;—but, as I told Mr. Mirror, I was always rather too easy in my way: I have been myself on a visit at the house of the great lady! (I beg her lord's pardon, but that's the way of speaking in our neighbourhood.) But this comes through Mr. Mushroom too. You must know, that since he came home, by presents of shawls and muslins to my lady, and, as some folks say, by lending some of his spare rupees to my lord, he is become a great favourite at —— Lodge. And so my lord and lady and he have laid their heads together, that Mr. Mushroom shall be member for our county the next vacancy; and they have been driving and riding about among us, and giving feasts and dances at —— Lodge and Mushroom Hall. I fought a little shy, as the saying is: but Mrs. and Miss Mushroom so tickled the ears of my wife and daughters, and my lady talked so much of the happiness she had formerly enjoyed at my house, and of her regret for having lost the honour of my daughter Mrs. ——'s acquaintance, that they were silly enough to forgive all her former neglect of them; and then they so belaboured me with the great things that might be expected from my lord's patronage, and Mr. Mushroom's attachment to my family (and they had some shawls and muslins too), that I at last agreed to give my vote as they wished. Oh! then, there was so much fuss and kindness, and such invitations to go to —— Lodge, and so many honours and pleasures—that, in short, Mr. Lounger, having got in my corn and sold my cattle, I was prevailed on to lay out a little of the money in a new suit, to get a new saddle and bridle for my mare, to trim my brown colt for a portmanteau horse, and mounting John upon him, whom I could best spare at this season too, I accompanied one of my brother freeholders, a plain man like myself, who takes a little of his wife's advice, to —— Lodge.

As I knew something of the hours there, I took care that we should not reach the house till within a few minutes of four, though my neighbour was in a sort of flutter the last three miles for fear of being too late. But when we got off our horses, and walked into the lobby, we found we were much too early for the house. We had stalked about for some minutes without knowing where we should go, when, who should I see come in but my old acquaintance Mr. Papillot, though it seems he had forgotten me; for when I asked him if my lord or his lady were within, he gave me a broad stare, and said that some of the servants would inform us. None of the servants, however, chose to be so kind; for though one or two peeped out of this and that door, they took no sort of concern in us, till at last a big surly-looking fellow appeared, pulling down the ruffles of his shirt, and bade us follow him into the saloon. Here we found an open window, and a half-kindled fire, and were left to cool our heels for above an hour before any living creature appeared. At last a civil enough sort of gentleman, whose name I never heard, for the family called him nothing but captain, came in, and after talking a little to us about the weather, the roads, and the crop (though he seemed to have but a bad notion of farming), left the room again, telling us that my lord and lady would soon be down; but that dinner was somewhat later that day than usual, as they and their company had been at a bear-baiting, my lord's bear having been backed against his neighbour Sir Harry Driver's dogs.—This accident kept us from our dinner till six o'clock, by which time my neighbour and I, who had breakfasted betimes, were almost famished. Meanwhile we were left to entertain ourselves with the pictures, not to mention my lady's French lap-dog, which a servant brought in (I suppose by the time he had been dressed for dinner) and laid on a cushion at the fire-side. I found indeed one of the late numbers of the Lounger, which I began to read; but my neighbour Broadcast yawned so on the first page, that I laid it by out of complaisance to him. Soon after the lap-dog, some of her ladyship's company came in one after another, and did us the honour of staring at us, and speaking to the lap-dog. The dinner-bell was rung before my lady appeared, who, to do her justice, behaved politely enough, and began to ask half a dozen questions about our wives and children, to which she did not wait for an answer; but to say truth she had her hands full of the bear-baiting company, who, when they were all assembled, made a very numerous party. My lord entered a few minutes after her; he did not give himself much trouble about any of us, till on the captain's whispering something in his ear, he came up to where my neighbour and I stood, and said he was very happy to have the honour of seeing us at —— Lodge.

When we went to dinner, we contrived to place ourselves on each side of our good friend the captain, and things went on pretty well. I knew that at such a table the victuals were not always what they seemed; and therefore I was cautious of asking for any of your figured dishes. At last, however, I got helped to a mutton-chop, as I would have called it; but the captain told me it was a ragout. When I tasted it, it was so Frenchified, and smelt so of garlic, which I happened to have an aversion to, that I was glad to get rid of it as soon (and that was not very soon) as I could prevail on a servant to take away my plate. The captain, who guessed my taste, I suppose, very kindly informed me there was roast beef on the side-board, and sent a request to a fine gentleman out of livery, who had the carving of it, for a slice for me. But whether he thought I looked like a cannibal, or that the dish, being little in request, was neglected in the roasting, he sent me a monstrous thick cut, so red and raw, that I could not touch a morsel of it; so that I was obliged to confine my dinner to the leg and wing of a partridge, which the second course afforded me. I did not observe how my friend Broadcast fared at dinner; but I saw he catched a Tartar at the dessert; for happening to take a mouthful of a peach, as he thought it, what should it be but a lump of ice, that stung his hollow tooth to the quick, and brought the tears over his cheeks. The wine after dinner might have consoled us for all these little misfortunes, if we had had time to partake of it: but there the French mode came across us again, and we had drank but a few glasses, and had not got half through the history of the bearbaiting, when coffee was brought.

When we went into the drawing-room, we found the card-tables set, and my lady engaged with a party at whist. She recommended some of us to the care of a friend of hers, a lady somewhat advanced in life, though she was still a maiden one, for they called her Miss Lurcher, who made up a table at farthing-loo. As this was a game I was used to play at home, and the stake was so very trifling, I consented to make one. My neighbour Broadcast refused, and sat down at the other end of the room to hear one of the young ladies play on the harpsichord, and where he affronted himself by falling asleep. It had been as well for some other people that they had been asleep too. This game, though it began with farthings, soon mounted up to a very considerable sum, and I had once lost to the amount of twenty pounds. A lucky reverse of fortune brought me a little up again, and I went to supper only 5000 farthings, that is, five guineas out of pocket. It would not become me to suspect any foul play at —— Lodge; but I could not help observing, that Miss Lurcher held pam plaguily often. I have been told since, that she has little other fortune than what she makes by her good luck at cards: and yet she was as finely drest as any lady, and had as fine a plume of feathers on her hat: I shall never look on that hat again without thinking that I see pam in the front of it.

When we were shown to our rooms, I looked for the attendance of John, to whom I had given strict charge to be watchful in that matter: but he was not to be found, and, I was told, had never appeared at the Lodge after he went with his horses to the inn. Before going to bed, I stole into the chamber where my friend Broadcast lay, and agreed with him, who seemed as willing to be gone as myself, that we should cut short our visit, and (since French was the word) take a French leave early next morning. We were both up by day-light, and groped our way down stairs to get our hats and whips, that we might make our escape to where John and the horses were lodged. But we could not find our road to the lobby, by which we had entered. There did not seem to be a creature stirring in the house; and, after wandering through several empty halls, in one of which we found a backgammon table open, with a decanter not quite empty, on which was a claret label, we went down a few steps to another passage, where we imagined we heard somebody stirring. But we had not gone many steps when the rattle of a chain made us take to our heels; and it was well we did; for we were within half a yard of being saluted by my lord's bear, whose quarters it seems we had strayed into. The noise of our flight, and his pursuit, brought a chambermaid, who happened to be up, to our assistance, and by her means we had the good fortune to get safely through the lobby into the lawn, from whence we had only a mile or two's walk to the inn where John was put up.

For want of John's attendance, I had comforted myself with the reflection, that if he had not been employed in taking care of me, the horses would fare the better for it. But when we reached the house, we found that John had been employed in nothing but taking care of himself. The servants of my lord's other guests, who were there, kept a very good house, as the landlord called it; and John had been a good deal jollier at dinner the day before than his master. It was with some difficulty we got him on his legs, and brought him along with us. It was a long time before my portmanteau could be found; and my new bridle, with a plated bit, had been exchanged by some clearer-headed fellow for an old snaffle not worth a groat.

Such, Sir, is the history of my first visit, and I hope my last, to —— Lodge. But as I have found the experience even of one visit a little expensive, I think it is doing a kindness to people in my situation, to let them know what they have to expect there. When my lord asks a vote again, let it be conditioned on the part of the freeholder, that he shan't be obliged to study the pictures of his saloon above half an hour, that he shall have something to eat and something to drink at dinner, and be insured from falling into the paws of the bear, or the hands of Miss Lurcher.

I am, &c.

John Homespun.

Z.

* * *

No. 99.] Saturday, Dec. 23, 1786.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOUNGER.

Sir,

Without being thought partial to the present times, I believe one may venture to say, that, in point of invention and discovery, this age very much excels any former one. In physics, in electricity, in chemistry, in mechanics, new worlds, if I may use the expression, have been opened to our researches. But in Britain we have a compendious way of calculating the number of inventions. If I am not misinformed, there have passed the offices within these twenty years no fewer than 167 patents; so that this island alone has in that very inconsiderable space added 167 discoveries to the stock of knowledge which our fathers possessed.

Nor has France been less productive than her sister-kingdom. Besides the balloon, of which she may certainly claim the practical application, if Britain shall dispute the discovery of the principle, there are many other inventions, equally wonderful though less brilliant, which her philosophers have achieved; and some of those which his British Majesty has sanctioned with his royal patent are only naturalized subjects, which had their birth in the territories of the Most Christian King.

Of all discoveries ancient or modern, the most useful perhaps, as well as the most wonderful, took its rise in Paris about three years ago: I mean the animal magnetism of the illustrious Dr. Mesmer. This has lately been imported into England, and is now practised with the greatest success by one of the doctor's disciples in London. To Scotland I believe it has not yet found its way; which, considering the ingenuity of the people, is to me somewhat surprising. I hope I shall not be thought to trespass against the nature or design of your paper, if I wish to make it the vehicle for communicating this invaluable discovery to my native country; for, notwithstanding I have resided chiefly abroad, I am proud to declare myself a Scotsman; and though, in enumerating the properties of this wonderful art, I must necessarily make use of technical terms; yet, as I know this city to be as it were the emporium of medicine, I flatter myself I shall here find a multitude of readers, who could perfectly understand me, even without the translation, which I shall endeavour to affix to most of the medical phrases I make use of.

I do not know, Sir, whether the immortal Mesmer flourished at the time you were abroad. If your travels were before his time, you may not have heard of his process of magnetising. The ceremony is simple and beautiful. The company sit in a saloon fitted up in the most elegant style, round a *baquet* or large vessel, forming a figure like the *a-la-ronde* of a cotillon. From the baquet, which is covered and ornamented as becomes the altar of Hygeia, rise those enchanted rods, if I may use the expression, by which the magnetic virtue communicated by the artist is transmitted. At the end of the apartment is a piano-forte and harmonica, from which the great man himself, who, like his predecessor Apollo, cultivates both medicine and song, brings those lively airs, or dying falls, which assist or temper the effects of his divine art. Within the saloon is a smaller apartment, called the *chambre de crise;* but of this the secrets must not be "to mortal ears divulged." Suffice it to say, that that chamber has been witness to the most wonderful effects of the medico-magnetical art that ever astonished man. Such sublime agonies, such beautiful convulsions! I remember, before the apostate Deslon had made the first schism in our faith, having assisted in the celebrated case of Madame de P——, where our master and all the body initiated were present. There was first a paracusis, or imperfect hearing, changed into a surditas, or complete deafness; changed into a pseudoblepsis, or uncertain sight; changed into a perfect caligo, or blindness; changed into a hallucinatio, or dulness; changed into a morosis; changed into a hysteria; changed into a mania, or raging madness! These, Sir, are the progressive miracles by which a physician shows the power and utility of his art!

But my enthusiasm has carried me from my purpose, which was humbly to announce myself as a disciple and initiated of the illustrious Mesmer, and to offer my assistance to the genteeler part of the community here, for a cure of most of the diseases to which they are subject. Though it is the advantage of our practice, that a knowledge of the patient's disorder is nowise necessary to the cure; yet, in order to show that I am not an ignorant or illiterate quack, likely to be deceived myself, or to deceive others, I will state the maladies, as well idiopathic as symptomatic, to which patients of the fashionable and higher order of the people are chiefly liable, which I flatter myself no vulgar or empty smatterer in physic could have observed or delineated; all of which I undertake to cure by magnetism alone. In enumerating these disorders, I shall follow the classification usually adoped by the most eminent writers on nosology.

Under the class *pyrexi*, or fevers, I have observed such patients extremely liable to what medical writers term the *synochus hiemalis*,* or winter-fever. The symptoms are, a restlessness, a desire of changing place, and that sort of horror at being alone, which is common in diseases of this class; especially when, as is the case here, the brain is considerably affected. I mention this disorder first, not only from the order in which it is technically classed, but because I wish to excite the attention of your readers to it more immediately, this being the season of the year when it is apt to break out.

Another disorder of the same class, and nearly connected with the former, is the *synocha scarlatina*, a sort of scarlet fever, which, like other disorders of the kind, principally appears in the face. This disease was scarcely known in Scotland till within these twelve or fourteen years, being of the endemial sort, with which only certain very large towns, like Paris and London, were supposed to be visited. Like other fevers of this tribe, it is subject to the *remissiones matutinæ*, and the *accessiones vespertinæ*, or in common language, is hardly perceptible in the morning, but very observable in the evening; or sometimes it intermits for several days at a time, though it generally leaves a great degree of *icterus* or yellowness on the skin. It is almost entirely a female disease, and has this peculiar circumstance attending it, which we may perhaps ascribe to the difference of climate, that in France, where it has long prevailed, it chiefly affects adults and married women; but in Britain, especially in Scotland, it is more frequent among the young and the unmarried.

On the other hand, there is a species of the *phrenitis*, to which matrons and women advanced to the middle stage of life are more liable than those of a more tender age; but as it is of a highly contagious kind, those young persons who have frequent communication with them are very liable to be infected with it. Its symptoms are exactly what medical writers impute to the genus of the *phlegmaticæ*, "rubor faciei, lucis intolerantia, et pervigilium:" a redness of face, a hatred of the light (that is, of the light of the sun), and a wakefulness (or very late sitting up).

Under the class *neuroses*, or nervous, there is a great variety of disorders to which people of the highest ranks are liable (to whom I beg leave to repeat, that my practice is entirely confined), which the medico-magnetism entirely eradicates. The *hypochondriasis*, or spleen, which is a sort of generic name for a great variety of those disorders, it perfectly removes. I have known several pretenders to science prescribe, as a cure for this disorder, something which was evidently borrowed from our method of performing the magnetic operation; their patients sat round a bowl instead of a baquet, and were touched with glass instead of steel. But besides that this was only to be practised with male patients, it is in fact a mere palliative, not a radical remedy, and after frequent use is extremely apt to bring on a *hydrophobia*.

Under this class may be properly enumerated the varieties of the order *spasmi*, or irregular motions to which people of fashion are peculiarly liable. Young ladies are frequently attacked with this disorder, particularly in public places and crowded rooms, or at the near approach of the young, the fashionable, the rich, or the noble of the other sex. This species of the *chorea*, which I have had occasion to remark in such circumstances, is perfectly cured by that art which I have the honour to profess; it arises indeed from a superabundant degree of animal magnetism, and is not more remarkable in the female sex, than is the negative state of those persons of the other, by whose approximation it is caused, who generally exhibit every mark of lassitude, indifference, and inanition, or as some modern physicians write that term, inanity. A closer connection, however, between these two sets of patients, as may easily be accounted for from natural causes, commonly restores the equilibrium; or sometimes the magnetical proportions are reversed; the female becomes the negative or the indifferent, the male the positive or irritable subject.

Under this class of the nervous, and of the order to which physicians give the appellation *vesaniæ*, may be mentioned the various kinds of *melancholia*, to which the higher ranks of life have been lately subject, particularly among the men. The *melancholia religiosa* is now scarcely known, or at least is nothing different from the *melancholia vulgaris*, to which my prescriptions do not apply. But there are other species now very frequent, which were formerly little known, though they had always a place in the lists of nosology: such is *melancholia errabunda*, the wandering melancholy; the *melancholia saltans*, the dancing melancholy; and that variety known by the name of *melancholia hippantropica*, or horse-jockey phrensy; the first is commonly caught abroad, the last more frequently at home.

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* *Vid.* the *Genera Morborum* of D. Cullen, p. 70. It is unnecessary to make references as to every particular disorder mentioned in the course of this paper; the learned reader will easily perceive, that, except in one instance (the *nostalgia*), I have implicitly adopted the arrangement of that celebrated author.

Under this genus, though I know it is differently classed by several eminent medical writers, I would enumerate the *nostalgia*, or that longing desire for particular places which affects the mind and the health of the patient. In French this is called the *maladie de pays;* but the species most common in my experience is the *maladie de la ville*, to which country ladies in particular are extremely liable. It has this material difference from the other, that the *maladie de pays* is cured by allowing the patients to visit their native soil. Now, though that may succeed with natives of countries such as Switzerland or our Highlands, who are afflicted with what physicians term the *nostalgia simplex*, and whose complaint a single visit to the land of their nativity generally removes; yet, with the disease in question, the *maladie de la ville*, one, or even two or three visits to town, rather increase than abate the disorder, and absence is found to be a much better remedy. My magnetism, however, effectually relieves it. There is another species of the *nostalgia*, which we may call the *nostalgia politica*, or political love of our country, which my art also entirely removes, though I must candidly own that this disorder is frequently cured by other metals besides the magnet. Of this political distemper there are some species that rather come under the genus of the *tympanites*, of which the symptoms are given by nosological writers, " Partis morbidæ tumescentia sonora, cum rejectione aeris frequenti, et cæterarum partium debilitate maxima" (a disorder puffed up and windy, with a great weakness of parts). It used to be felt in this country only in that particular slighter sort, now little known, which physicians term the *tympanites Stewartii*, but of late it has raged with great violence in every species and degree.

Since I am mentioning Switzerland, I may take notice of another disorder, or rather external deformity, which used to be reckoned peculiar to the inhabitants of the Alps, the *barba Helvetica*, or *gouetre;* but of late this unnatural protuberance has made amazing progress among the female world in Great Britain; and within these few weeks begins to appear also under the chins of the male.

As I must have already trespassed on your patience, I forbear to enumerate a variety of disorders under the class of the *locales*, or local affections to which the fashionable world is subject, and which I engage perfectly to cure by my medico-magnetical process. Such are many of the *dysosthesiæ*, or depravation of the senses; for example, the *dysopia proximorum*, and the *pseudoblepsis mutans*, in which diseases persons quite near, and formerly well known, are neither seen nor remembered. With this last disorder I have seen some female patients so much affected, as not to know their husbands from other men; while among the other sex, I have seen husbands who took half a dozen other women for their wives.

Among the diseases of the ear, one of the most prevalent is the *paracusis imaginaria*, to which both sexes are equally liable; and another variety of the same tribe, more frequent among female patients, called the *susurrus criticus*, or scandal buzz.

Of the genus *paraphoniæ*, or disorders of the voice, we have frequent occasion to observe the *paraphonia puberum*, with which so many of our boys are affected; and the *paraphonia clangens* or *resonans*, which is so common a disorder among our young ladies.

All the above-mentioned diseases, and many others which I have not room to enumerate, I undertake entirely and effectually to remove by magnetism alone, without the intervention of any other external application, or the exhibition of any medicine whatsoever. I trust, Sir, the dignity of your paper is too well known, and I am conscious that my own intentions are too pure, to give room for supposing that any thing else than the love of science, and a regard for our fellow-creatures, could induce either of us to communicate to the public, that I possess and mean to use this art for the benefit of people of rank and fashion in the metropolis. Such will be informed of the particulars of my plan, by inquiring for Dr. F. at Dunn's Hotel, St. Andrew's-street, left-hand side of the way.

I have the honour to be, &c.

I. Member of many Academies.

No. 100.] SATURDAY, DEC. 30, 1786.

AMONG the cautions which prudence and worldly wisdom inculcate on the young, or at least among those sober truths which experience often pretends to have acquired, is that danger which is said to result from the pursuit of letters and of science, in men destined for the labours of business, for the active exertions of professional life. The abstraction of learning, the speculations of science, and the visionary excursions of fancy, are fatal, it is said, to the steady pursuit of common objects, to the habits of plodding industry which ordinary business demands. The fineness of mind, which is created or increased by the study of letters, or the admiration of the arts, is supposed to incapacitate a man for the drudgery by which professional eminence is gained; as a nicely tempered edge applied to a coarse and rugged material is unable to perform what a more common instrument would have successfully achieved. A young man destined for law or commerce is advised to look only into his folio of precedents, or his method of book-keeping; and Dulness is pointed to his homage, as that benevolent goddess, under whose protection the honours of station and the blessings of opulence are to be attained; while Learning and Genius are proscribed, as leading their votaries to barren indigence and merited neglect. In doubting the truth of these assertions, I think I shall not entertain any hurtful degree of scepticism, because the general current of opinion seems of late years to have set too strongly in the contrary direction; and one may endeavour to prop the falling cause of literature, without being accused of blameable or dangerous partiality.

In the examples which memory and experience produce of idleness, of dissipation, and of poverty, brought on by indulgence of literary or poetical enthusiasm, the evidence must necessarily be on one side of the question only. Of the few whom learning or genius have led astray, the ill success or the ruin is marked by the celebrity of the sufferer. Of the many who have been as dull as they were profligate, and as ignorant as they were poor, the fate is unknown, from the insignificance of those by whom it was endured. If we may reason *à priori* on the matter, the chance, I think, should be on the side of literature.

In young minds of any vivacity, there is a natural aversion to the drudgery of business, which is seldom overcome, till the effervescence of youth is allayed by the progress of time and habit, or till that very warmth is enlisted on the side of their profession, by the opening prospects of ambition or emolument. From this tyranny, as youth conceives it, of attention and of labour, relief is commonly sought from some favourite avocation or amusement, for which a young man either finds or steals a portion of his time, either patiently plods through his task, in expectation of its approach, or anticipates its arrival by deserting his work before the legal period for amusement is arrived. It may fairly be questioned, whether the most innocent of those amusements is either so honourable or so safe as the avocation of learning or of science. Of minds uninformed and gross, whom youthful spirits agitate, but fancy and feeling have no power to impel, the amusements will generally be either boisterous or effeminate, will either dissipate their attention or weaken their force. The employment of a young man's vacant hours is often too little attended to by those rigid masters who exact the most scrupulous observance of the periods destined for business. The waste of time is undoubtedly a very calculable loss; but the waste or the depravation of mind is a loss of a much higher denomination. The votary of study, or the enthusiast of fancy, may incur the first; but the latter will be suffered chiefly by him whom ignorance, or want of imagination, has left to the grossness of mere sensual enjoyments.

In this, as in other respects, the love of letters is friendly to sober manners and virtuous conduct, which in every profession is the road to success and to respect. Without adopting the common-place reflections against some particular departments, it must be allowed, that in mere men of business there is a certain professional rule of right, which is not always honourable, and though meant to be selfish, very seldom profits. A superior education generally corrects this, by opening the mind to different motives of action, to the feelings of delicacy, the sense of honour, and a contempt of wealth, when earned by a desertion of those principles.

The moral beauty of those dispositions may perhaps rather provoke the smile, than excite the imitation, of mere men of business and the world. But I will venture to tell them, that, even on their own principles, they are mistaken. The qualities which they sometimes prefer as more calculated for pushing a young man's way in life, seldom attain the end, in contemplation of which they are not so nice about the means. This is strongly exemplified by the ill success of many, who, from their earliest youth, had acquired the highest reputation for sharpness and cunning. Those trickish qualities look to small advantages unfairly won, rather than to great ones honourably attained. The direct, the open, and the candid, are the surest road to success in every department of life. It needs a certain superior degree of ability to perceive and to adopt this; mean and uninformed minds seize on corners which they cultivate with narrow views to very little advantage: enlarged and well-informed minds embrace great and honourable objects; and if they fail of obtaining them, are liable to none of those pangs which rankle in the bosom of artifice defeated or of cunning over-matched.

To the improvement of our faculties as well as of our principles the love of letters appears to be favourable. Letters require a certain sort of application, though of a kind perhaps very different from that which business would recommend. Granting that they are unprofitable in themselves, as that word is used in the language of the world, yet, as developing the powers of thought and reflection, they may be an amusement of some use, as those sports of children in which numbers are used familiarise them to the elements of arithmetic. They give room for the exercise of that discernment, that comparison of objects, that distinction of causes, which is to increase the skill of the physician, to guide the speculations of the merchant, and to prompt the arguments of the lawyer; and though some professions employ but very few faculties of the mind, yet there is scarce any branch of business in which a man who can think will not excel him who can only labour. We shall accordingly find, in many departments where learned information seemed of all qualities the least necessary, that those who possessed it in a degree above their fellows have found, from that very circumstance, the road to eminence and wealth.

But I must often repeat, that wealth does not necessarily create happiness, nor confer dignity; a truth which it may be thought declamation to insist on, but which the present time seems particularly to require being told. The influx of foreign riches and of foreign luxury, which this country has of late experienced, has almost levelled every distinction but that of money among us. The crest of noble or illustrious ancestry has sunk before the sudden accumulation of wealth in vulgar hands; but that were little, had not the elegance of manners, had not the dignity of deportment, had not the pride of virtue, which used to characterise some of our high-born names, given way to that tide of fortune, which has lifted the low, the illiterate, and the unfeeling, into stations of which they were unworthy. Learning and genius have not always resisted the torrent; but I know no bulwarks better calculated to resist it. The love of letters is connected with an independence and delicacy of mind, which is a great preservative against that servile homage which abject men pay to fortune; and there is a certain classical pride, which from the society of Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Atticus, looks down with an honest disdain on the wealth-blown insects of modern times, neither enlightened by knowledge nor ennobled by virtue. The "non omnis moriar" of the poet draws on futurity for the deficiencies of the present; and even in the present, those avenues of more refined pleasures, which the cultivation of knowledge, of fancy, and of feeling opens to the mind, give to the votary of science a real superiority of enjoyment in what he possesses, and free him from much of that envy and regret which less cultivated spirits feel from their wants.

In the possession, indeed, of what he has attained, in that rest and retirement from his labours, with the hopes of which his fatigues were lightened and his cares were smoothed, the mere man of business frequently undergoes suffering, instead of finding enjoyment. To be busy as one ought is an easy art; but to know how to be idle is a very superior accomplishment. This difficulty is much increased with persons to whom the habit of employment has made some active exertion necessary; who cannot sleep contented in the torpor of indolence, or amuse themselves with those lighter trifles in which he, who inherited idleness as he did fortune, from his ancestors, has been accustomed to find amusement. The miseries and misfortunes of the "retired pleasures" of men of business have been frequently matter of speculation to the moralist, and of ridicule to the wit. But he who has mixed general knowledge with professional skill, and literary amusement with professional labour, will have some stock wherewith to support him in idleness, some spring for his mind when unbent from business, some employment for those hours which retirement or solitude has left vacant and unoccupied. Independence in the use of one's time is not the least valuable species of freedom. This liberty the man of letters enjoys: while the ignorant and the illiterate often retire from the thraldom of business only to become the slaves of languor, intemperance, or vice.

But the situation in which the advantages of that endowment of mind which letters bestow are chiefly conspicuous is old age, when a man's society is necessarily circumscribed, and his powers of active enjoyment are unavoidably diminished. Unfit for the bustle of affairs, and the amusements of his youth, an old man, if he has no source of mental exertion or employment, often settles into the gloom of melancholy and peevishness, or petrifies his feelings by habitual intoxication. From an old man whose gratifications were solely derived from those sensual appetites which time has blunted, or from those trivial amusements of which youth only can share, age has cut off almost every source of enjoyment. But to him who has stored his mind with the information, and can still employ it in the amusement, of letters, this blank of life is admirably filled up. He acts, he thinks, and he feels with that literary world whose society he can at all times enjoy. There is perhaps no state more capable of comfort to ourselves, or more attractive of veneration from others, than that which such an old age affords; it is then the twilight of the passions, when they are mitigated but not extinguished, and spread their gentle influence over the evening of our day, in alliance with reason and in amity with virtue.

Nor perhaps, if fairly estimated, are the little polish and complacencies of social life less increased by the cultivation of letters than the enjoyment of solitary or retired leisure. To the politeness of form and ease of manner business is naturally unfavourable, because business looks to the use, not the decoration of things. But the man of business who has cultivated letters will commonly have softened his feelings, if he has not smoothed his manners or polished his address. He may be awkward, but will seldom be rude; may trespass in the ignorance of ceremonial, but will not offend against the substantial rules of civility. In conversation, the pedantry of profession unavoidably insinuates itself among men of every calling. The lawyer, the merchant, and the soldier (this last perhaps, from obvious enough causes, the most of the three), naturally slide into the accustomed train of thinking and the accustomed style of conversation. The pedantry of the man of learning is generally the most tolerable and the least tiresome of any; and he who has mixed a certain portion of learning with his ordinary profession has generally corrected, in a considerable degree, the abstraction of the one, and the coarseness of the other.

In the more important relations of society, in the closer intercourse of friend, of husband, and of father, that superior delicacy and refinement of feeling which the cultivation of the mind bestows heighten affection into sentiment, and mingle with such connections a dignity and tenderness which give its dearest value to our existence. In fortunate circumstances those feelings enhance prosperity; but in the decline of fortune, as in the decline of life, their influence and importance are chiefly felt: they smooth the harshness of adversity, and on the brow of misfortune print that languid smile, which their votaries would often not exchange for the boasted mirth of those unfeelingly prosperous men, who possess good fortune, but have not a heart for happiness.

Z.

No. 101.] SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1787.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit. VIRG.

These labours will delight a future day.

MY latest predecessor has compared the opening paper of a periodical publication to the first entry of a stranger into a room full of company. I think I may borrow his idea, and not unaptly liken the concluding paper of such a work to a person's going out of such a room. The same doubt whether he shall go or remain a little longer, the same reflections on what he may have said in the openness of his heart during his stay in the company, the same solicitude about what people will think of him when he is gone, attend the periodical author and the guest. And though the ease of modern manners has relieved us in a great measure from the ceremonial of such a situation; yet still an author, like a person of consequence, cannot with propriety take what is called a French leave of his company, but must formally announce his departure as an event in which the persons he is about to quit are considerably interested.

The author of a periodical performance has indeed a claim to the attention and regard of his readers more interesting than that of any other writer. Other writers submit their sentiments to their readers, with the reserve and circumspection of him who has had time to prepare for a public appearance. He who has followed Horace's rule, of keeping his book nine years in his study, must have withdrawn many an idea which in the warmth of composition he had conceived, and altered many an expression which in the hurry of writing he had set down. But the periodical essayist commits to his readers the feelings of the day, in the language which those feelings have prompted. As he has delivered himself with the freedom of intimacy and the cordiality of friendship, he will naturally look for the indulgence which those relations may claim; and when he bids his readers adieu, will hope, as well as feel, the regrets of an acquaintance, and the tenderness of a friend.

There is somewhat of this regret, and somewhat of this tenderness, in the last farewell we take of any thing. That place must have been very unpleasant, that companion very disagreeable indeed, whom, after a long sojourn or society, we can leave without some degree of melancholy in thinking that we shall see them no more. Even that abode, or that society, with which we have been for months or years disgusted and distressed, long habit and acquaintance so ally to our minds, that we often wonder why we are so little rejoiced at the arrival of a period for which we have frequently wished; that our parting should rather be sad than gay, and bring us, amidst the reflections of relief, an involuntary feeling of regret.

But as the Lounger flatters himself that he has not been altogether an unentertaining, or at least not a disagreeable companion to his readers, he may hope for a parting on more favourable terms; that on the morning of next Saturday, they will miss his company at the accustomed time, as something which used to be expected with pleasure; and think of the papers which on that day of so many past weeks they had read, as the correspondence of one who wished their happiness, and contributed to their amusement.

If he may judge from what himself has experienced in similar circumstances, they will be apt to indulge a personification of the author of these sheets, and give him "a local habitation and a name," according to the ideas they may have formed in the course of his performance. When such a writer has withdrawn himself from that sort of authority which he claimed for his opinions, that sort of credit which he assumed for his situation, we are naturally inclined to examine the reality of each; as at the death of an acquaintance, we talk with more precision and assurance than formerly of his age, his character, and his circumstances. To ascertain, as well as to satisfy any such inquiry, the authors of the Lounger will fairly unfold themselves; not individually, for that were to assume an importance to which they are not entitled; but they hate an aggregate name, by which, like corporations, they can be known and impleaded: they are the same society which, some years ago, published in this country their periodical essays under the title of the Mirror.

In making this declaration, they incur as much danger, perhaps, as they assume distinction. He who has some merit of ancestry to support draws the attention more closely upon his own. During the course of this publication, they have sometimes been amused with the discovery of its inferiority to its predecessor; and have heard, with a mixture of mortification and of pride, some people express their regret, that the authors of the Mirror did not write in the Lounger, and rescue it from the less able hands into which it had fallen. It may still indeed be said, that an author is often "sibi impar;" that a second work is seldom equal in merit to the first. But they may be allowed to indulge themselves in the belief, that great part of the criticism arose from a natural enough propensity to undervalue what has not yet been sanctioned by the general opinion; from that disposition, common in every thing, not to be satisfied merely with what is good, but with what is called good. Be this, however, as it may, the authors of the two works found themselves somewhat flattered by the remark; as a mother can but slightly resent the criticism of her daughter's beauty, when it only discovers that she herself was handsome some twenty years ago.

When thus, like Prospero, they "break their staff," and lay aside the airy power they had assumed, they feel, like him, the loss of that society which the Lounger had raised among them. The visionary characters with which he had peopled their acquaintance they cannot help regretting as departed friends; and it is not without a sigh that they dismiss Peter from his service. But they owe that sort of disclosure of themselves which this paper has made to sincerity; and there is something more solemn in their obligation to this avowal now, because it is the last time they will have an opportunity of making it. Particular circumstances induce them to declare, that they will not again appear before the public, as periodical essayists, in any shape, or under any name. If any future work of that kind should happen to come out, they will have no claim to its merits, nor responsibility for its defects.

It only remains for them to do justice to those correspondents to whose assistance they have been indebted during the course of their work. To correspondents they owe the following papers: No. 7; the letter subscribed Mary Careful, in No. 8; Nos. 11. 15. 19. 24; the letters from Theatricus, in No. 24; from Philomusos, in No. 42; from John Truman, in No. 44; the letters signed Almeria, in No. 46; Jessamina, in No. 53, and Hannah Waitfort, in No. 55; Nos. 59, 60. 63. 70. 79, and the poem in No. 85.

Of their readers as well as their correspondents they cannot take leave without a very sensible and lively regret. While they dictate the concluding paragraph, it is with a melancholy feeling they reflect, that it deprives them of an opportunity of cultivating that correspondence, and of committing to those readers the sentiments of their hearts; that it drops the curtain on their mimic state, and surrenders them to the less interesting occupations of ordinary life. Yet twice to have made a not unsuccessful excursion into this region of fancy and of literary dominion, is to have achieved something which falls but to the lot of few. They can anticipate, with a venial degree of self-applause, the talk of their age, recalling the period of their publications with an old man's fondness, an author's vanity, and a Scotchman's pride; happy if any one of their number, who shall then be pointed out as a writer in the Mirror or the Lounger, need not blush to avow them as works that endeavoured to list amusement on the side of taste, and to win the manners to decency and goodness.

THE END.

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